

# The Free Thinker

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## THE BIBLE AND LOCAL VETO.

(Concluded from page 182.)

DAVID himself, the man after God's own heart—if he wrote the Psalms—pays a tribute to drinking. He speaks of "Wine that maketh glad the heart of man" (civ. 15). But the Psalmist is eclipsed by the writer of Judges, who celebrates "wine which cheereth God and man" (ix. 13). Wine which cheereth God! What a glow there must be in that liquor! Jehovah liked it, and insisted on having it sound and full-bodied.

"In the holy place shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured unto the Lord for a drink offering" (Numbers xxviii. 7).

Before leaving the Old Testament, we must refer to a striking passage in Amos. After bemoaning the captivity of Israel, the prophet looks forward to her restoration. He depicts an ultimate state of peace, plenty, and happiness. But it is not a teetotaler's paradise. "The mountains," he exclaims, "shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt." He continues:—

"I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel, and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and drink the wine thereof" (ix. 14).

Under the restoration every Jew was to sit under his own fig-tree; but, at least in the opinion of Amos, he would have something better than cold water to sip as he enjoyed the shade of his broad fig-leaves. And as Amos was an "inspired" writer—certainly as much so as any other contributor to Holy Writ—we may conclude that the God of the Bible in no way favors teetotalism.

Let us now turn to the New Testament, and begin with Paul. The great Apostle always enjoins sobriety, but never teetotalism. Even when he specifies the proper characteristics of a bishop, he merely says "not given to wine" (1 Timothy iii. 3)—which of course refers to excessive drinking. No one would say that a man was "given to wine" who drank a glass or two at dinner.

In another epistle the becoming way of life is laid down for "aged" men and women. The men should be "sober," and the women "not given to much wine" (1 Titus ii. 2, 3). This is a reprehension of excess, and also a permission of moderate drinking. Indeed, in the first epistle to Timothy the Apostle distinctly prescribes the use of a stimulant.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities" (v. 23).

It has been suggested that Timothy's wine was for external application; it was to be rubbed in; Paul was recommending an embrocation. But this suggestion is too facetious. The author of it was a sly dog, who wanted to throw ridicule on teetotalism or the Bible, or perhaps on both.

Jesus Christ was no more a teetotaler than Paul. There is no evidence that he ever drank water when there was anything better going. His enemies twitted him with being no Nazarite, and provoked him to the following exclamation:—

"For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. xi. 18, 19; Luke vii. 33, 34).

One of the miracles of Jesus Christ was turning water into wine. After his baptism, according to Matthew, he fasted forty days in the wilderness; but three days after his baptism, according to John, he was at a marriage in Cana of Galilee. The company, on this occasion, was numerous or thirsty, or else the host was too poor, or too economical, to provide a requisite quantity of liquor. At any rate, they soon "wanted wine," and Jesus Christ manufactured about seventy-five gallons for them. It was generously done. They had plenty, and it was first-class. The chairman of the function was loud in his praises of the "fresh tap."

"When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was: (but the servants which drew the water knew;) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now" (John ii. 9, 10).

It is a natural inference from this passage that the folk at that marriage feast were "well on" before the miraculous wine was passed round the table. The little speech of the "ruler of the feast" is admirable. His accents are those of a seasoned old toper, who knew the ways of the world on such occasions. He had seen dinners and suppers open with good liquor, and poor stuff introduced when the guests were fuddled and incapable of discrimination. Of course he could discriminate, but what was one amongst so many? On this occasion, however, he was agreeably surprised. The wine positively improved just at the point where his experience led him to expect deterioration, and he thought it only an act of justice to make a flattering speech to the bridegroom.

According to John, this was "the beginning" of Jesus Christ's miracles. His very first performance was turning water into wine to keep a spree going. And the wine was not poor and thin, but good strong tippie, with excellent body and flavor. It will not do, therefore, to champion teetotalism, or even temperance, on Gospel principles. Jesus Christ would not be eligible as a member of any Christian Temperance Society.

The last supper that Jesus took with his apostles was seasoned with wine. Theology says that the bread symbolised his body, and the wine his blood. Protestants take the holy communion in both forms. Catholics are only allowed to eat the body of Christ in the form of a consecrated wafer. The priests, however, both eat his body and drink his blood. For the best part of two thousand years, therefore, Christians have used intoxicating liquor in the eucharist. It is only of late years—in fact, since the Temperance movement became important—that an attempt has been made to substitute a more innocent beverage. Here and there the attempt has been successful, but in the vast majority of churches and chapels the wine used is one that you might get drunk upon if you took a sufficient quantity.

Now this is not teetotalism. It is not even temperance. There can be little doubt that many Christians struggling against the lust for drink have had their appetites whetted at the communion table. Where all must drink out of the same cup the beverage should be adapted to the weakest and those possessed of the least self-control. On such an occasion it would be well to remember the counsel of Paul:—

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine,

nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Romans xiv. 21).

If a meat-eater and a vegetarian must dine together on one dish, the dish must consist of vegetables; for the meat-eater can take them, while the vegetarian cannot take meat. In the same way, if a strong man and a weak man have to drink together, the strong one should remember his brother's weakness. It is a damnable sin to offer strong drink to all alike; to those who are safe in their self-control, and to those who are in peril through their frailty. Yet this is what the Churches have done, this is what they still do. And it is these very Churches that pretend to be the truest friends of temperance. The minister uncorks the port-wine bottle on a Sunday morning, and pours out the sanguine fluid to the devotees, whether men, women, or young people only just confirmed. In the evening he preaches a rousing sermon against drink, as the greatest curse of the nation, and alleges that the remedy is only to be found in the principles of Christianity.

Mohammedanism does not go to work in this way. Christians often speak of Mohammed as a hypocrite and an impostor. But there was no hypocrisy in his attitude towards drinking. He prohibited it altogether. Mohammedanism is a teetotal religion, and Christianity is not. How the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan must smile at the humbug of Christianity! Being a strict Mohammedan, he drinks nothing intoxicating; and here in England, the most Christian country of the European world, where they subscribe for missionaries to convert the poor Mohammedans and other "heathen," people calling themselves Christians, who would regard it as a deadly insult to be called unbelievers, go about reeling drunk—stinking, helpless, and quarrelsome.

It is a curious thing that some of the most famous drinks in Christendom were introduced to the world by the Church. This fact was boasted the other day by an American doctor, who is also an orthodox Christian. He indicated it as one of the things for which we ought to feel grateful. One liqueur is manufactured by the monks of Chartreuse, and another by a monastery of Benedictines. There is even a much-prized drink called (in Latin) the Tears of Christ. Surely this is a climax. To say anything after it would be superfluous. We therefore leave the Christian teetotallers with the Bible in one hand, and a glass of the Tears of Christ in the other, haranguing the world on the glories of Temperance.

G. W. FOOTE.

### LESLIE STEPHEN ON THOMAS PAINE.

In Mr. Leslie Stephen's brilliant *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* he was guilty of a gross attack upon the memory of Paine. Oblivious of the obvious fact that a shortening of the Christian name often represents a term of endearment, as in the case of Colonel Ingersoll, who is familiarly known as "Pagan Bob," he declared that "good Englishmen expressed their disgust for the irreverent infidel by calling him 'Tom,' and the name still warns all men that its proprietor does not deserve even posthumous civility." This was specially bad from a critic who had gone far greater lengths in heresy than Paine ever approached, and induced a suspicion that he not only spoke "without due caution," but that he was anxious to curry favor with the orthodox by throwing abuse on a general scapegoat. Mr. Stephen was fairly called over the coals at the time, and we are content to let bygones be bygones.

In devoting twenty columns\* to the life of Paine, in the last published volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. lv.), Mr. Stephen has, if not made reparation for his abuse, at least treated his subject with the civility befitting the standard work which he himself at first edited, and has availed himself of the materials brought forward by Mr. Moncure D. Conway in his excellent and now standard *Life of Thomas Paine*, though, perhaps, not quite as much as might be desired. The notice of Paine is indeed somewhat sketchy and inadequate; but then Mr. Stephen had a vast deal of matter to boil down into reasonable compass, and in this he has succeeded as only a practised literary man could do.

\* Paly has only eleven columns.

On the question of Paine's character Mr. Stephen remarks: "Paine was more or less 'ostracised' by society during his last stay in America. Political and theological antipathies were strong, and Paine, as at once the assailant of Washington and the federalists and the author of the *Age of Reason*, was hated by one party, while the other was shy of claiming his support. It has also been said that his conduct was morally offensive, and charges against him have been accepted without due caution. His antagonist Cheetham made them prominent in a life published in 1809. He accused Paine of having seduced Madame Bonneville, of habitual drunkenness, and of disgustingly filthy habits. The charges were supported by a letter to Paine from Carver, with whom Paine had lodged. Madame Bonneville immediately sued Cheetham for slander. Cheetham made some attempt to support his case with the help of Carver, but Carver retracted the charge; it completely broke down, and the jury at once found Cheetham guilty. Cheetham was sentenced to the modest fine of \$150. The judge, said to be a federalist, observed in mitigation that his book 'served the cause of religion.' It is very intelligible that Madame Bonneville's position should have suggested scandal, but all the evidence goes to show that it was groundless. Paine's innumerable enemies never accused him of sexual immorality, and in that respect his life seems to have been blameless. The special charges of drunkenness made by Cheetham and Carver are discredited by the proof of their character; Carver's letter to Paine was written or dictated by Cheetham, and seems to have been part of an attempt to extort money. Carver afterwards confessed that he had lied as to drink."

Another point on which Christian calumny fastened was an alleged awful death-bed, Paine in this sharing the common fate of noted infidels, who are popularly supposed either to recant or suffer horribly when they come to die. All Mr. Stephen thinks necessary to say is that "various stories calculated to show that Paine repented of his opinions on his death-bed were obviously pious fictions meant to 'serve the cause of religion.'"

"Paine," says Mr. Stephen, "deserves whatever credit is due to absolute devotion to a creed believed by himself to be demonstrably true and beneficial. He showed undeniable courage, and is free from any suspicion of mercenary motives." He incidentally mentions that his pamphlets were published at prices too low to be remunerative, and remarks that his "singular power of clear, vigorous exposition made him unequalled as a pamphleteer in revolutionary times, when compromise was an absurdity. He also showed great shrewdness and independence of thought in his criticism of the Bible."

Mr. Stephen's concluding words are: "His substantial merits will be differently judged according to his reader's estimate of the value of the doctrines of abstract rights and *à priori* deism with which he sympathised. There can be only one opinion as to his power of expressing his doctrines in a form suitable 'for the use of the poor.'"

Inadequate, indeed, this must seem to those acquainted with the services of Paine as a pioneer in all modern reform. Mr. Conway justly remarks of Paine, that he was the first to speak for the independence of the United States; the first to urge extension of the principles of independence to the enslaved negro; the first to arraign monarchy, and to point out the danger of its survival in presidency; the first to advocate international arbitration; the first to suggest more rational ideas of marriage and divorce; the first to plead for animals; the first to demand justice for women. He would have received general applause had he not incurred theological odium by his attack on Bibliolatry. He attacked the forces of oppression in their stronghold—that of religion. It is to Paine, and to those who upheld his writings, that we are largely indebted for such measure of liberty in political and religious criticism as we enjoy. Mr. Stephen ought to know that Paine's services would outweigh a host of faults, and entitle him to something more than "posthumous civility."

J. M. WHEELER.

So late as in the year 1674 the clergy in Convocation insisted on a right to tax themselves, and this right was recognised by the Commons.—*Lord Camden, "Parl. Hist.," vol. xvi., p. 169.*

## THE VALUE OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

I HAVE been asked by "a constant reader of the *Freethinker*," who, through lack of leisure and access to necessary authorities, has not the opportunity of investigating the question of the modern criticism of the history of the Bible, to give a plain and popular explanation of what is known by the term "Higher Criticism." I readily comply with the request, and shall endeavor to show that this criticism completely destroys the old orthodox theory of the authorship and trustworthiness of the Biblical records.

The difference between the bold, rough-and-ready, but exceedingly effective criticism of Thomas Paine, and others of his day, and that of more modern critics of the Bible, consists not so much in its nature as in its style, and in the fact that much of it at the present time comes from avowed Christians. The *Age of Reason*, as a successful and vigorous attack upon Bible idolatry, will probably never be surpassed, and, although many attempts have been made to reply to it, the positions Paine took up therein against the dogma of Bible infallibility have never been refuted. The "Higher Criticism" may be regarded as a refined and scholarly confirmation of the trenchant work of Paine. Of course we welcome the new style, because it is not only "up to date," but it adds to the successful results of Free-thought propaganda.

The authors of the books upon the Higher Criticism are not specially concerned with such aspects of the Bible as ordinary inquirers upon the subject are. The criticism is chiefly devoted to such questions as when, where, and by whom the Bible was written; while it has been discovered that, whatever value the Bible might otherwise possess, its history is doubtful, its contents contradictory, its chronology confusing, and many of its statements erroneous. Moreover, this criticism has clearly shown that the Pentateuch, now called the Hexateuch—for the book of Joshua is added to the first five books—was not written by Moses, nor, in fact, till hundreds of years after his death; that hardly any of the Psalms were written by David, but are the production of a much later age; that many so-called prophecies were given after the events described, and that the greater part of those hitherto supposed to predict the coming of a Messiah had no possible reference to Christ; that the book of Isaiah owes its origin to two different men, who did not live at the same time; that a large portion of the book of Daniel is not authentic; and that the inerrancy (this is the new word employed for truthfulness) of the Bible can no longer be maintained. In a word, it has made clear that the old and long-cherished notion that the book is the "infallible word of God" is thoroughly erroneous.

This criticism is valuable not only because it exposes the fallacy of the orthodox position as to the certitude of the "sacred writings," but for the reason that it shows the very doubtful character of the basis of Christianity. The Old Testament, as the Rev. Dr. Giles observes, "is a volume of the highest value to Christians, because its contents are essential to the existence of our own creed." If, therefore, the Jewish writings are proved to be untrustworthy, the faith based upon them is proportionately uncertain in its foundation. Dr. Giles distinctly says that "Christianity and Judaism are inseparably united; neither can exist without the other. . . . The doctrinal parts of the Christian scheme, and all that gives to it the character of a divine revelation, become destitute of meaning until they are explained by the antecedents of the Jewish scriptures concerning the temptation of Eve, the fall of Adam, and his ejection from Paradise" (*Hebrew Records*, Introduction, pp. 18 and 19). Let us now see what the Higher Criticism has to say upon the authorship of some of the books and of the general contents of the Old Testament.

It may be here remarked that the various books of which the Old Testament is composed were not always in the separate form in which they now appear. When, however, the division took place is not known, but Bishop Tomline writes: "The beginnings of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy are very abrupt, and plainly show that these books were formerly joined to Genesis." The first question to which modern criticism has been directed is, Who wrote the Pentateuch? Until recently the general opinion was that Moses was its author; and the same notion still obtains in orthodox

circles. Even Dean Milman, in his *History of the Jews*, while admitting that many deductions may be made in consequence of alterations, additions, interpolations, errors in transcribing, etc., states that in the first five books of the Bible we have substantially the writings of Moses. The same view is expressed by many of the bishops and clergy when they address Sunday-school children, or when they preach from their pulpits, where discussion is not permitted. It does not raise those "spiritual guides" in our estimation as honest men to know that they thus mislead the young and also uninformed adults. The "lights of the Church" ought to know that the Higher Criticism, even when conducted by scholars of their own faith, has proved beyond all reasonable doubt that no evidence exists that Moses wrote the books which bear his name. On the contrary, as stated in the second edition of a work recently written by nine eminent Congregational M.A.'s, entitled *Faith and Criticism*, "we have no data to enable us to name, with any degree of probability, the authors of the Pentateuch, or of any other historical book, except the original Ezra and Nehemiah." Spinoza says: "Of the authors, or, if you please, writers, of many of the books [of the Old Testament] we either know almost nothing, or we entertain grave doubts as to the correctness with which the several books are ascribed to the parties whose names they bear. Then we neither know upon what occasion, nor at what time, those books were indited, the writers of which are unknown to us" (quoted by C. Bradlaugh, in his book, *The Bible: What it Is*, p. 56). Peyrere also wrote: "God suffered the autographs to perish, and only very imperfect copies to come down to us" (*ibid*).

This criticism has also shown that the Greek version, which is thought by some to give the clearest idea of the Hebrew scriptures, is enveloped in doubt and uncertainty. This version is termed the Septuagint, but the Rev. Dr. Irons observes: "No one knows who made it. It appears to be a growth of at least two generations; and, as might be expected, the style is not the same throughout" (*The Bible and its Interpreters*, p. 27). The Pentateuch was supposed by some to have been translated into Greek about 270 years before Christ, by seventy or seventy-two Jews who were shut up in separate cells, without communication with each other. But Hartwell Horne says that the learned men of his time were agreed that this story was "fictitious." Still, be the Septuagint what it may, it affords no evidence that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, which Bishop Colenso admitted could "not have been written in the age of Moses or for some time afterwards." In this opinion Sharpe agrees, for he says of Genesis: "We have no account of when this first of the Hebrew books was written, or by whom. It has been called one of the books of Moses, and some part of it may have been written by that great lawgiver and leader of Israelites. But it is the work of various authors and of various ages" (quoted by C. Bradlaugh in *The Bible: What it Is*, p. 57). Canon Driver rejects Ezra's account of how he was inspired to write the lost Bible, and also the Jewish account of who did write it. The Canon alleges that "no external evidence worthy of credit exists" as to the age and authorship of the Bible; that the writers of the historical books were compilers, not original authors; that Isaiah was not the writer of several chapters ascribed to him, for they were written by "another prophet writing towards the close of the Babylonian captivity"; that the Song of Solomon was a dream, and the book of Job a dramatic poem; that we have no authentic tradition respecting the authorship of the Psalms, many of which were written much later than the time of either David or Solomon; and that the book of Daniel was written not earlier than 300 B.C., and probably 167-168 B.C.

Further, it is admitted that the Hebrew Bible, as we have it now, is written in a character which was quite unknown to Moses and the prophets, and that in the style throughout there is a uniformity only to be explained, as the Jews themselves explain it, by the fact that at some time all the books underwent revision and redaction. And, again, the Hebrew Bible, as we have it, is written with certain Masoretic points, without which it could not be read with certainty, and those cannot be traced back beyond the seventh century of our era, before which time it was read in accordance with a merely traditional sense, termed the "Masora." The issue, then, of the Higher Criticism upon this point is, not that we can tell who the authors of the Bible really were, but that we may

fairly conclude that many of the books were not written by the men whose names are now appended to them.

CHARLES WATTS.

(To be concluded.)

### BALAAH AND HIS ASS.

THERE is in Numbers xxii. the highly edifying story of Balaam and his she-ass.

Balaam was a prophet; that is, a medium. He speaks of himself as the "man who had his eyes shut"; and that when he fell down in ecstasy he had his eyes opened. He alone heard the ass talk. Neither his servants nor the Moabite princes who accompanied him at the time saw the angel.

All this goes to prove that Balaam was hypnotised, and his companions were not. Bible critics declare that "dreams and visions were the ordinary methods by which God made himself known to the prophets." That is, being inducted into the trance state, and then delivering themselves of inspired literature, like this asinine effusion, was called "God making himself known to the prophets." Thus the architect of the universe is made to dance attendance on this wizard as if the welfare of all the world was at stake; when, in fact, nothing was to be considered but whether or no Balaam should do some big swearing for cash in hand. As it promised to be very interesting as a business venture, Balaam did not care to undertake the job until he consulted his partner. So, when Balak's agents approached him he put them off until morning for his answer. In the meantime he telephoned God:—

"Hello! Central!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Give me God."

"Who is this?"

"It is me, Balaam."

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Please to come down here; I want to get your opinion concerning a big job of cussing."

"All right. Be down in a jiffy." [Comes down.]

God—"What men are these with thee?"

[You see, reader, God, who is omniscient and omnipresent, had to come down unto Balaam, and had to inquire of him like the commonest mortal.]

Balaam—"Some princes that King Balak has sent to me, soliciting my cussing services for a consideration."

G.—"Whom do they want you to curse?"

B.—"They want me to cuss the Israelites."

G.—"Don't you go. I forbid you to do the job."

Then Balaam told the committee to go back home; the cursing aforesaid could not be done at any price. However, Balak persisted, and sent more messengers and more money. The king had plenty of cash, plenty of men, and plenty of war material; but he had made up his mind to "cuss 'em out," and nothing else would satisfy him.

Well, the telephone was again appealed to, and God visited Balaam this time after night; but, being worn out, we suppose, by their incessant interruptions, changed his mind and told Balaam to go, but that he would wire him as to the cursing.

Strange to relate, however, no sooner had Balaam saddled his ass and started on his journey than God changed his mind again; got himself into a towering rage, and sent an angel, armed with a drawn sword, after Balaam, with strict orders to kill him on the spot, which the said angel surely would have done if the ass had not had better use of her legs than the angel had of the weapon. The angel evidently was an awkward swordsman. Peradventure, his wings were somewhat in the way. Or, perhaps, he was out of practice.

Another remarkable feature is, that notwithstanding Balaam was a medium and a prophet, and the boss cusser of the universe, he did not have "spirit" enough about him to "recognise the spiritual" angel that was trying to kill him, nor sense enough to keep from cudgeling the ass for saving his worthless life. This is point blank proof that there is no such thing as "spirit recognising the spiritual," unless you are biologised. Here was a spirit chasing this fellow Balaam "up and down the road" with a flaming sword in his hand, and the ass dodging the licks, first to one side and then to the other side, squeezing

Balaam's foot; and yet this greatest of spiritual mediums was as oblivious as an oyster as to what was going on right under his very nose.

Still another curious thing about this silly story is, from the twenty-second verse the word "God" is dropped, and the name "Lord" is used to the end of the chapter.

The angel made three diabolical attempts to assassinate the prophet, but in each of which he was frustrated by the agility of the ass. The angel attacked Balaam in the wide road. The ass dodged. The angel fluttered ahead to a very narrow spot in the road, sailed in on either side, and made another desperate lunge with his sword at the head of Balaam; but the ass hugged one of the walls so close that the murderous blow fell short, and the only harm done was that Balaam's foot was slightly damaged. Then the angel spread his wings and sailed to another part of the highway, which was so narrow that the dodging trick, *a la burro*, could not work; but again the beast outwitted the angel by falling flat down under Balaam.

For my part, I would have squandered more wealth to have seen that donkey-angel scrimmage than for a season ticket to a circus. But no spectators were allowed. The prophet, his two servants, and the Moabite princes were each and all as ignorant of this spirit manifestation as if they had been a thousand miles away. The ass alone saw the angel. Its spirit recognised the spiritual. At this juncture of affairs—that is, after three signal failures of God's authorised and inspired agent—the Lord interfered and opened the mouth of the ass, in order that the following divinely important dialogue might take place. Balaam, it seems, got tired of this continual dodging and falling about of the ass, and began to do some whacking.

Ass—"What have I done to thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

Balaam—"Because thou hast mocked me. I would there was a sword in my hand, for now I would kill thee."

Ass—"Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so unto thee?"

Balaam—"Nay."

How sublime it all is, and how spiritual! That is, how like it is to all the heavenly literature of the present age and every age.

Is it not a little remarkable that a man like Balaam, who had such a national reputation for cursing, did not use some cuss words to his ass? I am not in favor of profanity, but must acknowledge that, if my ass was to fall down with me on a level road, I would do some tall swearing. I suppose cursing was a matter of business with Balaam, and he did not propose to fritter away his capital out there in the country, when there was no free silver in sight.

Here is some conversation which Balaam had with the angel. The Lord opened Balaam's eyes; that is, he inducted him into a trance state, just as he had a moment before hypnotised the ass.

As soon as Balaam saw the angel, but especially when he caught a glimpse of his big sword, he fell flat. All these second sighters in the Bible fall flat. It is the stock manoeuvre. Peter fell flat; Paul fell flat; Balaam fell flat; the ass fell flat.

Angel—"Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times?"

[It appears to me this was an idiotic interrogatory for the angel to ask, he (the angel) knowing well why the prophet had whacked the animal; but of such stupidities is the kingdom of heaven!]

Balaam—"I have sinned. . . . If it displeases thee, I will get me back again."

Angel—"Go with the men."

So Balaam went with the messengers of Balak.

Recapitulation: First, God says, "Don't go." Second, God says, "Go." Third, angel says, "Don't go." Fourth, angel says, "Go."

Great is the mystery of godliness—i.e., besotted are the ways of superstition. That is, drivelling imbecility is called mystery; and lunatic raving with meaningless words is denominated godliness.

Interrogatory—"Why did the angel hypnotise the ass?"

This question is for the Sunday-schools. If the donkey had not been spiritually developed for that occasion, she would not have dodged, and Balaam would have been decapitated. For the life of me, there is no aspect in which this divine yarn can be seen that will allow it one particle

of sense or decency from start to finish. Is it any wonder that the great Bishop Colenso, of the Church of England, should have denounced the entire Pentateuch as a fable, and Moses as a myth, after finding it crammed with such nonsense as this? The marvel is that rational beings, in this enlightened age, can have their reason so blinded by fear, so diseased by hope, so restricted by inconceivable dogmas, so warped by a mere rattle of theological terms, so poisoned by the self-appointed emissaries of an imaginary

... Tom Noddy,  
All mind and no body,

as to pretend to regard these absurdities as anything more than "such stuff as dreams are made of." PERSIUS.

—Independent Pulpit.

### BROTHER PRINCE.

THE Americans have an abundant crop of Messiahs. There is Messiah Thomas Lake Harris, who, for a while, kept Laurence Oliphant under his thumb, and who, his devoted followers believe, will never die, but is rejuvenated, having the breath of God within him. There is Messiah Teed ("Korsh"), who holds the world is concave, and who is going to bring about a heaven upon earth, when no one will value gold and silver, and the Korshans will possess all property. Then there is Christ Schweinfurth, who has set up, near Rockford, a heaven which is hardly distinguishable from a harem. Several women, too, have set up in the Messiah business.

In England we have had of late only one Messiah—namely, Brother Prince, the founder of the Agapemone, or Abode of Love, at Charlinch; and, owing to the paucity of his followers, he has attracted little attention. He is, if still living and unrejuvenated, now pretty old, having contracted matrimony in 1842, and been in the Messiah line ever since the following year. There are a few followers who assemble in the neighborhood of Stamford Hill, London, and the establishment at Charlinch is still maintained. Brother Prince was very religious from early youth. He held Theism as it should be held—as the very guidance of his life. If about to take a walk on a wet day, he would not carry an umbrella without first praying to God for guidance. He soon came to see that he was under special providence, and that all he did and said, and all he omitted to say and do, was, as he desired it to be, by express direction of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost having taken him in hand, he, of course, became a preacher. At Adullam Chapel, in Brighton, the ladies flocked to hear the young orator who was so powerful in prayer. One—a daughter of a wealthy clergyman in Ipswich—as I have said, he married in 1842. About three years later the strangeness of his views led to a rumpus, and he was compelled to leave Brighton. But he obtained a second curacy at Charlinch, a little village five miles from Bridgewater, and not readily accessible from anywhere else; and here he was followed by some of his Brighton admirers, and has stayed ever since. There was a good deal of money, whether his own or that of his followers, used in setting up the Agapemone, or Abode of Love, which was all under the direction of the Holy Spirit, of which Brother Prince was the living incarnation. The Holy Spirit developed most epicurean tendencies. The apartments were luxurious; flowers and singing birds abounded; Turkey carpets were on the floors, costly pianos and harps in the rooms; the windows were of stained glass, and, as the inmates were chiefly ladies, "'twas like a little heaven below." At one time the inmates of the Agapemone were about 160, of whom five were clergymen, who usually can appreciate a good thing when they meet it.

At this stage of his career Brother Prince always appeared to the Gentiles in almost royal state. He rode in a hand-carriage-and-four, with postillions, and was always preceded by a horseman, and followed by two others in white liveries and a couple of bloodhounds; and in this style he was in the habit of going to preach in the villages of the neighborhood. But troubles came. Wives entered the holy building without their husbands' consent; and once, when a wealthy farmer joined the Agapemone, his wife and two daughters fled to France.

Brother Prince, too, had a revelation from the Holy

Ghost to "sanctify the flesh," and the way in which he did this—by taking up a young country girl—occasioned misunderstanding. In the *Voices*, which he published, and in which he explained his mission to the world, he very naively related the proceedings of the Messiah with the maiden. He says:—

"He did not even consult, or in any way make known His intention to, the flesh He took [the girl]; in taking of it He left it no choice of its own; He took it in free grace—flesh that knew not God, and was ignorant of Him [Prince]; He took it in love, not because it loved Him, for it did not, but because it pleased Him to set His love upon it; and though He took it in absolute power and authority, without consulting its pleasure, or even giving it a choice, yet He took it in love, for, having taken it, the manner of His life with it was such as flesh could not but know and appreciate and love."

As the outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace was that a girl rode about with Brother Prince in his carriage, there was considerable dissatisfaction among the women at the Agapemone, and the institution began to decline. Many left. One, who got over the high walls, is reported to have been hunted with bloodhounds. The women were watched with the utmost jealousy, and allowed to have no communication whatever with the outer world. Whenever they went out they were attended by an escort of male disciples, and were under as careful a surveillance as the inmates of a gaol or a lunatic asylum. Quarrels also took place about the women, and about money. The Agapemone was shorn of its splendor, but Brother Prince has lived on, a striking example of the real inwardness of religious love, and of what can be done in England in the name of religion.

LUCIANUS.

### SOME THEOLOGICAL MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

OLIVE F. GUNBY reports the following in the *New York Post*, as portion of an actual discourse by the colored Rev. Zebra Hampton:—

"Moses take de son of man out of de bull-rush and put him on a tall brass pole; and while was a-gwine up a scorripin bite him. De scorripin sting neber hurt him much, do, kase he was pure een heart. De pure een heart shall see no evil, bless God! God tole Pharo to let de chil'un of Egypt go, and he wouldn't. Den God sen' down frogs and dey git een Pharo mouf and een his bread-tray, and 'sturb him turrible. Den Moses cum, when Pharo warn't a-lookin', and tole off de chil'un of Egypt wid manna, same like de farmer tole off a string ob hog wid corn. It take dem tree whole long days to git to de promis lan'. Den, fust t'ing, dey git hungry and want some water. Den de Lord he ride out on de heaven and holler to Moses to smote de stone (dat's a rock, my brederin, an or'nary rock), and, arter de stone been smote, dey all come to see, and God holler to Moses to smote her ag'in, and den all dem chil'un of Egypt come over, dry shoddy. Arter dat God tuk and tole Moses to strike de plum trees, and 'nough plums come down for forty thousand folks to eat and git 'nough.

"When Pharo 'scuvered dat de chil'un was gone, he gethered together his inimies and went arter dem, and when de day of judgment comes, my brederin, de Christians will be standin' about in squads of two and three, like black-birds on a hill, and it jest make me smile to ponderate on it. Yes, my brederin! When Gabriel blow'd his horn he axed God if dat were loud enough, and God say, 'No, blow her louder dan seven claps of thunder to skeer de sinner, and blow her low and calm so as not to 'sturb my people.' Oh! my beloved! It don't make no differ wedder you die een de woods, or out een de field layin' to de hoe-handle; de ship of Zion will come to you wherever you is, and de trees will ben' to let her pass. My brederin! Dis yere fire we know een dis worl' is hot, but hell-fire kin burn dis fire to ashes. Brudder Hawkins will please lead us in prayer."

### MR. PUTNAM'S ENGAGEMENTS.

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.

## THOUGHTS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

RELIGION is the poetry of unpoetic souls.

The fear of the law is the beginning of wisdom.

The greater the miracle, the greater fool is he who believes it.

Some people make vows for the mere sake of breaking them.

The fool who said in his heart "there is no God" must have been a wise fool.

One tear shed in the cause of humanity is better than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

Life is at times so miserable that we are compelled to laugh in order to disguise our sadness.

It is a slight, and not a deep, study of philosophy that leads back to religion.

Parsons are like finger-boards—always showing the right way to other people, but never going themselves.

Noah was the grandest old boozier the world ever saw; he drank God's health for something like 350 years.

The victims of fanaticism are so numerous that a bridge to heaven could be built with their bones.

The history of Christianity will have to be written with blood.

It is easy to preach morality, but very difficult to live up to it.

Hypocrisy is about the best effort some people can make to become virtuous.

The more proofs the Christians bring forward for the evidence of their creed, the less inclined I feel to believe them.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' nightmare: to dream he has been condemned to translate *The Atheist Shoemaker* into double Dutch.

Man proposes and—woman disposes; especially if she is your wife and keeps the "oof."

When the Lord feels bored, he sends for a couple of Freethinkers to tickle his fancy with their profanities.

If the dead did communicate with the living, Voltaire would have sent us long ago a parody on heaven.

"Marriages are not made in heaven." What a consolation this must be to the bigamist, and to those who have been plagued with bitter mothers-in-law.

A splendid narcotic and cure for insomnia: Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs* and Warton's *Death-bed Scenes*.

When I read Feuchtersleben's celebrated work, *Dietetic of the Soul*, it made upon me the impression of a book on therapeutics written by a quack.

A Christian never becomes liberal-minded until he begins to grow sceptical about the truths of his religion.

An overdose of religion either cures a man's fanaticism or sends him straight to the lunatic asylum.

The man who refuses to argue about his belief does so from fear of discovering his belief to be a false one.

A man's creed is generally given to him; he seldom chooses it. With the Freethinker it is different: he examines all religions, and rejects them for their lack of evidence.

The present crusade against vice is a sure sign that we are growing more immoral every day.

## DIALOGUE.

Pious Mother—"Charley, you wicked boy, I never heard you say your prayers last night." Master Charley (an embryo Freethinker)—"How could you, Ma? I said them in the deaf and dumb language!"

The greatest miracle-monger was Santo Tomas de Aquino. This gentleman converted in one day ten thousand heathens upon an uninhabited island!

It was his first sermon, and his nervousness was so intense that he read—and immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

I was nearly in heaven once. I was being taken on a cloud by two beautiful female angels, when, unfortunately, I sneezed and fell—out of bed!

Holy water is not so good as ordinary water, for you cannot drink it or use it for washing the family linen.

## THE EARTHLY TRIPLETS.

*Faith*.—To pretend to believe what you do not understand.

*Hope*.—A rope too short to let yourself down safely, or to hang yourself with.

*Charity*.—This wonderful little thing begins at home, and now-a-days stops there too.

"Come, Holy Ghost," the preacher was exclaiming, his hands extended heavenwards; "come, Holy Ghost, send down those beams"—when suddenly the roof fell in, and a beam smote the preacher in the eye. Let us pray.

The following question in arithmetic was once put to a candidate for honors: "If one apple produced the ruin of the whole human race, how many such apples would it take to make a barrel of cider?" As there was no stretcher handy, they brought the candidate home on a shutter.

The world is a large cornfield, in which God is the scarecrow and the men are the birds. Those birds which, while eating, keep their eye on the scarecrow, these are the Christians; and those birds which, after eating of the corn unconcerned, perch themselves upon the scarecrow—need I say that these are the Freethinkers? F. MALIBRAN.

## ACID DROPS.

THERE has been quite a riot of death among the Peculiar People lately. They appear to congregate in a certain part of East London, and Mr. C. A. Lewis, the coroner who has to hold inquests over their unhappy bantlings, is loud in condemnation of their stupid inhumanity. If they had a sick jackass, he says, they would call in a veterinary doctor, but they will not call in a pill-and-bolus doctor for their sick children. Coroner Lewis calls for an alteration of the law, so that these misguided fathers and mothers may be punished for letting their offspring die without medical assistance.

Well, now, we have a word for Coroner Lewis. Is he a Christian? Does he use the New Testament as a swearing-block in his court? Does he believe that volume to be the Word of God? If he does, is it honest on his part to inveigh against the Peculiar People? They simply act upon what he professes. Nothing is clearer than the "divine" injunction which they obey when they oil the sick and call in the elders to pray over them. Of course it may be a very primitive form of medical treatment, but it is in accordance with the Bible.

What a curious condition the law will be in if Coroner Lewis should bring about his desired alteration. People will then be liable to imprisonment for denying the truth of the Bible, and also liable to imprisonment for believing it—or at least for acting on the belief.

The Church organs are rubbing their hands over the prospect of getting public money for their privately-managed schools. As Montesquieu remarks, "*L'Eglise a toujours pensé ainsi.*" Others, however, will note that, if the State can be used to take public money to support the Church, it can also be used to take the Church endowments to support the people.

The *Firm Foundation* asks: "Who shall eat the Lord's supper?" If the Lord is hungry and can pay for his supper, let him eat it himself. If he does not want it, then let some one of his many starving followers eat it.

The increased strictness of the Sunday closing of saloons in New York is leading to the formation of numerous clubs to promote social intercourse and dispense supplies of all kinds. The recent revelations in the police department have shown that the law was only enforced against the poor who could not pay blackmail; and the respectable citizens are determined to have this altered. Mayor Strong has spoken in favor of the Sunday closing law being modified.

The town of Baird, Texas, has been struck with a tornado which killed several persons, among them Mitchell Mayes, the son of the Rev. J. Mayes, pastor of the Baptist Church.

At Chattanooga there is a sect of Seventh-Day Adventists, who adhere to the Bible teaching of keeping holy the seventh day. This riles their fellow Christians, and ten of them have been prosecuted for laboring on Constantine's venerable "Day of the Sun." They were honest, respectable citizens, and the judge, in passing sentence, paid a high compliment to the good character of the prisoners, and expressed regret that the law compelled him to impose a fine on them. The accused made no defence, and elected to go to prison and suffer the extreme penalty of the law rather than pay their fines. Such is Christian toleration in the free and independent United States of America.

The *American Sentinel*, alluding to the case of Seventh-Day Adventists, says: "On the one side is the express command of Jehovah to keep the seventh day holy, and opposed to it is the injunction of secular legislators to keep the first day holy. That is the difficulty in which the Seventh Day-Adventists find themselves, and, as we said, they obey the voice of God rather than the voice of man,

And in this age of boasted civilisation they are punished for acting up to their religious convictions! They are fined and imprisoned for conforming to a command of Jehovah, which a State law seeks to nullify."

The *American Sentinel* says that the Methodists have been foremost in these prosecutions. The spectacle of one sect of Christians persecuting another sect for its adherence to the teachings of the Bible ought to remind Americans that the founders of the Republic believed in universal toleration, and would have set their faces against the proceedings of the zealots who demand God in the Constitution, and who mean thereby that they shall have power to make others conform to their notions.

"General" Booth, before leaving for foreign parts, spoke at the Moravian Chapel in Fetter-lane in connection with the opening of a new "shelter," and in doing so he declared that the charges recently made against his "dossier" establishments "were entirely without foundation." *Entirely* is good! But the "General" was never short of what Cobbett used to call "face."

Dr. Waldo, the medical officer of health for Southwark, has been giving the Vestry some interesting figures about the Salvation Army shelters. In prison cells each adult is allowed 800 cubic feet of space, in military barracks 600, and in workhouses 300 feet. Keepers of common lodging-houses in London are compelled to allow 341 cubic feet. But at the Salvation Army shelter in Blackfriars-road there was only 90 cubic feet for each individual. Dr. Waldo declared that such a shelter was apt to become a hotbed of infection, and was a danger to the community that called for drastic action on the part of the Government.

There was a fuss made in the Jockey Club some time ago when someone named a horse Cockcrow out of Peter; but on the Continent, M. Wirz, of the Geneva Consul d'Etat, complains that stallions and racehorses are monopolising the names of all the saints, and "that it cannot but be a grievance to devout minds" to hear, for example, that St. Paul is suffering from spavin, or that the Nazarene, one of a sect who might drink nothing stronger than water, has been guilty of the strange solecism of straining his hock. But this is not the worst of baptismal eccentricities, for M. Nonnier denounces Anarchists and Socialists who will persist in civilly registering their children as Beelzebub, Lucifer, and Satan.

The Wesleyan Conference, assembled in the name of the Lord at Plymouth, and full of his holy spirit, obtained by many long and earnest prayers, has solemnly settled the great woman question. The men have closed the doors against the women, who are to remember that their duty, according to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, is to "learn in silence," and that, whether they learn or not, they must at least be silent, and give themselves a chance of acquiring a little knowledge.

The trouble arose in this way. At the last Wesleyan Conference a lady presented herself as a delegate. She was young, and perhaps good-looking, and some of the younger and more inflammable ministers would as soon sit near a petticoat as near another pair of trousers. But the older fellows were alarmed, and as the President would not decide the point himself, a special committee was appointed to consider the matter and report to the next Conference. Well, the committee considered and reported, and by a small majority it was in favor of admitting lady delegates. It coated the pill, however, by observing that in all probability very few ladies would be elected. The Conference, however, has refused to swallow the pill. By a majority of 197 to 169 it has resolved that women shall not be admitted. They may attend and decorate the chapel with their summer bonnets, and smile adoringly upon the lords of creation around them, but they must not speak or vote.

This decision is perfectly natural. In the first place, the men are in possession, and they don't mean to go snacks with the women if they can help it. In the next place, the Wesleyans are Bible Christians, and the Bible says that man got on very well until woman came and played the devil with him. The Wesleyan Adam doesn't intend to be deceived by the Wesleyan Eve. He was made for God, and she was made for him, and she must get behind him when he is on the Lord's business.

The funny thing is, though, that the original Adam, when the Lord appeared in Eden after that apple luncheon, got behind Eve, and whined, "She made me do it." The fellow hid himself behind his wife's petticoats; or, rather, he would have done so, only she had no wardrobe then—not even as much as an opera-bouffe ballet-dancer—nay, not even a fig-leaf in a hat-box.

Secularists can afford to smile at these Wesleyans. The pulpits are always declaring that the Bible is woman's best friend, whereas it is her worst enemy. Not being bound by the Bible, or corrupted by its influence, Secularists do not recognise the problem which has been agitating the Wesleyans. They never discussed whether women should be admitted to their Conferences. It never occurred to them that women had any less right there than men.

Slatin Pasha, having escaped from the Mahdists, attended the recent Geographical Congress in London, and gave an account of his captivity. In conclusion he said: "My thanks are due to God, whose protecting hand has led me safely through all the perils behind me"—whereat there was loud applause. Slatin Pasha did not explain why the protecting hand of God did nothing for him until human beings, including some faithful Arabs, came to his assistance; nor did he explain why the protecting hand of God did not prevent the murder of Gordon and the outrage of European women.

A telegram from Shanghai reports that ten British subjects were killed at Ku-cheng. The Rev. R. W. Stewart, Mrs. Stewart, and one child were burnt in the house. The massacre appears to have been done by a fanatical sect known as "Vegetarians." Only a little while ago the Rev. R. W. Stewart, who has now lost his life, wrote that their numbers had rapidly increased. He said: "Very disquieting rumors reached us. The converts urged me to organise them and procure arms. Of course I would not do this, and showed them how futile any such proceeding would be. The day arrived, an enormous meeting was held, but no injury was done. It was the 19th of the month; from early dawn that day a belt of prayer was encircling the earth for the Fo-kien Mission—prayer uttered by the thousands, from New Zealand round to Canada, who use the C.M.S. cycle of prayer." The belt of prayer does not appear to have proved efficacious.

In one of the Rev. R. W. Stewart's last letters from China he wrote: "Hezekiah's God is ours. One angel slew 185,000 men; so, with the Lord of Hosts of Angels on our side, there is naught to fear." The facts show how men can delude themselves with old superstitions and phrases.

"Clericus" furnishes some more particulars of remarkable church collections. He says: "At the church at which I am curate (diocese of St. Alban's), which holds 1,000 people, the collection at our Sunday afternoon services during May resulted as follows: May 12, 0d.; May 19, 3d.; May 26, 1d.; and during June, at our 7.30, Wednesday evening, services, we collected: June 5, 6d.; June 12, 3d.; June 19, 1s. 2d.; and June 26, 10d."—*Tit-Bits*.

The *Catholic Times* of July 26 says: "Speaking at the distribution of prizes to the Sunday-school children at St. Anthony's, Forest-gate, on Wednesday, Father Laurence, O.S.F., traced the depravity of the child-murderer to the godless education of the School Board." This is cheek. The School Boards teach not only Theism, but the Bible. Probably it would not be difficult to trace brutality to the teachings of the Bible.

According to a telegram received from Adelaide, Australasia, Infelix is shortly to be subjected to another "divine visitation." The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, U.S.A., is expected to reach these shores late this month or early in August. He comes, it is said, by invitation of some of the Y.M.C.A.'s, who doubtless realise the necessity for doing something to revive orthodoxy, and hope for good results from the Boston Bombastes Furioso. Come along, Cook, there isn't quite so much cash current as when last you came here, but the supply of *gobemouches* and *claqueurs* has not yet run out. By the way, Joseph, we have still a copy of that article by Dr. Fiske on "Theological Charlatanism," which appeared in the *North American Review* of March, 1881. Have you forgotten it?—*Harbinger of Light* (July; Melbourne).

Mr. Cunninghame Graham writes characteristically in the *Glasgow Evening News*, under the heading of "Vox Populi, Vox Dei." He hits out right and left, and some of his blows fall upon pious gentlemen who have been wooing constituencies in Scotland. For instance, it appears that the new member for North-East Lanark is reported to have said that "his Master, Christ, called him forth" to the battle; and Mr. Graham conjures up a picture of "the worthy gentleman—no doubt as poor as ever was his Master—putting on his shiny hat, his long frock coat, and his elastic-sided boots" to enter the arena. "Take again," says Mr. Graham, "the pious editor who gave the seat in Greenock to the Unionists. One would have thought to read his speeches that he was a knight seeking the Holy Grail, and not a common carpet-bagger from Middlesex in search of notoriety." We suppose this is a hit at the late "Christian Socialist" editor of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Harry Alfred Long, the modest infidel-slayer of Glasgow, writes to the local *Herald* that his "soul drinks in gladness." We should imagine that his body had drunk in something stronger. He rejoices that the London Hall of Science has become a Salvation barracks. Harry Alfred Long seems to have access to supernatural sources of information. His natural knowledge was never very great, and we presume he has found out that it requires supplementing. He has made a bad blunder this time, but we hope he will try again. Some day or other, by the aid of inspiration, he may say something really accurate.

Isabella Shiach, a domestic servant, suffered from piety, tuberculosis, peritonitis, and an ulcerated stomach. The four killed her, and she is now supposed to be with the Lord. She would not have a doctor, as she believed in faith-healing. "Have as much faith as you like," said the Brixton coroner, "but you must use the proper means provided." He did not say *by whom*. The Lord has provided *faith* as the proper cure of disease. Coroners recommend doctors, but the Lord was very angry with a certain king we read of in the Bible because he "sought after" physicians when he was ill.

After duly wrestling in prayer, weeping for a season, and petitioning the throne of grace for wisdom which they should have acquired at a woman's school, the members of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church resolved that they would exclude from the ministry all students of the Union Theological Seminary, where the enlightened Dr. Briggs is a professor. The young men who have provided themselves with a stock of Calvinistic theology, modified by the Higher Criticism which proves it to be a humbug, and who now find the way to the Presbyterian pulpit too narrow for their load, are in a fix something like Robinson Crusoe's when he had finished his boat and discovered that there was a hill between him and the ocean. Still, Dr. Briggs's pupils do not necessarily have to launch their craft in Presbyterian waters, for the sea of Rationalism is a big one, and its waves come pretty near to the foundations of the Union Theological Seminary. This way, boys! —*Truthseeker*.

The following cynical item is from the *New York Sun*: "Captain Moore, of the 'Mary Gibbs,' is home from a voyage to Africa with a cargo of rum and missionaries from Boston. He called at thirteen ports to unload rum, which was received with wild enthusiasm. At the thirteenth port the missionaries went ashore uninvited."

The London correspondent of the *New York Times* seeks to minimise the barbarity displayed in the case of witch burning in Tipperary by the remark that faith in witchcraft is very general among men in all parts of Great Britain where there have been no modern movements of population. Only five years ago an aged woman in Suffolk was openly charged with fatally bewitching her grandchild by its parents, who were greatly surprised to find that she could not be punished for it.

The editor of the *Two Worlds*, and other Spiritists, came forward to the defence of Margaret Hartley and Emma Smith, who were charged at the Manchester Police-court with fortune-telling. One of the witnesses for the defence volunteered, amid laughter, to give the Court a spirit message from her deceased son, and a Professor Ross, a hypnotist, said that those who attended *séances* were not "customers" or "patients," but investigators. Hartley was committed to prison for three months with hard labor, and Smith fined £5 and costs, or in default one month. The Spiritists preferred to pay the fine and costs rather than move the case to a higher court, which seems to indicate misgivings either of their own cause or of the law as it stands.

We do not see why there should be special laws against fortune-telling while religion is established to teach our fortunes in another world; and we have often adverted to the unfair way in which these laws are administered against poor gipsies, while the palmists, who live on the upper classes, are untouched. But if the Spiritists really credit the *bonâ fides* of Miss Smith and Mrs. Hartley—and by calling for a defence fund it would seem so—they surely ought not to allow the one to be fined and the other imprisoned without appealing to a higher court.

The Rev. Heber Newton holds that Christ appeared to his disciples after death in a spiritual form. He does not explain why a spirit wanted to eat fish and honeycomb. Now comes ex-Rev. Stopford Brooke and explains the matter by hypnotism. It seems that Jesus really was dead, only he had power to mesmerise his followers into the belief that he was still living. "They were swept out of the ordinary physical condition into an extraordinary one—that in which mental impressions are naturally translated into apparently sensible forms." This condition is known to modern physicians as lunacy.

Archdeacon Eyton says in the *Guardian*: "It is impossible to escape from the conviction that the practical alliance between the drink trade and the Church is, in all its issues and consequences, the most immoral thing of our day."

The Wesleyan Conference did one sensible thing. They resolved "that there should be no increased grant of public funds, either from the local rates or from the Imperial taxes, to denominational schools, unless that increased grant is accompanied by adequate and representative public management."

Mark Gibson, a local preacher at Steeple Barton, near Hanbury, committed suicide last week by blowing out his brains with a revolver. He was treasurer of a friendly society.

Lucius Ernest Cheyse, a religious maniac at the Essex Lunatic Asylum, Claybury, contrived to hang himself with a piece of string. The usual verdict was returned.

The Annual Report of the Education Department for 1894-5 shows, among other things, that the amount raised during 1894 in subscriptions for every child in voluntary schools was only 6s. 6d., a less sum than in any year since Mr. Forster's Education Act was passed. Denominationalists now obtain a practical immunity from outside control by paying just about one-sixth of the cost of the education given in their schools. The immense bulk of the cost is already defrayed from the public purse, and they are clamoring for more money to keep up the religious character of their schools. Surely it is time others clamored for a larger measure of supervision by the State.

At the California Universalist Convention a Mr. John D. Gaylord, of Pasadena, read a paper written with great force and ability, in the course of which he expressed the thought that the miraculous must be discarded, and the historic Christ rejected in teaching the young. The paper aroused much opposition, but one of the ministers, a Dr. Conger, allowed that every man's Christ differed from every other man's. There are Christs many as well as "gods many and lords many."

Still another new sect, which in many respects resembles the Stundists, has been discovered by the Russian police in the district of the Kuban. For example, these new sectarians condemn the use of holy pictures and images, believe in adult baptism, and preach neighborly love as their leading tenet. But, besides all this, they accuse the orthodox clergy of certain gross abuses, and this has led to the summary banishment to Siberia, by "administrative order," of all the leading members of their congregation. How they love one another!

Floods, loss of life, and damaged crops are reported from Northumberland and Durham. According to the Old Testament, every calamity came from Jahveh in punishment for some wrong done or some duty neglected. The Rabbis went so far as to say that even the prick of a pin was the return of some sin; and Jesus said not a sparrow fell to the ground without his Father's direction. But they fall all the same.

The *Crescent* (July 31) reports "Shocking Outrages by Christians upon Muslims. Two True Believers Murdered for Making Wozoo." It appears that an Afghan Muslim in Western Australia, named Nur Mahomet, who wished to say his prayers, commenced by washing his feet in a dam of water. This offended two fanatical Christians named Knowles and Hatfield, who proceeded to abuse and maltreat the pious Mussulman. Other Muslims interfered, with the result that two were shot. The men were tried, but were acquitted by their fellow religionists of any intention to murder, and were set free. The *Crescent* says: "This is not in Armenia, it is in Australia. The son of the Ameer is at present the honored guest of England. While he is being fêted in England his brethren in the faith are being murdered by English people in Australia!"

Prophet Baxter has for the last thirty years been getting himself ready, or rather getting other people ready, for the end of the world. But the great event hasn't occurred yet, and the poor old globe seems likely to outlast all the idiots and impostors of millennialism. Indeed, the Rev. Edmund Ledger, who is a man of God like Baxter, but also Grosvenor Lecturer on Astronomy, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* calculates that life will last on this planet for another ten million years. This is a dreadfully short space of time to the conceited religionists who regard themselves as the centre and final cause of the whole universe. Nevertheless, it is a pretty long spell to those who are genuinely interested in the fortunes of the human race. A man who can't do a good stroke of work to-day because the result will not last—say a million years, must be an insufferable prig.



## Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, August 11, St. James's Hall (Banqueting Hall), Piccadilly, W. : 7.30, "The Use and Abuse of the Bible."

August 18, and 25, St. James's Hall, London.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S ENGAGEMENTS.—August 11, Camberwell; 18 and 25, Milton Hall, London. September 8, Sheffield. October 14, 15, 16, 17, debate at Newcastle-on-Tyne with the Rev. A. J. Waldron; 20, Glasgow; 22 and 23, Dundee; 27, Edinburgh.—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.

MR. AND MRS. HOLMES.—Accept our best wishes.

J. JONES.—Pleased to hear you "like the *Freethinker* very much." See "Sugar Plums."

JOHNSON.—Thanks, but the enclosure is rather behind date. Before the elections is like before the deluge.

T. CLARK.—(1) Your verse is meritorious. That might go without saying. But the subject is too personal. (2) Glad to hear you have obtained us four fresh subscribers, though sorry you cannot find a newsagent daring enough to show the *Freethinker* in his window. (3) No doubt some lecturers might be arranged for at Streatham, but some friends on the spot would have to cooperate. Can you tell us what halls are available?

J. G. BARTRAM.—The Newcastle Branch and yourself have our best wishes. The new hall should be a rallying centre for the many *Freethinkers* in the district. We hope to hear good accounts of your progress during the winter.

J. M. R. (Glasgow).—Pleased to hear you think the *Freethinker* improves. It is a pity, as you say, that this journal is not read more extensively outside the actual ranks of *Freethought*. To some extent, however, the remedy is in the hands of our present readers, who might circulate the *Freethinker* by lending it to their friends and acquaintances whenever they see a favorable opportunity of introducing it. Thanks for the joke.

C. B. (Burmah).—Thanks for copies of the *Rangoon Times*. We are pleased to notice how *Freethought* is kept to the front.

CICERO IN DEFENCE OF CLUENTIUS.—Received with thanks.

J. C. RICHARDS.—See "Acid Drops" and elsewhere in this column. You are quite right in saying that the influence of Secularism is not to be measured by its actual organisation. It is a permeating force even in the Churches themselves, to say nothing of the masses outside them.

E. JAMES.—Thanks for cuttings.

FORWARD.—Your suggestion looks good enough, but it would not be necessary for the legatees to act; the trustees or executors might do so, and probably would. Thanks for cuttings.

A. LIEVRE.—We should have made the statement more definite. What we meant was that Scotland has the highest percentage of illegitimate children of any part of the United Kingdom.

H. PORTER.—Glad to hear you think Mr. Foote's lectures at St. James's Hall "a step in the right direction." If you come up from Lincolnshire, be sure to introduce yourself after the lecture. We fear you will not be able to obtain tickets so late as 7 o'clock on Saturday night at Stonecutter-street, but you could obtain them at Tree's office, though it would make assurance doubly sure if you obtained them beforehand.

GEO. H.—Harry Alfred Long is an absurd person; and famous for inaccuracy. It is news to us that the Hall of Science is turned into a Salvation Army barracks. Evidently we must go to Scotland to learn what is really going on in London.

S. A. B. (Edinburgh).—There is not a word of truth in it. See reply to G. H. and "Acid Drops." Lectures are delivered in Edinburgh occasionally. Mr. Putnam was there a few weeks ago. Still, the propaganda of Secularism ought to be more active in the capital of Scotland.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—Crescent—Harbinger of Light—Two Worlds—Light—Progressive Thinker—Birmingham Argus—Rangoon Times—Homœopathic Review—Liberty—Liberator—Twentieth Century—Boston Investigator—Western Figaro—Truthseeker—Secular Thought—Freidenker—Der Arme Teufel—Newcastle Chronicle—Oxford Times—The New Unity—New York Public Opinion.

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.

## SPECIAL.

THE President of the American Secular Union has been in this country three months, and his sojourn amongst us is drawing to a close. Before he departs we must give him a farewell reception in the metropolis. His last lecture will be delivered in London on Sunday, September 1. On that occasion I shall take the chair. Three days later, on Wednesday, September 4, a farewell dinner to Mr. Putnam will take place at the Holborn Restaurant. I shall take the chair again on that occasion, and I expect to be supported by Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. George Anderson, and other well-known *Freethinkers*. The tickets for this function are four shillings each, and are now on sale.

Let me now call attention to the course of three Sunday evening lectures I am delivering at St. James's Hall. Everybody says this is a step in the right direction. But it is a costly experiment, and I appeal to my London friends to make the meetings real demonstrations. I promise, on my part, that the lectures shall be as good as I can make them. West London friends, in especial, should bestir themselves in this matter.

We are not allowed to charge less than a shilling for admission to St. James's Hall, nor can we take money at the doors. Single and course tickets can be obtained at Tree's Ticket Office, at 28 Stonecutter-street, and of any London Branch secretary. Arrangements have been also made for their sale by Mr. Haines, 212 Mile End-road, E.; Mr. Munton, 6 Uxbridge-road, W.; Mr. George Ward, 91 Mildmay-park, N., and Mr. Miller, 76 Holloway-road, N. Late comers, who have failed to obtain tickets, will find Miss Vance outside the Hall in Piccadilly, who will inform them where tickets can be procured. G. W. FOOTE.

## SUGAR PLUMS.

MR. FOOTE opened the new hall of the Newcastle Branch on Sunday. Unfortunately it rained spitefully all day, and the morning and afternoon audiences were seriously affected, although the hall was filled in the evening with a most appreciative and enthusiastic meeting. At the close of the afternoon lecture Mr. Foote performed the ceremony of "naming" two babes. He was rather hampered by the smallness of the platform, but the ceremony seemed pleasing to the audience, and not the least so to the ladies. After the evening lecture Mr. Foote was present at the adjourned members' meeting, at which a committee was appointed to attend to the arrangements for the debate in October between Mr. Charles Watts and the Rev. A. J. Waldron. Mr. Mitchell, president; Mr. Foreman, treasurer; and Mr. Bartram, secretary, were unanimously re-elected. During the past year 75 lectures have been delivered under the Branch's auspices, 34 of which have been given out of doors, chiefly by Mr. Cohen and Mr. Mitchell. The year opened with a small deficit, which has been turned into a slight balance on the right side, after an expenditure of more than £100.

Mr. Charles Watts had another excellent audience at the Secular Hall, Camberwell, last Sunday evening. His lecture on "Trust in God a Delusion" was enthusiastically received. We are glad to hear that several new members were enrolled after the lecture. Mr. Watts speaks again from the same platform this Sunday evening, August 11.

Our American visitor, Mr. S. P. Putnam, attends to-day (August 11) the Annual Services of the Failsworth Secular Sunday-school, and delivers two addresses on "The Bible and Modern Thought" and "Freethought and Morality." Hymns and choruses will be sung by the choir, assisted by the Failsworth String Band. The schools have just been thoroughly redecorated, and it is hoped that there will be a bumping attendance and a magnificent collection.

Although Mr. Symes won his law case, he had to serve fourteen days' imprisonment for "contempt of court," for writing upon it in the *Liberator* while the case was *sub judice*, though the issue of the case proved that his remarks were justified, besides being written under provocation. We are pleased to note that Mr. Symes had visits from friends every day, books, writing materials, etc., and that the *Liberator* did not suffer by his absence. A banquet was given him upon his release, and a cheque presented, which we hope may in some measure recoup him for his many troubles.

Joseph said he hoped he had seen the end of his troubles. The *Sydney Bulletin* says it "sincerely hopes he hasn't, for Australia can't spare the combative old Atheist, who is, in his way, almost as obstinate as the bigots he attacks, but

whose career is such a monument of industry and talent, used with single-purposed sincerity, that one glows in contemplating it. For some twenty years now, in season and out of season, with good taste, bad taste, and no taste at all, Jos. Symes has been doing every day of his life three men's work, with tongue and pen, to spread the truth as he knows it, the light as he sees it. He has fought continuously against calumny and misrepresentation; the defection of friends and the attacks of open and secret enemies; private affliction and public scorn; frowns, pity, and laughter."

The *S. B.* continues: "He has been poorer than Job all the time, his *Liberator* is hardly ever out of the valley of the shadow of death, and just now he badly wants £50 to pay rent and taxes, and give him a fresh start. Such a man can only reach the end of his troubles in two ways. One is to stop struggling and float with the conventional stream. The other way is that painted in the magnificent close of the magnificent *Beauchamp's Career*, when the great Lord Romfrey stands thundering on the beach to direct the search for the body of the drowned Radical, whose life has been so pathetically fruitless, so grandly unsuccessful. Perhaps the end of Jos. Symes' troubles may come when a long, loose-jointed corpse, with grizzled hair and furrowed face, is found floating on the peaceful bosom of the Yarra, to receive as guardon and epitaph the title which Heine chose for himself—'A Soldier in the Liberation-War of Humanity.'"

Mr. A. B. Moss, at a meeting of the Camberwell Vestry, entered his protest against favors shown to religious bodies. Other members of the Vestry shared his opinion, and it was voted by 26 to 19 that the trustees or owners should pay for the paving in front of their chapels. But as 7 members took no part in the division the resolution was declared "not carried." Mr. Moss says he will demand exemption for the Secular Hall in New Church-street.

Mr. Clifford J. Cory, Liberal member for South Monmouthshire, in reply to a constituent who sent him our "Questions for Candidates," wrote: "I am decidedly in favor of the fullest extension of civil and religious liberty. I think all the other questions are answered by my reply to the first one."

The editor of a widely-circulated and influential English paper in India writes: "It is a pity the *Freethinker* is not better known in India. There would be thousands of Secularists added to the ranks among all classes, more especially the educated Hindoo, who, having learnt too much to accept the childish traditions of his own faith, refuses also to accept the superstitions of Christianity. Has Mr. Foote never thought of visiting India?" Mr. Foote has thought about it, but he gets busier and busier in England, and sees very little prospect of a foreign tour, at least in the immediate future.

The *Independent Pulpit* for July reprints Mr. Wheeler's article on "A Jolly Japanese Religion"; Mr. J. P. Richardson writes on "A Parson's Talking Shop"; C. L. Edwards criticises the Decalogue in his paper on "Moses as a Legislator"; Dr. Smythe writes instructively on "The Mound Builders"; and both Mr. J. D. Shaw and his son carry on controversy with the *Blue Grass Blade* on the subject of prohibition.

A little-known Freethinker, noted rather for his Socialism than his Freethought, finds place in the new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. William Pare (1805-1873) was one of those disciples of Robert Owen who were active in every movement in the direction of progress. He worked for parliamentary, religious, and social reform, advocated labor exchanges, and founded the first Birmingham Co-operative Society. From 1842 to '44 he was acting governor of Owen's community at Queenwood, Hampshire. He became Owen's literary executor, and by his own will he left his books, papers, pictures, and £50 to any institute or trust founded on the model of an Owen institute suggested by him. We do not know what became of this bequest.

Another heretic mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is George van Parris, a German or Flemish surgeon, who settled in London and became naturalised October 29, 1550. He seems to have been a Unitarian. At any rate, the London Dutch Church excommunicated him, and he was tried for denial of the divinity of Christ. His judges included Cranmer, Ridley, and Coverdale; the latter, it is said, acted as interpreter. "He appears," says the *Dictionary*, "to have been a man of upright life, and some efforts were made to secure a pardon for him. He was, however, burnt on April 25, 1551, in Smithfield." We do not know if our friend Mr. Touzeau Parris claims any descent from this martyred heretic.

Under the title of "A Famous Abduction," the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* for August 3 reproduces from the *Secular Almanack* the story of "The Abducted Female Infidel," Mrs.

Rachel Fanny Antonia Dashwood Lee, as related by Mr. J. M. Wheeler. It, however, omits the most interesting particulars, those connected with the trial at Oxford in 1804 and the stoppage of the case owing to the lady's disbelief in Christianity.

*Secular Thought* (July 20) gives a portrait of a young and promising Freethought lecturer, Mr. Franklin Steiner, of Des Moines, Illinois, who has lectured with acceptance both throughout the United States and in Canada, where he is expected to attend the next Secular Convention at Toronto, in September.

The following number of *Secular Thought* makes good use of the *Freethinker*, reprinting Mr. Wheeler's article on "Rome in England," and Mr. J. A. Richardson's "Jeu d'Esprit" on "The Jew's Conversion." Mr. J. S. Ellis, the editor, writes on "A Clerical Curiosity," the Rev. A. Osborne, D.D., of Summerside, Prince Edward's Island, who is one of the old school of divines now nearly extinct.

One of the Fables by the late R. L. Stevenson, in *Longman's Magazine*, is short, pointed and secular in its application. "The Penitent" is its title:—"A man met a lad weeping. 'What do you weep for?' he asked. 'I am weeping for my sins,' said the lad. 'You must have little to do,' said the man. The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping. 'Why do you weep now?' asked the man. 'I am weeping because I have nothing to eat,' said the lad. 'I thought it would come to that,' said the man."

S. F. Benson writes on "The Legend of Paul and Thecla" in the *Boston Investigator*, contending that the story is a solar myth. He says: "The splendors of summer, symbolised by the sign Virgo of the Zodiac, following the sun in the drama of the year, would give us, when framed in the setting of Christian asceticism, the story of Paul and Thecla, or of Christ and the Magdalene Mary."

Professor Edward D. Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania, has planned a chain of eleven successive links, which, he claims, joins man to the earliest vertebrate. His chain begins with a creature similar to the amphioxus of the Mediterranean; the fish developed from this peculiar animal was modified to a salamander-like form. Then follow, in succession, the theromorous reptiles of the closing period of the carboniferous age and the paleozoic era; the protodonta, closely allied to the carnivorous reptiles; the pantoheria, similar to opossums; the credonta, carnivorous animals of the lower eocene period; the condylarthra; the pseudo or false lemur, which is allied to both the monkey and the fox; the anthropoid ape, which Professor Cope calls the immediate progenitor of man; and, finally, man himself.

On Sunday, August 11, the Chatham Branch of the N.S.S. take their annual excursion, going by coach to Stockbury Valley. They start from Luton Arches at 9.30. Tickets may be obtained from the committee.

## SELF-RELIANCE.

THROW o'er thy God, O man!  
Be dignified and true:  
Stand thou apart, and aye  
Dare to be with the few.

Give Truth the foremost place,  
And let thy reason guide  
Thee through the changing scenes  
Of Earth, so much decried.

We know no other life;  
Then make the most of this:  
Waste no time seeking for  
A mythic future bliss.

Shoulder to shoulder stand  
With those whose aim is Right;  
Scorn thou to lag behind:  
E'er in the vanguard fight.

Then, when Death's shadows come,  
With calm, unflinching mien  
Right grandly shalt thou glide  
Forth into the Unseen.

THOR.

A youngster, looking at the stars, said: "If those big bright nails, papa, were to come out, with what a thump God Almighty would come down!"

## MR. PUTNAM'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

*Extracts from his Letters to the New York "Truthseeker" (July 13).*

ABERDEEN, Scotland, is a rich and comfortable place. Orthodoxy enjoys itself here. It is in the swim. But it is no bad place for a Freethinker. With a moderate fortune and a complacent mind, one can take life as pleasantly in this northern metropolis as anywhere on the globe. Aberdeen granite is celebrated for its beauty. It has a lightsome look, and as there is no smoke at Aberdeen, the stone always has a charming and cleanly appearance. The city has many noble structures, colleges, universities, hotels, etc. The church buildings are very elegant and massive. The Salvation Army warriors are in their pride and glory here. They are erecting a splendid fort of granite, and they certainly put on style, and begin to vie in magnificence with the more ancient ecclesiastical powers. They will eventually be at the height of fashion, no doubt.

Dr. Mortimer, of Turiff, was present at the lectures. He has for many years been an outspoken Freethinker in an orthodox community. It was a pleasure to meet one who has so bravely stood by his colors. On Tuesday afternoon he gave me a drive over Aberdeen in company with his son, William Mortimer, and his brother, Mr. D. A. Mortimer. I thus had an opportunity to see the renowned buildings of the city, the cathedral, King's College, and the Marischol College, also the old stone bridge, Victoria Bridge, the park, harbor, etc. We visited old Aberdeen, which has, indeed, the aspect of moss-grown centuries. The modern Aberdeen is built between the rivers Don and Dee, and along its shores sweeps the great German Ocean.

On Wednesday I had a delightful drive with James Maitland, William Calder, James Greig, Robert Leith, and others, to Castle Mar, past Balmoral, the Queen's Highland residence, a magnificent palace in the heart of the mountains. We first take train for Ballater, forty miles out, and then a coach eighteen miles to Braemar. The Grampian Hills along this route stretch away in majestic amplitude, and valleys smile in summer glory, while above the vast woodlands are the still snow-capped peaks. I did not expect to behold such a contrast—against the splendor of summer the gleaming masses of winter's array. Along the towering Lochnagar, which Byron celebrates, dark and massive, and other lofty steepes, the white banners unfurl, while near around the glorious flowers and grass adorn the warm bosom of earth. The battle of summer and winter is still carried on among these Highlands, with blending and beautiful columns, as if somehow it were a lover's quarrel, and the seasons did not wish to part with one another. Thus in the chambers of the Highlands they mix in gentle warfare with delightful contrariety.

It is both sunshine and rain along the route. The rain is what they call in this country a "Scotch mist." It makes the journey only more enchanting, for over the peaks the clouds roll off, and a burst of sunshine contrasts with the dark environments, touching the mist with gold, so that the prospects were ever-varying, and the clouds seemed like castles in the air. Anon a brilliant rainbow would span the way, decorating the wooded heights with effulgent hues. One hung from the mountain right over Balmoral Castle as we passed along, ornamenting it as never before; and the Queen, with all her untold wealth, could not have given it such a lovely embellishment, nor could she have enjoyed its lustre any more than we strangers did, for our ownership was as legitimate as hers. I never saw a rainbow so close before. It seemed to drop some of its jewels at our very feet as it arched over our onward path.

Castle Mar is an old, old castle, built in 1483, and many a conflict has surged about its lofty walls. It is now occupied only by one old man, who takes care of it—a curious old man, contented in his loneliness amidst this decaying grandeur, and yet a jolly old soul, especially when the mountain-dew is sparkling. He says he wouldn't be married for all the world. He doesn't want a woman around. He can take care of himself, and be perfectly independent within the walls of this solitary structure. I wandered all over this somewhat ghostly relic of the past, that looks sad and riven against the bloom of to-day. From dungeon to battlement I looked over the desolate apartments, and strange figures and scenes haunted the inquiring mind. Around the castle in the sunny grass were beautiful wild flowers, which I gathered in remembrance of this charming and melancholy spot, thrilled with the romance of so many changing ages. We took our lunch here, on the greenward, and modern politics and progress mingled their flashes with the shadowy turrets that overhung our joyous "round-table."

We then walked to Braemar, a mile away, a handsome town on the side of the mountain among the ranks of trees. It is 1,100 feet above Aberdeen, and is quite a summer resort for invalids in pursuit of pure air. The prospects extending from this lofty hamlet are varied and delightful; the hills

and vales, the elegant residences; the river, or mountain brook rather, at this place; the wide meadows, the cattle and sheep, the sky above with its silver or golden clouds, and the deep blue of the immensities beyond. Through this pomp we return while the sun hastes to its setting and the long twilight begins, and at nine o'clock Aberdeen again presents itself. I was pleased to meet at this time Mr. Charles Watt Daniel, and to spend with him the remainder of the evening in the company of Mr. Mann, of the Grand Royal Hotel. Both these friends are staunch Liberals, and their companionship was one of the most entertaining of my experiences.

James Maitland, William Calder, and Mr. Harkis are among the pioneer forces of Freethought in Aberdeen. They did their level best to make the lectures a success, and to enable the Pilgrim to see the best that was to be seen in this part of Scotland. Mr. Harkis presided at the first meeting and Mr. Maitland at the second, and the audiences on both evenings gave me a cheery welcome. There was some kind of a discussion after the lectures, but it did not amount to much, for the reason that no salient points were discussed, and the defenders of the faith ran off into individual idiosyncrasies that had no bearing upon the general question. It is pretty difficult to keep the Christians to parliamentary rules. Aberdeen friends have enriched the campaign with one of the most enjoyable of my experiences.

Dundee is next on the list, somewhat larger than Aberdeen, having, I understand, about 160,000 inhabitants. It has not the brilliant appearance of Aberdeen, for the stone of which it is built is of a darker hue, and the smoke of factories hangs over it. I am welcomed to the hospitable home of William McLean, who lives, and has his home and workshop, on an eminence in the suburbs of the city, and from them a fine view can be obtained of the surrounding country. Mr. McLean and Mr. D. F. Gloak meet me at the station, and the moment I strike their company I know I am in good hands. The audiences at Dundee are not so large as those at Aberdeen, but they are appreciative, and heartily welcome the American visitor. Mr. Gloak presides the first evening, and Mr. Sturton the second evening. A rambling discussion occurs after the lectures, but I found it pretty difficult to get hold of the ideas presented. They were cloudy and far-fetched. Indeed, I could hardly discover if there were any ideas at all, the words being so voluminous and the sentences involved. However, one genial critic I did understand—Mr. Scott, who is a Swedenborgian, and made some very sensible observations, in harmony with the general matter of my lecture, though from a different point of view, but with entirely friendly feeling, all of which is acceptable to the comprehensive Freethinker. Altogether, I enjoyed the lectures at Dundee. I liked the people I met, and am sure that, at another time, I shall have a much larger attendance. The summer weather is not favorable for good audiences. People like to be outdoors and enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery, and it takes quite a motive power to get them inside of four walls.

Dundee has many attractions. Among the chief are the Tay river and the Tay Bridge. The Tay is a broad, magnificent river nearly two miles wide as it flows by Dundee. The bridge over this river is the longest bridge in the world—about two miles. It is a massive structure, built for the centuries, to defy wind and tide. The piers of the old bridge are still to be seen, a melancholy remembrance. The old bridge was itself a great feat of engineering, but it was too narrow, and the railroad directors too economical; and one bright, moonlight night, when the wind was blowing a perfect gale, just as the train rolled on, the structure toppled over, and all on board were plunged into the river with the crashing timbers. Not one was saved. The new bridge is broader, with more massive piers, and a like accident will never occur. On Friday morning, with Mr. McLean and Mr. Gloak, I took the train over the bridge to East Newton, one of the elegant suburbs of Dundee, across the river, where it costs money to live. The views up and down the river as we crossed the mighty bridge were splendid in their variety, the waters spreading like a lake, the bonnie banks and braes, the far hills, blue and towering in the summer sky, while the clouds swept overhead. In the afternoon, with my two comrades and Mr. Cameron, we secured a "machine" and travelled into the ample country, climbing vast hills and beholding wide expanses. In this country they call a carriage or wagon a "machine," a new name to me. I didn't hear it in England, so I guess it is pure Scotch. At any rate, the "machine" did good service, and we went on a wide rambling excursion all the afternoon. We rose hundreds of feet above the river Tay, whose spreading waters seemed to be rolling from the heart of the mountains that lifted their massive fronts along the horizon. We travelled through forest glades, by great fields of green and yellow, a million buttercups besprinkling the grass. We pass by ancient houses, thatched cottages, the stately Insane Asylum appearing like a palace on a majestic height, and the school-house where the happy children shouted after our retreating machine, and the

schoolmaster of Goldsmith's pages looked after us with dazed expression, and it may be "with words of learned length and thundering sound." It was a delightful drive. It seemed as if we were riding in a balloon, so lofty were some of the hills that we ascended. When the horse dashed along with extra liveliness, it seemed as if the "machine" had wings like one of the old dragons. At length we came to a most ancient church. Nobody knows how old it is. There is a tower in Dundee which dates, they say, from the seventh century, and perhaps the church does the same. Near the door is still inserted the old iron circlet which they once put around the neck of the rogue and heretic, and there he must endure the scoffs of the pious church-goers. Inside there is a dusky and mediæval appearance, with paintings on the wall, the stone altar, etc. I placed my name on the book—for no more can the old church crush the Infidel. The sunlight of to-day is triumphant, and over the almost forgotten graves are blooming the blue and golden flowers.

We have a mighty good appetite when we return to Dundee, and Mrs. McLean spreads for us the hospitable table. After the lecture that evening we have a jolly company at Mr. McLean's house, and I have a right good experience of Scottish life, such as we see glowing in the pages of Burns. The Scotch are a happy people, or else they never could have produced the poetry of this glorious bard.

It strikes one at first that the Scotch must be a solemn people, seeing they take so readily to Calvinism in their religious proclivities. But Calvinism is offset by whisky. I don't wonder the Scotch drink whisky. Any man who believes in the doctrines of Calvin must drink whisky in order to make life endurable. It is noticeable that, as Calvinism disappears, so does the much drinking of whisky. The Scotch are a temperate people so far as I can see, and there is a strong movement in favor of teetotalism. Many of our Freethought friends are disposed that way.

I am trying to learn the Scotch language, but I haven't got the hang of it yet. It takes a practised ear. The real old Scotch songs were sung at our last gathering, and they have a humor, a pathos, and a musical ring that are charming. The heart of Scotland beats to the rhythms of nature. Her dark religion cannot destroy the joys of human fellowship. "Auld Lang Syne" closed an evening of song and cheer; and long live the remembrance of this happy occasion! Scotland is Bonnie Scotland, and no mistake; and Calvinism has forever lost its grip. The heather blooms upon its loneliest crags, and so will reason and Freethought make glorious its humblest cottage.

Farewell to Dundee; and now Edinburgh, a great, busy, tumultuous, magnificent city, is about me, and it seems like a dream that I am in this historic place. Whose heart has not glowed at the name of Edinburgh? I arrived yesterday, Saturday. I was met at the station by Mr. John F. Dewar. The first thing I saw as I stepped forth from the station was the vast and famous castle on the hill. There is nothing in the world like it for magnificence and grandeur. Around its base are the public gardens, beautiful to behold. I saw, also, the marvellous monument to Sir Walter Scott, perhaps the most truly artistic and sublime monument ever erected to human genius. The first thing I did after tea was to mount one of the circular tramways and ride all over the great city with Mr. Dewar and others. Edinburgh is built on seven hills, and the views from its exalted streets are extensive and superb, like what we see in San Francisco. I am reminded somewhat of San Francisco as I climb these splendid hills, although Edinburgh has not the luminous appearance of the city of the Golden Gate. There is a deal of ancient solemnity about this capital of Scotland. However, I have caught but glimpses of it so far. I lecture to-day, Sunday, June 16, afternoon and evening, and, after a season of sight-seeing, I shall have more to write. I must pencil these notes at odd chances, for I have to spend most of the day looking about, and photographing on my brain the many and glorious pictures of this memorable land.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

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### A MAGNIFICENT CITY.

For many years religionists have boomed Jerusalem as the greatest city of ancient times, and Palestine as a kingdom superior in importance to all other countries of the globe. We now know that Palestine is a mountainous region, with arable land not superior to Vermont; that the holy city, because of its hilly surroundings and deep valleys, never exceeded one mile in length and three-fourths of a mile in breadth; that good statisticians, taking the most populous cities as guides, are of the opinion that its greatest population was never greater than 30,000; that, in fact, it probably never held more than 15,000 permanent residents at any one time; that they were without commerce, the arts, learning, and scarcely civilisation; that the story of Solomon's temple is almost unquestionably fabulous, as no traces of such a structure can be found, though diligent search has been made for it; that the ancient inhabitants lived in small, low-roofed huts; that the streets were narrow alley-ways, not wide enough for two of our modern carriages to pass without colliding; that filth was everywhere, and the odors disgusting in the extreme. The smells arising from the valley of Himmon, always reeking with decaying bodies, where "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," made the whole city, in summer-time, pestilential.

Well, now, that was the city and country where God dwelt (Psalm cxxxv. 31); his throne was there (Jer. iii. 17); and there, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, was to be his judgment seat (Joel iii. 12); and there he shall roar and shake the heavens and the earth (Joel iii. 16).

Honor bright, good reader, do you wonder at the scepticism there is in the world when the people are told of the gigantic wars waged against that city; of the vast multitudes, reaching into millions, who were slaughtered by the armies of Titus, else were led away into slavery?

The Greeks knew the Jews as temple robbers. Did they not, as such, steal a description of the temple at Tyre, and credit it to Solomon? We know the Tyrians had a magnificent temple which was dedicated to the worship of Baal. Was not that temple made to do double duty—in real service at Tyre, and imaginary service at Jerusalem?

A recent visitor to Jerusalem does not glorify the modern city. He says: "It has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer-gardens, no concert-halls, no theatres, no lecture-rooms, no place of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no mayor, no alderman, no newspapers, no printing-presses, no book-stores—except one outside the walls for the sale of Bibles—no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem. Even the children do not play."

It is to be hoped that the New Jerusalem, which is to come down from heaven, will not be a duplicate of either the ancient or modern city.—*Progressive Thinker.*

### H E L L.

THE *Boston Sunday Globe* had, some little time back, a symposium on the subject of hell, in which various men of God aired their speculations. The straightest words on the subject came from Mr. Ernest Mendum, of the good old *Boston Investigator*, who wrote as under:—

"Hell is a figment of the brain. It is located in the diseased and perverted imaginations of human beings. It is the dreadful nightmare from the overloaded stomach of an ancient savage masquerading as a reality in the nineteenth century. It is a scourge used to frighten the weak-minded and children of all ages into paying tribute to theological mountebanks. Without it churches and lunatic asylums, though escaping taxation, could never flourish. It is the great tithe collector that levies tribute on cowards for the benefit of ministers and priests.

"Hell is of little consequence to the average man now-a-days, except to swear by, and this is the most honorable office to which it has ever been elected. Savages, in the barbarous past, might be excused a belief in this horrible, brain-destroying fiction; but one is unable to respect the mind which, having access to the ordinary sources of information to-day, still holds any fealty to a belief in that misty, boiling, sulphurous pit of Calvin, Knox, and Edwards.

"Modern intellectual fire companies have 'turned the hose of common sense' against the Devil and his dominion, with such good effect that the poor gentleman's abode has been changed into a green garden, where the shades of Voltaire, Paine, Hume, and Volney now rest on 'beds of asphodel' beneath the verdant foliage of the trees in Sheol, instead of sweating and groaning in the seething caldron of hell.

"Hell has been the greatest curse the world has ever known. Let it forever pass to that realm of superstition and darkness from which it was evolved to craze, to trouble, and to agonise the human race."

## P O W E R .

WATCHING the never-ending shocks  
Of the ever-restless sea,  
Dashing against the dauntless rocks  
With its wild and tireless glee.

Watching the earth-worm's winding path  
Through the slowly yielding soil,  
Aiding the earth to growth and math  
By its dark and silent toil.

Watching the wanton zig-zag flight  
Of the pollen'd flirting bee,  
Whisp'ring to all the blossoms bright  
That its roving eye can see.

Watching the printer's busy toil,  
As he sets the deathless type,  
Planting a tree in living soil,  
With its fruit that's always ripe.

Wond'ring, as all these things I see,  
If the wit of man can say  
Whether the sea, worm, man, or bee  
O'er the earth holds greatest sway.

G. L. MACKENZIE.

## MEMS. FROM OLD BOOKS.

FATHER GARASSE, who in his *Doctrine Curieuse des Beaux Esprits* has some abominable lies about Vanini, Luther, Buchanan, and Theophile, gives a good story of a Jew who maintained that the sin for which the Jews were suffering was that so many of them had believed Christ to be God.

Another good thing in Garasse is his saying that women ought not to read the Bible, "for," says he, "the Bible makes ministers' daughters so liable to be debauched!"

Bayle (sub. *Castalion*) says of Garasse: "I cannot sufficiently wonder at the impudence of this calumniator." Yet should it be remembered of this intolerant bigot that during a plague he obtained permission to attend the sick at Poitiers, where he caught the infection and died in 1631. Besides his *Doctrine Curieuse* (Against the Freethinkers), he wrote *Elixir Calvinisticum* (Against the Calvinists).

Bayle (sub. *Aaron*) relates that, in a French Bible printed by Antoine Bonnemere in 1558, the fables have been inserted into the text about the golden calf (Exodus xxxii.), about the beards becoming gilt of those who drank the infusion of the calf, and of the Israelites spitting upon Hur when he refused to make gods for them, till they smothered him.

Lerinus Torrentus, Bishop of Antwerp, wrote a hymn to the pious memory of Balthazar Gerard, the assassin of William the Silent.

Bayle, in his *Pensées sur la Comète* (p. 356), mentions a man burnt for Atheism at Paris, 1573, who taught that cleanliness was the only essential religion. He had as many shirts as there were days in the year, and sent them to be washed at a fountain in Flanders, famous for the purity of its waters and for bleaching linen.

Darwinism appears in the Talmud. At any rate, it is there reported that God originally made Adam with a tail, and he cut it off because he looked better without it. (See Bartolucci's *Bibliotheca Rabbinica*.) Some say Lilith was made from Adam's tail.

Several of the Talmudical doctors held that the Messiah had come. Rabbi Hillel said Hezekiah was the man, others said Nehemiah, others Zorobabel, and yet others Cyrus.

Southey, in his *Common-Place Book* (2nd series, p. 389), speaking of the saints, says: "Even stupidity was curable. There was a canon, by name Martin, in the Monastery of St. Isidore, excellently pious, but an incorrigible blockhead. In vain he puzzled himself to learn, till the saint appeared to him in a dream, and made him eat a book. He awoke a learned man, and wrote good Latin. It was certainly a sure way of making him digest knowledge." Perhaps this was how Galilean fishermen got their learning. John relates how, when retired from the fish business to Patmos, he ate a little book which an angel gave him (Rev. x. 10).

BIBLIOMANIAC.

## Joseph in Egypt.

The tombs of ancient Egypt have given to us not only a religious literature of the first order, but they have preserved the papyri containing many of the most interesting novels read or heard recited by the ancients in the palmy days of ancient Egypt. The earliest stories are mostly of a fabulous and marvellous kind; those, however, of a later date are more solid in nature, and have often historical facts for their basis. Let us take, for example, the tale of the two brothers, written probably for Seti I., about B.C. 1366, when he was Crown Prince. In this story, which forms a wonderful analogy to that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, we have a novel, a romance of the first order. It appears that the novel centres around the persons of two brothers, named Bata and Anpu. The latter has a house and a wife, and the former lives with his brother as a kind of companion. One day Anpu sends Bata to get some corn out of a bin, and, on his arrival at the house, finds his brother's wife at her toilet. He asks her to get the required grain, but, instead of doing so, the wife makes suggestions similar to those made to Joseph by Potiphar's wife. Bata, however, refuses to listen, and, getting the corn himself, goes away. The wife, now fearing that one brother would tell the other, pretends as though she had suffered violence, and, when her husband comes home, accuses Bata of misconduct. Anpu now goes in search of his brother, and, finding him, threatens to murder him. The story goes on to say that at the death of Bata his heart was placed in the sycamore tree, which, on being cut down and the heart mixed with blood, Bata comes to life again. On examining the papyrus containing this romance, one cannot but be struck with the similarity between the Biblical story and the romance of the papyrus. —London "Echo," August 1.

## PROFANE JOKES.

"In what condition was Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Dead," answered the quiet-looking boy.

The Rev. McSneeshin cannot do without his Taddy. He always takes a pinch before commencing his sermon, and his favorite text is, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust."

A visitor to the Duke of York, seeing a violin on the table, asked if his Royal Highness played, like his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh. "Not much," said the attendant, "only such simple airs as *God save his Grandmother*."

Sunday-school Teacher (to farmer's boy)—"Why did the shepherd leave the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness and go after the one that was lost?" Johnny (with eager confidence)—"Please, miss, 'cause it was the prize ram."

"What is heaven's number?" said a little New York girl to her mother one day last week. "What do you mean, dear?" was the reply. "Heaven's telephone number. I duss want to ring up Dod and ask him to please send some other kind of weather. I'm tired of this," added the little maid.

Every night when she said "Now I lay me" she supplemented it with "God bless papa and mamma," and on through the rest of the family. One evening last week she added: "Please remember brother 'specially, 'cause tomorrow's his birthday, an', Lord, don't forget me next month."

Mrs. Gray—"Was your prayer-meeting good last night?" Mrs. Green—"Rather uninteresting. None of the men who spoke had ever done anything very bad." Mrs. Gray—"But wasn't Mr. Graybeard there?" Mrs. Green—"Oh, yes; but you don't expect he'd confess any of his real crimes, do you?" Mrs. Gray—"Well, he might run a risk of being arrested."

Widow Blueberry—"Yes, I kin never be too thankful that my poor John was baptised afore he died." Enoch—"He was a Baptist, was he not?" Widow B.—"Yes. He was immersed in the river in the afternoon, an' that very same night he died of newmony on the lungs from ketchin' cold. It was awful sudden; but, as I said, I kin never be too thankful that he was baptised afore his death."

"Six days shalt thou labor." This is given as a law of God, promulgated on Mount Sinai. It is of equal authority with "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Whoever heard a preacher declare that a man would be damned for not laboring six days? These servants of God repudiate the entire law. They do not labor themselves on week days, neither do they keep holy God's Sabbath. They change the day and then prosecute the Seventh-Day Adventists, who keep the whole commandment—work six days, including the first, and rest on the seventh.

## 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.

ST. JAMES'S HALL (Banqueting Hall), Piccadilly: 7.30, G. W. Foote, "The Use and Abuse of the Bible."  
 BATTERSEA SECULAR HALL (back of Battersea Park Station): 8.30, social gathering. Tuesday, at 8.30, dance.  
 CAMBERWELL (North Camberwell Hall, 61 New Church-road): 7.30, Charles Watts, "Christianity: its Birth, Reign, and Death."  
 EAST LONDON (Swaby's Coffee House, 103 Mile End-road): 8, J. Fagan, "The Life of a Poor Scholar."  
 MILTON HALL (Hawley-crescent, 89 Kentish Town-road): 7, musical selections; 7.30, a lecture.

### OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, A. Guest, "Atheist or Theist: which is the Fool?"  
 CAMBERWELL (Station-road): 11.30, a lecture.  
 CLERKENWELL GREEN: 11.30, F. Haslam, "Secularism and Social Problems." Members' general meeting after lecture.  
 DEPTFORD BROADWAY: 6.30, Stanley Jones will lecture. Thursday, at 8, C. James will lecture.  
 EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, C. Cohen will lecture.  
 FINSBURY PARK (near the band-stand): 11.15, H. Courtney will lecture; 3.15, A. Guest, "The Infinite."  
 HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE (Middlesex side): 7, W. Heaford, "Prayer." Thursday, at 8.30, F. Haslam, "The Life and Times of Voltaire."  
 HYDE PARK (near Marble Arch): 11.30, W. Heaford, "Religious Consolations"; 3.30, "Theism Examined." Wednesday, at 8, St. John will lecture.  
 ISLINGTON (Prebend-street, Packington-street): 11.30, a lecture.  
 KILBURN (corner of Victoria-road): 7, W. J. Ramsey will lecture.  
 KINGSLAND (Ridley-road, near Dalston Junction): 11.30, Stanley Jones will lecture.  
 LAMBETH (Kennington Park): 3.30, a lecture.  
 MILE END WASTE: 11.30, W. J. Ramsey, "God so Loved the World."  
 OLD PIMLICO PIER: 11.30, A. B. Moss, "Behold how the Gods Vanish."  
 REGENT'S PARK (near Gloucester Gate): 3, S. R. Thompson will lecture.  
 TOTTENHAM GREEN: 3.30, a lecture.  
 VICTORIA PARK (near the fountain): 11.15 and 3.15, C. Cohen will lecture.  
 WOOD GREEN (Jolly Butchers' Hill): 11.30, S. E. Easton, "Creeds and Dogmas"; 7, "How Christianity became Strong." Thursday, at 8, C. Cohen will lecture.

### COUNTRY.

FAILSWORTH SECULAR SUNDAY-SCHOOL (Pole-lane): 2.30, S. P. Putnam, "The Bible and Modern Thought"; 6.30, "Freethought and Morality."  
 IPSWICH (Mr. Bishop's, "The G. F. R." Commercial-road): 7.30, members' meeting—all should attend.  
 LIVERPOOL (Oddfellows' Hall, St. Anne-street): 11, Tontine Society; 7, Arthur Peterson, "Some Considerations between God and Men."  
 MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): 6.30, R. O. Phillips, "The True Living Wage."  
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Northumberland Hall, High Friar-street, near Grey's monument): 7, R. Mitchell, "A Rationalist's View of Christ."  
 SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): 7, "The Universe and its Processes: A Criticism of Dr. Dallinger's Fernley Lecture of 1887," by a Local Gentleman.  
 SOUTH SHIELDS (Captain Duncan's Navigation School, King-street): 7, D. R. Bon, "A Liberal Program."

### OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BRADFORD (Open Market, James-street): 6.30, J. G. Fisher, "What Good is Sunday?"  
 BRISTOL (Eastville Park, Lower End): 7, J. Keast, "Is Christianity True?"  
 DERBY (Market-place): 11, Mr. Briggs will lecture.  
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (Quayside): 11, Carl Aarstad will lecture.  
 SUNDERLAND (The Green, Ryhope): 11, The Secretary, "The Teaching of Jesus."

### Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 12 Merchant-street, Bow-road, London.—August 11, m. and a. Victoria Park, e. Edmonton; 15, Wood Green; 18, m. and a. Finsbury Park; 22, Wood Green; 25, Manchester.

STANLEY JONES, 53 Marlborough-road, Holloway, London.—Aug. 11, m. Kingsland, e. Deptford; 18, m. Finsbury Park; 22, Hammersmith; 25, m. Pimlico Pier, e. Kilburn; 28, Hyde Park.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Oredon-road, Rotherhithe, London, E.—August 11, Westminster; 18, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith; 25, m. Clerkenwell, a. Victoria Park.

T. THURLOW, 350 Old Ford-road, E.—Sept. 15, e. Kilburn; 22, m. and a. Hyde Park, e. Hammersmith.

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