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THE GODS.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

V.

The Church cannot abandon the idea of special providence. To give up that doctrine is to give up all. The Church must insist that prayer is answered—that some power superior to nature hears and grants the request of the sincere and humble Christian, and that this same power in some mysterious way provides for all.

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact, that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving kindness covers over all his works. Happening, one day, to see a crane wading in quest of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how its legs are formed for wading! What a long slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival. My son," said he, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God, in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned; but after all, father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

Even the advanced religionist, although disbelieving in any great amount of interference by the gods in this age of the world, still thinks, that in the beginning, some god made the laws governing the universe. He believes that in consequence of these laws a man can lift a greater weight with, than without, a lever; that this god so made matter, and so established the order of things, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time; so that a body once put in motion will keep moving until it is stopped; so that it is a greater distance around than across a circle; so that a perfect square has four equal sides, instead of five or seven. He insists that it took a direct interposition of providence to make the whole greater than a part, and that had it not been for this power superior to nature, twice one might have been more than twice two, and sticks and strings might have had only one end to a piece. Like the old Scotch divine, he thanks God that Sunday comes

at the end instead of in the middle of the week, and that death comes the close instead of at the commencement of life, thereby giving us time to prepare for that holy day and that most solemn event. These religious people see nothing but design everywhere, and personal, intelligent interference in everything. They insist that the universe has been created, and that the adaptation of means to ends is perfectly apparent. They point us to the sunshine, to the flowers, to the April rain, and to all there is of beauty and of use in the world. Did it ever occur to them that a cancer is as beautiful in its development as is the reddest rose? That what they are pleased to call the adaptation of means to ends, is apparent in the cancer as in the April rain? How beautiful the process of digestion! By what ingenious methods the blood is poisoned so that the cancer shall have food! By what wonderful contrivances the entire system of man is made to pay tribute to this divine and charming cancer. See by what admirable instrumentalities it feeds itself from the surrounding quivering, dainty flesh! See how it gradually but surely expands and grows! By what marvellous mechanism it is supplied with long and slender roots that reach out to the most secret nerves of pain for sustenance and life! What beautiful colors it presents! Surely through the microscope it is a miracle of order and beauty. All the ingenuity of man cannot stop its growth. Think of the amount of thought it must have required to invent a way by which the life of one man might be given to produce one cancer! Is it possible to look upon it and doubt that there is design in the universe, and that the inventor of this wonderful cancer must be infinitely powerful, ingenious and good?

We are told that the universe was designed and created, and that it is absurd to suppose that matter has existed from eternity, but that it is perfectly self-evident that a god has.

If a god created the universe, then there must have been a time when he commenced to create. Back of that time there must have been an eternity, during which there had existed nothing—absolutely nothing—except this supposed god. According to this theory, this god spent an eternity, so to speak, in an infinite vacuum, and in perfect idleness. Admitting that a god did create the universe, the question then arises of what did he create it? It certainly was not made of nothing. Nothing considered in the light of a raw material, is a most decided failure. It follows, then, that the god must have made the universe out of himself, he being the only existence. The universe is material, and if it was made of god, the god must have been material. With this very thought in his mind, Anaximander of Miletus said: "Creation is the decomposition of the infinite."

It has been demonstrated that the earth would fall to the sun, only for the fact, that it is attracted by other worlds, and those worlds must be attracted by other worlds still beyond them, and so on without end. This proves the material universe to be infinite. If an infinite universe has been made out of an infinite god, how much of the god is left?

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truly scientific minds admit that matter must have existed from eternity. It is indestructible, and the indestructible cannot be created. It is the crowning glory of our century to have demonstrated the indestructibility of matter and the eternal persistence of force. Neither matter nor force can be increased or diminished. Force cannot exist apart from matter. Matter exists only in connection with force, and consequently, force apart from matter, and superior to nature, is a demonstrated impossibility.

Force, then, must have also existed from eternity, and could not have been created. Matter in its countless forms, from dead earth to the eyes of those we love, and force, in all its manifestations, from simple motion to the grandest thought, deny creation and defy control.

Thought is a form of force. We walk with the same force with which we think. Man is an organism, that changes several forms of force into thought-force. Man is a machine into which we put what we call food, and produce what we call thought. Think of that wonderful chemistry which bread was changed into the divine tragedy of Hamlet!

A god must not only be material, but he must be an organism, capable of changing other forms of force into thought-force. This is what we call eating. Therefore, if the god thinks, he must eat, that is to say, he must of necessity have some means of supplying the force with which to think. It is impossible to conceive of a being who can eternally impart force to matter, and yet have no means of supplying the force thus imparted.

If neither matter nor force were created, what evidence have we, then, of the existence of a power superior to nature? The theologian will probably reply, "We have law and order, cause and effect, and beside all this, matter could not have put itself in motion."

Suppose, for the sake of the argument, that there is no being superior to nature, and that matter and force have existed from eternity. Now suppose that two atoms should come together, would there be an effect? Yes. Suppose that they came in exactly opposite directions with equal force, they would be stopped, to say the least. This would be an effect. If this is so, then you have matter, force, and effect without a being superior to nature. Now suppose that two other atoms, just like the first two, should come together under precisely the same circumstances, would not the effect be exactly the same? Yes. Like causes, producing like effects, is what we mean by law and order. Then we have matter, force, effect, law and order without a being superior to nature. Now we know that every effect must also be a cause, and that every cause must be an effect. The atoms coming together did produce an effect, and as every effect must also be a cause, the effect produced by the collision of the atoms, must as to something else have been a cause. Then we have matter, force, law, order, cause and effect without a being superior to nature. Nothing is left for the supernatural but empty space. His throne is a void, and his boasted realm is without matter, without force, without law, without cause, and without effect.

VI.

BUT what put all this matter in motion? If matter and force have existed from eternity, then matter must have always been in motion. Force is forever active, and there is, and there can be, no cessation. In therefore, matter and force have existed from eternity, so has motion. In the whole universe there is not even one atom in a state of rest.

A deity outside of nature exists in nothing, and is nothing. Nature embraces with infinite arms all matter and all force. That which is beyond her grasp is destitute of both, and can hardly be worth the worship and adoration even of a man.

There is but one way to demonstrate the existence of a power independent of and superior to nature, and that is by breaking, if only for one moment, the continuity of cause and effect. Pluck from the endless chain of existence one little link; stop for one instant the grand procession, and you have shown beyond all contradiction that nature has a master. Change the fact, just for one moment, that matter attracts matter, and a god appears.

The rudest savage has always known this fact, and for that reason always demanded the evidence of miracle. The founder of a religion must be able to turn water into wine—cure with a word the blind and lame, and raise with a simple touch the dead to life. It was necessary for him to demonstrate to the satisfaction of his barbarian disciple that he was superior to nature. In times of ignorance this was easy to do. The credulity of the savage was almost boundless. To him the marvelous was the beautiful, the mysterious was the sublime. Consequently every religion has for its foundation a miracle—that is to say, a violation of nature—that is to say, a falsehood.

No one, in the world's whole history, ever attempted to substantiate a truth by a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of a miracle. Nothing but falsehood ever attested itself by signs and wonders. No miracle ever was performed, and no sane man ever thought he had performed one; and until one is performed, there can be no evidence of the existence of any power superior to, and independent of, nature.

The church wishes us to believe. Let the church, or one of its intellectual saints, perform a miracle, and we will believe. We are told that nature has a superior. Let this superior, for one single instant, control nature, and we will admit the truth of your assertions.

We have heard talk enough. We have listened to all the drowsy, idealess, vapid sermons that we wish to hear. We have read your bible and the works of your best minds. We have heard your prayers, your solemn groans and your reverential amens. All these amount to less than nothing. We want one fact. We beg at the doors of your churches for just one little fact. We pass our hats along your pews and under your pulpits and implore you for just one fact. We know all about your mouldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this year's fact. We ask only one. Give us one fact for charity. Your miracles are too

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ancient. The witnesses have been dead for nearly two thousand years. Their reputation for "truth and veracity" in the neighborhood where they resided is wholly unknown to us. Give us a new miracle, and substantiate it by witnesses who still have the cheerful habit of living in this world. Do not send us to Jericho to hear the winding horns, nor put us in the fire with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Do not compel us to navigate the sea with Captain Jonah, nor dine with Mr. Ezekiel. There is no sort of use in tending us fox-hunting with Sampson. We have positively lost all interest in that little speech so eloquently delivered by Balaam's inspired donkey. It is worse than useless to show us fishes with money in their mouths, and call our attention to vast multitudes stuffing themselves with five crackers and two sardines. We demand a new miracle, and we demand it now. Let the church furnish at least one, or forever after hold her peace.

In the olden time, the church, by violating the order of nature, proved the existence of her god. At that time miracles were performed with the most astonishing ease. They became so common that the church ordered her priests to desist. And now this same church—the people having found some little sense—not only admits that she cannot perform a miracle, but insists that the absence of miracle—the steady, unbroken march of cause and effect—proves the existence of a power superior to nature. The fact is, however, that the indissoluble chain of cause and effect proves exactly the contrary.

Sir William Hamilton, one of the pillars of modern theology, in discussing this very subject, uses this language :

"The phenomena of matter, taken by themselves, so far from warranting any inference of the existence of a god, would, on the contrary, ground even an argument to his negation. The phenomena of the material world are subject to immutable laws; are produced and reproduced in the same invariable succession, and manifest only the blind force of a mechanical necessity."

Nature is but an endless series of efficient causes. She cannot create, but she eternally transforms. There was no beginning, and there can be no end.

The best minds, even in the religious world, admit that in material nature there is no evidence of what they are pleased to call a god. They find their evidence in the phenomena of intelligence, and very innocently assert that intelligence is above, and, in fact, opposed to nature. They insist that man, at least, is a special creation; than he has somewhere in his brain a divine spark—a little portion of the "Great First Cause." They say that matter cannot produce thought; but that thought can produce matter. They tell us that man has intelligence, and therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his. Why not say, God has intelligence, therefore there must be an intelligence greater than his? So far as we know, there is no intelligence apart from matter. We cannot conceive of thought, except as produced within a brain.

The science by means of which they demonstrate the existence of an impossible intelligence and an incomprehensible power, is called metaphysics or theology. The theologians admit that the phenomena of matter tend, at least, to disprove the existence of any power superior in nature, because in such phenomena we see nothing but an endless chain of efficient causes—nothing but the force of a mechanical necessity. They therefore appeal to what they denominate the phenomena of mind to establish this superior power.

The trouble is, that in the phenomena of mind we find the same endless chain of efficient causes; the same mechanical necessity. Every thought must have had an efficient cause. Every motive, every desire, every fear, hope and dream must have been necessarily produced. There is no room in the mind of man for providence or chance. The facts and forces governing thought are as absolute as those governing the motion of the planets. A poem is produced by the forces of nature, and is as necessarily and naturally produced as mountains and seas. You will seek in vain for a thought in man's brain without its efficient cause. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions. Mental phenomena are considered more complicated than those of matter, and consequently more mysterious. Being more mysterious they are considered better evidence of the existence of a god. No one infers a god from the simple, from the known, from what is understood, but from the complex, from the unknown and incomprehensible. Our ignorance is God; what we know is science.

When we abandon the doctrine that some infinite being creates matter and force, and enacted a code of laws for their government, the idea of interference will be lost. The real priest will then be, not the mouth-piece of some pretended deity, but the interpreter of nature. From that moment the church ceases to exist. The tapers will die out upon the dusty altar; the moths will eat the fading velvet of pulpit and pew; the Bible will take its place with the Shastras, Puranas, Vedas, Eddas, Sagas and Korans, and the fetters of a degrading faith will fall from the minds of men.

VII.

"But," says the religionist, "you cannot explain everything; you cannot understand everything; and that which you cannot explain, that which you do not comprehend, is my God."

We are explaining more every day. We are understanding more every day. Consequently, your God is growing smaller every day.

Nothing daunted, the religionist then insists that nothing can exist without a cause, except cause, and that this uncaused cause is God.

To this again we reply: Every cause must produce an effect, because until it does produce an effect, it is not a cause. Every effect must in its turn become a cause. Therefore, in the nature of things, there can not be a last cause, for the reason that a so-called last cause would

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necessarily produce an effect, and that effect must of necessity become a cause. The converse of these propositions must be true. Every effect must have had a cause, and every cause must have been an effect. Therefore there could have been no first cause. A first cause is just as impossible as a last effect.

Beyond the universe there is nothing, and within the universe the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

The moment these great truths are understood and admitted, a belief in general or special providence becomes impossible. From that instant men will cease their vain efforts to please an imaginary being, and will give their time and attention to the affairs of this world. They will abandon the idea of attaining any object by prayer and supplication. The element of uncertainty will, in a great measure, be removed from the domain of the future, and man, gathering courage from a succession of victories over the obstructions of nature, will attain a serene grandeur unknown to the disciples of any superstition.

The plans of mankind will no longer be interfered with by the finger of a supposed omnipotence, and no one will believe that nations or individuals are protected or destroyed by any deity whatever. Science, freed from the chains of pious custom and evangelical prejudice, will, within her sphere, be supreme. The mind will investigate without reverence, and publish its conclusions without fear. Agassiz will no longer hesitate to declare the Mosaic cosmogony utterly inconsistent with the demonstrated truths of geology, and will cease pretending any reverence for the Jewish scriptures. The moment science succeeds in rendering the church powerless for evil, the real thinkers will be outspoken. The little trappings of truce carried by timid philosophers will disappear, and cowardly harley will give place to victory, lasting and universal.

If we admit that some infinite being has controlled the destinies of persons and peoples, history becomes a most cruel and bloody farce. Age after age, the strong have trampled upon the weak; the crafty and heartless have ensnared and enslaved the simple and innocent, and nowhere, in all the annals of mankind, has any god succored the oppressed.

Man should cease to expect aid from on high. By this time he should know that heaven has no ear to hear, and no hand to help. The present is the necessary child of all the past. There has been no chance, and there can be no interference.

If abuses are destroyed, man must destroy them. If slaves are freed, man must free them. If new truths are discovered, man must discover them. If the naked are clothed; if the hungry are fed; if justice is done; if labor is rewarded; if superstition is driven from the mind; if the defenceless are protected, and if the right finally triumphs, all must be the work of man. The grand victories of the future must be won by man, and by man alone.

Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and retransforms forever. She neither weeps nor

rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful. Poison and nutrition, pain and joy, life and death, smiles and tears, are alike to her. She is neither merciful nor cruel. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears. She does not know even the attitude of prayer. She appreciates no difference between poison in the fangs of snakes and mercy in the hearts of men. Only through man does nature take cognizance of the good, the true, and the beautiful; and, so far as we know, man is the highest intelligence.

And yet man continues to believe that there is some power independent of and superior to nature, and still endeavors, by form, ceremony, supplication, hypocrisy and sacrifice, to obtain its aid. His best energies have been wasted in the service of this phantom. The horrors of witchcraft were all born of an ignorant belief in the existence of a totally depraved being superior to Nature, acting in perfect independence of her laws; and all religious superstition has had for its basis a belief in at least two beings, one good and the other bad, both of whom could arbitrarily change the order of the universe. The history of religion is simply the story of man's efforts in all ages to avoid one of these powers and to pacify the other. Both powers have inspired abject fear. The cold, calculating sneer of the devil, and the frown of God, were equally terrible. In any event, man's fate was to be arbitrarily fixed forever by an unknown power superior to all law and to all fact. Until this belief is thrown aside, man must consider himself the slave of phantom masters—neither of whom promise liberty in this world nor in the next.

Man must learn to rely upon himself. Reading bibles will not protect him from the blasts of winter, but houses, fires and clothing will. To prevent famine, one plough is worth a million sermons, and even patent medicines will cure more diseases than all the prayers uttered since the beginning of the world.

Although many eminent men have endeavored to harmonize necessity and free will, the existence of evil, and the infinite power and goodness of God, they have succeeded only in producing learned and ingenious failures. Immense efforts have been made to reconcile ideas utterly inconsistent with the facts by which we are surrounded, and all persons who have failed to perceive the pretended reconciliation have been denounced as infidels, atheists and scoffers. The whole power of the church has been brought to bear against philosophers and scientists in order to compel a denial of the authority of demonstration, and to induce some Judas to betray Reason, one of the saviors of mankind.

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ANIMISM.

BY PROF. TYLOR, AUTHOR OF "PRIMITIVE CULTURE."

V.

FAR from a life after death being held by all men as the destiny of all men, whole classes are formally excluded from it. In the Tonga Islands, the future life was a privilege of caste, for while the chiefs and higher orders were to pass in divine etherality to the happy land of Bolotu, the lower ranks were believed to be endowed only with souls that died with their bodies; and although some of these had the vanity to claim a place in paradise among their betters, the populace in general acquiesced in the extinction of their own plebeian spirits. The Nicaraguans believed that if a man lived well, his soul would ascend to dwell among the gods, but if ill, it would perish with the body, and there would be an end of it. Granted that the soul survives the death of the body, instance after instance from records of the lower culture shows this soul to be regarded as a mortal being, liable like the body itself to accident and death. The Greenlanders pitied the poor souls who must pass in winter or in storm the dreadful mountain where the dead descend to reach the other world, for then a soul is like to come to harm, and die the other death where there is nothing left, and this is to them the dolefullest thing of all. Thus the Fijians tell of the fight which the ghost of a departed warrior must wage with the soul-killing Samu and his brethren; this is the contest for which the dead man is armed by burying the war-club with his corpse, and if he conquers, the way is open to him to the judgment-seat of Ndengei, but if he is wounded his doom is to wander among the mountains, and if killed in the encounter he is cooked and eaten by Samu and his brethren. But the souls of unmarried Fijians will not even survive to stand this wager of battle; such try in vain to steal at low water round to the edge of the reef past the rocks where Nangananga, destroyer of wifeless souls, sits laughing at their hopeless efforts, and asking them if they think the tide will never flow again, till at last the rising flood drives the shivering ghosts to the beach, and Nangananga dashes them to pieces on the great black stone, as one shatters rotten firewood.

Such, again, were the tales told by the Guinea negroes of the life or death of departed souls. Either the great priest before whom they must appear after death would judge them, sending the good in peace to a happy place, but killing the wicked a second time with the club that stands ready before his dwelling; or else the departed shall be judged by their god at the river of death, to be gently visited by him to a pleasant land if they have kept feasts and oaths and abstained from forbidden meats, but, if not, to be plunged in the river of the god, and thus drowned and buried in eternal oblivion. Even common water can drown a negro ghost, if we may believe the story of the Matamba widows having themselves

ducked in the river or pond to drown off the souls of their departed husbands who might still be hanging about them, clinging closest to the best loved wives. After this ceremony, they married again. From such details, it appears that the conception of some souls suffering extinction at death, or dying a second death—a thought still as heretofore familiar to speculative theology—is not unknown in the lower culture.

The soul, as recognized in the philosophy of the lower races, may be defined as an ethereal surviving being, conceptions of which preceded and led up to the more transcendental theory of the immaterial and immortal soul, which forms a part of the theology of higher nations. It is principally the ethereal surviving soul of early culture that has now to be studied in the religions of savages and barbarians and the folk-lore of the civilized world. That this soul should be looked upon as surviving beyond death is a matter scarcely needing elaborate argument. Plain experience is there to teach it to every savage: his friend or his enemy is dead, yet still in dream or open vision he sees the spectral form which is to his philosophy a real objective being, carrying personality as it carries likeness.

This thought of the soul's continued existence is, however, but the gateway into a complex region of belief. The doctrines which, separate or compounded, make up the scheme of future existence among particular tribes are principally these: The theories of lingering, wandering, and returning ghosts, and of souls dwelling on or below or above the earth in a spirit-world, where existence is modelled upon the earthly life, or raised to higher glory, or placed under reversed conditions; and, lastly, the belief in a division between happiness and misery of departed souls, by a retribution for deeds done in life, determined in a judgment after death.

VI.

"ALL argument is against it, but all belief is for it," said Dr. Johnson of the apparition of departed spirits. The doctrine that ghost souls of the dead hover among the living is, indeed, rooted in the lowest levels of savage culture, extends through barbaric life almost without a break, and survives largely and deeply in the midst of civilization. From the myriad details of travellers, missionaries, historians, theologians, spiritualists, it may be laid down as an admitted opinion, as wide in distribution as it is natural in thought, that the two chief haunting grounds of the departed soul are the scenes of its fleshly life and the burial-place of its body. As in North America the Chickasaws believe that the spirits of the dead in their bodily shape move about among the living in great joy; as the Aleutian Islanders fancied the souls of the departed walking unseen among their kindred, and accompanying them in their journeys by sea and land; as Africans think that souls of the dead dwell in their midst, and eat with them at

meal times ; as Chinese pay their respects to kindred spirits present in the halls of ancestors ; so multitudes in Europe and America live in an atmosphere that swarms with ghostly shapes—spirits of the dead, who sit over against the mystic by his midnight fire, rap and write in spirit-circles, and peep over girls' shoulders as they scare themselves into hysterics with ghost-stories. Almost throughout the vast range of animistic religion, we shall find the souls of the departed hospitably entertained by the survivors on set occasions, and manes-worship, so deep and strong among the faiths of the world, recognizes with a reverence not without fear and trembling those ancestral spirits which, powerful for good or ill, manifest their presence among mankind. Nevertheless, death and life dwell but ill together, and from savagery onward there is recorded many a device by which the survivors have sought to rid themselves of household ghosts.

Though the unhappy savage custom of deserting houses after a decease may mostly be connected with other causes, such as horror or abnegation of all things belonging to the dead, there are cases where it appears that the place is simply abandoned to the ghost. In Old Calabar it was customary for the son to leave his father's house to decay, but after two years he might rebuild it, the ghost being thought by that time to have departed. The Hottentots abandoned the dead man's house, and were said to avoid entering it lest the ghost should be within. The Yakuts let the hut fall in ruins where anyone had expired, thinking it the habitation of demons. The Karens were said to destroy their villages to escape the dangerous neighborhood of departed souls. Such proceedings, however, scarcely extend beyond the limits of savagery, and only a feeble survival of the old thought lingers on into civilization, where from time to time a haunted house is left to fall to ruins, abandoned to a ghostly tenant who cannot keep it in repair. But even in the lowest culture we find flesh holding its own against spirit, and at higher stages the householder rids himself with little scruple of an unwelcome inmate. The Greenlanders would carry the dead out by the window, not by the door, while an old woman, waving a firebrand behind, cried, "Pik-lerrukpok !" i. e., "There is nothing more to be had here !" The Hottentots removed the dead from the hut by an opening broken out on purpose, to prevent him from finding the way back ; the Siamese, with the same intention, break an opening through the house wall to carry the coffin through, and then hurry it at full speed thrice round the house. The Siberian Chuwashes fling a red-hot stone after the corpse is carried out, for an obstacle to bar the soul from coming back ; so Brandenburg peasants pour out a pail of water at the door after the coffin, to prevent the soul from walking ; and Pomeranian mourners returning from the churchyard leave behind the straw from the hearse, that the wandering soul may rest there, and not come back so far as home.

In the ancient and the mediæval world, men habitually invoked spiritual aid beyond such material shifts as these, calling in the priest to lay or banish intrud-

ing ghosts ; nor is this branch of the exorcist's art even yet forgotten. There is, and always has been, a prevalent feeling that disembodied souls, especially such as have suffered a violent or untimely death, are baneful and malicious beings. As Meiners suggests in his "History of Religions," they were driven unwillingly from their bodies, and have carried into their new existence an angry longing for revenge. No wonder that mankind should so generally agree that, if the souls of the dead must linger in the world at all, their fitting abode should be, not the haunts of the living, but the resting-places of the dead.

After all, it scarcely seems, to the lower-animistic philosophy, that the connection between body and soul is utterly broken by death. Various wants may keep the soul from its desired rest, and among the chief of these is when its mortal remains have not had the funeral rites. Hence the deep-lying belief that ghosts of such will walk. Among some Australian tribes, the "ingna," or evil spirits, human in shape, but with long tails and long upright ears, are mostly souls of departed natives whose bodies were left to lie unburied, or whose death the avenger of blood had failed to expiate ; and thus they have to prow on the face of the earth, and about the place of death, with no gratification but to harm the living. In New Zealand, the ideas were to be found that the souls of the dead were apt to linger near their bodies, and that the spirits of men left unburied, or killed in battle and eaten, would wander ; and the bringing such malignant souls to dwell within the sacred burial-enclosure was a task for the priest to accomplish with his charms. Among the Iroquois of North America the spirit also stays near the body for a time, and, "unless the rites of burial were performed, it was believed that the spirits of the dead hovered for a time upon the earth, in a state of great unhappiness. Hence their extreme solicitude to procure the bodies of those slain in battle." Among the Brazilian tribes, the wandering shadows of the dead are said to be considered unresting till burial. In Turanian regions of North Asia, the spirits of the dead who have no resting-place in earth are thought of as lingering above ground, especially where their dust remains. South Asia has such beliefs : the Karens say that the ghosts who wander on the earth are not the spirits of those who go to *Plu*, the land of the dead, but of infants, of such as died by violence, of the wicked, and of those who by an accident have not been buried or burned. The Siamese fear as unkindly spirits the souls of such as died a violent death or were not buried with the proper rites and who, desiring expiation, invisibly terrify their descendants.

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THE DOOM OF CHRISTIAN SPAIN.

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER."

II.

What does the Spanish Constitution say? "This nation binds itself to maintain the worship and ministers of the Roman Catholic religion." A glorious ambition! for which a nation must pay heavily. Protestant worship is allowed, but it must be entirely in private, and all public announcements are forbidden. Spain has 65 cathedrals; 30 religious colleges; 18,564 churches; 161 monasteries, with 1,684 monks; 1,027 convents, with 14,592 nuns; 11,202 sanctuaries and other religious houses, not churches; and 32,435 priests for a population of something over seventeen millions. Such a number of priests is enough to make a larger nation stupid—not to say poor and miserable.

According to the last census of which we have the figures—that of 1887—the following are the numbers of non-Catholics in Spain:—

6,654	Protestants
402	Jews
9,645	Rationalists
510	Other Religions
13,175	Religion not stated.

All the rest of the 17,565,632 are Catholics.

There is some hope still for Spain if she has nearly ten thousand Rationalists—to which number, we suspect, must be added a good many of those who prudently declined to state their religious belief. Some of those Rationalists, of course, have a pretty rough time in such a bigoted nation. When we attended the International Freethought Congress at Paris, in 1889, we had the pleasure of shaking hands with a Spanish Freethinker from Barcelona, a gentleman of education and refinement, who had left his native land in a great hurry. He had written an article, such as any Radical newspaper would publish in England, on the Giordano Bruno celebration at Rome. He called Bruno a noble martyr, which he undoubtedly was, and condemned the Church for burning him to death. For this article he was prosecuted. He was found guilty of insulting the Catholic Church, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

Spain is wonderfully pious, and of course she is wonderfully ignorant. The item in the national Budget for Education amounts to 1,868,650 pesetas—about £78,000. In 1889 only 28 per cent. of the people could read and write, and it is not likely that much improvement has taken place in nine years. Just think of it! With all her sonorous gasconade and donnish posturing, she leaves the immense majority of her people in gross illiteracy. They cannot even read the glorious book of Cervantes, which is the delight of the whole civilized world.

Multitudes of Spaniards have no idea of the relative size and position of their own country in the world. When the poet, James Thomson, ("B.V."), was acting as correspondent to a newspaper during the last Carlist war, he showed some of the Basque peasants a map, pointing out Spain to them, and also their own district of the peninsula. The result was that they were all dumbfounded and crestfallen. They fancied that Spain was the biggest part of the world, and that their own district was the biggest part of Spain.

The best-known personages in Spain are saints. The most precious articles are relics. The most powerful men are cardinals, bishops, and priests. The most popular men are bull-fighters. A leading *toreador* is the envy of all the men and the darling of all the women. He commands a princely salary, and enjoys the highest distinction, not to mention other privileges which are not exactly describable. Bullfighting in Spain is not on a level with the forms of cruelty which humanitarians seek to suppress in England. It is not sporadic but chronic; it does not sneak about in search of patrons, it is a national institution, patronized by all classes of society from princes to beggars. Priests occupy seats and watch the bloody sport, which is necessarily demoralizing, and perhaps more so to the spectators than to the performers. It blends pleasure with the suffering of others, and recreation with bloodshed, and panders to the fundamental savagery of human nature. No one who understands it can wonder that the Spaniard is so brutal in Cuba, in the Phillipines, or wherever else he rules; or that he tortures political prisoners, with instruments borrowed from the Inquisition, in the fortress of Montjuich. Even the Spanish women enjoy the bullfights!

Spain is the classic land of the Inquisition. Saint Dominic, the founder of the Dominican order, was a Spaniard, born at Calarogo in 1170. He it was who designed the model of that dread institution, although it was not really established till several years after his death, which occurred in 1221. Its operation was entrusted to the monks of his order, who became the Familiars of the Holy Tribunal, and were commonly known as the Militia of Christ. Tradition says that St. Dominic's mother, before his birth, dreamed that she was with child of a whelp, carrying a lighted torch in its mouth. This is interpreted by his followers to mean that he was to enlighten the world, and he did so—with the faggot and the stake. As an inquisitor at large in the country of Toulouse, where his fiery zeal was turned against the poor Albigenses, he announced his fixed purpose of calling in the secular arm to support the spiritual tyranny, and of compelling the Catholic princes to take up arms against the heretics, so that the very memory of them might be utterly destroyed. He was so dear to the Catholic Church that Gregory IX. canonized him in 1234. But if St. Dominic, a Spaniard, was the designer of the Inquisition, it might have been reserved for a priest of some other nation to be its supreme embodiment. This distinction

however, was in fact left for another Spaniard, the famous (or infamous) Thomas Torquemada. He was the confessor of Queen Isabella, and is said to have extorted a promise from her, before her accession, that if ever she came to the throne she would devote herself to the extirpation of heretics. He was appointed Inquisitor-General in 1485, and he organized the new Inquisition, drawing up its rules with his own hand. So fierce and unrelenting was his fanaticism that 105,000 victims were burnt or severely punished in eighteen years. His cruelties were too much even for the Pope, who curtailed his powers, ostensibly on account of his age and infirmities. He was so hated that a bodyguard of fifty familiars accompanied him on horseback when he travelled, and he was in constant fear of being poisoned, but unfortunately he died a natural death.

III.

It is to the credit of human nature, though to the disgrace of the clergy, that the Inquisition, wherever it was established, had always to be forced upon a reluctant people. This was true even in Spain. "It is an incontestable fact in the history of the Spanish Inquisition," says Llorente, "that it was introduced entirely against the consent of the provinces, and only by the influence of the Dominican monks. The Spaniard hated the Holy tribunal and assassinated many of its officers; and, as they were an organized band of assassins, it is a pity he did not exterminate them altogether. But in time the Spaniard was subdued, the spirit of opposition was crushed out of him, and he sank so low as to love his oppressors.

This glorious Inquisition searched out heretics—that is, persons with enough capacity and individuality to think. It imprisoned them with or without trial, it robbed them of their property, and forced their wives and families into destitution. It tortured them with every fiendish device. It had a separate agony for every part of the human frame. It burnt them wholesale at grand festivals. The roasting of as many heretics as possible was thought the finest spectacle at a royal marriage or a coronation. Often the poor wretches were cooked alive in a slow fire. Under the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands, a man named Leblas, for denying that the holy wafer was indeed the body of Christ, had his right hand and foot twisted off with red hot irons, and was then hooked by the middle of the body to an iron chair, and swung to and fro over a slow fire till he was literally roasted. Women far advanced in pregnancy were burnt at the stake, and gave birth to their children in the fire. Gilbert Burnet, as late as 1706, saw a victim of the Inquisition executed. The poor wretch was alive in the flames above an hour; he begged a few more faggots to shorten his anguish, and could not obtain them; and as he turned himself in speaking *his ribs open'd*.

Llorente, the historian of the Inquisition, who had been its secretary, gives

the following estimate of its victims in Spain, apparently from the time of Torquemada :

Burnt at the stake - - - - -	31,912
Burnt in effigy - - - - -	17,659
Condemned to severe punishments - - - - -	291,450

The number of those condemned to minor punishments might be reckoned at the million.

Not only did the Inquisition kill heretics, but it made an index of prohibited books, and hunted down all who read, sold, or possessed them. Thus it strangled all literature but orthodox theology. No wonder that Prescott describes it as "an institution which has contributed more than any other cause to depress the lofty character of the ancient Spaniard." And the verdict of the historian is confirmed by the biologist. This is what Darwin wrote on the same subject in his "Descent of Man." While the Church was encouraging celibacy (he points out) on the part of the gentler minds given to culture and meditation, the Holy Inquisition "selected with extreme care the freest and boldest men in order to burn or imprison them. In Spain alone (he adds) some of the best men—those who doubted and questioned, and without doubting there can be no progress—were eliminated during three centuries at the rate of a thousand a year."

Here, then, we have the innermost secret of the degradation of Spain, and a very slight inspection will show how it was accomplished.

Mark the way in which the Inquisition went to work. Notice how admirably its methods were calculated to reduce the nation to one common level of intellectual mediocrity.

First of all, heretics were run down, captured, and exterminated. Every man who had a little more mental power and strength of character than his neighbor was murdered, imprisoned for life, or in some way or other rendered what the Church called "innocuous." In other words, he was entirely, or practically eliminated. This process of elimination went on for centuries. It lasted long enough to destroy all independence and originality; and it explains the phenomenon pointed out by Buckle, that every bit of progress initiated in Spain in the eighteenth century was the work of foreigners.

Secondly, the Inquisition was so far-reaching that not even death could shield a heretic from its vengeance. Any deceased person could be tried for heresy, his body disinterred and burnt, his property confiscated, and his memory pronounced infamous.

Thirdly, condemned heretics, whether burnt or not, were always deprived of their possessions. The Inquisitors were required by the code to set apart a small portion of the confiscated estates for the education and nurture of children who were minors; but Llorente says that, in the immense number of processes he

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On every occasion to consult, he met with no instance of attention to the fate of these wretched orphans. Thus the offspring of heretics, as well as the heretics themselves, were as far as possible eliminated. The dice of life were loaded against them. The Inquisition operated with diabolical cunning through the law of heredity. It extirpated Freethought on scientific principles.

Fourthly, a shaft was aimed even at the offspring of *reconciled* heretics; that of those who repented, did penance, and were spared extreme penalties. Their children and grandchildren were prohibited from holding any public office, or practising as notaries, surgeons, and apothecaries. Being the descendants of men who had dared to think, they might prove dangerous, and, although they should not be killed or imprisoned, they were systematically handicapped in the struggle for life, and excluded from all positions of power or influence.

Fifthly, the burning of heretics was made a public spectacle, and was a constant feeder of cruelty and brutality. The people watched these religious murders with delight. Kings, princes, and nobles occupied windows, meaner people occupied seats in the open air, and the rabble stood around the stake. The sadder the victims were burning the better they were pleased. They mocked the poor wretches in their agony, and laughed when they cried "Mercy for the love of God," or implored a speedier death. This brutalization of the people, this branding of their pleasure with the suffering of others, went on for many generations, and largely explains the proverbial savagery of the modern Spaniard in every part of the world.

One should not hate the Spaniards. One should pity them. Their characters were made for them in the superstitious, bigoted, persecuting, and cruel past. They were the victims of thoroughly-applied Christianity.

IV — THE SPANISH CURSE IN AMERICA.

America was discovered by a Spaniard of Italian extraction. Christopher Columbus was really born at Genoa and educated at the university of Pavia. But it was in the service of the King and Queen of Spain that he made that memorable voyage across the Atlantic. The islands known as the West Indies were discovered first, the continent was not touched till some time afterwards. It was on those islands that the Spaniards established their earliest dominion in the new world, and there that they began their ceaseless policy of oppression and slaughter.

Columbus was a really great man, and his name, as Helps says, is "one of those beacon-fires which carry on from period to period the tidings of the world's great history through successive ages." But he was a superstitious son of the Church, and his motives were mainly religious. He dreamed of finding Paradise, and when he found a new world his chief thought was the conquest of fresh adherents to Catholicism. It is a dark blot on his great memory that he introduced slavery

in America, and he lived long enough to see that he had brought a curse rather than a blessing. Only five years after he landed in Hispaniola he said: "I swear that numbers of men have gone to the Indies who did not deserve water from God or man." On the other hand, the natives of the Indies were kind and gentle, and easy victims of the wretches who came from Spain. Columbus was once wrecked on the coast of St. Domingo, and the natives gave him the most generous assistance. His heart was touched by their kindness. "They are loving, uncovetous people," he wrote, "so docile in all things that I assure your highness I believe in all the world there is not a better people, or a better country; they love their neighbors as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." Columbus built a fort and left a small colony there, but when he returned, after a voyage to Spain and back, he found that every one of them was dead. They were so quarrelsome and licentious that the natives were obliged to kill them all in mere self-defence.

But, before we go further, let us see how the Spaniards stood related to Christendom in general and on what ground they rested their rights in the New World. They had, as they conceived, a stronger claim than that of conquest: they acted on the authority of the Pope, who was God's representative on earth. A bull was issued by this vicerent of the Almighty giving Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain and their successors, an absolute dominion over all lands that were or might be discovered west of the Azores; all to the east of that point having already been consigned to the Catholic King of Portugal. This Pope who gave away lands he did not even know to exist was Alexander VI. Robertson calls him "a pontiff infamous for every crime." Mosheim says he was "destitute of decency and shame." Symonds says that his sensualities were "as unrestrained as Nero's. Some of them defy description. "He died," says Ranke, "of the poison he had prepared for another." Designing to take off a rich cardinal, he prepared a medicated dish for the purpose, but the intended victim gained over the head of the cook, and what was intended for the cardinal was given to the Pope. Such was the wretch whose signature was regarded as a perfectly valid authority by the Spaniards for all their conquests in America.

Mindful of the claims of piety, the Spanish Government was very anxious about the conversion of the Indians. It was this, says Prescott, that gave the expeditions to the New World the air of a crusade:

"No doubt was entertained of the efficacy of conversion, however sudden the change might be, or however violent the means. The sword was a good argument when the tongue failed. . . . The Spanish cavalier felt he had a high mission to accomplish as a soldier of the Cross. . . . To him it was a holy war. He was in arms against the infidel. Not to care for the soul of his benighted enemy was

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put his own in jeopardy. The conversion of a single soul might cure a multitude of sins. It was not for morals he was concerned, but for *the faith*."

Robertson, in the appendix to his History of America, translates a long Spanish argument which may be taken as a fair specimen of hundreds. It is a pious message from a Spanish priest to an Indian chief, and is in substance as follows : There is one God, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There is only one true religion, namely that of the Roman Catholic Church. The head of this Church is the Pope at Rome, who is God's delegate on earth, having inherited the position from Peter, to whom it was first assigned. This mighty person has given all the lands in this part of the world to the King of Spain, and we have come to take possession of them. If you submit, and accept the Holy Catholic religion, which will be explained to you, the King of Spain will regard you as his good subjects, and treat you accordingly. But if you do not submit, and particularly if you do not embrace the only true religion, we shall fall upon you with the sword. Your wives and children will be massacred, and all the men who are spared will be reduced to slavery.

This was the spirit in which the Spaniards went to work, and their deeds were calculated to strike horror into the lowest depths of hell. They had the Cross upon their standards, and they imitated the example of Bible heroes like Moses and Joshua. They slew men, women, and children indiscriminately. They fasted Indians on gridirons, and trained bloodhounds to tear them in pieces. They hung the natives up in rows of thirteen, in honor of Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles, and burnt them alive. In Cuba itself, according to Las Casas, who was an eye witness, such cruelty was perpetrated that "never any man living ever has or shall see the like." In three months he saw six thousand children miserably, being plucked away from their fathers and mothers, who were sent to work in the mines. Multitudes of the natives committed suicide to escape the awful curse that had fallen upon them. On one occasion an Indian chief was fastened to the stake, and a Franciscan friar promised him the joys of heaven if he would only embrace the Christian religion. "Are there any Spaniards in heaven?" he asked; and on being told that there were he replied, "Then I will go to hell." The West Indies were desolated and depopulated. The million inhabitants of Hispaniola were reduced in fifteen years to sixty thousand. And this was just the same on the mainland. Fifty thousand were slain and half a million transported in Nicaragua. Four millions were butchered in Mexico, two millions in Honduras, four millions in Guatemala, and an untold number in Peru and Paraguay. In the last century the Spaniards baptized the natives by thousands, and then made slaves of them. Often, however, they "cut their throats" [as Howitt says] that they might prevent all possibility of a relapse, and send them straight to heaven.

The story of "the devildoms of Spain," as Tennyson calls them, horrified the

more humane minds of Europe. One remembers the noble protest of the scepter Montaigne. All classes in England, as Froude says, were filled with "a genuine human indignation," and her sailors fought the Spaniards, not only as Catholics but as merciless fiends. Sir Walter Raleigh gave eloquent expression to the feelings of a host of his countrymen in these words :

"Who will not be persuaded that now at length the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, ravaged, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapads, ripped alive, beheaded in spots, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as any Christian?"

Grand old Walter Raleigh ! He was one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived : soldier, sailor, statesman, and writer, and splendid at every point. That last expression does him infinite credit, penned as it was when the principle of toleration was so little understood. "*As free by nature as any Christian!*" What a golden phrase for that age ! No wonder he was called an Atheist, not only in private, but in public, when he stood for trial in that infamous court set in motion by the subtle and greedy pedant who sat upon the throne of England. It was one of the ironies of history that Raleigh was sacrificed, and his brave heart's blood poured out upon the scaffold, to please that very Spain he had impeached so magnificently.

THE "MISSING LINK" AT LAST.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF "PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS"
BY DR. EUGENE DUBOIS.

BY W. K. MARISCHAL.

Of all the idle quests that have moved men in the nineteenth century none have aroused the imagination of the public and steeled the enterprise of the daring more than the discovery of the North Pole and the search for that infant of the human race popularly symbolized as the "Missing Link." It is only fit that these two efforts of the century should, in its closing years, be crowned with success. There is every prospect that such will be the case. Great as has been the progress of Arctic explorers towards their goal, they have been beaten in the march by the rapid advance of the more patient and less foolhardy naturalists. Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, the dauntless explorer, must give place to

Dr. Dubois perhaps and many a man or a fossil remains the great prophecy Dubois has very infarsely to earth's civilization of man on Neanderthal animals, followed the Northern of yesterday unearthed. The stamined Pithecanthropus in the island near Dr. French, the Governme extinct an island. I for a mir Tertiary fary human geologist's earth's crin antelopes, earthed, n an ancesto The fea note. A rising in course thr wards to between s layer of th On the to tropical re followed b discovered

Dr. Dubois, the Dutchman, the geologist. It has been Dr. Dubois' lot, perhaps his luck, to discover the fossil remains of an animal which he and many of the great anatomists of Europe are in doubt whether to call man or ape, so much does it resemble both. No more important find of fossil remains has ever been made. The discovery comes home with all the greater force because it comes as the startling fulfilment of a prophecy by that great geologist, Sir Charles Lyell. In truth, Dr. Dubois has presented the world with a portrait of the human race in its very infancy, an infancy of such incredible antiquity that years are as useless to represent its age as hair-breadths to measure the length of the earth's circumference. Until now our authentic history of the existence of man on the face of this globe dated back only to the days in which the Neanderthal race of men, with the reindeer and many extinct forms of animals, now found entombed in the caves of France and Belgium, followed the retreating skirts of the Arctic zone, which had so long held Northern Europe ice-bound. The days of the Neanderthal man are but of yesterday compared to the antiquity of the being Dr. Dubois has unearthed in Java.

The startling discovery of this man-like animal, which Dr. Dubois has named *Pithecanthropus* (*pitheccas*, an ape; *anthropos*, a man), was made on the island of Java, in the month of August, 1891. In the previous year Dr. Dubois, a young, keen, and highly qualified geologist, speaking with the fluency of his native tongue the languages of the English, the French, the Germans, and Malays, was despatched by the Dutch Indian Government to Java to investigate the fossil remains of many wonderful extinct animals that are found in certain geological formations in that island. But sometimes it is with geologists as with anglers; they fish for a minnow and catch a salmon. Dr. Dubois was searching the Tertiary formations that occur in Java—formations that from an ordinary human point of view are of extreme antiquity, but which, from a geologist's point of view, are but the more recently-formed layers of the earth's crust—and finding numerous fossils of extinct kinds of buffaloes, antelopes, deer, hyenas, pigs, ant-eaters, and crocodiles, when he unearthed, mingled with them, the fossil remains of what has proved to be an ancestor of the human race.

The features of the district in which the find was made are worthy of note. A good map of Java will show a small stream, the Bengawan, rising in the hills near the centre of the island and flowing its short course through flat malarious country, covered with rice-fields, northwards to the Java sea. Where this stream leaves the hills it runs between steep banks, thirty to forty feet in height. It was in the bottom layer of those steep banks that Dr. Dubois found the fossil remains. On the top is a foot or two of surface soil, carrying plants common to tropical regions; then follow from twenty to thirty feet of solid sand-rock, followed by a layer two or three feet thick, in which all the fossils were discovered. The fossiliferous layer lies upon a thin bed of conglomerate

rock, followed by a layer of slate, the whole resting upon a stratum of marine formation. The upper layers, as we shall see later, are of river formation. Since the fossiliferous stratum is on a level with the bed of the river, it will be evident that excavations could be carried on only in the dry season, when the Javanese streams are reduced to mere isolated pools. Towards the end of the dry season of 1891 Dr. Dubois was urging on his Javanese coolies, picturesque in their short kilt-like *sarongs* and quaint head attires, to make haste before the rains stopped their operations, when there were quarried out from the fossiliferous layer, side by side with the bones of extinct animals, a tooth and the roof of a skull, evidences of a man-like being which must have co-existed with those extinct kinds of animals. The rains put a stop to Dr. Dubois' explorations, but in the following dry season he returned to the fossiliferous layer, and some yards from the site of his former find, unearthed another tooth and a thigh-bone. These four parts certainly belonged to the same kind of animal, and the fact that they were found so closely together makes it likely they are parts of the same individual. These four parts are all we have to reconstruct the missing link from, but they are sufficient for the purpose.

How did this old-world being come to find its last resting-place in this fossiliferous bed, so deep in the stratified crust of the earth? The truth is, the crust of the earth is but a magnificent photograph-album. Strata of rock form the pages of this album, and the moving waters—rain, river, and tide—work them and lay them down page upon page, sealing between the leaves samples of the animals and plants of the time. Such is the manner in which the earth writes the history of its animals and plants, and those that keep their eyes open may see it in the very act of writing. Standing once by the estuary of a river that opens on the Moray Firth, I saw, as the tide ebbed away, greyish points on the surface of the mud, that indicated to me, in its last resting place, the skeleton of some hapless North Briton. Just where it lay, the brown waters of the river mingled with the tide, and gently deposited tons upon tons of soil torn from the valleys and hills near Inverness, which lay enshrouded in mist behind me. There was the earth, by its own natural means of rain, stream, and river, carrying even the granite hills to the sea to form a page of its mighty album and sealing up this human document. Over against me, across the Firth, frowned the cliffs of Cromarty, where Hugh Miller learned to read and write the history of the Old Red Sandstone times. These cliffs, too, had been formed in water. The thought came to me involuntarily that some day the bed of the estuary before me might be but a rocky stratum at the foot of some frowning seacliff, and the skeleton I saw buried but a find for a Hugh Miller who lived when we moderns have become the curious animals that belonged to a remote geological era.

The fate which overtook the sailor by the Moray Firth must have been the hapless lot of the old inhabitant of Java. But Java was not then as

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is now. It must have been part of a continent large enough to feed and carry the great river that deposited the layers of sandstone rock, for they are of fresh-water formation. We can picture this great river rising in sudden flood, overflowing its flat banks and sweeping the surprised inhabitants along its sides—men, buffaloes, oxen, ant-eaters, hyenas, elephants—pell-mell together into its broiling bed. What was its bed when it is now become a fossiliferous layer. The river still flowed on, and, perhaps aided by the sinking of the land, piled over the fossiliferous layer the eight or ten yards' thick layer of sand rock. Then a change of another kind ensued. The continent became shattered into an archipelago. The land rose, perhaps very gradually, and in place of the mighty river flowed the small Bengawan, wearing in time a deep channel through the rocks laid down by the ancient river. That is probably how Pithecanthropus came to be where he was found, and it will be evident what degree of antiquity may be claimed for him.

Now, what sort of beings were those old-world fellows of Tertiary times? If this specimen may be taken as fairly representative, and there is every reason to take it as such, they were surprisingly like ourselves. It was a piece of rare good fortune that the thigh-bone was found, for no other bone can indicate so much to us with certainty. So perfectly human is it that it might belong to a London lady. It informs us in unmistakable terms that the human body was much then as it is now, thoroughly adapted for walking easily and jauntily erect. It assures us the foot was as our feet, legs as our legs, body as our body, and hands and arms approximately like our hands and arms. The roof of the skull and teeth allow us grounds enough not only to reconstruct with a considerable approach to truth the outline of the head, but to tell much of the character of these antique folk. They were beetle-browed, with sharply receding foreheads, with ears placed nearer the crown of the head than nowadays is the case, and, in all probability, with the wide-winged pug-noses of the modern Australians. They must have been people of no mean mental capacity. The skull-cap indicates room for a brain of 1,000 cubic centimetres, a brain three-fourths the size of an average European brain, but quite as large as the brains of many Australians, and twice the size of any anthropoid ape's. But from the skull we can learn much more of the nature of the Tertiary man than that. The complete absence of bony ridges for the attachment of the biting muscles informs us with certainty that the tusk-like canines or eye-teeth, that give the mouths of gorillas, chimpanzees and orangs such a murderous appearance, had already become small and in perfect series with the other teeth as in us. That means Tertiary man had reached a high point in evolution. It means he had shed the ferocity of his nature, and relied not upon his great canines as means of defence against his enemies, but upon his cunning and power of adapting means to ends. The molar teeth are large, and ground somewhat with the rough food of savages; but except in size they are in nowise peculiar.

Whether they possessed articulate speech we cannot as yet say, but the discovery of a lower jaw might set this at rest, for it carries the imprint of certain of the speech-muscles. Of his attainments and degree of civilization we know nothing. But it is only right to state here that in a Conglomerate formation in North Burmah, of probably the same age as the layers in which Dr. Dubois found these remains, flint chips, probably of human origin, were found, though recently it has been asserted that these chips had come by accident to be mixed in the bed where they were discovered.

There are certain other particulars concerning this old Javan individual which one can assert with some degree of assurance. What was its sex? The thigh-bone is not a certain guide to sex, but it can afford strong indications, and in this case it points to an individual of the feminine gender. The knees of women, in the erect posture, meet quite as closely as those of men, but the upper ends of the thigh-bones, owing to the wide female pelvis, are much further apart, so that the thigh-bones of women have a peculiarly oblique direction. The thigh-bone of this individual has that obliquity. Without taking an undue liberty, we may address this ancient individual as Miss Pithecanthropus of the Tertiary Period. Again, on the thigh-bone there are some rough outgrowths of bone, the result of a disease that still afflicts the human frame. Think of it: through all those long geological periods the human body has steadily carried its heavy burden of disease!

To sum up the net results of Dr. Dubois' great discovery, geologists and anthropologists have been taught that the age of man upon the earth is a period profoundly more vast than they had ever hitherto dared to dream. There, towards the end of the Tertiary period, was man much as we know him now, less of brain and intelligence, to be sure, but in body exactly like us moderns. It has taught us, too, that the evolution of man is a process ever so much slower than it was thought to be. It used to be pointed out by those antagonistic to the Darwinian theory that the Egyptian of the Pharaohs was just as highly developed a man as the modern European. But here is an individual to whom, in point of antiquity, the Egyptian of the Pharaohs is but as the child of yesterday, and yet he has changed in a minor degree only. It has also taught us that the perfections of man did not appear in his body at a single blush like the electric lamps of a theatre, but rather like the stars at evening, one by one, the greater first and the smaller afterwards. By the end of the Tertiary era, probably long before the end, the body of man was as perfectly formed as now, but his brain was not the capable instrument it has since become. Long after the body was mature the head kept on expanding. Dubois' discovery brings scientists to propound questions which every boy in the gutter thinks he can answer. What is a man? What is a "missing link?" It is clear that Dr. Dubois and many great scientists, by the name they have bestowed, place Pithecanthropus outside the pale of humanity. But is not a man an animal

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that has his hands set free from the purposes of locomotion to become the quick and cunning servants of his mind? In this sense Pithecanthropus is a man. Still it is also a missing link; for its form is distinctly more apish than ours. To trace man down to that point where he mingles his stock with other forms of life, there must be not one link, but hundreds of them, and Pithecanthropus is one of these missing links.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.*

IV.

BUDDHISM was the faith which spread through Northern India, Baktria, and Kaspiana under Kasyapa of say 900-1020 B.C., and his predecessors, and which was continued and extended by Maha-Vira and Gotama Buddha in the 5th and 6th centuries B.C., and by their successors in India down to our middle ages. Hwen Tsang, of our seventh century, found the faith flourishing throughout Baktria and Oxiana. The Chinese pilgrim expatiates with delight upon the many grand Buddhist structures and establishments of Balk, especially "stukas built," he says, "long ago in the days of Kasyapa Bodha." The very city, he adds, is still called Rajagriha, because of the many sacred traces therein of the Faith.

In Nemi (the 22nd Bodha) we see more than the dawn of history; and in Parsva (the 23rd) we have "an admittedly historical personage, who lived 250 years before Maha-Vira, or about 950 B.C. His followers are noticed in the days of Maha-Vira, a century before whose coming the faith had waned and was in a chaotic state. Parsva's two leading disciples, Kesi and Gautama, had labored at Sravasti, about 900 B.C., to establish the churches and retain the troublesome philosophical and sceptical members; but ritualistic divisions arose as to the use and disuse of clothes (which the first great Jina Bodhist Rishabla forewore), the nature of vows, and the vital question of all religions to the present day, *whether we have souls*, and, if so, apart from matter or our bodies? This led to four great schools, each heretical to the other:

1. The Kriya-vadins, who maintained that there is a soul, or Atman, apart from body.
2. The A-kriya-vadins, who denied this.
3. Vainayikas, who claimed salvation by Bhakti, i.e., Faith, or "Religion," or "Idolatry," according to some.

* Condensed from "Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions." By Major-General Forlong. London: Quaritch.

4. Agnana-vadins, or Agnostics, who gave no opinion on those or similar matters, claiming insufficiency of knowledge, and therefore an inability to assert. When pressed, they said it was enough if we concerned ourselves about matters of which we have experience, and which are necessary for the regulation of our conduct; and so said Gotama Sakya-Muni some four-and-a-half centuries later.

About 600 B.C. Maha-Vira and his friend and disciple, Gosala, tried to re-establish and organize the faith; but many matters could not be settled, and the friends themselves separated on that ever-burning question among ecclesiastical rituals and vestments, which Mira-Vira decided by casting from him all garments and joining the Digambaras, or, as then called, Akelaka, or "Naked Sect," in which he distinguished himself by many rigid and marvellous austerities.

The great tenderness of Jainism for all that has life has been the undoing of the faith. It could not advance, for none would fight for it. For some 5,000 years it has strictly upheld the Tolstoi idea of Christ's texts, "Resist not evil," "Turn thy cheek to the smiter," etc. Thus, when Jaines had built a beautiful temple at Avanti, or Uj-jain, and assembled in thousands to consecrate it to their saint Parsva, a Brahman Saiva pushed his way through the worshippers, boldly placed a Lingam in the centre of the holy place, and proclaimed it "the shrine of Mahadeva, the overthrower of Jainas," and the meek crowds quietly dispersed. (See Malcolm's "Central India," ii. 160).

From the Kankali Tila, or Mound of Mathura we have, say Gen. Cunningham ("Arch. Rep." 71-2, p. 46) and Mr. Thomas ("Asoka," 80), most complete and satisfactory testimony that the Jaina religion was, long before our era, in as rich and flourishing a condition as that of Buddha. The number and size of its statues and the beauty of its sculptures can scarcely be surpassed in the East.

In the Kankali sculptures are stupas showing that Jainas knew and favored this form of religious structure. Its lingaish form proclaims the old Sisna-devaism which Rishis of the Rig Veda condemned, as did Hebrew Nabim, though those built a model type of Chaitya and Stupa in their revered "Temple of Absalom," significantly called a "Hand" and a Yod. Brahmins had adopted Chaityas and Yupas in the time of the Aryan edition of the Mahabharata—say 400 B.C., for we read in i. 109, 13, that a country became "lovely with hundreds of chaityas and sacrificial posts"—evidently the fine pillars we still see around Buddhist stupas and temples. Originally, then, on these posts were tied or crucified the victims offered to Siva or the Sisna-deva; and to crucify on a pillar, or lingam, was to honor the Creator through his symbol.

From the "A'ini-Akbari" of Abdul Fazl (Akbar's historian), it is clear that Asoka supported Jainism in Kashmir when Viceroy of Ujain, about 260 B.C., as had his father Bindusara, and grandfather Chandragupta, throughout the Magadha Empire. Buddhism, apparently, for about a century after Gotama's death, was thought, by all who did not trouble themselves about details, to be a mere form

Jainism ; and Brahmanism was but an improved phase of the universal nature of the Hermaik worship which grew out of the Saivism or Sisa-devaism, condemned in the Rig-Veda. All were the recognized faiths of the wide Magadha Empire, which under Asoka extended from Gandhara to Nepal or Ahom or Asam, down through the Andhra States to those of Pandyas in Central Dravidia or Dramilia. Among and beyond these millions, Asoka labored assiduously to propagate his mild and kindly Jainism, especially concerning the sacredness of all life, as well as peace, charity and universal brotherhood. He adopted the highest moral standpoint, urging men to have "Festivals of Duty," rather than of superstition, rites and idle festivities ; and personally he set the highest example in the performance of his own duties. He established hospitals or dispensaries along the highways, which he shaded with trees for the comfort of travellers, the poor and suffering, giving them free housing, medicines, and attendance. He planted groves, dug wells, and inscribed good advice and educative thoughts, on religious as well as on philosophical matters, on rocks and lats and along the main roads, many of which still stand, relics of the first attempt at public education.

Asoka cared little what men called him. "Works and conduct, not creeds," was his motto, so we cannot tell when he became a Buddhist. In all his rock inscriptions he designates himself by the favorite Jaina title, "Deva-nam-piya," the Beloved of God, which no true follower of Gotama, who spoke not of spirits, would have done ; but in his 27th regnal year (247 B.C.) he engraved upon the Shahra Lat, which stood near Bairath, that "Buddhism is henceforth to be considered the religion of this Empire," and he then calls himself "Raja Piya-dassi," the Kindly or Humane One.

Asoka's later Lat inscriptions are on the same lines as his early rock ones. Thus he engraved on the Delhi pillar : "In religion and duty (Dhamma) lie the chief excellence . . . Religion consists of good works and avoidance of evil ; in mercy, purity, and chastity : these are to me the anointment of consecration."

This, then, was the theory and practice of the great Jaina-Buddhist religion, which flourished in India many centuries before and after the teaching of Gotama the Sakya-Muni, but we cannot yet locate its exact birth or cradle-land. It was certainly long prior to Parsva or Maha-Vira, and the days of kingdoms like those of Kosala and Oudh, and of Maghs or Malas of the Middle Ganges valley, or of Madras and Takshas of the Upper Punjab.

(To be continued.)

PROTESTANT FANATICISM.

BY CHARLES WATTS.

THE recent riots in Belfast, and the debate in the House of Commons last month upon the Benefices Bill, afforded new evidences of the fanatical spirit which dominates the minds of many Protestants. We must say, in reference to the Belfast riots, that we fail to see any utility in the processions of Roman Catholics or Orangemen that are held periodically in Ireland. They are simply displays of party feeling—and the most bitter partisans of all are religious ones—which are calculated to provoke hostility between citizens. They are regarded as an open defiance to the opposite party, and naturally lead to conflicts. In England, fortunately, such religious demonstrations have been generally abandoned, with a distinctly beneficial result; and it is quite time that such a course was adopted in Ireland, where priestcraft, Protestant and Catholic alike, outbalances reason. All classes of the community have the right to meet in public to advocate their views, but they have no right to make such occasions opportunities for violent exhibitions of religious hatred. The world is no longer to be ruled by fanatical processions, but rather by personal thought and enlightened statesmanship.

The cause of the recent outbreak of Protestant fanaticism in Belfast appears to be this. The Irish Nationalists were celebrating the battle of Antrim, which took place during the insurrection of 1798, the object of which was to destroy the supremacy of the English Government in Ireland and to secure the independence of the Irish people. The rebellion, however, was not successful. Still, the Nationalists are proud to celebrate the event as one of the many brave efforts the Irish have made to obtain their national freedom. When doing so on the 6th of June, in "an orderly and peaceful way," as we are told, the "pious" Orangemen made a brutal attack upon them, injuring hundreds of their "Christian brethren." It may be well for the editor of the *Rock* to study the details of this Protestant outrage in Belfast, before hurling any more of his fierce tirades against Roman Catholics. These fanatical Protestants might profitably study these words from the New Testament: "Thou hypocrite; cast first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Granted, that the Church of Rome is bigoted and intolerant, and that in its hands our liberties would not be safe. We in no way deny this. On the contrary, having regard for historical accuracy, we are compelled to admit that the Roman Catholic Church has been the foe of freedom wherever its hydra head has been raised. It has trampled under foot the liberties of peoples, and with the iron heel of its despotic power it has crushed all nobility and independence out of human nature, wherever

it has held undisputed sway. It has strangled thought, persecuted science, fettered literature, obstructed progress, and blasted all that is lofty in man. All this, unfortunately, we are bound to concede. Are the Orangemen any better in this respect? It may be that they learned their intolerance from the Catholics; but, wherever they got it, it most certainly is there; and a more narrow-minded and intolerant set of fanatics does not exist than these same Orangemen. Their intelligence is very seldom of an exalted character, and their zeal is as rabid as the proselytizing craze of a Jesuit priest. We would almost as soon trust ourselves in the power of the Pope himself as to a party of Orangemen. The Romanist fights for his Church, which is a great and very ancient institution; the Orangeman fights for a shadow which he calls Protestantism, but which has neither form nor consistency. He swaggers about in private judgment, but he dare not follow it. He says he is an advocate of liberty, but it is only liberty to agree with him. His creed is a mere negation. He is a Protestant, nothing more; and that with him simply means that he does not believe in Rome; but what he does believe in it would puzzle the seven sages of Greece to find out.

In spite, however, of this extreme fanaticism of Protestants, of which we have lately seen so much, they openly confess that their church is in "a very dangerous position," and that, to use the words of the Bishop of Liverpool, it is the hotbed of "notorious practices." The Bishop is reported by the *Rock* as saying:

"The increasing evils within the church ought to be regarded with very great alarm. The injury done, and the harm created, by the increase of these things was endless. It was doing harm in connection with the Nonconformists. There were many of them whom it was desired to bring back into the Church of England, and reunion had been spoken of again and again. But the more they heard of what was going on in the Church of England, the less likelihood there appeared to be of any reunion between themselves and the Protestant Nonconformists. Churchmen all over the land were angry. Some wished to leave the Church of England altogether. In many places they went to no church at all. He knew districts where men were never found in church; in places, he believed, ladies went, but men would not go on any account."

This is the usual result in any association that is controlled by fanaticism instead of by reason and common sense. We have long been assured that our supposed National Church depended for its support more upon women and emotional men than upon the masculine intelligence of the age.

The evils to which the Bishop of Liverpool referred were those mentioned by Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons during the debate on the 16th of June upon the Benefices Bill, when he said:

"There is at present in the Church of England a conspiracy to overthrow the principles of the English Reformation. That conspiracy is widely spread and deeply rooted. That it exists you have only to read

the statements which were made in Convocation the other day to be assured. I think one of the Bishops used the expression that he was 'aware that there were secret societies in the Church of England for the purpose of overthrowing the Protestant principles of the English Reformation.' "

The leader of the Opposition then made a bold attack upon what he termed the "perjury" that is being committed by the clergy, pointing out that these are the men who are seeking to have control of the education of the rising generation. We perfectly agree with Sir William that, "If these men conscientiously do not hold the opinions of the Church of England, let them leave it. . . . But to remain in secret societies, of which I have heard a good deal, and which I believe to be well founded, and to which Bishops have borne testimony, and in the name of the Church of England to have the control of the education of children in the parishes of England, is a thing which, in my opinion, Parliament ought not to tolerate." Oh, what receptacles theological institutions are for falsehood, fraud, and systematized hypocrisy!

It may be thought by some that we are using strong terms against the Protestant Church; but it should be remembered that the theology which it teaches constitutes a State-supported religion; that it has the authority and protection of the Government of the country; that its churches and cathedrals, its pompous bishops and archbishops, are to a large extent maintained at the public expense; and that this very Church has been a foe to mental freedom and national progress. When we recollect these facts, it is necessary to write plainly in condemnation of a system based upon absurdity and intellectual fraud.

A NEW DISCOVERY—ARTIFICIAL ALBUMEN.

It has just been announced that Dr. Lilienfeld, of Vienna, has discovered a method of producing artificial albumen. There are two recognized varieties of albumen—egg-albumen and serum-albumen. Albumen is the most vital constituent in the human body. Albumen-serum is the most important constituent of human blood. If artificial albumen can be produced it means that the ravages of illness can be repaired or the strength of the weak increased by subcutaneous injections.

Dr. Lilienfeld's discovery has been mentioned for some time past, and has been the subject of much humor, many jokes about it having appeared in the newspapers, but the *New York Journal's* correspondent at Vienna has interviewed the greatest authorities in chemistry in

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Austria, Professors Ludwig and Mauthner, of Vienna University, on Liliensfeld's invention. Both professors spoke very seriously on the subject.

Dr. Ludwig said: "There is no doubt that an important invention has been made. I cannot say more at the moment. I arrived at the congress when Liliensfeld was finishing his demonstration, but from what I saw I dare say there is surely something important in the matter."

Professor Mauthner said: "Liliensfeld's synthesis is quite new and exceedingly interesting to all scientists. I was present during the whole demonstration and can affirm that the synthesis showed correctly all the reactions and percentage in the composition of natural albumen, yet further researches are necessary to establish whether artificial albumen will have the same effect on the human body as the natural. It is the great peculiarity of pepton that it cannot be exactly characterized as other artificial products, for its constitution or grouping of atoms, which plays so great a part in its chemistry, is yet entirely unknown. As for the nourishing effect of artificial albumen, that is yet to be proved. Liliensfeld, himself, mentioned in his lecture that experiments to that effect are only now being made."

As regards the cost of production Dr. Mauthner remarked: "One ingredient, phenol, is very cheap; the second, glycochol, though also derived from a waste product, ammonia, is yet expensive. It costs twelve pounds sterling for one kilogram. But this he does not mind, as similar prices were paid in the beginning for aniline, phenol, alizarine, and many other products later on cheapened to a minimum by the chemist's art and wholesale production. Now thousands of tons of those products are made."

The serum treatment of disease has been exploited by Koch and others. The serum he has used has been the serum of animals. Albumen-serum is the most important constituent of human blood. The invention of artificial albumen, therefore, is thought to mean practically the discovery of artificial albumen-serum, with all that this implies. Chemically considered, Liliensfeld has performed a marvellous feat. Albumen makes one of the group in which fibrin and casein are classed. The three are sometimes called histogenetic bodies, because they are essential to the building up of the animal organization. The chemical constitution of all of them is exceedingly complex, but the most intricate of the lot is albumen. It is known that it contains carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen, with a small amount of sulphur, but the way in which these things were combined was hitherto unknown.

EUSEBIUS AND HIS "HISTORY."

BY S. W. GREEN, BROOKLYN.

We have all been brought up to accept a certain scheme of early church history. This scheme comes over to us from the Roman Catholic Church, but is generally believed by Protestants also. The great fountain-head of our so-called information here—the bed-rock of the scheme—is the Ecclesiastical History ascribed to Eusebius Pamphilius, and purporting to cover the first 324 years of this era.

Eusebius is reputed to have lived approximately 260-339, to have been Bishop of Caesarea, and to have enjoyed exceptional opportunities of learning what had taken place in Christian circles up to his own time. What "sources" of his facts does he himself disclose, and by what outside testimony is he supported? In his first chapter (Bohn's translation) he tells his readers:

"I shall go back to the very origin and the earliest introduction of the dispensation of our Lord and Savior, the Christ of God. But here, acknowledging that it is beyond my power to present the work perfect and unexceptionable, I freely confess it will crave indulgence, especially since, as the first of those that have entered upon the subject, we are attempting a kind of trackless and unbeaten path. Looking up with prayer to God as our guide, we trust, indeed, that we shall have the power of Christ as our aid, though we are totally unable to find even the bare vestiges of those who may have travelled the way before us; unless perhaps, what is only presented in the slight intimations which some in different ways have transmitted to us in certain partial narratives of the times in which they lived, who, raising their voices before us, like torches at a distance, and as looking down from some commanding height, call out and exhort us where we should walk and whither direct our course with certainty and safety. Whatsoever, therefore, we deem likely to be advantageous to the proposed subject we shall endeavor to reduce to a compact body by historical narration. For this purpose, we have collected the materials that have been scattered by our predecessors, and culled, as from some intellectual meadows, the appropriate extracts from ancient authors. In the execution of this work we shall be happy to rescue from oblivion the successions, if not of all, at least of the most noted apostles of our Lord, in those churches which even at this day are accounted the most eminent; a labor which has appeared to me necessary in the highest degree, as I have not yet been able to find that any of the ecclesiastical writers have directed their efforts to present anything complete in this department of writing."

That is, boiled down, Eusebius does not even claim to have sources, but proceeds to construct his history from materials taken from where the celebrated German got his camel—out of his inner consciousness. His way of putting it

only slightly different: "Looking up with prayer to God as our guide," and the power of Christ as our aid." These sources were then as now wide open every shade of opinion and every grade of conduct. As has been said of the Bible: "This is the book where each his dogma seeks; this is the book where each his dogma finds." "Prayer to God" and "the power of Christ" have been revealed to on every side of every question. Starting out thus untrammelled by evidence or lack of evidence, with the world open before him, and a certain dogma to approve and exact—"the dispensation of our Lord and Savior the Christ of God,"—as "a strong bird on pinions free," his "history" opens. From beginning to end he seems to have held constantly in view the concoction of a string of myths which should bolster up the dogma his history is intended to set and magnify. How could this object be more plainly and baldly stated than his words which I have just quoted? "Whatever, therefore, we deem likely to be advantageous to the proposed subject we shall endeavor to reduce to a compact body by historical narration."

Thus, unfettered by any necessity for testimony, any reverence for the facts of life as they had actually occurred, Eusebius dashes into his subject, and unfolds a mass of legends which, while they have been swallowed as verities by the faithful during many centuries, have been stumbling-blocks in the path of every writer seeking for the sequences that actually took place and make up real history. In Eusebius we come upon the seed of the wide spread notion that the old Roman government persecuted Christians. He narrates ten persecutions, beginning with that under Nero, in which Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom (he knows nothing of throwing Christians to the wild beasts, or, indeed, of the great fire at Rome), and ending with the tenth under Diocletian in A.D. 302. Martyrs male and female come upon the screen in crowds, whose names, with their fortitude and generally admirable behavior, stud the pages of early Church history. Alternating here and there with these persecutions are periods during which the Christians were cuddled. Lecky says:

"It is not, in fact, surprising that many writers should have followed Gibbon, in search of a satisfactory explanation, into an elaborate analysis of the causes that led the Roman State, which elsewhere exercised so contemptuous a tolerance for the religion of the peoples whom it ruled, to have undertaken the rigorous measures which it from time to time endeavored to enforce against the adherents of the new movement."

Suppose we take Eusebius Pamphilius at his own word, and regard his "history" as only what he claims it to be—"a historical narration" reduced to "a compact body" of whatever he deemed "likely to be advantageous to the proposed subject," and resting only on what he put forward as "prayer to God" and "the power of Christ." That is, the whole scheme is a myth, a fabrication, a creation, with no evidence, no testimony behind it—a sheer romance pure and

simple. It is incredible that what he records could have taken place and have been neglected by all except ecclesiastical writers. If Tacitus xv. 44, is not bald forgery, why is such a chapter in the old Romans Annals left solitary? Tacitus no more wrote it than Suetonius wrote the single sentence in which it is made to allude to Christians; no more than Pliny wrote the celebrated letter to Trajan near the end of the first century, asking for instructions how to deal with Christians.

Eusebius is only one of a large number of conscienceless fabricators who have dominated the Christian world for many centuries. It is time to lift this funeral pall from the memory of the old Roman Government, who never persecuted a Christian under Nero, Vespasian, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, or any other Emperor. Constantine's conversion is as unreal as the labarum he saw in the sky, and Julian did not apostasize from the Christianity he never heard of. I challenge any reader to point to any sources other than monkish creations for what passes for Church history for the first thousand years of our era.

A PROPHECY.

BY CHARLES C. CATTELL.

ONLY Freethinkers approaching fifty will remember much of William Maccall. I met him and heard him lecture only once—about 1853, the subject being Hannibal. At the conclusion of his lecture he related the fact that this brilliant soldier, when surrounded by his enemies, fell upon his own sword, depriving them of the opportunity of slaying him alive. "Some say he was not justified but I think he was," were the concluding words, at which half the audience hissed and many cheered, during which Maccall walked quickly off the platform without heeding the expression of feeling he had created.

On another occasion in London the late Harriet Law told me that after many speakers had completely riddled his arguments he simply rose and remarked that "he did not see that they had altered it."

At the time I refer to he was busily engaged with the biographies of distinguished men of other nations. In the year 1873 they were published in two large volumes. From the one on Joseph de Maistre, written in 1850, I extract a few sentences by Maccall which I think worth recalling. After dealing with Popery and Protestantism as in harmony with old Roman life and old Hellenic life, as theological systems, he predicts that the nations professing both will survive them both, but "the next and most potent unfolding of civilization will be marked by a prodigious decline of peculiarly Christian influences; a decline, however, only to be lamented by those who believe Christianity to be the es-

cession of God's will, and the competent solution of every difficulty in creation. An authoritative religion, Christianity has done its work, though priests may continue for a century or two yet to give it a semblance of authority. Men will long discover that they do not owe to the Christian faith such immense benefits as they imagine, and that much whose name they have hallowed as angelical is nothing but a perennial revealing of Roman force and Greek beauty.

There will be injustice, cruelty, exaggeration in this, as in all reactions; still it is only through reactions that man can reach that radiant and joyous catholicism, that identification of the divine and the natural, which is to be his final inheritance on earth. Men in a few generations will just as much overrate that they have derived from Greece and Rome, as for many ages they have been in the habit of overrating what they have derived from Christianity. But this error will be more harmless than the other, as there will be no dominant and grasping class like the priesthood interested in its dissemination. Of one thing we are persuaded, that not till Greece and Rome again enter, not as scholastic reminiscences, but as broad human facts, into the heart of the world, will a certain heroism of human virtue and a certain spontaneousness of human genius again be possible."

It appears probable that in Protestant countries this transformation will come earliest as, like Greece, they attempt to join public opinion with the love of liberty, which is the surest guarantee that liberty will prevail. "More than half the patriotism of every modern nation is a Greek tradition," says Maccaill, and, no doubt, we owe much of our intellectual progress and freethought to the same source. Greece studied nature and created philosophy. They originated stoicism on an ethical basis—unsurpassed by any modern system of philosophy. And not only so, but long before Romanism and Protestantism existed, and before that Christianity on which both claim to be founded.

It is quite time we abandoned all these Christian systems, and returned to the spirit of inquiry and boldness of research which characterized the fertile mind which taught mankind to study nature, and developed science, art and philosophy, so long obscured by Romish superstition and Protestant prejudice. The Greeks lived in the presence of the same eternal problems which only to-day are beginning to stir the multitude seeking what solution ancient and modern philosophy can afford. The two instruments of modern investigation—method and analysis—we obtained from Greece—the birthplace of physical, metaphysical, and moral philosophy. Reason instead of faith is becoming the guide of moderns, as it once was of the ancients, whose memory deserves reviving in our day.

THE DAY IS LONG.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE.

THE day is long.
 Its burdened hours in fetters creep
 Adown to that unmeasured deep
 Men name the Past :
 No cloud o'ercast
 Outspreads a friendly wing to ward
 The sun's free fervent glow outpour'd,
 From beaded brows and bent,
 So we are well-nigh spent
 When sunset comes.

When sunset comes,
 And slow the bandit shadows creep
 From gloomy glen, from steep to steep ;
 And with the Night
 Push back the light
 Behind the hill-land's topmost trees,
 How sweet the soft, sad twilight breeze,
 And ev'ry sound of mead and brake,
 Half inarticulate, like songs
 That reach us when we're half awake.

The day is long,
 The way is rough, its shelter spare ;
 Like vagrants bound we know not where,
 We wander on
 Till, noontide gone,
 We view the zig-zag path we've trod—
 Mistakes for guide-posts, rod on rod,
 With heaving, aching breast
 We sigh, " We'll rest, we'll rest
 When sunset comes."

When sunset comes,
 And pulseless darkness covers all,
 No wand'ring sea-birds landward call
 From waves that make no moan ;
 When Earth reclaims her own,
 Then bear me, grudging not the while,
 And lay me down, her weary one,
 Where purpling sunset's parting smile
 Last lingers where the day is done.

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THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

XIV.

NEILL'S first act was to recover possession of the bridge of boats, which was occupied by the mutineers. The very next day (June 12th) this was accomplished. Then, by a system of well-timed assaults, accompanied by not a few hangings, he so completely overawed the mutineers and those who sympathized with them, that the mention of his name created a panic. (To cite a parallel case: Nelson's name was a terror to the French. Fifteen years ago I often heard in Parisian *cafés* confirmation of this fact. A player badly beaten at checkers, dominoes, or cards would be told by his exultant conqueror: "Ah! voila un Trafalgar!")

Draw a line from Agra to Allahabad and another from Calpee to Lucknow, and not far from the point of intersection is Cawnpore. Its central situation made it an important point. And here again the folly of the Government manifested itself. Sixty artillerymen, with nine guns, were the only British troops in the place. And yet in Cawnpore there were many European ladies, their children, and many merchants. The native force consisted of the 1st, 53rd, and 56th B.N.I., and a cavalry regiment. Sir Hugh Wheeler, a worn-out veteran who had served half-a-century before under Lord Lake, commanded. General Wheeler did *not* trust the Sepoys; but what could he do? Sixty Europeans, however valiant, could not disarm 3,000 Sepoys. All he could do was to provide a place of retreat, where the Europeans could find refuge in the day of peril. Mrs. Fraser, whose husband had been murdered in Delhi on May 11, entered Cawnpore a week or so later. A faithful native saw her safely through the 266 miles' journey. This lady proved a true ministering angel in the days of distress that came upon the unfortunate city.

Frequent fires were the premonitory signs of the times. Sir Hugh ordered "an old hospital and two brick buildings, one thatched and the other with a stone roof," to be intrenched. Here the guns were placed, and plenty of ammunition, but the store of provisions was scanty. And in this poor stronghold, so slender that to it the sneer of Tobiah the Ammonite could well be applied, the women and children took up their abode.

Who was Seereek Dhoondoo Punt? No one answers; yet forty years ago his infamous notoriety was great. In 1857, all over the civilized world, men executed the name of NANA SAHIB. Nana was the son of a Bombay Brahmin; he was the adopted heir of the last of the Peishwas—Bajee Rao. Bajee plotted against the British Government; he was dethroned, but was allowed a pension.

It was said Nana forged a will ; and, after the death of the Peishwa, inherited his vast fortune. The pension, however, was discontinued. Revenge rankled in the heart of the Nana ; but, like the Raneef of Jhansi, he concealed his rancor and bided his time. The Nana, in luxurious idleness and sensuality, lived in the fort of Bithoor, hard by Cawnpore. The walls of his rooms were frescoed in a style that disregarded expense and decency. The writer was once invited to witness the ceremonies attending the marriage of a rajah's son to the daughter of another potentate. In a large hall, where the boy bridegroom received in state his visitors, the walls were decorated with life-size frescoes of nude boys and girls, men and women, in every conceivable and (to all except Indian artists) every inconceivable posture. The rajah's major-domo informed the writer that the walls had been expressly decorated with these frescoes to provide object-lessons for the youthful betrothed ! Rooms so adorned suited the tastes of the Nana. Whether Nana Sahib foresaw the mutiny, or had simply private designs of his own, it is impossible to say ; but one fact was apparent—he cultivated the friendship of British officers. Never would he visit them, but they were always made welcome at Bithoor and treated sumptuously. For an agent or steward he had an adventurer, Azimoolah, who, from being a waiter and passing through many vicissitudes, eventually became the Nana's right-hand man. Azimoolah was sent to London to intercede with the H. E. I. C. directors on behalf of the Nana, and to induce them to continue to him the late Peishwa's pension. Azimoolah failed in this ; but he had a good time in London, where the female fools of fashion lionized the ex-waiter. He was the instigator of the Cawnpore massacres.

After May 20th the roads to Delhi and Agra were in the possession of the mutineers ; and after that date the Cawnpore Sepoys began to show signs of insubordination. Meetings were held nightly ; and Sir Hugh, alarmed, applied to the Nana for a force to guard the treasure-chest. The lambs asked wolves to watch over them. The Nana sent a body of troops into Cawnpore. Sir Hugh wished to move the treasure-chest into the improvised fort ; the Sepoys prevented this. On May 21st all the Europeans except the magistrate, Sir George Parker, took refuge in the fort. The move was so hastily made that no special accommodation was yet ready for the women and children, who were obliged to rough it that night. But worse time were in store for them. An officer, writing to friends, after describing the situation, the miserable plight they were in that night, and hinting at the rumors afloat, adds, " I still put all trust in the Sepoys." This extraordinary infatuation had possessed the minds of nearly all the officers in native regiments.

On May 22nd Captain Moore, in command of a company of the 32nd Foot, arrived. Sir Henry Lawrence had sent these men (whom he could ill spare) from Lucknow. A week later more reinforcements arrived : 160 men contributed by

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the 48th Foot and the Madras Fusiliers. News, too, came that other troops were on their march to Cawnpore, and Sir Hugh thought he could send back the Lucknow men to Sir Henry Lawrence. But other news came; the Sepoys at Benares and Allahabad had mutinied. Sir Hugh kept the Lucknow men; and now there were in the little fort 450 Europeans (civilians included) and nine guns. Had it not been for the women and children these 450 men could have forced their way to Lucknow; but what British force would abandon women and children and leave them at the mercy of the fiends around Cawnpore? June 6th the anticipated outbreak began; towards evening the men of the 2nd B. N. Cavalry set fire to the riding-master's bungalow, seized the treasure-chest and bolted. An aged subadhar-major made a fight for the colors and chest; he was easily beaten down. The faithful native was found next morning in a pool of his own blood, but still breathing. He was taken into the little fort and kindly treated. Some days later he was killed by a shell. The 56th joined the mutineers on June 7th; the 1st B.N.I. went off on the night of the 6th in the wake of the cavalry regiment. The 53rd B.N.I., who had shown no signs of mutiny, by some stupendous blunder were fired into while they were cooking their breakfast! Sir Hugh ordered the guns to fire upon them without any provocation. An hour before, the native officers had been called out, and with about 150 men they were marched off to the hospital as a guard. One detachment of this ill-used regiment defended the treasury against great odds for more than four hours. The rattle of their musketry was heard at the fort, but Sir Hugh refused to succor them. As for the 150 men who guarded the hospital, when that building was burnt down by the rebels, they were denied admission to the fort on account of the scarcity of food. To each was given a little money, and they were told to shift for themselves. Alas for the faithfulness of the 53rd!

The Cawnpore mutineers were preparing to march at once to Delhi. Rightly enough, they surmised that that city would be the scene of the crowning struggle between the Sepoy army and the Europeans. Everything was packed and the march begun, but Nana Sahib stepped upon the scene. Not easily did the Sepoys forego their intention. The Nana's bribes, however, were too tempting, and the mutineers retraced their steps. To be in touch with the two great elements of his army, the Nana floated a Moslem as well as a Hindoo flag; to further gratify the soldiers, he allowed them to loot all the houses, whether they belonged to natives or to Europeans; and lastly, throwing off the mask, he intimated to Sir Hugh by letter that he intended to attack the fort. This menace was carried out the next day, June 8th.

And now there were two aspirants for rajahship—the King of Delhi and Nana Sahib. Later, a third joined them, and he wished to become King of Oude.

For three weeks did the Cawnpore garrison maintain the fierce fight against a multitude of savage foes. Bravely they fought and well; but who can depict

in living colors the agony of the ordeal these men, these women, and these children underwent? They endured hunger and thirst; they suffered from the heat of the broiling sun, the thermometer oft rising to the neighborhood of 140 degrees. Day and night the cannon and the musketry of the Sepoy thundered and roared; while within the intrenchment it was one incessant hail of lead and iron. And what was this fort so bravely defended? A square enclosure, each side being 250 yards in length. Around this had been dug a trench; and the earth thus dug out formed an outside wall five feet in height. Every here and there was an opening for a gun. On the east there was a small redan. Three small batteries were also erected. The defending men stood in the trench; and near each of them were placed half-a-dozen loaded muskets. In the centre of the small square was a well. The two buildings already mentioned stood near this well. No water was allowed for washing; and but little served out for drink. More precious was this water than that drawn from the Bethlehem well; and greater far was the risk incurred in getting it. One brave fellow, a civilian, John McKillop, on the plea that he was no fighter, undertook the task of supplying the women and the children with water. It was a dangerous task; for, no matter who drew, man, woman, or child, the one who went to the well became a target for a hundred Sepoys to practice upon. For about a week the "Captain of the Well," as McKillop was called, escaped scot free. But it came at last, that fatal messenger; grape shot cut a deep wound in his groin, and he died after suffering terrible agonies for an hour or so. Yet were his last words kindly directed towards others; he had promised water to some woman whose children were clamoring for it. Would some one redeem for him his promise? And so he died.

(To be continued.)

