

The Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.]

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PRICE TWOPENCE.

ROME OR REASON.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is dead. By the time this article is in print the grave will have closed over the remains of a valiant soldier in the great army of human liberation.

We have yet to see what the religious journals will say about Huxley. The secular press is almost, if not quite, unanimous in eulogy. The great Agnostic's character is praised as well as his intellect, his integrity as well as his accomplishments. All admit that he made his mark, as a teacher and a personality, upon the age in which he lived.

Huxley was the chief English champion of Darwinism. Darwin himself stood high above the controversies of his time. His intellectual atmosphere, so to speak, was as serene as the Kentish home in which he dwelt. He had no time for the debates in the market-place. The great mill of his mind ground slowly but surely. It made no noise, but at the finish there was bread of truth for the whole world—for his own age, and for all ages to come. He was a sublime discoverer, and not a fighter; although there was a certain magnificence in the steady forward movement of his genius. It pressed onward, as Tyndall said, with the quiet, irresistible force of an avalanche, breaking impediments to pieces and grinding them to dust. Huxley, on the other hand, was a born fighter. You could see it in his face. He was always alert, his powers and knowledge were always at command, he was always ready for a challenge, and he loved the keen air of battle. "What a man you are!" exclaimed Darwin, as he watched his younger friend and disciple flashing his bright sword, and slaying heaps of Philistines. It was Huxley, above all men, who pressed Darwinism upon public attention. And he was admirably equipped for the task. Great faculty for debate, a powerful and racy style, fine eloquence on fit occasions, and a rich allusiveness, the result of his immense reading—all conspired to make him the popular champion of the new faith.

Huxley thought himself out of Mosaism before he lighted upon Darwinism. Like his master, he also thought himself out of Christianity. His name was Thomas, and he humorously confessed to a particular sympathy with the Apostle who bore that name in Palestine. He likewise thought himself out of Theism. Yet he declined to call himself an Atheist—"for the problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers." Here, however, we think he was mistaken. Atheism is not a theory of the universe, in Huxley's sense of the words. "Atheist" means "without God." And does not "Agnostic"—a term which Huxley coined—mean precisely the same? The Atheist says he *does not* know of any God; the Agnostic says he *cannot* know of any God. Is not the difference rather metaphysical than practical? The only value of the term "Agnostic" lies in its being less offensive

to orthodox ears. But will it *continue* to be less offensive if it beats "Atheist" out of the field?

There seems to us to have been a confusion of the metaphysical with the practical in Huxley's writing about the "possibility" of miracles. It is the *practical* possibility of miracles with which Christians are concerned. To argue the question *à priori* is trying to fly *in vacuo*. And just as Mill served the enemy by his ridiculous, and wildly rhetorical, eulogy of Jesus Christ, so Huxley served them—of course unintentionally—by his old panegyric on the Bible as a book to be read in Board Schools. It was a great mistake on Huxley's part. He praised the Bible for *one* reason, but he might have known that it was kept in the schools for *another* reason. The clergy do not care overmuch about its "exquisite beauties of mere literary form." They use it as a text-book of Supernaturalism.

But every man is entitled to make some mistakes. It is the bad privilege of our common frailty. Enough if they are as few as possible. Huxley was human like the rest of us; but, after all reservations, he was a bright scholar and an intrepid thinker, fighting valiantly for his convictions, and standing out boldly from the mob of cowards and hypocrites. He put his heart as well as his head into his work, and so it became fruitful work for humanity.

While this great apostle of Reason lay dying, within an hour or two of his last breath, the devotees of Faith were laying the foundation stone of a vast and costly cathedral at Westminster. Cardinal Vaughan officiated, dressed in the gaudy trumpery of his craft, and surrounded by hundreds of priests, who in turn were surrounded by thousands of laymen. It was a festal day, a day of triumph, for the Catholics. They were once proscribed, but now they lift their heads proudly, and talk of their future "conquest of England."

We do not believe that the Catholic Church will conquer England, but we do believe that it will continue to make headway. It is bound to profit by the rationalising movement which is going on in the Protestant Churches. Those who want pure, unadulterated Faith, without any mixture of Reason, will naturally go over to Catholicism, which teaches a dogmatic creed dogmatically, and spares its devotees the trouble of thinking. The Catholic Church borrows the language of Jesus Christ, and exclaims to those who are tired of harmonising Religion and Science—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Charles Bradlaugh once declared that the great fight of the future would be between Catholicism and Freethought. We think he was a true prophet. Logical extremes have an eye for each other. Across the chaos of Christian sects, Reason and Faith recognise each other as natural enemies. They can never sign a treaty. They must fight it out to the bitter end. And before the end, it may be that Faith will gain power enough to oppress, to persecute, and to slay. But the martyr-spirit of Freethought will be roused to defy, and we believe to overcome, the great enemy of human freedom.

G. W. FOOTE.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

I DEARLY love a crank. Not because "Great wits are sure to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide," for the better opinion is that of Lamb, that "the greatest wits will ever be found to be the sanest writers," for which the names of Aristophanes, Lucian, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and Voltaire may suffice. But in your crank there are always vague possibilities. He gives scope for the larger hope. One who wanders out of the common road may open up new prospects. We may profit from his errors. Sanity is only the balance of the faculties, and the balance may be over-weighted by a preponderance of the higher qualities, as well as of the lower ones. When Dr. Max Nordau instances men like Tolstoi and Ruskin as types of "degeneration," we may say there is a kind of insanity which rises above the common level, as well as an imbecility that sinks beneath it. Jesus, Mohammed, Joan of Arc, Francis d'Assisi, Jacob Boehme, George Fox, Emanuel Swedenborg, were all insane. They were visionaries who, in varying degrees, contrived to infuse into others the contagion of their own insanity.

A madman of a different stamp is Dr. Friedrich Nietzsche, for he has had a training in science, art, literature, and philosophy. On that account his madness is the more dangerous to this age. That he is mad few could read his latest and greatest work, *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (Berlin; 1883-91)—"Thus spake Zoroaster" (which he calls "a book for all and none") without admitting. But it is the work of a madman of genius. The king says in Hamlet: "Madness in great ones must not unwatched go." That of Nietzsche is claiming much attention. At Jena, H. Tuereck writes on *F. Nietzsche and His Philosophical Errors*. At Berlin, L. Stein has a book on *F. Nietzsche's View of the World and its Dangers*. Even at Glasgow a German teacher announces a work, *From Darwin to Nietzsche*, showing that he regards the latter as summing up the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; while the Anarchists are calling for an English edition of Nietzsche's works.

Dr. Nietzsche is a Saxon of Polish descent, born at Rütchen, October 15, 1844. His father was a clergyman in Naumberg, but he lost him while young, and was brought up by his mother and sisters—a spoilt child, evidently. He studied under the noted philologist, Ritschl, at Bonn and Leipsic, and was, by his recommendation, appointed Professor of Classical Philology at Basel, when but in his twenty-fourth year. He had early thrown aside Christianity for Paganism, and his well-attended lectures showed preference for such subjects as Greek literature, Greek tragedy, and the dawn of Greek philosophy.

He already displayed a tendency to scepticism, cynicism, and an intellectual self-exaltation, which I should call egomania—a disease which has finally sent him into seclusion; for in 1889 it was reported he was dead, the fact being that he was insane. In his portrait you can see the man of genius and the madman. His face is clear cut, of the German aristocratic type, with lofty forehead, heavy brows, deep eyes, wide nostrils; a head expressing proud, self-reliant *hanteur*, deep thought, and keen sensitiveness; the head of a musician, poet, philosopher, and crank. Nietzsche is all these. He gives the impression of a high-mettled, vicious horse, that will not bear the traces—a superb animal, but one that needs breaking in before he can run in harness. Alas, he is not broken in, but broken down. May he recover, having learnt the virtue of humility, the beauty of compassion, the worth of human service!

Nietzsche, like Schopenhauer and many another pessimist genius, was born out of due time into a world unworthy of him. Haters of modern society are usually conservative reactionaries, lamenting the good old times, when their class lived in secure comfort, because the masses were ignorant; or radical Utopists, contrasting the existing social state with their ideal of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Nietzsche is neither. He despises the old régime. Individualistic and aristocratic by birth, training, and temperament, this Neo-Cynic allows that democracy is a defence against the pest of tyranny; but his *bête noir* is *der Pöbel*, the mob, the crowd of vulgar, sordid *canaille*, glorified as "the people." Equality, he declares, is not a fact; fraternity is a dream; and the only liberty he cares for is the liberty to develop into the Superior Man, and to rule inferiors. He would not go back to monarch or priest rule, but forward to a new aristocracy developed through

Anarchism—the rule of the Higher Men, the Uebermenschen. He announces the death of God, the birth of the Superior Man. God is dead. He died through compassion for suffering he could neither prevent nor cure. The trouble is that the Superior Men are not of age and power to step into His shoes and take up all His deserted functions. So we lie twixt two worlds—one dead, the other powerless to be born. Man is a cable over an abyss, along which the animal may pass to the Uebermenschen. What is great in man is that he is a bridge, and not an end. Our business is to push on, whoever falls over. Patient sedentariness (*Der Sitzfleisch*) is the sin against the Holy Ghost. We must keep moving. For Schopenhauer's "Will," or blind instinct for life, he substitutes *Wille für Macht*—will for power. What is the strongest medicine? he asks. Victory. Only the great ones count, he says; the rest are *der Pöbel*. A people is but a circumlocution of prolific nature to arrive at six or seven great ones. It would be well to sweep away a whole species to produce one better specimen. "What," he asks, "causes more sorrow in the world than compassion?" "Among the cowardly it is bad form to say anything against bravado, and callous men cannot endure anything said against compassion."

Nietzsche is, frankly anti-Christian. He says, in effect: Blessed are the arrogant, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the strong, for theirs is the kingdom of man. Be strong, for to be weak is to be miserable. He dislikes philanthropists who cultivate the rotten potatoes of society. He scorns the weakness of compassion. Stamp out the unfit. Nothing has done us more harm than the extravagances of the compassionate. It is the petty men who are masters and preach up the petty virtues which enable them to thrive. The Superior Man disregards and disdains alike the petty morality and the petty immorality of mediocrities. "Who would be Creator must work in Good and Evil alike. He must first be a Negator. Evil belongs to the highest good—the creative." Nietzsche despises humility. Christian morality is that of slaves and the sick—the negation of life, the morality of the hospital. The morality of the Superior Man is affirmative, not negative. It is the symbol of prosperous, vigorous life, of the will for power become the principle of life. The one communicates of its fulness, enriches, brightens, and adds to the joy of the world; the other impoverishes, enfeebles, and disparages the world. Christianity is a malady, a denial of the Ego; but the morality of nature is a triumphant affirmation of the Ego. Christianity he regards, as Tacitus did, as a pernicious superstition; or with the aversion which Goethe expressed for "the cross and bugs." The cross is, in his expression, "the most venomous of the trees planted on earth." Priests are but invalids turned doctors, seeking to soothe their clients' sufferings by opiates and syrups, which never touch the root of the disease, and who would be promptly dismissed were the patients permitted to return to natural health. Christianity, he says, gave Love (*Eros*) poison. It did not kill, but turned it into Vice. In his hatred of hypocrisy, humbug, and conventionality, he appears, like Moses at sight of the golden calf, ready to break all the Decalogue. He extols the motto of the Assassins, "Nothing is true; all is permissible." He girds at "Cowardice which masks as Virtue." To the Philistine he appears a dreadful apostle of intellectual pride and moral anarchy—the conscienceless assailant of all that is holy. This is wrong. Nietzsche says: "Laugh warmly, mischievously; but with good conscience." Beneath his cynicism surges an earnest, restless seeking after the best. He contemns the Pharisaic hypocrisy of the "unco guid," but preaches sincerity, courage, and self-reliance. Be yourself, bad as you may be, this will be the first step onward.

Many of his utterances are mere sportive malice. He writes in oracular aphorisms, full of cynical wit and paradox. Thus he says that Messiahs always get to their kingdom riding on asses. He asks: "Is man but one of the mistakes of God, or is God but one of the mistakes of men?" "Where the tree of knowledge is, there is always Paradise—so says the oldest and the youngest serpent." His characterisations of men are sharp and cynical. Pascal he calls the "self-murderer of Reason"; Rousseau "the return to Nature in *impuris naturalibus*"; Spinoza's Pantheism is "hocus pocus"; Kant he calls "cant"; Comte he terms "that clever Jesuit," Victor Hugo "the Pharos on the Sea of Insanity," Michelet "Ecstasy out of the Rock," Schiller "the moral trumpeter," Carlyle "the

heroic moral interpreter of dyspepsia." Elsewhere he sneers at Carlyle as "an English Atheist who thinks it an honor not to be one." J. S. Mill is "clothed lucidity"; Renan represents "the loss of Reason through original sin" (his training as a Christian priest); Zola is "the love of stinks," Iiszt "the school of feminine fluency." First a disciple of Wagner, Nietzsche afterwards preferred the author of "Carmen." Bizet, he says, is Mercury; Wagner, Thor or Zeus; and the gods have light feet. His favorite authors are Machiavelli, Voltaire, Galiani, Emerson, and de Stendhal (Henri Beyle), whom he calls "the last great physiologist," and whose saying, "What excuses God is that he does not exist," is after his own heart. Schopenhauer he called the last German worth consideration. But "the first duty of a philosopher is to get beyond his day;" so as soon as heroes become popular he gives them up. Schopenhauer gives way before Zarathustra Nietzsche, who proclaims that he has given the Germans the most profound books they possess, and adds that he has good reason to believe that the Germans do not comprehend a word of them.

I have been unable to find any mention of two writers who appear to me to have much influenced Nietzsche—viz., "Max Stirner" (Kaspar Schmidt), Anarchist, author of *Der Einzige und Sein Eigenthum*, and "Philipp Mainländer" (P. Batz?), pessimist, author of *Die Philosophie der Erlösung*. Both these are profound but little-known writers, who have scattered seeds bound to grow and fructify wherever they find fit soil. Nietzsche owes most to Stirner; but where Stirner is critical, even in proclaiming "I am the measure of Truth, and what I call my right is, in truth, only my might," Nietzsche is dogmatical—not the less so because he proclaims that his judgments are his alone, and need have value for no one else. In the saying of Mainländer, "God is dead, and his death was the life of the world," we have the keynote of some of Nietzsche's own philosophy.

The higher race that is to take the place of the defunct deity hardly seems to include woman. Nietzsche, like Schopenhauer, appears a misogynist. In his paradoxical fashion he says "Man has created woman—whence, from one of God's ribs—his own ideal." "There is ever something deceptive in love," he says; "but, then, there is always some reason in deception." He couples "the eternal feminine" with "the eternal fool." Feminine love is a kind of parasitism, always costly to the host. The Higher Man is above all that. He is, in short, a god, above the common needs of humanity.

Such, if I understand it—which is doubtful, for Nietzsche is more a poet than a philosopher, and delights in paradox, phantasy, and the oracular opaqueness of a new revelation—is the gospel according to Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. Its dynamite is not less dangerous because hidden in darkness.

It seems to logically include the abolition of conventional morality, the elimination of the unfit, the erection of a system of caste, and the rule of a new aristocracy. The militarism of Germany has made this possible as the program of one of its most original though most cranky thinkers.

My voice can hardly reach Dr. Nietzsche in his seclusion, or I might say: My afflicted brother, are you not learning that we are all dependent on the offices of the humblest; that for us not only the great ones fought and thought, but the poor ones have toiled and suffered? Is a sick person necessarily a parasite on society who should no longer be let live? Was Caesar Borgia, that type of the "will for power," really greater than the unknown fireman or nurse who dies trying to save others? We are not gods, but men, among men, dependent, from our first breath, upon others. Think of all we owe to the past. Dive we ever so deep, soar we ever so high, we cannot escape our duty to our kind. Surely humility, compassion, brotherly love, and brotherly service befit us. We all need to partake of the holy human sacrament of sympathy. I, too, own *ni Dieu ni maître*; but let us not throw away the baby along with the dirty water.

J. M. WHEELER.

MORALITY WITHOUT RELIGION.

(Concluded from page 403.)

So far from it being impossible to conceive morality existing apart from religion, it appears to us difficult to understand how ethical conduct, in its strictest sense, can be depended upon if it is regulated by the popular theological faith. To comply consistently with the requirements of this faith would tend to fetter human actions, and to deprive them of their true ethical value. Moral freedom cannot co-exist with compulsory belief, and the performance of all noble action is incompatible with the lack of power in man to do good. The Christian religion compels its adherents to believe that of themselves they are incapable of goodness; that uniformity of belief is absolutely indispensable to personal salvation; that one particular faith is of more importance than conduct; and that the ultimate personal consequences of an immoral career can be avoided by a death-bed repentance. Now, we submit that such teachings as these are not in harmony with the development of that morality which we should all aim to exemplify in our daily lives.

It is quite a misreading of history to attribute human progress to such transcendental views as are incorporated in modern orthodoxy. In so far as Christianity accomplished anything in its early history, it was the destruction of Greek and Roman civilisation, and the substitution for it of a thousand years of intellectual darkness and moral degradation. As Sir J. Mackintosh observes: "In that higher sense in which morality denotes sentiment, it is more exactly true to say that religion depends on morality and springs from it. Virtue is the state of a just, prudent, benevolent, firm, and temperate mind." Surely, with the records of the sublime ethical teachings of Buddha and of a host of ancient philosophers before us, it cannot, with truth, be asserted that these virtues depend for their manifestation upon the belief in any supernatural religion. Besides, the morality taught and practised by Atheists, Agnostics, and Secularists at the present day amply refutes such an assumption. Dr. Priestley, the Unitarian Christian, says: "General states of mind, turns of thought, and fixed habits, which are the consequences of them, arise from education and the circumstances men are placed in." Hence, an enlightened and cultivated society adapts its religion to the moral requirements of the age, which shows that morality, not religion, is the lever that regulates human improvement.

It appears indisputable to us, taking an impartial retrospect of history, that the development of morality has been the result of the cultivation of the intellect, the acquirement and diffusion of knowledge, and the improved physical conditions which science has enabled us to obtain. This fact has been fully established by such eminent writers as Buckle, J. S. Mill, and Professor Huxley. If, however, our contention be doubted, let it be shown that the secular agencies here mentioned were ever fostered and inculcated by the early advocates of the Christian religion. The very reverse is the fact, for when orthodoxy was supreme the intellect of the masses was neglected, knowledge was limited to the few, and physical training was comparatively unknown. As the result of this Christian apathy, immorality predominated, ignorance darkened the human mind, and disease robbed life of its vigor, rendering it useless for elevating enterprises. Thus we find that it is during the present century, the most sceptical period of the Christian era, that ethical culture has made its greatest advancement, and that morality has been placed upon a scientific basis. No one to-day, of any marked intellectual standing, would for a moment question that a moral character could exist independently of any theological religion. In all business transactions the mundane results of conduct are regarded as being of greater importance than its religious sanctions.

It strikes us as being peculiar that many writers, otherwise well informed, should never have made the discovery that man, apart from theological beliefs, has an instinctive love of life and happiness, and that, under favorable environment, his delight is in seeking to augment the comfort, and to promote the highest pleasure, of our present existence, irrespective of any considerations of an after life. This being so, why should it be thought that the contemplation of a future life, of which nothing is known, constitutes the sole foundation of virtue? It is a

Does NOTHING.—I once said to him (Carlyle), not long before his death, that I could only believe in a God who *did* something. With a cry of pain, which I shall never forget, he said, "He does nothing."—*Froude's "Life of Carlyle,"* vol. ii., p. 260.

fact known to every thoughtful man that truth, honor, and general right-doing are just as essential to the well-being of society and the happiness of the individual, whether there be a God and a future life or not. Further, if these essentials are not duly observed, no belief in God and immortality will prevent society from becoming deteriorated. This fact is so obvious that in the commercial world it is acknowledged that the success of commerce depends, above all, upon the virtue of veracity. Hence we repeat that in business the practical observance of the elements of morality is looked for in preference to the profession of the creeds of religion. A moral man is always relied upon, while believers in religion have too frequently proved themselves destitute of ordinary honesty.

In this practical age the notion is rapidly being given up that the welfare of the human race depends upon the belief in God and in a future state of existence. In the words of the Rev. M. J. Savage, in his *Morals of Evolution*: "Are not the laws of society existing in themselves and by their own nature? These laws are essential in the nature of things; and they stand, and you live by them, whether there is a God or not." The same writer observes: "Suppose there is no future life, does morality fall? I think not. . . . It does not make one particle of difference in regard to the validity of these laws [which govern human conduct] whether we are to live forever or only one hour." Here we recognise the superiority of Secularism to the many conflicting theologies of our time. These are symbols of intellectual poverty, mental despotism, and moral degeneration. Secular philosophy proclaims the necessity of seeking to make the best of existence as we find it; to learn the duties that devolve upon us, and to seek to discover the best mode of performing them, with a view of adding to the nobility of our own characters, and of augmenting the happiness of others. With us morality is not an importation from heaven; it is a growth of earth. It is inspired, not by love to God, but by solicitude for the benefit of man; not by the hope of heaven, but by a desire to make earth the home of justice, truth, joy, comfort, peace, and lasting love. We strive to have our reward in time, not in eternity; and our consolation consists in beholding the emancipation of men and women from the theological snares and allurements which during ages of ecclesiastical supremacy dominated the human mind.

CHARLES WATTS.

BIBLE FICTIONS.

V.—THE PATRIARCHS IN CANAAN.

THE ancient Egyptian monuments and the discoveries at Tel-el-Amarna now firmly establish the fact that the patriarchal "history" in Genesis is fictitious. We know from these sources that about 1630 B.C. Thothmes I. effected the conquest of Canaan and the greater part of Syria, and that some thirty years later Thothmes III. had long wars with the Hittites, Phœnicians, and Amorites, and other inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, and ultimately reduced to subjection all the cities of Canaan. Among the recorded victories of the latter king is a great battle at Megiddo, in which Thothmes defeated the combined armies of the Hittites and their Phœnician allies, after which he levied tribute on all the petty kings of Palestine. The spoils taken on this occasion prove the inhabitants to have been, not a number of savage tribes, but a comparatively civilised people. Among these are mentioned gilded war-chariots, coats of mail, gold and silver statues, vases, rings, jewels, tables inlaid with gold, thrones of cedar-wood and ivory, rich hangings, etc.

About 1400 B.C. the whole of Canaan was again overrun by Seti I., who reconquered all the revolted cities and provinces. Again, about twenty years later, Ramses II. invaded the country with a large army to bring the Hittites and Canaanites once more into subjection. A fierce engagement took place near Kadesh, in which, however, Ramses was only partially successful. A long struggle ensued, and many battles were fought; but in the end Ramses was glad to come to terms with his formidable antagonists. We know, further, from the record of an Egyptian military officer that in this reign the southern portion of Canaan was infested by bands of robbers and marauders.

The tablets of Tel-el-Amarna (about 1450 B.C.) prove that the land of Canaan contained a large number of petty kings, each envious of, and hostile to, the other, but all nominally subject to the king of Egypt. The king of Jerusalem, for instance, complains that the kings of Gezer, Gath, and Keilah had occupied the country round about, and had intercepted his communications with other cities. The king of Babylon also informs the Egyptian king that his ambassadors had been murdered in passing through Canaan.

About 1210 B.C. a great confederacy of the kings of Western Asia, headed by the Hittites, overran Syria and Palestine, and, pressing on to the frontiers of Egypt, were about to invade that country, when they were met and defeated by Ramses III. Following up this victory, Ramses marched through Canaan into Syria, and reconquered one after the other all the revolted provinces. Having this accomplished, he returned to Egypt with a large number of prisoners, including thirty-eight kings or chiefs.

From the foregoing epitome of real history, it is manifest that Palestine, in the time of the Jewish patriarchs, was inhabited by a people who were both numerous and warlike, and well able to hold their own, and that for the weak and unprotected there could be no security for life or property.

Now, the description of Canaan in the days of these nomadic patriarchs, as given in Genesis, is that of a land perfectly peaceful. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are represented as living in complete security, and as leading about immense flocks and herds from one part of the country to another without the smallest interference from anyone. Moreover, from the Bible narrative it would appear that the land during this period (which was that of the Egyptian domination) was very thinly peopled, and that the few inhabitants were a primitive, law-abiding people, of peaceful disposition, who stood somewhat in awe of the Hebrew patriarchs.

Abraham, with sheep and cattle in such numbers as to give employment to 318 men, finds plenty of pasture land (belonging apparently to no one) wherever he chooses to go. So does his nephew, Lot; so does his son, Isaac; so does his grandson, Jacob. They even take upon themselves to change the names of places. No one ever questions their right to appropriate all the fields and meadows in any locality, nor attempts in any way to molest them. According to the statements in Genesis, the period during which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob lived in Canaan was 215 years. Yet during the whole of this time—though the land was constantly plunged in the most sanguinary wars, with all their attendant horrors, and robbers and freebooters everywhere abounded—not one of these patriarchs suffered the slightest annoyance.

So far from this, two sons of Jacob are represented as massacring all the men and boys of a whole city with complete impunity. This incident furnishes a fit illustration of the fabulous nature of the whole patriarchal "history."

Jacob's daughter, Dinah, we are told, was taken and ravished by Shechem, the son of Hamor. The young man, however, desiring to make the girl his wife, he and his father waited upon Jacob to arrange the marriage. The latter appears to have left the matter in the hands of his sons, who made it a condition that Hamor and all his people should be circumcised. To this Shechem and his father agreed, and prevailed upon all the men of their city to submit to the operation. On the third day, when the Shechemites were in an enfeebled state, two of Jacob's sons, Simeon and Levi, "took each man his sword, and came upon the city boldly, and slew all the males. And they slew Hamor and Shechem his son with the edge of the sword." Further, "the sons of Jacob came upon the slain, and spoiled the city. . . . They took their flocks and their herds and their asses. . . . and all their wealth, and their little ones and their wives took they captive" (Genesis xxxiv. 25-39).

This story is almost too ridiculous for serious notice; but, since it is gravely related as an historical event by the sacred writer, some comments may not be considered unnecessary. Now, the statement that two young herdsmen could, unaided, slay all the males of an entire city, even under the circumstances mentioned, is an outrage on common sense, and needs not to be twice considered to be rejected. We are to believe that the men of Shechem

allowed themselves to be slaughtered, one after the other, like sheep, and that none of the women of that city had either the strength or the will to use a weapon in defence of her husband, brother, or son. One has, further, to imagine two young men leading away captive several hundreds of women and children, and also taking with them all the flocks and herds which they had collected from the fields adjacent to the city. To believe this story one must possess the blind faith and unreasoning credulity of a Christian apologist.

When the occurrence came to the ears of Jacob, that patriarch, it is true, censured the two murderers; but his chief concern was for his own safety. By the command of his God, who, even in the most criminal acts, watched over him and his sons, he removed to another part of the country. There would seem at that time to have been no one in the land—no friends or relatives of any of the murdered men—either able or willing to bring the murderers to justice. In fact, some short time afterwards Jacob's sons returned to the neighborhood of the massacre as if nothing had happened, and no one made the slightest attempt to lay a hand on them. They have then but their father's sheep and cattle, and are unattended. All the women and girls whom they are stated to have carried away from Shechem have vanished. The inspired writer, in continuing his veritable narrative, has forgotten all about them, and in the remainder of his history writes as if the event had never occurred. Clearly, even according to the Bible account, the story of the massacre is a fiction.

In Genesis xlix. 5-7 Jacob, when blessing his sons before his death, refers to this matter. He says: "Simeon and Levi are brethren; weapons of violence are their swords. . . . For in their anger they slew a man. . . . Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel." From this it would appear that the two sons named had slain only one man—Shechem. The hundred dogs in the back garden have turned out to be but "our dog and another one." We may take it, then, that in the earliest account Simeon and Levi were simply represented as having assassinated the seducer of their sister, and that this story at some later date became transformed by the hand of some imaginative writer into the massacre of a whole city.

In any case, no rational person can repose the smallest faith in either narrative; for, apart from the numerous contradictions and discrepancies which prove a large number of the events recorded in Genesis to be fictitious, the Bible history of the patriarchs in Canaan, taken as a whole, is not only inconsistent with what we know was the condition of that country, but is under such circumstances manifestly impossible.

VERITAS.

SAYCE ON THE BIBLE.

THE Rev. A. H. Sayce has been writing in the *Christian Commonwealth* upon "How the Bible was Written and Preserved." It is interesting to be told that "the oldest books at present known to us have come from Egypt and Babylonia," especially as the Christian clergy have always asserted hitherto that the Bible was the oldest book in the world. But Mr. Sayce gives us no information as to how the Bible was written or preserved. He has a lot to say about Egyptian and Babylonian writing; but as he admits that the Old Testament was written in Hebrew and in Hebrew characters, it is difficult to understand what Egypt and Babylon had to do with it.

The rev. gentleman's biblical criticism is, as usual, very remarkable. He admits that Isaiah ii. 2-4 has nothing to do with the context, and has been quoted from another writer; but objects that "chronology" is against the idea that the words were taken from Micah iv. 1-3, although in Micah they are perfectly in accord with the context; as though "chronology" could prevent any scribe that chose to do so from writing in the words of any prophet into the composition of any other. He has an elaborate theory about the ancient libraries of the Jews (if they ever had any) having been taken to Babylon; because the Book of Kings ends abruptly with the reign of Evil-Merodach. But if anyone will take the trouble to compare 2 Chron. xxxvi. 25 with Ezra i. 3, he will see that the Book of Chronicles terminates in the middle of a sentence; the

explanation being that Ezra once formed part of Chronicles, and has been clumsily separated. Similarly, it is very probable that the Book of Kings has lost its end in much the same way, and the fact that it now concludes where it does is no proof that it was written at Babylon or in the reign of a Babylonian king.

E. P.

MR. PUTNAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Extracts from his Letters to the New York "Truthseeker" (June 15).

I WAS pleased to meet the Liberal friends of Derby. I expect to lecture at this place while in England. Mr. W. Westwell and Mr. Robert Ainsworth were present from Manchester. We were at the same hotel, and the hours outside the debate were enlivened with generous sociability. Under the guidance of Mr. Foote and Mr. Westwell, I discovered the superb beauties of English cooking. I don't understand Daudet when he speaks of the "coarse meat and horrible cookery" of England. I suppose I shall know more about it when I visit Paris, if I have the opportunity; but I really think at present that the English do know how to cook.

On Thursday we had a delightful drive together about Derbyshire, and the prospects were lovely indeed. Here is English scenery in its simple magnificence. Nothing like the wild and grand scenery, the prairies and mountains of America; but there were ample fields undulating and glittering in emerald glory; there were antique forests, over whose crumbling arches swept the splendor of the spring, decorating anew the immemorial columns; there were gentle declivities fading into the cloudy and luminous horizon, the green hedges, the hard and shining road, the snug hamlet, the lodge and stately gateway, the elegant park, the gardens just beginning to bloom, the great mansion, half hid by trees and shrubbery; the wandering herds following the dog, the horseman in the distance; the white flocks, the shimmering lake embosomed in the hills; the town, splendid on the verge between earth and sky, like a fairy picture, gorgeous and illuminated with the slanting rays breaking from floating cloudlands; while, mingling with these scenes, burst and quivered and rolled the sweet singing of the birds. And how shall I describe the delicious lunch—milk and soda, bread, butter, and cheese? That was all we could find in the remote village, amid whose quaint and picturesque precincts we seemed to be flung back a hundred years, far from the haunts of civilisation. I did not know that so secluded and venerable a spot, where the din of the world is lost amidst gray and mossy walls and blackened rafters, could be found in the bustling England of to-day. But England, after all, stretches wide and far, and has an infinite variety of aspect, and the old continually mingles with the new.

After the debate on Thursday night a large deputation of Secular friends waited upon Mr. Foote, and thanked him for the admirable fight he had made. Mr. W. Whitney spoke in behalf of the Derby Branch of the National Secular Society, and congratulated Mr. Foote upon the efficient and dignified manner in which he had defended their position. The American visitor also received a cordial welcome. So the Derby meeting closed with enthusiasm and courage in the Freethought ranks at this important point.

Saturday morning Mr. Foote, Mr. Watts, and myself visited Nottingham for a few hours. This is about fourteen miles from Derby, a manufacturing town of 240,000 inhabitants. It has a much more business-like appearance than Derby. The passers-by are more alert, and there are crowds occasionally. The great castle looms on a precipitous height as we approach the station. We did not have time, however, to mount its frowning walls, around which so many battalions have surged and crowded in bleeding masses. We visited the Arboretum, in which there is a beautiful display of flowers, with walks amid blooming foliage and dazzling carpet of grass, from the crest of which, where the monument and cannons gleam, is spread a vast and splendid panorama of the city. Returning, we pass through the cemetery, in whose shadowy majesty white death mingles with many-colored, blossoming life. We witness the memorials of those who have served humanity, and whose names are in the annals of Freethought. Among those shines the name of William Nowlan, the father of Mrs. Charles Watts. He was one of the champions of the Secular cause in Nottingham years ago. Nottingham is noted as one of the old camping-grounds of Watts. Here he has borne the lance in the arena of intellectual debate, and made Freethought victorious. Therefore there are pleasant and noble recollections connected with this place. I was pleased to meet Mr. Chater, and also, at his house, Mrs. Charles A. Watts, daughter-in-law of my veteran comrade. She was sojourn-

ing here for a few days on account of her health. Nottingham will brightly abide in the memory of the Secular Pilgrim, though but a few hours were passed amid its charming associations.

At Nottingham my comrades bid me good-bye, after having seen me safely into the cars bound for Bradford. At this place, where I arrive at early candle light, I am met by J. W. Gott, John Grange, H. Smith, and James Sunderland, and their cordial greeting makes me ready for any fate in this somewhat frontier post of English Free-thought, for Free-thought is not by any means in the swim here at Bradford. It is a constant struggle to keep above water, but there are strenuous and noble workers. The *Truth Seeker* is a monthly publication, and it is doing good service to advance organisation. It is a useful pioneer journal, sold for only a penny, and one gets more than his money's worth every time. Such a journal in America would cost at least five pennies. By means of the *Truth Seeker* Bradford forges ahead and keeps the light of reason sparkling abroad. I have fair audiences for the three lectures on Sunday, May 19, and they are appreciative and enthusiastic; and I must say that I like Bradford, whatever the fortunes of war may be. I enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Gott, and am surrounded with home comforts. Saturday afternoon I take a trip with Sunderland over the city, or town rather; for, although Bradford has a population of 240,000, it is not, in English parlance, a city, as it has no cathedral and no bishop. Only those places are cities where cathedrals and bishops put in an imposing appearance.

Bradford, in some parts of the day, and at some places, presents almost as busy and crowded a scene as London. It is a manufacturing point. The Lister mills, the largest in the world, are here. They are simply immense, and astonish one with their height and variety. I visit Manningham Park, a beautiful place. Bradford is amply endowed with parks. Outside of London it surpasses all other towns of its size for the number it possesses, although in the heart of the city we do not see trees and gardens as we do in London.

Bradford is a picturesque place, although it is crowded with warehouses and factories, and its streets are narrow and crooked like those of Boston. I travel, after my rounds of the principal resorts, to the home of Mr. Sunderland at Undercliffe, and it is a climb to get there. It is like going up Zion's hill. However, we don't have to walk; we ride on the top of a big tramcar. The tramcars here have two stories, and they do present a gigantic appearance. A wonderful and beautiful view is unfolded as I mount upward on this tremendous vehicle. Bradford is built mainly in the heart of a great basin. Vast hills roll away on every side, decorated with residences. Far as the eye can see these billowy mountains extend. It was like many a scene in the Old Granite state, and reminded me more of my native territory than any place I had yet visited. The sun was setting as we traversed the lofty ridge, and it was indeed a gorgeous prospect. The sky was like a vast dome of mingling gold and blue, with darkening grey. Swell on swell of table lands, and mighty hills like the swaying of a huge sea, swept to every point of the horizon, while deep down below gleamed and glowered the multitudinous city. As my friend Smith said, looking at Bradford at night time, when its thousand lights were flashing, it seems as if heaven itself was turned topsy-turvy, and all the shining stars were huddled and scattered in flaming masses in the abyss beneath. Bradford certainly can boast of beauty and sublimity.

I must not omit to write of Laycock's Temperance Hotel, where they drink tea and eat toast and talk with the volubility of a ladies' sewing circle. It is a congregation of cranks from morning till night, and the humming and the buzzing and the flashing and the crashing of ever-varying ideas are immensely amusing. It is like the sputtering of electric batteries with opposing currents. This is one of the oldest places in Bradford, and is a curiosity shop indeed. Here is freedom of speech, the utmost antagonism of thought with prevailing good nature; while occasionally there is a lurid lightning glare which threatens disaster, but glances off in a rainbow shower of jolly laughter. I wouldn't have missed Laycock's on any account. It was unique, universal, interesting, evolutionary, and revolutionary. I liked it. It was good as a play. I hope it will keep rolling and tumbling on in Niagara-like fashion, with its intellectual rapids, long as the world stands. Bradford won't be a dull place to visit as long as Laycock's flourishes.

John Grange was chairman of the meetings, and made excellent opening addresses, giving a hearty welcome to the American visitor. Friends were present from Leeds, Shipley, Halifax, and other neighboring places. Some came many miles afoot to attend. I was quite encouraged to meet these loyal comrades. I must extend my thanks to the ladies, Mrs. Gott, Mrs. Grange, Mrs. Sunderland, and others, for their support. Only a few ladies in Bradford are willing to be identified with the movement. It is a pleasure to find a few who are brave and intelligent.

I leave Bradford with the star of progress shining upon my way. I have faith in the courage and devotion of our allies here. Especially must I thank Mr. J. W. Gott for his generous comradeship.

I return to London on Monday. I spend the evening at Watts's, where we outline future campaigns. Tuesday I am busy with "News and Notes," and can't see much, although there are thousands of objects yet to view. Tuesday evening I attend the annual meeting of the Malthusian League. I listened to earnest and splendid addresses from Dr. C. R. Drysdale, President; George W. Foote, A. B. Moss, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Mrs. Thornton Smith, and others. I was deeply interested in the many and fruitful ideas advanced. Of course I cannot see but what the Malthusian proposition is correct. Population must increase faster than the means of subsistence, and the check must be war, famine, and pestilence, or wise human control. It is a subject worthy of the widest consideration and the utmost liberty of expression. I am afraid we could not hold such a meeting as this in New York. We have not freedom of speech enough yet. Our English friends are ahead of us on some points. They have fought the good fight and won. Of course, in England, where the population is so overflowing, the pressure of the Malthusian question is much greater than in our own country, whose natural resources are still far in advance of the demand made upon them; but the time is surely coming when we in America must confront this enormous problem, the solution of which is absolutely necessary to human progress.

After the meeting I had a walk and talk amid London lights and shadows with A. B. Moss and Mr. Lawrence, a veteran of the Bradlaugh ranks. We stood on London Bridge—historic spot—and watched the wonderful scene, and in imagination traversed the ages past. We went by the old London Tower, glooming in the solemn midnight with the strange majesty of crime and death, and horror and glory; we passed over the stupendous Tower Bridge, a marvel of human achievement, one of the most amazing structures anywhere on the planet; a kind of crystallised Niagara in its magnificence, strength, loftiness, and massive proportions. I walked through Billingsgate, silent as the grave at this hour, with only a solitary policeman on his rounds; but at five o'clock in the morning what life and language burst in tumult here, a pandemonium of every ejaculation under the sun. The Tower of Babel or the Day of Pentecost couldn't equal this for diversity of tongues.

A. B. Moss is one of our best workers on this side, a vigorous and straightforward speaker. He has had a vast variety of experience. He is London born and bred, and understands how to reach and move the great masses of the people.

I was also glad to meet Edward Truelove, the oldest of our veterans here. He is in his eighty-fifth year. His courage is unquenchable. He has suffered in our cause, but bates no jot of heart or hope. He will die in the harness, with all the glorious enthusiasm of youth.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

MR. PUTNAM'S ENGAGEMENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS has made the following lecturing engagements for Mr. S. P. Putnam:—

July 6, Chester-le-Street Branch (lecture held at West Pelton Co-operative Hall at 6.30); 7, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 14, Bristol; 16 and 17, Plymouth; 21, Birmingham.

August 11, Failsforth; 18, Leicester; 25, Liverpool.

Mr. Putnam will return to New York on Sept. 7, therefore friends who have not engaged him should communicate with Mr. Watts at once. Societies near any of the above towns requiring week-night lectures should arrange for Mr. Putnam to visit them when he is in their district on the Sunday.

Holy Mummery.

At Montreal, on the 28th ult., three priests blessed a new bank located in that city. The archbishops sprinkled holy water throughout the building, the assistant priests responding to the benediction.

We had one of those holy banks in Chicago in 1890. It sported an immense capital, opened and closed its business hours by prayer, and conducted its entire business on Christian principles. Godly business men, and troops of widows and orphans reared in the faith, made their deposits in this pious bank. Some \$400,000 were diverted from legitimate purposes, the bank failed, and thousands were ruined financially, all for the glory of God. The business world will do well to keep an eye on this Montreal combination or mixture of religion and finances.—*Progressive Thinker*.

ACID DROPS.

LORD ROSEBERY'S Government fell over cartridges. No, says Mr. Price Hughes, he fell over the turf. Winning two "Derbies" lost him the Premiership. And serve him right. The man who won't listen to the *Methodist Times* and "act accordin'" deserves ostracism—and apparently gets it.

We know Mr. Price Hughes's opinion of Lord Rosebery. What we want now is Lord Rosebery's opinion of Mr. Price Hughes. If it were printed in the *Methodist Times*, it would treble the circulation.

The *Methodist Times* wants to put "fifty God-fearing young Methodists into the next House of Commons." Only fifty! Think of it! What modesty! Mr. Hughes ought to head the fifty. He has modesty enough.

Alas! the fifty dwindles down in practice. Mr. Hughes hints that he can find money enough for *one* candidate, and wishes to hear of a "young lay Methodist" who is willing to spend the money in wooing votes. He will probably find a good many lay Methodists on that lay.

Canon Ince has been writing in the *Expositor* on "The Miraculous Conception and Virgin Birth of Christ." He tries to get over the contradictions between Matthew and Luke by saying, "Their narratives must be derived from different sources." We thought both were from the Holy Ghost. What a pity they did not state what those sources were, and whether Mary, Joseph, or some others were responsible for their statements.

John, Mark, and Paul, according to Canon Ince, left out the virgin birth because they were concerned with other matters. Here again it is a pity that they did not drop even a hint that they had heard of such a remarkable occurrence. But the best explanation of Canon Ince is the reason that neither Jesus nor Mary gave any testimony on the matter. That, according to Canon Ince, was because of the "essentially private and delicate character" of the facts. We thought the Incarnation was the very basis of the Christian scheme. If so, its evidence should have been demonstrated, and not left on no better ground than the virgin birth of Perseus or of Buddha.

About thirty years ago a sensational trial took place in India, known as "the Maharaja Case." The reports are still sought after by the curious. It was alleged that certain high caste persons known as "Maharajas" posed as gods, and that the young women of the sect worshipped them, and regarded a divine visitation as a high honor. The adherents of the sect said that their proceedings were religious, and of essentially a private and delicate character. But an investigation took place, the Maharajas were condemned, and the scandal ceased.

The *Daily Chronicle* played it rather low over that Cromwell statue subscription. It appears that the £3,000 for the statue was sent by cheque to Mr. Gladstone before the *Chronicle* appeal was published. According to rumor, the person who sent the cheque was Lord Rosebery. If this be true, it is very much to his credit, and shows him to be capable of action in the midst of floods of talk.

Many funny things have been said of late about Cromwell, but the funniest is ascribed to Mr. Gladstone. The Grand Old Man is reported to have said on board the "Tantallon Castle" that "Cromwell was a dastard." That takes the cake.

The Rev. A. Poe, the Protestant rector of Ballymahon, has got into trouble through disobeying Jesus Christ's command to "give to every one that asketh." The reverend gentleman was mounted on a bicycle, and a tramp asked him for alms. This being refused, the tramp knocked the parson off his machine with a stone, belabored him with a stick, and then decamped. The poor parson was picked up unconscious and badly injured.

Spirit photographs were discussed by the London and Provincial Photographic Association. Mr. Duguid, the "medium" most noted for these productions, was years ago assistant to a Glasgow photographer. He inserted in *Hafed*, from Cassell's Family Bible, and has passed off a picture of a pretended contemporary account of Jesus, a plate copied the Cyprian's Priestess as spirit guides under various names—Lily, Aurora, Mignon, etc. One member of the association stated his belief that one of the portraits in *The Veil Lifted* was simply a picture of the bust of Clytie.

Oh the humbug of those dear religionists. Some years ago there was a row over Sunday trams in Glasgow, and it ended in a compromise, by which the cars were to run

just in time to take the Godites to kirk and back again! The blessed Sabbath was to be broken a little, and the Godites were to have all the benefit of the desecration!

Something similar to this is proposed by Mr. Charles Hill, secretary of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association. He is dead against all recreation on Sunday, nor will he hear of a theatre being used for even a lecture. What he proposes is this, that all licensed houses should be prohibited from being used on Sundays, *except for religious purposes*. For brazen hypocrisy this about takes the cake.

The Cape of Good Hope sky-pilots and Sabbatarians have been much riled by the success of the Sunday concerts at Cape Town. A deputation of these and the Y.M.C.A. waited on the Premier, and induced him to promise to bring in a measure dealing with the matter. Evidently there is a wide field for Freethought propaganda at the Cape.

John Jones, sub-postmaster at Treallow, Rhondda Valley, and a prominent local preacher in the district, has been sentenced at the Glamorganshire Assizes to four years' penal servitude for forgery.

A religious riot between Christians and Hindus has taken place in the Madras presidency. The Shanars are descendants of aboriginal devil-worshippers, much looked down upon by the Hindus. The Christians have been far more successful with them than with the higher castes, and at Tinnevely they have a bishop of their own. At Kalugumalai about a hundred Shanars abjured Hinduism and embraced Christianity. Considerable excitement was occasioned by their baptism in the Catholic church. The Hindus demanded the removal of a paudal which had been fixed by the Catholic missionary in front of the church. The Christians refused, and a riot took place. The church was set on fire, and some of the Christians were either suffocated or burned to death, while others who escaped by the windows were arrested by the police. Fires and murders were then committed indiscriminately, and the barbarous scenes continued for six hours, with the result that there were twenty deaths among the Shanars, a large number of wounded on both sides, and the Shanar property was totally destroyed.

The young lady who committed suicide with the Rev. Mr. Constable, of Guiseley, was, it appears, his wife, the parties having been quietly married by special licence last Easter.

In the case of the prosecution of the Manchester *Spy* for accusing Mr. Gilbert R. Kirlew, the editor of the *Christian Worker*, the *Children's Own Paper*, and chairman of the Working Lads' Institute, who was publicly described as "with a burning zeal for the cause of Christianity," of being "a loathsome being, who has misused the name of God and the vicariate of Christian work to gratify his unnatural passion," the case against the defendants, who pleaded justification and produced evidence in support of their charges, was dismissed.

San Mateo, near Ferrol, in Spain, has been the scene of a bloodthirsty fight. It all arose out of religion. There was a fair and a religious procession, and a quarrel began as to who should carry the patron saint of the village. First came hot words, then blows, then knives and revolvers; and forty persons, including two men of God, were among "the wounded." The patron saint did not interfere. Perhaps after a long spell of heaven he found the fighting a relief.

The New York *Daily Tribune*, in an article on the Salvation Army, says that "it does not appeal to the intellect, but to the feelings; the people it strives to reach have little intellect to be appealed to." At the same time, the *Tribune* thinks the Salvation Army is educating the religious residuum "for useful membership of religious bodies of the older and more polite type." According to this estimate—to put it plainly—"General" Booth is only the jackal to the lion of Ecclesiasticism.

Booth wants to keep in with all parties, so he has given orders that no Salvation Army building shall be let for political purposes during the coming contest.

At the Royal Agricultural Show, at Darlington, five men who took refuge under a tree during a thunderstorm were struck down by lightning. Two were killed outright, and the others writhed hysterically, though they escaped with but slight injuries.

The *Daily News* leader writer must have a curious idea of Providence. Detailing a case in which three viragos assaulted a girl because, as they said, "She's very pretty; let's make her ugly," it says: "They then caught her by the hair and dragged her to the ground, and, after beating her unmercifully, one of them stabbed at her with a tin-

opening knife. Here, however, Providence interposed, and the knife was mercifully directed to the body of one of the viragos." This Providence which directs a stab at one person to wound another is a curious kind of "critter." It reminds us of the old farmer who said: "Drat that Providence; first he rotted my taters, then he spoilt my corn, and now he's took my missis. Drat Providence, say I."

The Christian people of Saybusch, in Galicia, won't have a Jew in the town, and, because one appeared as clerk in a lawyer's office, smashed the windows of the house he lodged in, broke the furniture, and stole his books and clothes. Fourteen persons were arrested, and one boasted that he paid for drinks for all who declared they would drive away the Jew from the town.

The Rev. R. H. Haweis has been rounding on his clerical brethren during his visit to Australia. He is reported as saying that the Church is officered by men inferior to those of twenty years ago. The Church, always the resort of the fool of the family, now only holds out prospects to the palpably dull or dishonest.

The lower clergy of Rome have started a new journal, called the *Intransigent*, to advocate Christian Socialism and the interests of the poorer priests, who get little chance of advance under the present ecclesiastical system. There are, it appears, Headlamites even at the headquarters of Catholic faith.

There is a large variety of Raskolniks, or Dissenters, in Russia, and no sooner has the Holy Synod suppressed one heterodox sect than another rises in its place. The latest heretical development is a sect known as Pilgrims, or Wanderers. They probably inherit a nomadic tendency, and, under the influence of religion, declare that the reign of Anti-Christ is at hand. That arch fiend seizing the seats of government, the only salvation will be to flee to the Siberian morasses, forests, and hills, where the Pilgrims retire to lead a primitive Christian life. The Holy Synod has cursed the sect as malignant enemies of Mother Church, and measures are to be adopted to root them out from their remote Siberian retreats.

The *Times*, in its notice of the late Professor Huxley, mentions that at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, in 1860, Bishop Wilberforce had the impertinence to ask Huxley whether he was related to an ape by his grandfather's or his grandmother's side. Now, there is hardly a theologian living who would venture this sort of insult. This is left to the "gentlemen" of the Christian Evidence Society.

The *Times* does not give Huxley's dignified reply, which is, however, of historical interest. He said: "I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

Bradford has an Art Gallery; it has also a School Board; and the two disagree. The head mistress of one of the schools asked for permission to take her scholars to see the pictures. This was refused by the School Management Committee, and when the reason was asked at a Board meeting Canon Simpson talked about "public morality," and said that "the character of some of the pictures in the gallery made it inadvisable to send the children there."

We can hardly believe that there are any "wicked" pictures in the Bradford Art Gallery; such as Lot and his daughters, or David dancing naked before the Ark. Canon Simpson may have his eye upon a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. But mere nakedness does not corrupt children. There is a delicious French story about a little sister and a littler brother looking at a picture of "our first parents." The little fellow asked which was the gentleman, and the little maiden said she couldn't tell—they had no clothes on. But perhaps children don't run that way in Bradford.

How they love one another! The High Church *Times* says of the Low Church Association: "The chief work which this so-called Church Association carries on is exactly described as a disturbance of the Church's peace." And it goes on to complain of "the unscrupulous method which the Association's colporteurs too frequently pursue" in attacking Ritualism.

The Rev. F. T. Wethered defends the Rector of Clifton,

Bed., who refused to marry parties whose banns he had put up, because one of them was unbaptised, on the ground that he is legally required to have their Christian names; "and how can a person acquire a Christian name except at baptism?" We fancy the law would say that the Christian name, in a legal sense, is the name before the family name, and that it is acquired by registration without baptism.

The energy of Mr. Stead is to have a new outlet. He has discovered, through the spooks, that the crying want of the age is a Baby Exchange. It is an old saying that those who don't want children have too many, and those who do want them have none. Mr. Stead is going to rectify this. We hope he won't make a worse muddle than in his dabbling with other social topics.

The choir of a church in Leicester have struck under peculiar circumstances. The lady members donned ecclesiastical raiment—cassocks, caps, surplices—and were ordered to wear ordinary dress. They struck, and have been supported by the male members, who don't see why the clergy alone should sport ecclesiastical millinery.

What a funny title! The League of the Christian Ladies' Boot. Its object is to free the Chinese ladies from compression of the feet. The ladies of the League compress their waists, which is more dangerous. A Chinaman said: "We squeeze foot; you squeeze waist. Same both. Get husband."

At the Royal Albert Hall meeting of the Woman's International Temperance Association, when Miss Weston came to the front, the band struck up "Rule Britannia," and the audience (or was it congregation?) joined in "spontaneously." What splendid *internationalism*!

Canon Wilberforce spoke at that meeting, taking the place of Mr. W. S. Caine, who had to leave for Westminster. "I am not Caine," he said, "and I am not Able to fill the position worthily." This gorgeous witticism convulsed the audience (or congregation). According to the *Methodist Times*, their "gaiety was not eclipsed for several minutes."

Fathers Stanton and Hogg, the well-known Ritualists of St. Alban's, Holborn, are going to try to bring about Christian Reunion by issuing an English edition of the Roman Missal, in which the Communion Service of the Church of England will be incorporated. The mere announcement suffices to send the *English Churchman* in a rage.

"She" is an American. Her registered name is Mrs. J. C. Brooker. She is absolute ruler of the Perfectionists, calls herself "daughter of God," and holds communication with him through angels. The previous "She" was Mrs. Martin. She was buried at Cincinnati on May 25, and the Perfectionists keep watch night and day over her grave in order to witness her resurrection and ascent to heaven in a chariot of fire. Fools! of course; but are they bigger fools than some ancient persons we read of who saw the "son of God" go through a similar performance?

A certain Christian Evidence journal is asking whether it is to live or die, and is frantically appealing for help to avoid a silent funeral. One of its friends, a red-hot Orangeman, hopes it will receive support to oppose Atheists, Secularists, and other "loose persons." Even the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes asks his friends to buy it for a few weeks, if only out of charity, in order that it may carry on its crusade against "scoffers." But a paper cannot prolong its life by such arts as these. The fact is, there is no real demand for Christian Evidence journals. Their only chance lies in the patronage of Secularists. That is why we don't advertise them.

We see it reported that the Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, on entering the twenty-sixth year of his ministry there, announced that he would forego the fixed stipend paid to him as pastor, and depend solely on what the people chose to bring him, whether it was much or little. Dr. Parker has always been so keen after money that we are tempted to believe he fancies this plan will work out better than the other. He was never known to be satisfied with "little."

In the interest of scientific clearness I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean all the while that my organism has certain mental faculties which, like the rest, are dependent on its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all I mean is, that the influence of my doings and sayings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds.—Huxley.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

August 4, Newcastle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—July 28, August 4 and 11, Camberwell.—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.

J. T. C.—The "childishness" is in complaining of what could not be avoided. Milton Hall, even in Kentish Town, is better (for the present) than no hall at all. Mr. Foote and his colleagues are not under an obligation to do impossibilities. They do their best, sometimes for not so much as thanks.

M. ANDREWS.—Five hundred shillings would be of little use; they only amount to £25; and we have appealed enough.

E. G. TAYLOR.—Letters cannot be published without the writer's consent. Mr. George Wise says that his letter to you was marked "private," and asks us not to publish it. Of course we respect his wishes, though it seems to us that he lacks courage in the matter. Mr. Wise, by the way, doesn't answer the question put to him in the *Freethinker* as to whether he asks opponents at his meetings for their names and addresses, and what he wants to know their addresses for.

J. D.—Your essay on "God and the Atheist" shows that you have thought; but you require a great deal more practice in composition before your efforts will reach the level of publication.

F. W. SWAIN.—Pleased to hear the Derby friends were so delighted with Mr. Putnam's lecture.

W. MANN.—We did not keep the copy of the *Times* in which Sir Gilbert Parker's letter appeared. The date would be near June 20. Canon Taylor's articles, and other criticisms of missionary enterprise, have from time to time been noticed in our columns.

H. DUNCAN (Sunderland).—Will see what can be done.

A. G. SCORES.—Received. Shall be pleased to see you at Clacton.

R. J. MURRAY.—Mr. Foote has written you privately on the matter.

AGNOSTIC.—Mr. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C., will supply you with a good cabinet photo of the late Charles Bradlaugh for 2s. 6d.

E. CALVERT intends to join the London Secular Federation's excursion.

J. WOOD.—See paragraph. Mr. Foote cannot take part in any open-air meetings at present, being already overworked. But he will make an exception if you find you cannot hold your meetings at Wood Green on account of Christian rowdism. He has always held it to be his duty to intervene to the best of his power in such emergencies.

W. A. LILL (Sheffield).—Correspondence should reach us by Tuesday morning. Your letter is too late for "Sugar Plums." Glad to hear, though, that Mr. Putnam had an enthusiastic reception on Sunday.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Church Reformer—Freedom—Liberty—Der Arme Teufel—Christian Commonwealth—Humanity—Zoophilist—Huddersfield Daily Examiner—Nottingham Argus—The Literary Guide—Manchester Spy—Manchester Courier—Boston Investigator—Twentieth Century—Truthseeker—Freidenker—Open Court—Progressive Thinker—Light—Two Worlds—Isle of Man Times—Yorkshire Post—Cape Argus—Non-Sectarian—New York Tribune—Manchester Evening News—Crescent.

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

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

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.

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

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*:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

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.

That a man should determine to devote himself to the service of humanity, including intellectual and moral self-culture under that name; that this should be, in the proper sense of the word, his religion, is not only an intelligible, but I think a laudable, resolution. And I am greatly disposed to believe that it is the only religion which will prove itself to be unassailably acceptable so long as the human race endures.—Huxley.

SUGAR PLUMS.

THE summer weather did not prevent an excellent audience from assembling in the Camberwell Secular Hall on Sunday evening, when Mr. Foote lectured on "All About Angels." This evening (July 7) Mr. Foote takes the chair at Milton Hall for Mr. J. P. Gilmour, of Glasgow, who is on a visit to the South, and is taking the opportunity to address a London audience. We hope the metropolitan Free-thinkers will give their Scottish visitor a hearty reception. He deserves it.

Last Sunday evening the Hall of Science was closed, and Mr. Charles Watts gave his lecture at Milton Hall instead. His subject was "Cromwell and English Freedom." Considering that the change of place of meeting had only been announced for a few days, there was a very good audience, who gave Mr. Watts an enthusiastic reception. Miss Vance presided, and made a neat little speech. Previous to the lecture Mr. Watts drew attention to the death of Professor Huxley, and paid a well-deserved tribute to his useful career. The references made to the principal incidents in the Professor's public life, and to his peaceful death, were received with sympathetic applause.

Our London readers are again reminded of the Secular Federation's Annual Excursion to Clacton-on-Sea next Sunday (July 14). The tickets are now on sale, and full particulars will be found in our advertisement columns. Messrs. Foote and Watts have given up their Sunday, for lecturing purposes, in order to join the party and spend the day with the "saints," who will doubtless muster in strong force. Freethinkers should induce their Christian friends to come by our special train, just to see what a melancholy, miserable set the "Atheists" are when they "assemble and meet together."

Our American visitor, Mr. S. P. Putnam, lectures to-day (July 7) in the Amphitheatre, Northumberland-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. We hope there will be a big rally of Tyneside Freethinkers on this occasion. They should come in from twenty miles around, and give the President of the American Secular Union a regular North-of-England welcome.

It is well that our American visitor is combining work with pleasure, or he would go back to New York utterly demoralised. Everywhere he goes the "saints" are showing him generous hospitality, and taking him about to the various places of interest. And "Samuel"—as Mr. Watts calls him—is enjoying himself immensely. He is having "a fine time" indeed. Yes, it is the lecturing that saves him. Without that he would feel inclined, when he goes home in September, to rush off to Florida, or some other happy land, instead of buckling-to for the annual Convention of his own Society.

Mr. Putnam continues his "Notes and News" from England in the New York *Truthseeker*. The number for June 22 contains the account of his day up the Thames with Messrs. Foote and Watts, his visit to the British Museum with Mr. Wheeler, and his experiences at Liverpool. We shall reprint all this in due course.

The Liverpool friends took Mr. Putnam in on one point; of course not designedly. They forgot to tell him that Liverpool is at the mouth of the Mersey, and he forgot that London is a long way up the Thames; so that he falls into the mistake of supposing the Mersey to be the "broader and deeper" river of the two. Of course the Thames is far and away the premier river of England.

Ingersoll was invited by the manager of the Queen's Theatre, Montreal, to lecture there. The Colonel was agreeable, and sent on his advertising matter. Every paper refused to insert it, and the manager, on account of the boycott of the press, got the contract cancelled.

Captain R. C. Adams, the energetic president of the Canadian Secular Union, is, of course, not satisfied with this, and assures the Colonel that if he comes he will find his audience. He says: "The gifted authoress, Helen H. Gardener, once lectured to a thousand people in Montreal on a Sunday evening, but no mention of the fact was made in Monday's papers. She afterwards wittily wrote: 'Montreal has no newspaper. If a few ministers meet together, it is news. If a thousand people gather to hear a Freethought lecturer, it is not news.'"

Professor Huxley was once wroth with an Evangelical busybody at a seaside resort, who offered him a tract and wanted to know whether he was "saved." It seemed to the great scientist a piece of gross impertinence. He told the soul-saver to mind his own business—at which the soul-

saver felt "insulted." The fussy religionist did not understand the serenity with which an unbeliever can face death, leaving all the "funk" to the Christians, who hope to go to heaven, but have an awful fear of going to the other place. Professor Huxley's death was calm and peaceful, as became a philosopher. He read and wrote up to the last day of his life, and "through all his sufferings," the *Times* says, "he preserved that amiable and kindly disposition which made him so beloved in his own household."

It goes without saying that Professor Huxley died without the assistance and consolation of professional exhorters. His wife and one of his daughters were with him when he drew his last breath. Which was as it should be. All the dying really require is to let their last gaze fall upon dear faces. Death is then a mixture of sleep and love.

The *Daily Chronicle* writes of Professor Huxley's death: "The uppermost thought born of the sorrow which this morning's news brings is that a striking and charming personality is withdrawn. . . . True to himself, it followed that he was wrong-doer to none, and with his withdrawal there remains one the less of that type of the ideal man who endeared himself to such as knew him only in the fellowship of spirit. To those who knew him as friend and counsellor his loss will be irreparable."

The *Chronicle* also notes that Professor Huxley was "conscious to the last, and knowledge of his coming end was born with equanimity, his strength of character and his amiable disposition never forsaking him."

The *Daily Telegraph* wrote: "We have had in Thomas Henry Huxley a guide of light and leading in natural science of whom England may well be proud, foremost in pursuing the task of enlarging the area of human knowledge, faultless in scientific integrity, and as true a friend by his work and worth to his age and to his race as he was a fast and loyal votary of Truth, and fearless follower of her steps, wherever they might lead."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* paid a high tribute to Professor Huxley, and courageously stated that his controversy with Mr. Gladstone about the Mosaic account of Creation was one of his finest efforts. The *Westminster Gazette* wrote: "We lose in him, not only an eminent scientist and a brilliant writer, but a commanding man."

The next dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club will be held on Saturday, the 13th, at Box Hill, Dorking, and George Meredith will be one of the guests.

The Manchester Branch will shortly enter upon an active out-door crusade, and, with that object in view, they have engaged the services of Mr. C. Cohen for a period of four weeks, commencing Sunday, August 18. A subscription list will be opened to defray the expenses, which, of course, will be considerable, and friends are desired to subscribe as liberally as possible.

Secularists in the Wood Green district are earnestly invited to rally round the Secular open-air platform. At a recent meeting there was persistent and reckless disorder, and eventually Mr. C. Cohen had to be protected by the police on his way to the railway station. The local Branch means business, and will not be intimidated. It intends to open a Freethought bookstall on Saturday evening (July 6) at 6 o'clock, at the foot of Jolly Butchers' Hill, close to the lecture station. This novel enterprise deserves the utmost success.

The *Rangoon Times* appears to be a very liberal paper. There have been discussions in its columns on such questions as the views of Colonel Ingersoll, Is Christianity True? etc., in which due prominence has been given to the letters of Freethinkers. One of the writers, signing himself "Truthseeker," cites Mr. Wheeler at length on the connection between Christianity and Buddhism. Another writer boldly signs himself "Atheist." Heresy seems to flourish in Burmah.

Humanity, the monthly organ of the Humanitarian League, continues its crusade against the brutal features of our "Christian civilisation." The July number contains an important article by J. M. Greg on the Irish Cattle Traffic, and an able reply by H. S. Salt to Mr. D. G. Ritchie on the Rights of Animals. Accompanying this number, at least in our packet, is a facetious Play in one act, entitled "A Lover of Animals," by H. S. Salt. It is brightly written, and, if we may be pardoned the pun, not without salt.

The New York *Daily Tribune* reviews the *Life of Charles Bradlaugh*, and, after the manner of Christian reviewers, seeks to turn commendation of Mr. Bradlaugh into disparagement of those who work on similar lines. It concludes by saying: "The truest judgment of his character and work is

embodied in that one word which was his self-chosen and best-known name, 'Iconoclast.' But it is one thing to smash empty images with the hammer; it is another and vastly different thing to knock one's own head against an Everlasting Rock."

Leslie Stephen's *Life of his brother, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen*, makes it clear how the great legal luminary, who, by the way, was a prolific writer both on the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, gave up, one by one, every article of Christian belief. "One by one went tower and temple down." Yet Sir J. F. Stephen found life sweet, bright, and glorious, and said: "I should dearly like to live it again."

Sir James once had an interview with Cardinal Newman. "Fitzjames," says his brother, "was not the man to be awed by any reputation into reticence." He asked him plainly for some reasonable ground for believing that his Church was what it claimed to be. Newman replied, in substance, that he could not argue with a man who differed so completely on first principles. Fitzjames took this as amounting to the admission that Newman had nothing to say to anyone who did not go three-fourths of the way with him. "I said at last," he proceeds, "If Jesus Christ were here, could He say no more than you do? 'I suppose you to mean that, if He could, I ought to be able to give you what you ask.' 'Certainly; for you profess to be His authorised agent, and call on me to believe you on that ground. Prove it.' All he could say was: 'I cannot work miracles;' to which I replied: 'I did not ask for miracles, but for proofs.' He had absolutely nothing to say."

The Sunday Society has just held its twentieth annual meeting in London. Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist, vacated the chair for the new president, the Rev. Canon Barnett, who delivered a long and "churchy" address. Somehow or other, these clergymen will take a professional view of everything. Canon Barnett is in favor of opening places of culture on Sunday; but he seems to be opposed to Sunday amusements. Even in the matter of Sunday lectures Canon Barnett does not appear disposed to make any legal concession to Secularists, who could not get "incorporated," and could not, therefore, take advantage of the alteration in the law which Canon Barnett proposes. Still, it is well to have this Sunday question ventilated; and, from this point of view, the Sunday Society—even with a parson for president—may be wished every success.

THE HONORARIUM TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

It will be remembered that at the last Conference of the National Secular Society a letter was read from Mr. George Anderson, suggesting that its President "should be recouped for his loss of time and money in serving the party's interests." Accordingly, the Conference appointed a Committee, consisting of Mr. George Anderson, Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. Robert Forder, and Mr. George Ward, to consider the best plan to be adopted for carrying out the suggestion. The Committee met and drew up a circular, which probably most of the readers of the *Freethinker* have seen.

This Committee unanimously passed the following resolution, proposed by Mr. George Anderson, and seconded by Mr. George Ward: "That the sum to be paid the President of the N.S.S. for this year be £100, to be confirmed, augmented, or diminished each year by vote of the Conference."

By this resolution it was the desire of the Committee to carry out the object, for which it had been appointed by the congress of delegates, in the most satisfactory manner both as to terms and amount, leaving the Society to act yearly in future as circumstances might dictate.

It is to be hoped that what has been done will meet with the approval of the Secular party, and that its members will subscribe the required amount as promptly as possible.

CHARLES WATTS.

Subscriptions Received:—

Per Miss Vance: S. Hollies, 5s.; G. Anderson, £5; "Rubber Stamp," 10s.; J. Kennedy, £1 1s.; D. Davis, £1 1s.; Per R. Forder: W. Carter, £2 2s.; C. J. Pottage, £3; W. C. Stuart, £1 1s.; W. Lamb, 10s.; W. P. Ball, £1; J. Fulton, 10s.; J. D. Pottage, 5s.; Crabtree Brothers, 3s. 6d.; A. J. Marriott, 5s.; J. Hayes, 2s.; F. S. C., 1s.
Per Charles Watts: Z. Z., 5s.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

ON June 29 Europe lost one of her most distinguished scientists, and Freethought one of the ablest advocates, of the century. Born May 4, 1825, Thomas Henry Huxley's early education was carried on at home and in his father's school at Ealing. In 1842 he entered the medical school at Charing Cross, passed with honors in anatomy and physiology, and, after some medical experience among the London poor, became M.R.C.S., and in '46 joined the Medical Naval Service. From Haslar Hospital he was selected to accompany Captain Owen Stanley on a surveying voyage in the Southern Seas. He investigated the fauna of those regions with avidity, sent home papers to the Royal and Linnean Societies, by which he acquired reputation, so that soon after his return home in 1854 he succeeded Edward Forbes in the chair of Natural History at the School of Mines. He enriched zoology with many memoirs, and joined Tyndall in studying glaciers in Switzerland. He was foremost among the men who stood beside Darwin; and, next to Darwin himself, to Huxley must be ascribed the honor of popularising the doctrine of Evolution. In 1860 he delivered popular lectures on "The Relation of Man to the Lower Animals," and afterwards, in his *Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature* (1863), showed the relation of man to the higher apes. This was ten years before the publication of Darwin's *Descent of Man*. In this year he was elected Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons, and held that office for seven years. He became president of the Geological and the Ethnological Societies in 1869 and 1870, and presided over the meeting of the British Association held at Liverpool in 1870. In this year he also became member of the first London School Board, and was chairman of the committee which arranged the scheme of education adopted in the schools.

All this while Huxley was contributing, by magazine articles, lay sermons, and addresses, to the spread of science viewed in the light of evolution. These were afterwards published—the *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* in 1870, *Critiques and Addresses* in 1873. In '76 and '77 Mr. Huxley was propagating his views on science and evolution in America. The *American Addresses* were published in 1879. His book on *Humor*, contributed to Morley's "Men of Letters" series, is a model of clear exposition, and he puts the argument against miracles in his own incisive way. One of his last works was seeing through the press a complete edition of his non-technical essays in nine volumes. The *Essays Upon Some Controverted Questions* contain some of his most important anti-theological writings, such as those on "Gladstone and Genesis," "The Evolution of Theology," "Science and Morality," "Science and Witness to the Miraculous," and "The Keepers of the Herd of Swine."

In his anthropological study on *The Evolution of Theology* Huxley shows he had bottomed the pretensions of religionists. He found the genesis of their god in ghost belief, and traces the many traits of similarity between the religious beliefs and observances of the early Jews and those of the savage inhabitants of the Tonga Islands. With the critical researches of Biblical scholars like Kuenen, Kalisch, Reuss, and Wellhausen he was perfectly familiar. He was equally at home on the ground of New Testament criticism, and men like Gladstone, the Bishop of Carlisle, and Prebendary Wace found their arguments pulverised. His keen perception of the weak places in their armor was shown by keeping them to the story of the Gadarene swine.

His letter on the "Corybantic Christianity" of the Salvation Army was enlarged into an incisive criticism on Booth's scheme of dealing with "Darkest England," under the title of *Social Diseases and Worse Remedies*.

Throughout his career Professor Huxley made it clear that the trend of his teaching was in opposition to the dogmas of the theologians. In the autobiographical sketch appended to his collected essays he thus sums up his life's aims: "The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves—young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back; and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges, when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had, more or less, definitely in view, since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of man except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-belief, by which pious hands have hidden

its uglier feature, is stripped off. It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularisation of science; to the development and organisation of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, and everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."

This testimony is true. Huxley was a valiant teacher, thinker, and fighter for Freethought. Knowing the forces on the side of superstition, he armed himself with every weapon of learning and of skill in controversy to meet and master the obscurantists on their own ground. He was one of the few men who combined high scientific attainments with equal literary gifts. His work was many-sided, and his power of lucid exposition unrivalled. His writings are clear, elegant, and trenchant, and take rank with our best literature. He was the protagonist of evolution. In promoting higher education, in popularising science, in spreading Freethought and combatting superstition, his influence has been deep and wide, and his loss is one that will not easily be supplied.

Huxley called himself an Agnostic. He found it was an unpardonable sin to presume to go about unlabelled. "I could find," he says, "no label to suit me; so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one; and, as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the 'ists and the 'ites about me professed to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic." Of the position indicated by the term, as clear an account as any is that given by Huxley at the close of his famous essay, "On the Physical Basis of Life":—

"If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor anyone else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. . . . Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it."

This is Secularism, and plain common sense. Huxley lived a good secular life, one of tireless activity in the service of truth and justice, without fear and without reproach. Our reverent tribute of admiration must be laid on his grave.

FREETHOUGHT PHILANTHROPY.

AMONG the many large bequests by rich men which have distinguished the present century, the gifts of Freethinkers have figured conspicuously. The founder of Girard College, in addition to the \$6,000,000 required for the establishment of that college, gave during his lifetime and at his death \$30,000 to the Pennsylvania Hospital, \$20,000 to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, \$10,000 to the Orphan Asylum, \$10,000 to the Lancaster Schools, \$10,000 to provide fuel for the Philadelphia poor, \$10,000 to aid distressed sea captains, \$20,000 to relieve poor Masons, \$50,000 for city improvements in Philadelphia, and \$300,000 for canals in the State. When, in 1814, the Government needed help, Girard at once advanced \$5,000,000; and when, in 1793 and 1797, Philadelphia was afflicted with the yellow fever, and but twelve persons could be induced to nurse the sick and bury the dead, Stephen Girard, the Freethinker, was one of these.

James Smithson left \$500,000 to found the Institution named after him at Washington. Peter Brigham gave \$3,000,000 to establish hospitals in Boston. John Redmon gave \$400,000 to support free beds in the Boston hospitals.

James Lick gave \$1,000,000 to found an astronomical observatory. William McClure gave \$500,000 to aid the working men of Indiana. A. T. Tilley gave \$30,000 to build a school at Northampton, Mass., for the scientific training of women without theology.

In Glasgow, Scotland, the Mitchell Library was established at a cost of £70,000 by a Freethinker; and in the same city Mr. George Baillie left £18,000 to establish unsectarian schools, reading-rooms, etc.

Many other similar acts could be named, one of them being a bequest of \$50,000 by the late Mr. Butland to the Toronto General Hospital.

J. S. ELLIS.

Scepticism is the highest of duties, and blind faith the one unpardonable sin.—Huxley.

THE FIRST THEOLOGIAN.

ONCE, in the times of the cavemen, thousands of years ago,
Came there a storm which blustered over the land, laying
low
Forests which grew on the hillsides; bringing with it the
rain,
Thunder, and lightning; and strewing beasts, stricken dead,
o'er the plain.

Gathered a group of the tribesmen, awe-struck, appalled at
the sight;
Huddled they close at the cave-mouth doubting that morn-
ing light
Would never again follow darkness—scared, now and then,
with the flash,
Bright and speeding, of lightning, followed by thunder crash.

Crouched they in fear and in trembling, fearfully watching
the play
Fitfully made by the lightning; anxiously longing for day;
Dreading the crash of the thunder; hearing the pitiless
rain
Lash on their shelter of limestone—entering time and again.

Huddled they closer together, shivering, wakeful, afraid;
Hearing the shriek of the storm-fiend as he passed by on his
raid;
Eyes staring open in terror under their long-matted hair—
More like to beasts than to mankind, crouching in dread in
their lair.

Slow spread the dawn in the eastward, merging the black
into grey;
Lulling, the gale fell to sighing. This was the promise of
day.
Then came to one of the tribesmen speech with the coming
of light;
Passed from each one of the tribesmen fear with the passing
of night.

Peered they abroad from their cave-mouth into the dusk of
the dawn;
Saw, in the soft breezes waving, each blade of grass with its
awn;
Saw the destruction the forest had suffered throughout the
night;
Saw a lightning-seared mammoth prone in the spectral
light.

Then rose the voice of the speaker: "When by myself, I
have thought
That there were spirits whose pleasure came from the pain
by them wrought.
But now I know there are spirits, strong with a strength
beyond man,
And our day's journey is merely to them nothing more than
a span.

"We've heard their voice in the thunder, we've seen their
rage in the wind,
Tearing the trees up, and leaving nothing but wreckage
behind;
We've seen the flash from their fire-stick streaking the
blackness of night;
We've seen the death of the mammoth, quick, in the midst
of his flight.

"Thus they bring hurt and wreak vengeance; they may bring
death on us, too,
Quick as was brought on the mammoth lying out there in
our view."
Listened the tribesmen in silence; listened intently till he
Spoke of their end by the spirits, and of the pain that might
be.

Startled, they looked at each other; then they began to
discuss:
"What if the death which he speaks of should be the death
brought on us?
We must do something or other. What he has said is the
truth,
For we have seen that the spirits kill and destroy without
ruth."

Once more the voice of the speaker took up the thread of his
speech:
"Let us take gifts from the hunting; fish found by us on
the beach.
Let us lay them on a boulder close to the edge of the wood,
And when the wild spirits see them they may do works for
our good."

"Yea, that is wise," said the tribesmen. "He counsels wisely
and we
Straightway shall make to the spirits gifts, and the spirits
will see
That we give honor and fear them, and they will leave us at
peace."

Such were the words of the cavemen. So came the gospel
of peace.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

THE HOLY LAND AND THE HOLY BOOK.

THE editor of a religious paper recently offered a prize for a
short paper on the above subject, designed to convey
information to the young. I wrote the following, but have
not as yet received the prize: "The so-called Holy Land is
of about the size and fertility of Wales. The phrase,
'from Dan to Beersheba,' has been used so often that
people have, without thinking, supposed them to be as far
apart as Cape Horn and Behring Straits, whereas they are
nearer than from London to Liverpool. Jerusalem the golden
is a one-horse town, noted for spurious relics and fleas. The
whole plateau on which it is built could never have accom-
modated fifty thousand inhabitants. Solomon's temple was
a shanty ninety feet by thirty, and, before this was put up
for Jehovah, he used to live in a tent.

"The so-called Holy Bible consists of sixty-six books by
various authors. Whom they were written by, or when they
were written, nobody certainly knows. As they have come
down through many hands, they have probably been much
touched up *en route*. Some were certainly not written by
the persons to whom they were ascribed. Thus Deuteronomy
contains an account of the funeral of Moses, and the Psalms
of David refer to the captivity of Babylon. They are
interesting records of Semitic legend, folk-lore, and tradition,
and contain some fine poetry, as in Job, Isaiah, and some of
the Psalms. But they contain numerous contradictions,
indecencies, absurdities, and atrocities, and the earlier
historical books bear the stamp of barbarism. Only
undiscriminating ignorance or interested priestcraft could
attribute such a mixture to an all-wise God."

CELSUS.

Christian Evidences.

Christian evidences are not such as would be required in
ordinary matters requiring proof. Christian evidences of
its past history consist of the fables handed down by the
"Christian fathers." Those fathers, from Paul down, took
the ground that a lie in the interest of the Church was a
good thing. The Christian evidences of the future are
reduced to one item—faith. And those that relate to the
present are two in number. The unanswerable evidences to
what are called the truths of Christianity are that so many
great people have believed them, and that so many Bibles
are printed! These two facts startle and appal the un-
believer with their tremendous force. Argument against
such evidences as these has but little weight. The fact that
the Bible has fewer readers than any book in the world has
no weight. Even in Christian families, reading the Bible
and taking salts are intimately associated repugnances.
You can find ten thousand people who believe the Bible to
one that has read it. What the minister reads from the
pulpit is considered sufficient for the average Christian.
And the "general belief" proof is akin to the former
universal belief in a flat earth. God himself, with millions
of his most learned people, believed the earth flat and
stationary. But that didn't affect the rotundity or disturb
the revolutions of the globe. Neither does the general
belief in the stories of Jonah and Christ make them true,
nor the millions of Bibles printed establish the claims of
that book to divinity, or even to decency.—*Ironclad Age*.

Obituary.

It is with regret that I announce the death of another
friend and supporter of the Secular movement in Failsworth.
The interment of Mrs. Fletcher, of Failsworth, took place at
the Unitarian Chapel on Wednesday, June 26. By the
kind permission of their minister the Secular Service was
read by Mr. Pegg, of Manchester, in the chapel, and after-
wards at the graveside. Mrs. Fletcher, who was seventy-
four years of age, was one of the oldest supporters of the
Failsworth Secular Sunday School, and, although she has
not taken an active part for some time, her loss will be
greatly felt. The funeral was attended by a large number
of teachers and friends from the Secular schools, and the
most sincere sympathy is felt by all who knew her for those
who are related to her.—E. HOWARD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Re HADRIAN'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In his interesting article on "Our Sun-God" Mr. Wheeler refers to the famous letter of the Emperor Hadrian to Servianus. In that letter, which, be it noted, is only preserved to us at second-hand, Hadrian is represented as saying that "the (Egyptian) worshippers of Serapis are called Christians," and that "those consecrated to the service of Serapis call themselves bishops of Christ." But does not Mr. Wheeler think that there is some mistake here? Hadrian's letter may be dated about A.D. 134. Now Dr. Barr Mitchell, in his learned monograph on "Χριστος," has shown that in the so-called "Christian" epitaphs there is no instance earlier than the third century wherein the name-word is not written "Chrestos" or else "Chreistos" (same pronunciation, emphasising the long e). And in *Antiqua Mater* Professor Johnson—who, on the publication of this book, found Freethinkers more in accord with him than when he put out *The Rise of Christendom*—says that for the first four centuries it was the common practice of the Christians to write the name of their Master "Chrest" or "Chreist." On the whole, then, it seems pretty certain that not earlier than the third century did the term "Christian" come into use.

But, if this be true, Hadrian could hardly have written as above. *χριστος* is the proper Greek equivalent of the Hebrew word which we write "Messiah," and which means "anointed." From the first, Greek-speaking Jews would, as a matter of course, use this as their equivalent. But Hadrian could hardly have been referring to Greek-speaking Jews when he wrote of the Egyptian worshippers of Serapis. Besides, Chrestos was a title borne by Osiris; and, therefore, the probability is that the (Osirian) worshippers of Serapis called themselves "Chrestoi"—the "good folks," or followers of the Good One. We cannot say which word Hadrian used in his original letter; but it seems to me very unlikely that he wrote of the Egyptian worshippers of Serapis as "Christians."

However, I am sadly sensible of the fact that my information is too meagre for my opinion to be of any value. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Wheeler will kindly favor his studious readers with his views on this important point.

ANDREW LIDDLE.

[When the Greek conquerors of Egypt assimilated the old Osirian faith with the Greek worship of Hades in the worship of Serapis as Lord of the Underworld (the sun-spirit which, presiding over the destinies of the dead, assured their resurrection, similar to his own), Chrestos became his title, as equivalent to the Egyptian *nofri*, or "excellent," found on Egyptian tombs with the *crux ansata*, or sign of life. Among Egyptians of the post-Ptolemaic period Chrestoi was equivalent to "the good, the justified." Thus the monks of Serapis were Chrestoi, and Hadrian may originally have so written it. But, as one-third of the inhabitants of Alexandria were Jews, it is likely that the play on words, which identified the worshippers of the "anointed" with the "good," is earlier. Philo shows the eclecticism which was going on a century before Hadrian. The Therapeuts he describes were like the monks of Serapis, and they are identified by Eusebius with the Christians. We find this play on words in Romans xvi. 18, 1 Peter ii. 3, in Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian; all usually dated before the fourth century. The latter says (*Ad Nationes*): "By a faulty pronunciation you call us Christians, and so utter the sense of pleasantness and goodness." It was natural that tomb inscriptions should retain this older and more general form. No doubt the double meaning tended both to popularise the Christian name and to modify the character of the faith. The letter of Hadrian indicates that in the second century Christianity was allied to, or had not entirely disengaged itself from, the Egyptian faith, and suggests that it dates rather from Alexandria than from Jerusalem.—J. M. W.]

THE POPULATION QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In an "Acid Drop," in your issue of June 23, you refer to Dr. Horton as "never having read Malthus, or being incapable of understanding him." I believe there is a more probable explanation of the Doctor's present pronouncement as to the absurdity of Malthus' prediction. In the *Christian World* of November 9, 1893, there was a summary of a deliverance by Dr. Horton, under the heading, "A Straight Talk," in which the following occurs: "Dr. Horton boldly dealt with the population question, denouncing as gross selfishness the bringing into the world of families by those who cannot maintain them, and introducing children to disease and dirt, and, still worse, to moral and spiritual ruin. He showed how the increase of the

colliery population had greatly increased the struggle for existence in the coal trade." The *Christian World* further added: "The lecture appears at length in the *Christian World Pulpit* of yesterday."

Dr. Horton is a patron of the Christian Evidence Society, and Secularists, who have been so wearily enlivened for the past twenty years or so by the classic and impartial diatribes delivered by the lecturers of the above society against the Malthusian theory in general, and *The Elements of Social Science* in particular, have in some instances retorted with the foregoing extract from the *Christian World*; the result being that the cyclopædic erudition of the C.E.S. lecturers has been perturbed thereby. Now, it is quite possible that the rev. gentleman's attention may have been drawn to the indiscretion wherein he had given truth place before Christianity; hence the absurdity of Malthus's prediction.

A. LEWIS.

THE DISPERSION OF THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—In the veracious Acts of the Apostles we read (ii. 5) that "there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven." Now, I used to be told that the Jews were dispersed for rejecting Christ. But it appears from this passage that they were already among every nation. Is this a sign of the late date of the Acts of the Apostles?

GALIO.

That Stuttering Sergeant.

"In our company during the civil war," said Captain T. E. Barlow, of Milwaukee, "was a stuttering sergeant named Thomas, and a chaplain named Chenault, who was exceedingly untidy in personal appearance. The sergeant was a wit, and gave the chaplain no end of trouble. One cold day the parson had preached for over an hour, and at the close of his discourse asked anyone who felt serious to come forward. The sergeant went at once. 'Do you really feel serious?' asked the chaplain, rather doubtful of his convert. 'Se-se-serious! I sh-sh-should say I—I di-did. Any m-man w-would feel s-se-serious to s-s sit on a c-ca-cake of ice t-t-two hours and h-he-hear y-you p-preach,' was the reply. On another occasion at mess the sergeant began to eat before the chaplain had asked the accustomed blessing. Extending his hands over the table, the chaplain said, 'Pause, sergeant, pause.' 'Y-yes, I s-s see 'em. D-d-d-d—d dirty ones, too.'"—*Ambrose Bierce, "Dod Grile."*

PROFANE JOKES.

"The Rev. Mr. Oldbuck is a sort of reminiscent sinner." "How so?" "He revels in the recollection of what a devil of a fellow he was in his youth."

Michael—"What is the matter with Dr. Thirdly? He looks as though he were panic-stricken." Gabriel—"He is, poor soul. He has just met Dr. Speakpeace, whom he knew on earth as a Unitarian, and no one can convince him now that he is not in the infernal regions."

In a Sunday-school the teacher had been explaining the text, "Let your loins be girded." Wishing to see if they understood the explanation, he said to a boy: "Well, tell me now how and why we are commanded to gird up our loins?" "To keep up our breeches, sir," replied the youth.

A boy was reading from an old-fashioned primer, the letter "s" of which was made long, very much like the letter "f" of the present time. He came to the sentence about Solomon, which he read as follows: "Solomon was the wifest man that ever lived." "True, my boy, true," said his father, who was listening. "He had a thousand of 'em."

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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.

MILTON HALL (Hawley-crescent, 89 Kentish Town-road): 7.30, J. P. Gilmour will lecture.

BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 8.45, social gathering for N.S.S. members and friends. Tuesday, at 9, dance.

CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, Annie Besant, "Individual and National Ideals."

WEST LONDON BRANCH ("Sun in Splendor," Portobello-road, Notting Hill Gate): Monday, at 8.30, general meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, A. Guest, "Bible Tragedy and Comedy."

CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, St. John, "Has Man a Soul?"

CAMBERWELL GREEN: Tuesday, at 8, a lecture.

CLERKENWELL GREEN: 11.30, W. Heaford, "Why we do Not Believe in Christianity."

DEPTFORD BROADWAY: 6.30, W. J. Ramsey, "Christ and His Teachings."

EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, C. James, "The Philosophy of Atheism."

FINSBURY PARK (near the band-stand): 11.15, G. Standing, "What is the Old Testament?" 3.15, F. Haslam, "The Fall of Man."

HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, Stanley Jones, "Christianity Critically Examined." Thursday, at 8.30, F. Haslam, "The Exodus from Egypt."

HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, Stanley Jones, "Civilisation and Christianity"; 3.30, "The Social Aspects of Christianity." Wednesday, at 8, St. John will lecture.

ISLINGTON (Prebend-street, Packington-street): 11.30, a lecture.

KILBURN (corner of Victoria-road): 7, F. Haslam, "Modern Science and Revelation."

KINGSLAND (Ridley-road, near Dalston Junction): 11.30, a lecture.

LAMBETH (Kennington Park): 3.30, E. Pack will lecture.

MILE END WASTE: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "My Imprisonment for Blasphemy."

OLD PIMLICO PIER: 11.30, F. Haslam, "The Fall of the Bastille."

REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester Gate): 3, W. Heaford, "Christ and His Teachings."

VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 11.15, 3.15, and 7, C. Cohen, "Christianity: its Rise, Influence, and Decay."

WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, S. E. Easton, "Can these Dry Bones Live?" 7, "Inspiration." Course of lectures by C. Cohen: Monday, at 8, "What Think ye of Christ?" Tuesday, "Christianity: Is it True?" Wednesday, "Christianity: Its Rise." Thursday, "Christianity: Its Progress." Friday, "Christianity: Its Decline." Saturday, 7.15, addresses by Messrs. Forder, Moss, Rowney, Easton, James, Lewis, Thompson, and Miss Vance.

COUNTRY.

DERBY (Pollitt's Dining Room, Market-place): 7.45, general meeting.

LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 7, L. Small, B.Sc., "The Antiquity of Man according to Science." Arrangements for excursion to Chester on July 14, after lecture.

MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, C. Pegg, Humorous Reading.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Amphitheatre, Northumberland-road): 11, S. P. Putnam, "The Bible and Modern Thought"; 3, "Christ and the Nineteenth Century"; 7, "Secularism and Christianity."

SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): Excursion to Tuxford; meet at Victoria Station at 1.20; train leaves at 1.37. Tickets to be had of the Secretary.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES (32 Dovecote-street): 6.30, important meeting.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BRADFORD (Market-place, Godwin-street): 6.30, J. Grecvy Fisher, "Has Man a Soul?"

BRISTOL (Eastville Park, lower end): 7, J. Keast, "To Live Christ over Again."

CHATHAM (corner of the New Brompton-road, High-street): 11.15, A. B. Moss, "Ancient Saints and Modern Sinners"; 7, "Antidotes to Superstition."

DERBY (Market-place): 11, Mr. Briggs will lecture.

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London, E.—July 7, Victoria Park; 8 to 12, Wood Green.

STANLEY JONES, 53 Marlborough-road, Holloway, London.—July 7, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith; 11, m. Kingsland, e. Edmonton; 21, m. Camberwell, a. Victoria Park, e. Camberwell; 24, Hyde Park; 25, Hammersmith; 28, m. and e. Wood Green.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, Rotherhithe, London, E.—July 7 Chatham.

T. THURLOW, 350 Old Ford-road, E.—July 17, m. Kingsland.

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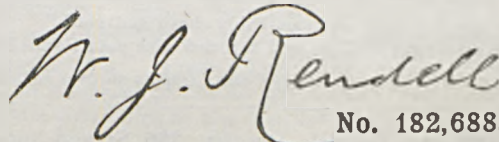
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