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THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR:

A FREETHOUGHT MAGAZINE,

Edited by Dr. Arthur Allbutt.

| BRUNO. |

| SPINOZA. |

"THE GODS THAT BE, SPRUNG FROM THOSE WHO EXIST NO LONGER-"—Rig Vêda.

"THY WORK IS TO HEW DOWN * * PUT NERVE INTO THY TASK."*—J. G. Whittier.

AUGUST, 1878.

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THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR.

Vol I. AUGUST, 1878. No. 2.

THE DUTY OF THE YOUNG.

By CHARLES ALBERT.

It is to the juvenile members of the Secular Party that I address myself. It is their future that concerns me; it is their interest that I am desirous of promoting. The youths of to-day will be the men of to-morrow; it is to them that we shall look to lead the Secular world in the next generation. Their character and attainments are, therefore, of the first importance. We want the young of the Secular Party to be instructed in all the fine qualities common to men and women, so that they may become honourable representatives of the class to which they belong. In so far as they lack these qualities will the present generation of Secular parents be condemned by posterity. The disposition and nature of a child can be moulded to any form by judicious training. Secularism must win the hearts of the young, and then the young, convinced of the greatness and grandeur of their cause, will win the hearts of the people, who in turn will accept and teach the religion of Secularism.

What should be the ambition of the young? To possess an honoured name among society. This can only be done gradually. The boy or girl must first obtain the respect of his or her schoolfellows, and then, as he or she

reaches manhood or womanhood, each will have the admiration of society. The prosperity and happiness of both will thus be promoted. If they are unambitious, and disregard the opinions of society, comparative poverty, and perhaps misery, will be the characteristics of their old age. A person without ambition is almost sure to be uncared for. He will not possess the confidence of men and women, because he will have acknowledged that he has no faith in, or regard for them. Ambition is bound to be attended with some success ; contentment, in the sense here implied, will sure to be crowned with failure. The one is progressive ; the other is stationary. The one is life ; the other is death.

The rising generation, then, should be ambitious of winning an honoured name. To win such a name you must be honest, truthful, and just. You must guard against selfishness especially, for that is one of the worst vices you can possess. Unassuming, you should yet have confidence in what you do, or your society will be a nuisance, instead of a pleasure. You should be of an obliging disposition, ever ready to perform a kind action for a friend. Be always cheerful, and avoid giving vent to any evil temper. Endeavour to restrain yourself at the proper moment, or, after a time, you will lose all command over yourself. Cultivate all these natural qualities, and, depend upon it, you will be respected and admired by the whole of your acquaintances.

But a youth should be ambitious of other things besides that of winning an honoured name. To use the words of the great poet, Milton, he should endeavour "so to live that the world should know he lived." To carry into effect this praiseworthy resolve, you must possess the rare but inestimable quality of perseverance. It may be defined as an unceasing determination to accomplish a given object. Whether your abilities are in art, literature, the sciences, or the political world, perseverance is equally necessary. You should never falter in any work you undertake : once having decided to achieve a certain thing, you should be persistent and energetic until victory is won. Perseverance, even if displayed in a mistaken cause, receives the approval of society ; but apathy finds commendation nowhere. It

is regarded as belonging to persons of a weak and thoughtless nature—persons who have lost all respect for themselves and society, and who are resigned to a life of selfishness and despondency.

Possessing an honoured name among your friends, and also the grand and noble quality of perseverance, you are entitled to have great hope of success in whatever you undertake. It will be a pleasure to your friends to assist you, for they will be confident that they are encouraging a deserving aspirant. While willing, however, to receive their help, it is your duty to endeavour to be self-reliant, for otherwise you may cripple the spirit of independence which should characterise all your actions. To day great advantages are offered to an educated and persevering youth. In the field of politics there is every opportunity to distinguish himself. The House of Commons, though constituted on an unsound basis, is yet free to all classes. It is impossible to conceive of a more glorious ambition than that of working for the people. It is the grandest religion ever yet preached—it is the Gospel of Secularism. The arts and the sciences afford abundant room for Sec lar work—work which will make itself manifest to all portions of the community. Literature is surrounded by innumerable charms, and is productive of equally good results. It is the medium through which the world is enlightened; it is the great organ of Secularism, and therefore it is the friend of mankind.

In what I have written I have been purposely brief. My object has been to infuse into your hearts a desire to become respected members of the community, and a determination to assist in promoting the happiness and well-being of the people. I earnestly hope that the readers of THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR will well consider what I have written, and try to profit by it.

"I BESEECH you," says Horace Mann, "to treasure up in your hearts these my parting words— 'Be ashamed to die until you have gained some victory for humanity.'"

CAVES; THEIR LEGENDS, HISTORY, AND CONTENTS.

Chapter II.

Formation of Sea Caves.

By H. A. ALLBUTT, L.R.C.P., Etc.

Have you ever considered how caves were made? God did not plant the lofty mountains as we now see them, neither did some creator hollow out all at once the gloomy caverns which pierce their rugged sides. No—Nature has been slowly working for long ages, and has employed mechanical agents to do her work. Let us consider these unconscious workers. Some of you have been taken, during your summer holidays, to the sea-side. How you have enjoyed yourselves! You have dug holes in the sand, you have waded barefoot in the cool water, and laughingly run races with the fast coming-in tide. You will never forget the splendid sails you have taken with old fishermen. On those glorious August days, when the sun was high in the heavens, and fleecy clouds drifted slowly across the deep blue sky, how you have wondered, as sailing along the rocky coast, to see here and there dark-looking caverns running deep into the base of the tall cliffs. You have asked your fisherman friend why those caves were there, and in what manner they were formed? In all probability he could not give you a satisfactory answer. But suppose, instead of a fisherman, you had been accompanied by a geologist in your trip. What information you would have gained. The fisherman would no doubt have amused you with his tales, as to such and such a cave being frequented by mermaids, or haunted by the spirits of drowned seamen, or what is more likely, being used by smugglers to store their goods in. Your geologist friend would, however, have given you truly useful knowledge—for all knowledge of Nature is of use to man. Let us listen to what he would say. He would tell you that the sea which is now gently licking the foot of the cliffs, is not

always calm and mirror-like, but that often it is lashed into wild fury. Then great stones, sometimes many tons in weight, are hurled with terrific force against the hard rocks which line the coast; these, acting as huge battering-rams, break off fragments from the rough sides of the cliffs, and help to make indentations in the perpendicular walls. At the same time thousands of various sized pebbles are grinding away at the base of the rocks, wearing in course of time larger and larger holes; and the sand, like rough emery powder, aided by the fury of wind and wave, still further helps in the work of hollowing the steep cliffs.

Suppose you land from your boat and take a walk with your geologist along the rough shore which extends from the bottom of the cliffs to the edge of the advancing tide. On careful examination you notice here and there small smoothly polished holes on a level with the shore, and extending a foot or two into the over-hanging rocks. In each of these holes are a number of pebbles, lying close together, like eggs in a nest. How innocent they look! Unaided by the sea they can do nothing. But wait a little. The tide is coming in—and the breeze is freshening. In the course of half an hour you are glad to moor your boat to a detached rock, and take shelter in it, otherwise you would be to the top of your legs in salt water. Now the first waves licking the cliffs have touched the pebbles. You hear a grinding sound, and see the pebbles in lively motion. Round and round they grind, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly—but all the while wearing the holes in which they lie larger and smoother. What must they do when the sea is raging and the wind is blowing a hurricane? Then they work with great rapidity, aided by the sand which penetrates the small cracks and grinds these into holes large enough in time to admit the pebbles.

Follow the cliff line, and perhaps all at once you come upon some gigantic cave, extending for many yards into the side of the rock or even in some cases where there is a projecting promontory of rock, going right through it like a tunnel, from side to side. The same agencies have produced these large caves and tunnels. Thus, you see,

wind, wave, pebbles, and sand, are the agents employed by Nature to hollow out caves and tunnels in the hardest sea-cliffs. The smallest cavity, in time, becomes a tremendous cavern, frequented by sea-birds, and used by smugglers and others in which to store up their goods.

Having seen how the grinding of the shingle, working away at the weak places in the cliffs produces caverns and other hollows, you should examine some of the most marked characteristics in these sea-caves. As a rule they do not run very far into the interior of the rock. They are smooth, and often polished by the working of the pebbles and sand, and by the constant action of the approaching and receding tides. The entrances always look out over the sea, and the floors are nearly always horizontal. Sometimes these caves stand far above the reach of the highest tides, but they mark the line of the sea-level, as it was a long time ago. In such cases the sea has not gone down, but the land has gone up, and carried the caves to a level far above the reach of the angry waves.

You will find caves along most sea-cliffs. Off the coast of Dorsetshire and the Island of Portland, as you sail along, you will see many caves, hollows, and tunnels. Visiting the islands of Guernsey and Sark you will be astonished at the work the sea has done in the eating out of the hard cliffs. If your parents ever take you to those beautiful islands, what delight there is in store for you. Days, and weeks of pleasure will you spend in visiting all the sea-caves of those precipitous coasts.

The most famous cave hollowed out by the sea is Fingal's Cave, in Staffa, on the West coast of Scotland. It is the most extraordinary sea-cave in the world, and is hollowed out in what is called the *Columnar basalt*, the volcanic rock which abounds in that part of the Kingdom. Visit it by all means.

I shall have something to say in my next article as to other caves and their formation, and trust to keep alive the interest of my young readers, and to stimulate them to that healthy study of Nature, which enlarges the mind and strongly aids in the banishment of superstition.

(*To be Continued.*)

EARLY DAYS OF GREAT MEN.

By CHARLES C. CATTELL,

Author of "A String of Pearls," "The Martyrs of Progress," Etc.

It was the complaint of the miller who owned a mill a long way down the river that his neighbours above him took their water first, so that the stream, when it reached him was insufficient to turn his wheel. In every phase of life, in art, literature, trade, there is always some one first, or trying to get first. Hence the difficulty of originating and sustaining a claim to any new idea. There was only one Adam, and of his early days nothing recorded affords any details of his infancy or boyhood, so that, in his case we have an illustration of originality without greatness. As a rule, however, we give the name *great men* to those who have achieved some distinction for originality, as poets, painters, statesmen, philosophers, discoverers, inventors, and in some cases the name has been misapplied to those who have killed the greatest number of men in the shortest time.

A very curious chapter might be written upon the extraordinary events which are recorded to have happened on the birth and death of distinguished beings, real and unreal, in ages past. No one suspected that a swarm of bees would settle on the lips of an infant, or that crocodiles and serpents would mount the roof of a house, in which the newly-born infant was, without some great purpose. A little Jesus is an object of wonder to kings and shepherds, and even his clay sparrows take to themselves wings and flee away from the sparrows made by other little boys, who are not destined to found empires, or inaugurate new religions.

It may be well to remark that these extraordinary events which are found recorded, were, as a rule, unknown till after the infants had become objects of national interest. It is always best to wait till a prophecy is fulfilled before attempting an interpretation of its meaning. The want of

this precaution has allowed many a good man to go wrong about the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments, as well as about the expected ability and career of his only son. Better wait and then exclaim, with a look of prophetic wisdom, "There, I always said that boy would become something great!"

Emerson says it is a common complaint in America that clever boys get lost in the crowd. They promise a new government, a new religion, a new state of social existence; but somehow they disappear and dodge the account which they promised to settle on behalf of poor bankrupt humanity.

Some boys, who are very smart, quick, and clever, are like those beautiful preparations of gunpowder which so delight us at the fêtes, but they too soon become absorbed in the general atmosphere. They and their proposals to improve the world remind us of one of those great roads in the West—which open broadly with two footpaths and two rows of trees; but first one path and then the other disappears, then one row of trees, then the other vanishes, and at last the main road itself becomes a squirrel track, and loses itself in the trunk of an old elm.

Many great men were in their early days considered dull and stupid, and the only incidents which in after life go to show any "providential" marks of "a special" character are hardly worth repeating. It may be the youthful genius was rescued through the window when his father's house was on fire, or only "providentially" saved from an ignominous death in a brook nine inches deep, through the carelessness of some other members of the family, who little cared for the preservation of one of the to be heroes of mankind. Great men cannot be seen when too young or too near. It requires distance to enable you to see the mountain to advantage. The best view of Snowdon, in North Wales, is from off the lakes behind the Bee Hotel, many miles away. A ship sailing on the ocean, ten miles off, in the breeze and in the sun, is a beautiful picture, while when near it seems only an association of timber, tar, nails, ropes, and rags. Even the poor urchin without shoes, whose clothes are but a number of holes sewn together, appears to advantage in a picture.

Genius requires time; a man's work is seen in all its grandeur very often only after he has ceased to live—and appreciation arises in our hearts when it is too late to gladden the hope of him who served us.

The lesson to be learned from the boyhood of great men is that although we know what the boy is now—we know not what he may be—and hence a fair chance should be given to every boy, whatever his social position, in order that he may rise to that distinction which his genius, merit, or industry entitles him. If some men are "born to greatness," and others have "greatness thrust upon them," yet an open field and no favour is what I beseech my young readers to claim as their right, in order that they may "achieve greatness," or at least deserve it, whether they obtain it or not.

The reader of these lines may say, "It is all very fine, but what can such as I do?" The answer is—Do what you can, do your best. If a Secularist and only "a shoe-black," you must strive to be the best in your parish. To day you may see only the full moon—no perspective, but to-morrow things may wear another face. Never despair! I like the courageous words of the mariner—

"If my bark sinks
'Tis but to another sea."

The broad distinction between men may remain for ever, and still all may be honourable men.

Men who labour can do more than others; men of skill can do more than others, and do it better; men of genius can do what other men cannot.

I know well the advantages of a good social position, a good education, and plenty of friends, but those of my readers who are blessed with none of these have a possible future open to them, which may, by self-denial and patient study, be made to shed a splendour on the passing hours of their existence, and leave a name, the respect for which no power could confer, and no wealth could purchase.

Perhaps most of my readers are sons of poor hard-working men. So were Thomas Cooper and George Jacob Holyoake. Such were Robert Burns, Allan Ramsey, Robert Bloomfield, and H. Kirk White. Whole pages

might be filled with names of men who, in days gone by, had for companions—poverty and misery, but succeeded, as others may to-day, in doing their work in the world, in spite of obstacles many and great, and in leaving in the sands of time

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Footprints that perchance a brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

MEMORIAL SONNETS OF ITALY.

By CLARENZA.

I.

FLORENCE FROM THE GIARDINO BOBOLI.

Firenze là bella! from thy terraced height
I look far down upon thy garden bowers,
Thy lustrous domes, and castellated towers,
A fairy scene of loveliness and light.
Hence did great Michael contemplate thy shrine,
And exiled Danté muse upon thy vale,
And sweet Petrarcea too, out-pour his tale
Of unrequited love in song divine.
With tireless watch I now thy glories see,
And mark how Art with Nature blends in thee.

II.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

Grim Coliseum, thou who hast withstood
The shock of earthquake and the scourge of time!
Arena! vast, majestic, and sublime,
Where now thy sick'ning carnival of blood—
The eager throng which long ago did crowd
Thy spacious galleries, intent to see
Those youths' and maidens' wretched butchery,
'Mid dismal shrieks and savage laughter loud?
Upon an empire's wreck, yet not o'erthrown,
Vespasian's ruined circus stands—alone!

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

By X. Y. Z.

Presuming that I am addressing myself to young people, I shall endeavour to point out to you the necessity of being truly religious. Mark me. The quality I mean is not that which you have been accustomed to hear called by the name *religion*. It is not embodied in any books, claiming to be inspired; it is not confined within the limits of creeds or dogmas; it has not churches and chapels for its home, nor yet clergymen for its exclusive expounders. The religion I would urge upon you is of a different kind; it is far higher, nobler, and purer—it is the religion of Humanity. This religion—the oldest in the world, so old, indeed, that it was co-existent with remote intelligent mankind, is the only reliable one, it is the only one not disfigured by superstition. I daresay many of my readers have the advantage of the writer, in never having been forced, when children, to believe that if they did not put faith in the Bible they would be doomed to eternal misery? This is a horrible doctrine, and one which has crushed the best instincts in man's nature. The endeavour to enforce this belief upon people has been (as I may point out to you in a future paper) the cause of more national calamity than any other in the world.

To believe the Bible is the first great principle of Christianity, and those who do not so believe are called hard names, and, too often, have attributed to them the worst motives. This is a spirit of uncharitableness that I would warn you not to emulate. Remember that bigotry is born of narrow thought. It refuses to inquire or reason. The soul of the bigot is in his creed. The ordinary orthodox definition of a religious man is—"one who goes to church, says his prayers, reads his Bible, and trusts in God." I trust, my young friends, that you all aspire to be truly religious, and yet do none of these things? You cannot possibly be made better by being told

that God made man in his own image, allowed the Devil to tempt his first living creation, and then for this man's act, not sin (for as the Devil tempted him, and God did not give him strength to resist, Adam was not responsible), condemned the whole world to destruction. Educated beyond the influence of this unnatural religion, you would feel enjoined to exclaim, "What a cruel tyrant this God must be," and remembering how people have for generations, and still go on praying to this God, in spite of the wars, famines, murders, shipwrecks, and sudden deaths, which the prayers believe He *can* avert, you would say, "How silly must these people be, and when will they grow wise by experience?" Thousands of people, however, who do these things only fulfil a part of their education. They think little. They accept their faith ready made from their parents, and do not exercise their own judgment. They seem to think that what the majority believe in must be true. There is but little religion in their hearts, and yet they are not disposed to allow any religion, or even morality, to those who have cast aside the dogmas and forms of theology. Little need you envy the possessors of such a religion.

There is another class of religionists that I would warn my young readers against. These are the sympathetic, emotional Christians. They are kind-hearted and charitable. Their zeal in converting is worthy of a better cause. These good people, in their hearts may think the unbeliever a lost soul, but they seldom, if ever, say so. They dwell upon the bright side. They speak of the beauties of Christianity, the boundless love of Christ, the hope beyond the grave. Do not be deceived by such talk as this, for the very beauties of Christianity, its moral maxims, its counsels—the selected wheat from out the chaff—no more belong to Christianity than to any other religion. All that is not fable and superstition, all that is moral and ennobling, claimed by Christianity, is really the common property of universal man, and existed thousands of years before Christianity was heard of. In my next paper I shall have to speak of morality as distinct from theology.

(*To be continued.*)

UNPREJUDICED EDUCATION.

By Mr. CHARLES WATTS.

It is a familiar saying, that "the child is father to the man." Common place, however, as this adage is, it is none the less pregnant in meaning. It teaches us that the man is precisely the outcome or development of the child, that the foundation or substratum of the character of the one can be clearly discerned in the actions, words, and expressions of thought of the other. There is another old proverb which ought to be used to elucidate the adage with which we commenced this article. It tells us that, "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Now, if we take the twig as a figure of youth, we must also regard the tree as signifying the period of manhood. If we bend or direct the twig in a certain direction from the instant of its appearance above the soil in which it is rooted, we thereby control the whole subsequent growth, and the tree will assuredly assume an appearance from which it can never deviate, in accordance with the early warping to which the twig was submitted. And this is exactly the case with respect to the young scions, or rather shoots, of the great human family. The habits we form for our children, or allow them to form for themselves, will influence them throughout their future lives; and thus we see how true is the aphorism to which we have alluded, although it certainly cannot be regarded as being new.

For thousands of years men have known these facts, have given utterance to them, and have professed great anxiety in the direction of the character of their offspring. Instead, however, of being solicitous to provide for their growth in a natural and healthy direction, they have generally laboured hard to deflect them from the proper line. They have "bent the twig" in an unnatural manner, and consequently "the tree has been inclined," dwarfed, and stunted, in a manner which can hardly be too strongly lamented by all who love order, regularity, symmetry, beauty, and strength.

The great engine of which most use has been made in producing this malformation is Superstition. Under the plea of religion, man has produced successive generations of misshapen men and women. In the mistaken notion of pleasing the Gods, or a Deity, the utmost care has been taken to render the child dependant upon a something altogether outside of his experience, to make him lean for support upon a crutch, of which nothing definite or certain has ever been known. Thus the whole human race have been systematically prevented from learning the duty of self-reliance, and have been, in every, age and generation, the dupes and instruments of those who pretended to have a peculiar faculty of knowing all about the mysterious powers, in whose existence all were taught to believe.

It would be saying but little for the boasted knowledge of the nineteenth century were we to have to admit that the folly of this systematic warping has not frequently been exposed. It has been done, and indeed is still being done, in every region of the civilized world. Still, however, it is difficult to open the eyes of the million to the perception of the evils arising from the early training to which they were once subjected, and hence it is our manifest duty to teach both parents and children the proper course to pursue in the formation of character.

In the first place, we would caution our youthful readers against the deception of what is now termed supernaturalism. Beyond the fields of Nature, outside of perception, sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, we can have no real knowledge. Teachers may talk of heaven and hell, God and the Devil; but the pupil must on all occasions remember that these teachers never saw either of these. It is simply belief with them, and nothing more. Reason cannot be asked to authenticate or support it, because no one can reason on that which transcends—that is, goes beyond—his experience. Everything termed supernatural is confessedly extra-experiential, and no child ought ever to be troubled with considerations about what *may possibly* exist, because of such existence neither he nor his teacher know anything whatever.

A Christian bishop was not many years ago telling a

poor native of South Africa some of the legends contained in the Hebrew books known as the Pentateuch. These stories the bishop warranted as real occurrences. So wildly improbable were these legends that even the ignorant Zulu could not receive them as being true. He quietly asked whether his teacher himself believed them; and this simple query not only put a stop to the lesson, but set the bishop upon an inquiry which convinced him of his error in teaching impossible stories, of the truth of which he could not have even the remotest knowledge. Let teachers and pupils alike learn an important lesson from the above fact related by Bishop Colenso.

Ignoring this alleged supernatural element, the child is free to study all else the world of science and literature has to impart. Bringing to this task an unprejudiced mind, he will rapidly acquire knowledge and proficiency. One of the greatest men of our century, the late J. S. Mill, was thus educated, and the result of his father's system was the production of the most perfect man of his time. All of our children are not so highly gifted as young Mill; but it is difficult to say how much of his subsequent greatness ought not to be attributed to his total lack of religion, *i.e.*, superstition. The region of religion and theology is not fit for youth to wander in. They should utterly ignore it until they reach manhood or womanhood, when they can—indeed must—once for all, decide for themselves whether it is necessary for mankind to trouble themselves about subjects upon which they can obtain no certain information.

Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a man or a woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn.

CHAMELEONIZING!

By WILLIAM HYCHEMAN.

VOLTAIRE said of "the holy Roman Empire," that it was not holy, not Roman, and not an Empire. So one may say of almost all the definitions in dictionaries of a small, lizard-like animal, fabled to live upon air, and undergo sudden changes of colour, at the sight of each observer! There is no colour of truth in any such statements. It is nothing but *chameleonizing*, or a change of colour, in different remarks, due to ignorance. The fact is, the so-called "lion on the ground," which is the Greek meaning of the English term, chameleon, is the name given to a genus of Saurians, or family of reptiles, noted for changing their colour, is and no fable at all. The best known species is the common chameleon (*Chameleo Vulgaris*), a native of India, Asia Minor, Egypt, North Africa, and Spain.

The physiognomy of this animal, is about as unlike a "lion on the ground," or elsewhere, as it is possible to conceive, in the nature of things. It has a large head, armed with appendages, like veritable horns, bony crests on the nape of the neck, a huge mouth, and extraordinary eyes. These latter organs possess the singular power of moving, each independently of the other, so that it can *look two ways at once*, and what with a tongue nearly as long as the whole body, protruded and withdrawn again with astonishing celerity, its power of changing colour, a slender prehensile tail, of no mean length, its toes each armed with a sharp claw, grasping, moreover, in two opposite groups, and other peculiarities of organization, this specimen of the order *Saura*, or lizards, may, I think, fairly claim, not only to be physically distinguished from kindred reptiles, but to have some kind of special interest for the moral philosopher, in the designation of those children who have not yet been emancipated by Dr. Allbutt and Mr. Symes from the danger and deceit of Mythology. Its ordinary colour is like that of the trees upon which it lives, a sort of gray,

or pale yellow; at the same time, I know from observation that it not unfrequently apes certain examples of the genus, *man*, and really "puts on" a variety of colours, according to circumstances. Ay; the chameleon is justly entitled to the problematical honour of being the arche-type—metaphorically of *chameleonizing*, or assuming virtues mortals do not possess, morally and intellectually.

Old as well as young persons frequently require to be reminded of the important duty of nailing their colours to the mast if they hope to sail triumphantly to port in the ship VERITY, and avoid the rocks and quicksands, which too oft beset our voyage on the ocean of life. Although in many children's magazines, different theories have been propounded to account for the faculty of becoming a turncoat—another failing, by the way, of unemancipated human beings, both of large and small growth—the true fact of this form of *chameleonizing* is found in the anatomy and physiology of the animal in question. In the skin, there exist two layers of curious pigment, of different colours, placed one above the other, the deeper of which occasionally appears in the very midst of the superficial layer, and then disappears instantly. And it is the wonderful prerogative to achieve this magic-like displacement of one *stratum*, or bed of integument, to a greater and less degree, in a sort of admixture with the other portion of cutaneous structure, that enables the "lion on the ground" (as he is etymologically yclept) to exhibit the phenomenon of *chameleonizing*, or, like his human contemporaries in a moral sense, of changing to many different colours.

The chameleon is not alone in his glory, or the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, in being "sole monarch" of all he surveys, inasmuch as eighteen species of similar lizards have been described, although it must be confessed that the moralizing reptile to which I am especially adverting in THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR, resembles the fabled serpent that tempted the mother of all the Israelites, in a Hebrew legend, (in one respect) he is the only *genus* of which this Saurian family can boast. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said of his distinguished friend and brother, of the matchless "Literary Club" (Dr. Goldsmith), the charming

poet, historian, essayist, and *mendicant flute player*, that "he had only one fault, and that was a thumper." So one may truly say of the singular animal now discussed, he is almost an unique evolution. All the chameleons, however, are essentially climbers, living not on air alone, as mythologists teach, but on beautiful trees and living insects, whilst supporting themselves by their feet and long prehensile tails, after the manner of our natural ancestors, the *monkeys* of olden times. Their eggs are numerous, and enveloped in a tough skin, like parchment itself, and their very lungs lie among the muscles, and beneath the skin, as it were, by means of curiously constructed air-cells, which give them something analagous to the fabled power of Æsop's *frog*, the fact, not the fancy, or the fiction, being, that the "lion on the ground," or more naturally, the true naturalized chameleon of Southern Europe, can distend his body to marvellous proportions, voluntarily, at pleasure.

By a curious mechanism, of which the tongue bone (*os hyoides*) is a principal agent, he catches his prey through the instrumentality, as I previously intimated, of a very extensile organ, darted forth with such *unerring precision*, as might well make him the envied superior of not a few gallant, ambitious volunteers, whether Gladstonites, Dizzyites, Russophiles, Turcophiles, or aught else, whilst the tip of its cylindrical, dilated tubular weapon, or stomach-provider, is covered with a strange glutinous secretion, from which its victims never altogether escape, until they have formed the molecular elements of *renewed* chameleons, in the chemico-physical processes called digestion, circulation, and assimilation.

Locke speaks of men, as each steeped in the prejudices of his special individuality, or nature — in short, seeing through coloured glasses, and Bacon likens the human mind to an uneven mirror, which imparts much of its own structure to all the impressions it continues to receive. What else is their view of mental philosophy but another illustration of real *chameleonizing*? Yes! how, in point of fact, the aspects of things change, in respect to the compound of phosphorised fatty matter, known as brain, through which they are seen from time to time, under different conditions, and yet how *sure* despots in the world

of religious mythology, and incorrigible bigots of *every* prejudiced sect — deemed sacred or profane — always seem, as to the exclusive truth of the particular opinions they hold! Such people interpret and misperceive even the scientific demonstrations of Natural History in general, and the science of man distinctly. Why? Because they reside in houses of their own squint-eyed construction; *all* the windows are of coloured glass, and the doors are closed and guarded by harlequin flunkeys, and made up of artificial dyes, or habiliments of crooked prejudices, mythic creeds, and foregone conclusions.

May pure light come freely and quickly from the pages of THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR, so that our children, and our children's children, may see the truths of the universe more and more clearly—learning only the commandments of Reason, Science, Morality; not mere *chameleonizing;* and lead righteous, sober, and intelligent lives, from generation to generation. By night, we may close our eyes and enjoy the peaceful Nervana of Buddhism; but while it is day, "Up, Guards, and at them," if our enemies fight for the slavery of body and soul.

THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full, not a decanter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy.

IT is easy enough to say, "laugh and grow fat," but the fat won't come unless you give the man something more than an empty plate to laugh at. Plenty to eat doesn't interfere with unrestrained laughter. That's what Shakespeare means when he says, "A man may smile and smile but be a fillin'."

THE ANGLER.

On one of those glorious golden days,
When the very earth looks glad,
And seems to say that no living thing
Should be sorrowful or sad,
The rippling sound of a pleasant stream
Was gently onward borne
By a passing breeze, which was playing near,
In a field of yellow corn.

A happy Boy, with a clear, bright eye,
Was standing beside the stream,
'Neath the scorching rays of the summer sun,
Which shone with a fiery gleam.
He had toss'd the hair from his heated brow,
And his jacket thrown aside,
As he eagerly snatched the baited line,
Which he plunged in the running tide.

The Boy seemed part of the lovely scene,
As he stood at the water's edge,
With a glowing cheek, and a sparkling eye,
His foot on a jutting ledge—
Impatient to catch the first attempt
At a bite from the dainty bait:
But alas! to the poor boy's vast contempt,
He had many an hour to wait.

The day wore on, and no fish were caught,
Yet he hopefully waited there;
For the thought of a failure after all,
Was more than a boy could bear;
And tho' the bright rays of the setting sun
Were giving place to night,
'Twas hard to go home, after all the fatigue,
Without having a single bite.

And the little things darted around the bait
With a kind of longing look,
As if they were saying among themselves,
"We should like it without the hook;"
When lo! on a sudden, he gave a shout,
And a sort of side-way lurch:
And carefully drawing the rod to land,
He captured—a beautiful perch.

"You have fairly earned it," a voice exclaimed,
And a step came over the sward,
"You have earned it, my boy, and I'm glad to see
You have met such a rich reward,
And if ever you droop in the journey through life,
Or the struggle should hard appear,
Endeavour to do as you've done to-day:
Have patience, and persevere."

E. M. Relton.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

Troublesome children will never sit still,
Cry, and are fretful whenever thy're ill:
Good little children do just what they're told.
Try to be patient in spite of a cold.

Troublesome children are noisy and shout,
Break all their playthings and leave them about:
Good little children are merry and gay,
And yet they speak softly at lessons or play.

Troublesome children say, "Bedtime! oh no!
Please let me stay, mother; why must I go?"
Good little children, when "bedtime" is said,
Give good-night kisses and run off to bed.

Troublesome children are certain to find
Nobody loves them, and nobody's kind.
Good little children know every one tries
To make them grow healthy, and happy, and wise.

Now, little children, come whisper to me—
Troublesome children, or good, will you be?

Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.

REVIEWS, NOTES ON BOOKS, &c.

Venice: a Dream of the Adriatic. By CLARENCE FOSTER, M.R.C.S.L. Thomas Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, London.

Dr. C. Foster is a true poet. We read this poem of ten verses with very great pleasure. In order to give our readers some idea of the author's style, we present them with the first verse—

"Like the lone wanderer, who takes his stand
On some tall cliff, with heavy, anxious breast,
And looks far onward, o'er a weary land
For some green oasis of tranquil rest;
So even I, in long expectant gaze,
Hail, with delight and unaffected glee,
Fair Venice, gleaming thro' the morning haze,
A floating gem upon a crystal sea;
Ah! mortal ne'er in Paradise terrene
Beheld more bright or beautiful a scene."

We believe the price of the poem is Sixpence. None of our readers will regret the expenditure. It can be obtained from all Cook's agencies at home and abroad.

The Gospel of the Bishops and Clergy: a Contrast. Price One Halfpenny.—This is No. 1 of Syme's "Freethought Tracts." It gives a good rap at the ecclesiastics who ignore the teachings of their Master, and have introduced a new gospel, entirely at variance with that taught by Jesus and his first disciples. The chapter on the Rich man, *a Bishop*, and Lazarus, is very striking. We trust Mr. Symes will give to the world some more of the series, shortly. The above tract may be obtained of the author, 5, Brunswick Place, Leeds.

Health and Life. By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S. Daldy, Isbister & Co., 56, Ludgate Hill, London.

For those who desire to be well-versed in practical sanitary science, we recommend this work. It is written in a pleasing, popular style, and will be interesting to our young friends.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

7.—Who was the first African explorer?—*George.*

8.—What is the exact distance of the sun from the earth?—*Young Astronomer.*

9.—When was Iceland discovered?—*A Dane.*

10.—How many valves has the human heart?—*Papa.*

ANSWERS.

1.—"THE UNIVERSE."—In answer to the query of "Young Investigator," I think the exact meaning may be taken as follows:—The word *Universe* is derived from the Latin words, *unus* one, and *versum* to turn, that is, turned into one whole. It is also generally defined as something extending to all, whole, total, and also as Nature, existence, creation, matter, &c.; but it may also be defined as that which fills all space, that which has always existed, that which shall exist everlastingly, the source and reservoir of life and death, of happiness and misery, of good and evil, the beginning and end, and aggregate amount of everything. "The Universe" embraces everything that has existed, does exist, or shall exist, and everything comprising the Universe has ever existed *in some form*; and nought within its boundless limits can ever pass away, though outward forms may be visibly and radically changed. "The Universe" is that beyond which we can conceive of nothing. It embraces the so-called Deity the Christians are so fond of mentioning. "The Universe" is the great uncreated, the infinite, eternal, and illimitable,—in fact, it is an impossibly for the human mind to find words sufficient to express its true meaning.—A *Young Secularist.*

2.—"OLDEST KNOWN MEANING OF GOD."—There are no means of tracing the pedigree of any Saxon word further back than the "Codex Argentius," or silver-lettered Bible of St. Ulphilas the Mœsogoth, kept at Upsala. It is by some centuries the oldest extant Gothic or English-related writing. It is all in Greek capitals, with two or three added letters of the writer's own invention; and its spelling, both for God and the adjective *good*, is GOTH, only distinguishing the name (like the monograms for Jesus and Christ) by gold writing, all the rest of the MS. being silver, on purple-dyed parchment. Junius thought the word might be derived from the middle syllable of *agathos*; and doubtless, had the venerable missionary had occasion to name his people, he would have spelt them the same; our ancestors (*Godos* in Spanish) claiming to be the *good* nation. This verb. *godian*, continuing in common use among the Anglo Saxons, meant to improve, assist serve, or benefit. Godstone is still a place of good or serviceable stone; Gospel, either God's or the good spel or message; Gosport, God's or the providential port.—*E. L. G.*

3.—ZACHARIAH JANSEN, spectacle-maker, happened to place two spectacle glasses at a certain distance opposite each other, and he found that they brought objects considerably nearer. It was Galileo, however, who first brought the telescope to any degree of perfection.—*Celia Jermain.*

4.—THE FUNGUS has a stem, but the Lichen has none. Mould and yeast are Fungi. Lichens are lowly forms of vegetable life, which grow on rocks and stones, where nothing else will grow.—*Viola Fraser.*

6.—"DO ANY OF THE ROMAN HISTORIANS REFER TO CHRIST?"—Only Tacitus, but he is the only extant one of any fame, who wrote in the century after Christ, or indeed, who was not dead before Christ's birth. It is really odd that Tacitus should have named him, and no more to have been expected than that, in our day, Carlyle or Froude should allude to Joe Smith and the Mormons. He most likely got his facts from Josephus, who wrote before him, and was 20 years his senior, though not born till after the stoning of Stephen. "THE GOVERNORS OF JUDEA."—How can we tell? Where is any of their writing? They doubtless sent regular reports, which were kept at Rome, in public libraries, till its sack in the fifth century; and to these the Christian apologists constantly referred their readers, but did not copy extracts. We may wish they had taken the trouble to preserve the book of Celsus, their first adversary; but we know from their answers he had admitted the darkening of the Sun, and various miracles. Instead of questioning them, nobody seems, in the early centuries to have thought of any objection, but insisting that magicians were always outdoing them.—*E. L. Garnett,*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLATO.—Your article is unsuitable.

RACE-HORSE. — We do not approve of Gambling, in any form Cannot insert your lines on "Doncaster Race-Course."

JULIA —We consider you lack the poetical faculty.

J. MAC GOWAN.—Cannot insert.

DR. DRYSDALE.—Shall appear in our next issue.

MR. S. – Shall appear next month.

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