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THE  
YOUNG EMANCIPATOR:

A FREETHOUGHT MAGAZINE,

Edited by Dr. Arthur Allbutt.

*"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.

OCTOBER, 1878.

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# THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR.

Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1878.

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## THE INQUISITION.

*(Translated from the German of Schiller).\**

BY J. WHITELEY.

PHILIP II. no sooner found himself, by the Peace of Chateau-Cambresis, in quiet possession of his kingdom, than he gave himself wholly up to the great work of religious reformation, and became truly the terror of his Dutch subjects. The edicts which his father had promulgated against heretics were renewed in their whole force, and horrible courts, from which nothing was wanting except the name of Inquisition, watched over their execution. But the work appeared to Philip only half perfected so long as the Spanish Inquisition itself, in its completest form, could not be established in the Netherlands. An idea at which even the Emperor himself had shuddered.

This Spanish Inquisition is a creation of quite a modern kind, peculiar in itself; there is no example for it to be found in the whole course of the ages, and it cannot be compared with any spiritual or temporal tribunal that ever existed. There has been an Inquisition ever since Reason rebelled against the sacred Word, and doubters, and

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\* Schiller's "History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands from the Spanish Rule."

heretics existed ; but about the middle of the 13th century, after some examples of apostacy had frightened the Hierarchy, Innocent III. (the then Pope of Rome) established a peculiar court, and separated in an unnatural manner the superintendence of, and instruction in religion from the power of punishment. In order to be more sure, that no human feeling, and no touch of Nature should break the monstrous stringency of the laws, he withdrew the power of punishing from the Bishops and placemen of the Church, who by the bonds of citizenship clung too closely to their fellow men, and gave it over to monks, having a variety of human names; but who had repudiated the sacred inclinations of Nature—mere servile creatures of the Papal throne. Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France welcomed it; a Franciscan monk sat at its frightful council, above the lords of the Church, when judgment was given; some few States succeeded in keeping it out, or the temporal power managed to keep it in subjection. The Netherlands had remained spared from it up to the time of Charles V.; their Bishops exercised the spiritual censorship, and in extraordinary cases it was the custom to apply to foreign Inquisition courts—the French provinces to Paris, the German to Cologne.

But the Inquisition to which we now refer, had its beginnings in the West of Europe, both in power and form. The last Moorish State had fallen in Grenada in the 15th century, and Mohamedanism had at last given way to the superior fortune of Christianity. But freshly and little firmly established was Christianity in this most modern of Christian Kingdoms, and from the cloudy mixture of dissimilar laws and customs, religion had not yet separated itself. As a matter of fact the sword of the persecutor had driven thousands of families to Africa, but a far greater part of the people still clung to their homely skies, and through a horrible necessity bought themselves freedom by the hypocrisy of a pretended conversion, and continued at Christian altars to worship their Mahomed and their Moses. So long as its prayers were directed towards Mecca, so long was Grenada not conquered; as long as the new Christian became again in his home a Jew or a Mussulman, he was no more a loyal subject to the King or to the

Papacy. It was not sufficient for an unwilling people to be forced to the external form of a new belief, or to be united to a victorious Church by the weak bonds of ceremonial ; to complete the work the very roots of the old religions had to be torn up, and that determined discipleship had to be conquered, which by the slow but active power of centuries had been planted in custom, language and law, and by the continuous influence of home associations remained still in activity. If, then, the Church wished to make its victory over the hostile religions complete, and make its new conquest safe in all circumstances, it must plough up the ground itself on which the old belief is built ; and it must break up the form itself of moral character to which it is linked in the very inmost recesses of the mind. Its most secret roots in the profoundest depths of the soul must be loosened, and every one of its traces in domestic life must be washed away, and wherever possible, even the perception of its expression killed. Country and family, social position and honour, the sacred emotions of friendship and love, are always the first and nearest, with which religion mixes itself, and from which it receives strength, and to which it gives power. These bonds have now to be loosened, and from the most sacred of natural feelings must religion be torn by force—even should the sacredness itself of these feelings be sacrificed. Thus arose “The Inquisition,” which, to distinguish it from ordinary tribunals, was called the Spanish Inquisition. It had Cardinal Ximenes for its founder, and a Dominican monk, Torquemada, first sat on its bloody throne, formed its statutes, and with this legacy cursed his Order for ever. Violation of Reason and the murder of mind were its avowed purposes, and its working-tools were fear and disgrace. Every vile passion was in its pay, and its serpent’s trail passed over every joy of life. Even loneliness itself is not lonely to it ; the fear of its omnipresence chained up Freedom in the very depths of the soul. Every instinct of humanity has it thrown down under belief ; to it all bonds which men honour as the holiest have had to give way. All claims on his fellows, are, for a heretic, shattered, for with the most trivial disloyalty to Mother Church was he separated from his race. A few doubts as to the infallibility

of the Pope is punished as the murder of a father, and disgraced with the shame of an unnatural crime, and its judgments are like the frightful ferment of the plague, sending the healthiest body quickly to corruption. Even that which is lifeless and belonging to a heretic is cursed, and no fate can prevent its sacrifice; even on corpses and sculptures it wreaks its vengeance, and the grave itself is no refuge from its horrible arm.

The audacity of its sentences can only be compared with the inhumanity with which they were executed. For while it united the ridiculous with the horrible, by the strangeness of its processions it amused people's eyes, weakening the sympathies by rousing opposition, and in mocking and contempt it drowned all pity. The criminal was led to the place of execution with proud pompousness, a blood-red flag waving at the head of the procession, which was accompanied with the tolling of the church bells, then followed priests clad in mass garments singing psalms. After them followed the condemned wretch, clothed in a yellow robe, on which were painted images of black devils. On his head he wore a paper cap, which ended in a human figure, about which played flames of fire, and horrible demons flying about. Turned away from the (supposed) eternally damned wretch the crucifix was borne, salvation was worth nothing to him. To the fire belonged his mortal body, as to the flames of hell did his immortal soul. A gag stopped his mouth, preventing him from expressing his pains by cries, so that no pity for him could be awakened in the bystanders, and in order that he could not tell any of the secrets of the holy (?) court of judgment. After him followed the clergy in their festal robes, the authorities and the nobility; the fathers (monks) who had tried him closed the pompous train.

A corpse, it was believed, was being led to the grave—and yet it was a living man, at whose torturing the people have now to assist. Generally, these executions took place on high festivals of the Church, at which time a determinate number of such unfortunate wretches were collected from the prisons of the holy office, in order that by the multitude of sacrifices the act itself might be made more glorious, and even kings themselves took part in the

affair. They sat with uncovered heads on chairs below that of the Great Inquisitor, to whom they gave precedence on such an occasion—and who would not tremble before a tribunal which is above Majesty itself?

The great religious revolution of Luther and Calvin brought back the necessity which gave this tribunal its first origin, and what had been originally invented to clear the little kingdom of Grenada of Mahomedans and Jews, became now the need of the whole of Catholic Christendom. All the Inquisitions in Portugal, Italy, Germany, and France took the same form as the Spanish. It followed Europeans to India, and at Goa was erected a frightful tribunal, the description of whose inhuman proceedings still makes us shudder. Wherever it placed a foot it made a desert; yet, nowhere but in Spain were the results of its acts so deplorable. The dead, which were its offerings, may be forgotten. The race of man becomes renewed, and even the lands which it desolated and depopulated may again flourish; but centuries must pass away before its track can disappear. A nation richly endowed both mentally and morally, it stopped on the way of progress, and from under that sky where it was at home, it has banished genius; and a stillness, as if of the grave, rests in the minds of a people, which, above many others dwelling this side the globe, was called to peace and joy.

Charles V. placed the first inquisitor in Brabant in 1522. Some priests were given him as assistants, but he himself was a secular ecclesiastic (one not belonging to the monkish order). After the death of Adrian VI., his successor Clement VII. placed three inquisitors for the whole of the Netherlands, and Paul III. reduced them to two, which continued until the breaking out of the troubles. In the year 1530, with the assistance and approval of the nobility, the edicts against heretics, on which are based all others, were proclaimed, and the Inquisition was expressly mentioned in them by name. In the year 1550 Charles saw himself obliged, by the rapid growth of the sects, to renew and sharpen these edicts, and it was on this occasion that the town of Antwerp opposed the Inquisition, and very happily succeeded. Yet, the spirit of the Dutch Inquisition was, like the genius of the country, more humane than the

Spanish, nor did any foreign, much less a Dominican monk, ever manage it. The edicts, which everyone knew, served as its rule, but harsh as its judgments were, they were found less shocking, just because their arbitrariness did not appear so flagrant, nor were its proceedings, like those of the Spanish, veiled in secrecy. But it was just this latter quality that Philip wished to give to the Dutch Inquisition, because it appeared the best means to kill the spirit of the Dutch people, and make them capable of despotic rule. He began, therefore, to sharpen the religious regulations of his father, and to extend the powers of the Inquisition more and more, and its proceedings to make more arbitrary and more independent of the corporate jurisdictions. Very soon this tribunal wanted little besides name and Dominicans to be like the Spanish Inquisition. A mere thought was enough to get a citizen dragged out from the bosom of peace and from his family circle, and the weakest evidence carried condemnation.

He who fell into this abyss never came back again. Every benefit of the law ceased for him. The motherly anxieties of justice thought no more of him. On this side the world he was judged by wickedness and error, according to laws which are worthless to men. The delinquent never knew his accusers, and very seldom his crime; a reckless, devilish craft forced the unfortunate wretches to acknowledge their guilt, and in the delirium of torture to confess acts which had never happened, nor, even if they had, could they have become known to the judges. The property of the condemned was confiscated, and the informer was rewarded with testimonials and pay. No honour as a citizen was of any value as against the holy power. He whom it had seized upon, him the temporal power had lost. The latter was allowed no further share in its administration, than with respectful humility to complete its sentence.

The consequences of such an institution were of course both horrible and unnatural. The whole happiness of the most blameless man was given now into the hands of the most worthless. Every secret enemy, every envious wretch had now the opportunity of an invisible and un-failing revenge. Safety of property, and truth in social



life were gone. The bonds of mutual gain, of blood-relationship, and of love were loosened. An infectious mistrust poisoned social life ; and at the feared presence of an eaves-dropper, the glance of the eye, and the least sound in the throat were paralysed. No one believed in an honest man, nor was held to be one himself. Good name, patriotism, brotherly love, even oaths themselves, and everything which men hold as sacred had fallen in value. To such a fate was subjected a great flourishing trading town, in which a hundred thousand busy men were held together by the bonds of mutual trust and confidence. All by the spirit of gain drawn to one another, and yet separated by fear. Every support of sociableness torn up, where sociableness is the very basis of all life and permanence.

---

### THE LITTLE SCEPTIC.\*

A bright little girl in a thoughtful mood,  
 Sat down at her mother's knee :  
 The mother, repairing a boy's torn coat,  
 Was as busy as she could be :  
 And a little perplex'd (at the havoc displayed)  
 As fond mothers sometimes are,  
 When the little girl touched her, and pleadingly asked,  
 " Will you tell me a story, mamma ? "

Then the mother began, in an earnest way,  
 To tell her a story wild,  
 Of God so loving this wicked world,  
 That He gave up his only child  
 To die for its sins—and that man, after death,  
 Would live in a heaven afar ;  
 When the little girl stopp'd her, and angrily cried,  
 " Oh ! But wasn't God wicked, mamma ? "

" Hush ! Annie, don't speak about God like that,  
 What He does, we know is well done,  
 And we might not have heard of that beautiful heaven,  
 If God had not sent us his Son."

But the fair little daughter was still unconvinced,  
 She sighed, and said, musingly, " Ah !  
 But I'm sure that you wouldn't, to save  
 Give up our Freddy, mamma."—Fifty twenty worlds,

J. M. RELTON.

\* Refers to a real occurrence in a family of the writer's acquaintance.

## LESSONS IN LOGIC.

---

### I.—ABOUT REASONING.

BY X.

LOGIC is the science which explains the laws of the reasoning process, and the art which supplies rules for our guidance in reasoning. We are always reasoning. We never say anything but what we have some reason for saying it. In most cases there is no difficulty, but when we come to deal with matters with which we are not familiar we are very likely to deceive ourselves, and to be deceived by others, to accept wrong reasons when right may be had, and thus to miss what every Secularist ought to be trying to find—truth. You, who read THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR, will have many people offer you reasons for rejecting the Secular principles which this magazine teaches. Now, if you are exceptionally clever, and I hope none of you will flatter yourselves that you are so, you may, by a sort of insight, separate the good argument from the bad at once, and also advance, plainly and methodically, your own reasons for the beliefs you hold. But it is only here and there that you find a naturally clever person, the majority of us must acquire by hard-work, and a great deal of it, what the naturally clever person seems to get with no labour, or with comparatively little. In this and the following papers I cannot promise to supply you with an infallible touchstone, by which you will be able to tell, without any labour, whether an argument is sound or unsound. But if you give me a moderate degree of attention, I hope to be able to explain so much of the principles of *logic* that you will much more readily tell a bad argument from a good one, and be much less likely to advance bad arguments yourselves than if you were entirely unacquainted with these principles.

Reasoning is always about assertions, or, as we must learn to call them, *propositions*. Propositions are made up

of *names* and *connecting words*; and so, in order to understand what reasoning is, we must learn something about names and also the connection between them that a proposition affirms. But let us stop here a minute, and see one or two specimens of sound and unsound reasoning.

If you will turn back to the August number of the *YOUNG EMANCIPATOR*, you will find a very interesting article by Dr. Allbutt, on "Caves." Now, note the process by which Dr. Allbutt tells us we find out the origin of caves. Caves are immense holes in limestone rock, and their origin is to be accounted for. In the article there are two suppositions, or, as we must call them, *hypotheses*, to explain their origin. One of these is, that God hollowed out these gloomy caverns, meaning of course, that they were made by one sudden supernatural act. The other is, that they are formed by the action of water.

It is not very easy for me to tell what arguments could be advanced in favour of the former hypothesis, but these are the reasons by which the latter is *verified*. 1. We may see that where the sea along the coast has penetrated the softer parts of the rocks, pebbles and sand are washed by every tide, and by a process of abrasion consequent upon the action of the water and the pebbles, the walls of the hole are constantly widened until a cave is formed. 2. We see these caves in various stages of growth, from the size of a bird's nest to a hole big enough for two or three of you to have a good game in. 3. The large inland caves present many marks of having been formed by the sea, especially their walls are polished and scratched in a similar manner to the sides and floors of the holes we have seen making by the sea-side. Now, reasoning consists in showing that some new fact has a *mark* which we recognise, from seeing it in some old fact; if we can do this we are able to conclude at once that the new fact is the same as, or some near relation of the old fact.

Now, in the piece of reasoning presented by Dr. Allbutt you will see that in the formation of caves along the coast, one of the prominent marks is the appearance of the interior. This appearance or set of marks is shown to be common to the fact which we undertook to account for, viz., inland caves, and so we declare them to be the same in

origin. Of course an important operation is the identification of the marks; we must make sure that the marks of the old caves are of the very same kind as those in the caves now forming. This is the way that truth is arrived at in science; but you are not to suppose that the marks we have to discover are always marks that we can see, they are sometimes only qualities of things, and may be marks of *time* or *distance*, as well as of *colour* and *form*.

The above reasoning about the caves is perfectly sound and scientific; let us now examine a specimen that is unsound, but which has the appearance of being scientific. Let the proposition to be maintained be,—That the world was designed and created by an intelligent being, and the reasons advanced to support it as follows. If I found a delicate piece of machinery, suppose a clock, I should conclude, even if I had never seen a clock before, that it was made by an intelligent being, *man*. Now, if I find a vastly more wonderful machine than the clock, that moves with the greatest regularity, *e. g.*, the world itself, I have a right to conclude that it is made by an intelligent being vastly more powerful than man, *viz.*, *God*. Now there are the following mistakes in this piece of reasoning. When I concluded that a man made the clock, it was not because of any unmistakable marks it presented of being made by an intelligent being, but, because I had seen machines more or less like the clock, which I knew to be made by man. This is proved by the fact that savages on being shown clocks have believed them to be alive. And, further, if even it could be proved apart from experience, that intelligence was a force capable of producing a clock, it would by no means follow that the same force exaggerated in the highest conceivable extent, could make a world. No more than because we could prove that a man can make a clock, that we therefore ought to grant that he could make even the lowest kind of animal. You will notice that in what I have called *sound reasoning* certain marks were shewn to be common to two sets of phenomena, whilst in this sample of *faulty reasoning*, the identification of the marks has not been made out.

There is another sort of reasoning, in which we do not go to the facts themselves in proof of what we say, but

appeal to another statement, which the person we are endeavouring to convince is supposed to admit. For instance, I may affirm that, "John Thompson ought to have a vote," and if pressed for a reason I may say that "All persons who are not minors, nor idiots nor criminals, and who can read and write ought to have a vote." Of course the truth of the proposition I give as a reason might not be admitted, but if I can support it by any proposition which I can get admitted, I may consider my original statement proved. This sort of reasoning is called the *deductive*, that about the caves *inductive*. The distinction between these two kinds of reasoning will be brought out in great prominence in future lessons.

This last sort of reasoning is open to a great number of different sorts of errors or *fallacies*. Here is a sample of the fallacy called *reasoning in a circle*. God exists. How do you know that? Because the Bible tells us so. How do you know that the Bible is true? Because it is the word of God. Here we prove by the Bible that God exists; and prove by the existence of God the truth of the Bible. To prove the one fact we have to *beg* the other. The statements have nothing outside themselves to rest upon, they are mere *assertions*. Of course no person of ordinary intelligence would ask you to accept a piece of reasoning thus stated. The reasoner would want a great deal of paper, as much, probably, as is required for the production of a good thick tract or sermon, and the faulty propositions he would endeavour to slip in under a cloud of words. To disperse these clouds of words, and shew reasons in their naked deformity or beauty, as the case may be, is the work of the logical controversialist.

Remember, then, for the present, that reasoning is proving one fact by other facts, and that these facts are always stated in *propositions*. That evidence means *marks*; and the finding of evidence is really the comparison of things to see if they have marks in common. In my next paper we will see what we can find out about *names* and *propositions*.

(To be Continued)

## WHO WERE THE JEWS?

By HENRY BOORER.

Two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six years ago, died Solomon, King of Israel. Evil were the results of his policy of government, which became apparent when his death threw matters into a state of confusion, from which they never wholly recovered. It is the subsequent history of the nation that I propose to lay before you. But in order that the subject may be clear, it is necessary that I should say something about the previous state of things in the kingdom.

Our information on this subject is mainly derived from the books of the Old Testament. But, however valuable their testimony may be, we must not accept as fact everything they contain, without seeking some corroboration. For instance, 2 Chronicles xxi. 20 and xxii. 1 make Jehoram out to have been younger by two years than his youngest son, Ahaziah! but on turning to the parallel passage in the Book of Kings, we find that an error of twenty years was made in the statement of Ahaziah's age, contained in the Chronicles. There are several instances of such discrepancies scattered over the Old Testament, but the above is sufficient to illustrate my meaning, and to shew that the Bible, like any other book, must only be believed to be true, just so far as we have reason to think it to be so.

It is a curious fact that nearly all the literature of the Jews that has come down to us, had some bearing on their religion, or rather peculiar superstitions. Their history, too, is marked with the same peculiarity, the very records of facts being largely colored, and even wrested from the truth, by being written from the personal point of view of the historian. The various parties in the state were religious parties, that is to say, they were chiefly religious questions on which they were divided. Did a king lose a battle, one or other of the gods was angry, and must be propitiated. Indeed, they never appear to have ascribed such mishaps to want of discipline, or to unsound tactics,

and it was the presence and favour of the gods alone that won them success.

Many persons have an erroneous idea that they worshipped only one god, called Yahweh—misspelt in our Bibles Jehovah. Such, indeed, was the name of the national or tribal god, but the Israelites were by no means Monotheists, and, as they came more and more into contact with other peoples, had no objection to incorporate the worship of strange gods with that of Yahweh. Indeed, it is clear that it was but a few hundred years before Christ's time, that anyone started it as a definite opinion that there was and could be, but one god, and that he was Yahweh.

The Israelites were descended from that section of the Semitic Family, consisting of some dozen tribes, that had early migrated from Mesopotamia into a part of Egypt called Goshen. In the reign of Rameses II., during the latter part of their residence there, which extended over some two or three hundred years, they were much tyrannised over, and made to work in the building of two cities, Pithom and Rameses. From this state of slavery they were led forth by Moses. Moses appears to have been a man of great intellect, and of an enthusiastic and religious turn of mind. Having at length induced his fellow-tribesmen to resume their free, but wild and wandering, life, he appears to have set the matter before them as the result of a struggle between the Egyptian gods and their god Yahweh, resulting, of course, in the victory of the latter. He then promulgated a series of laws called the "ten words" (nearly equivalent to our "ten commandments"). Some of these words were mere developments of traditions already existing, as, for instance, the making of the seventh day a day of rest, consecrated to Yahweh, this day being already dedicated to the god Kewan (the planet Saturn). These "ten words" constitute all of the Jewish law that can be ascribed to Moses, all the rest of the Pentateuch being, as we shall see later, hundreds of years younger.

The end at which he aimed in all this was the union of the tribes. This he tried to effect, as we have seen, by using the fellow-feeling, already existing as a consequence of their sufferings in Egypt, and subsequent emancipation from that tyranny by himself, and thus making them

amenable to the authority of his laws, and also, being well aware of the effect of having a common worship, worked on their superstitious nature, and inculcated the service of Yahweh. By these potent means did he call into existence and strengthen, bonds of fraternity that laid the foundations of the subsequent consolidation and union of the tribes.

At the death of Moses, the most capable leader appears to have been Joshua. Under his guidance, some of the tribes proceeded to colonise Canaan, and settle among the peoples already resident there.

These nations were much more civilized than the Israelites, and dwelt in cities and villages. It was evidently impossible for the Israelites, as a body, to continue their nomadic life among a settled and agricultural people, though some of the tribes did still adhere to it. Their settlement caused a great change in their habits of life, and it was but gradually accomplished. Now, of course, it was necessary for them to turn their attention to tilling the ground, and raising flocks and herds. This brought about a great intimacy with the inhabitants of the country, who spoke the same language, and they gradually came to intermarry with them, and to join with the worship of Yahweh, the service of the same gods who among the Canaanites presided over their common agricultural pursuits, Baal and Ashera. This falling off from the worship of Yahweh, however, was regarded with an unfavourable eye by those of the tribes who had not settled down. These had preserved the tradition of Moses and worshipped Yahweh only. They were, however, in a minority, though increasing in numbers and gaining in strength, and became in after years, when they, too, had settled, a great and influential party in the State. Even at that early date it was chiefly their influence that prevented anything like a fusion of race between the Israelites and Canaanites.

This account, as you will see, is quite at variance with the Bible story, which speaks of the land as having been conquered by a combined army of the whole nation, and afterwards divided among the tribes. It is utterly impossible that this can have happened, as we know that the Canaanites were free and unconquered till the time of Solomon, two hundred years after. Other tribes of the



inhabitants, too, occasionally subdued whole tribes of Israelites for a time, which could not have happened unless they had preserved their independence. When the Israelites had been settled some time, and their well-cultivated land had become an object of envy to the surrounding peoples, they began to be much harrassed by their inroad, especially on the South by tribes of the Philistines. This showed them the absolute necessity of united and harmonious action between all those tribes who had anything to lose, and also on the part of those who were zealous for the national worship of Yahweh.

Here, for the present, we close an eventful chapter of history. Another time I hope to tell you of Samuel, the first of the prophets, and of Saul the first king.

*(To be continued.)*

### DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

THERE'S many a trouble  
 Would break like a bubble,  
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
 Did not we rehearse it,  
 And tenderly nurse it,  
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.  
 There's many a sorrow  
 Would vanish to-morrow,  
 Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings;  
 So sadly intruding,  
 And quietly brooding,  
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.  
 How welcome the seeming  
 Of looks that are beaming,  
 Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;  
 Eyes bright as a berry,  
 Cheeks red as a cherry,  
 The groan, and the curse, and the heartache can cure.  
 Resolved to be merry,  
 All worry to ferry  
 Across the famed waters that bid us forget,  
 And no longer fearful,  
 Be happy and cheerful,  
 We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

## THEATRES AND THE DRAMA.

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BY H. J. BECKWITH.

“The Play’s the thing.” — *Hamlet*.

A FEW remarks on the subject of theatres and the drama may not be out of place in this magazine—for I assume public amusement, and such rational entertainment as can be afforded by means of the stage, to be among the foremost causes of the emancipation of the mind, especially of the young; and a sure means of widening the general intelligence of all classes of the community.

Nothing, to my idea, can be more humanising and instructive than to see the life of history, fancy, and imagination pourtrayed—the worst passions held up to scorn, and the best to admiration. What a lesson is to be learned from a play, and how much to think of, if it be a good one, when it is over!

Here we have a well-lighted building, benches which groan with human weight, music which thrills through listening ears, and plaudits—how exhilarating to hear!—falling, perhaps, on the triumph of innocence over wrong, and the downfall of a vicious aggressor.

The drama, however, has had, and still has, its enemies, the most vehement of whom are (often enough) the preachers of a dismal, inhuman theology, they being fearful of anything but their own gloomy creed finding a place in the minds of the people. With them the pit of the theatre is but the way to the pit of hell, and the playhouse itself the “devil’s half-way house.” But in spite of that spirit of morbid dismalness which obtains in many Christian sects, and the cloistered notions of morality which are amongst us, held by those modern Mawworms of Society, who denounce all joy as Satanical, there is that element in things theatrical which must obtain the approbation of all who have a desire for intellectual amusement. In fact, there cannot be any doubt in the minds of the thoughtful, but that the stage has always conveyed a wiser and more

commendable moral than is acquired in listening to such as hold it sinful to wear any other garments than those of sackcloth and ashes, and who forbid man's gratefulness to flow in any other language than that of woe and lamentation.

“Let me write the songs,” says some author, “I don't care who writes the sermons”; and it is the opinion of a very popular London clergyman that two of the best known comic singers there have more influence over the popular mind than the Bishop of the diocese—which opinion cost the said clergyman his position in the Established Church, his superiors acting with the same spirit of shallow-brained intolerance and degraded bigotry which has been the chief characteristic of the majority of the clergy of this country.

To those who have not the opportunity of witnessing the stage representation of our finest plays, there is the alternative of becoming acquainted, by means of the library, with some of the greatest works of literary genius in the dramas of Massinger, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and a host of others, from Congreve and Sheridan to Byron and Bulwer. The present-time contributions to dramatic literature of such authors as W. S. Gilbert, H. J. Byron, Wills, and others, must also delight all who have any perception of the humorous, and who care for the Thespian art in any of its phases.

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GIRLS.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. Rich parents have petted them, they have been taught to despise labour, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn, lost, and miserable women upon earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their children from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheels of fortune turn swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill to labour is no disadvantage to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.

## THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

By X. Y. Z.

(*Concluded*).

I WILL surmise, and rightly, I hope, that you are being trained free from theological teaching? In place thereof you will be instructed in a code of moral religion which it is necessary for you to follow. There will be pointed out to you a certain standard upon which you should model your conduct through life. You may have companions, educated differently, taught in Bible classes, taken to church and told to implicitly believe everything they hear the minister say. Perhaps, though, you have found such young *religiously* educated companions deficient in those qualities, the sterling worth and necessity of which have been impressed upon you by your secular teachers?

You must know that the Bible-class and church instructed children do not always tell the truth, are not always honest, reliable, and upright, though they have the so-called advantages of a religious education. The faults and misdoings of religiously educated children are readily condoned, but the misconduct of a child not so educated is attributed, by the orthodox, to the system that does not deal with dogmas. Such people, however, may be convicted, by facts, of the error of their conclusions.

It is for the rising generation of young Secularists to prove that the love of truth and right is not only possible where theological training does not obtain, but that these qualities often stand out the brightest where ordinary religion is not found.

Orthodoxy goes hand in hand with custom. Orthodox religion becomes, therefore, a mere fashion, a thing practised at certain times and within certain prescribed forms, a thing to be ostentatiously paraded on one day of the week, and but casually mentioned on the other six days.

It is no more than truth to say, that the teaching in religious schools so often puzzles and clouds the child's mind, that inattention, begot of weariness, induces a lazy

indifference. The Bible dogmas fail to create a noble ambition or lofty thought, and the moral side is disfigured by the theological. The foregoing should not be *your* religion.

Your religion ought to form a part of your everyday life, it ought to enter into your daily conduct, whether in business, pleasure, or in conversation. Every day should be a holy day, inasmuch as you never ought to lose sight of the few simple principles, which, if acted upon, will carry you honourably through life. Honesty, virtue, truth, and charity, are qualities which, from the Monday to the Sunday, you should strive not to lose sight of.

Seek to show the world that such a character as these give is not dependent upon supernaturalism, that the secularly educated child may blossom into the good and high-minded man or woman. I cannot do better than conclude with the apt couplet of Pope :—

“ For modes of faith let angry zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose lips are in the right.”

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## RELIGION *v.* JUGGLERY.

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Ever remember this—That to you, who realising your high and responsible position are real Guides and Teachers to the people—we reverence, as we reverence all that's good. To you, who although your motive is to do good, do nevertheless disseminate error, we pity. But to you, who knowingly conspire together to pervert truth, and do wickedly try to make the feeble your slaves, and prey upon their good intents, we say : “ Personally, we bear no ill-will towards you, but, against your false principles, we proclaim war ! Mankind have for much too long trusted you, blindly followed you ; thinking, (poor simpletons) that you would not dare play false in your most sacred calling ; but, the sad truth must out, *we have been woefully deceived.* To many this fact is a terrible one ; but we ‘ *have* roused

ourselves, and the nightmare is gone.' Henceforth, the truth *has* made us free! Religion shall no longer be in the hands of 'false prophets,' 'known by their fruits,' who have burlesqued it; but, in each individual heart, it shall become a vigorously living Fact. For instead of truth you have offered us dogmas, and creeds, full of uncharity, and damnation to our fellows. Your clockwork gabble is but a burlesque of worship, only equalled by lowest fetichism. We have seen day after day your 'advowsons' and 'next presentations' for sale in the *Times*. We read continually of your childish wrangling in the law-courts about your 'position at the table.' Of your merciless sentences when 'drest in a little brief authority' on the Bench. Of your refusal to go over your mummeries at the burial of children, should they not have *your* particular-registered patent trade-mark-shibboleth on their foreheads,—which would make the most inhuman savage you try to 'convert' stand aghast. You ridicule what the Romish Church did when it had political power, by such as this; we judge what you would do had you the same. You cowardly try to terrify mankind with death! Death is doubtless the 'King of Terrors' to all who lead a lying, wicked life, but it has no terror to the good man. 'Death is no foe to virtue.' You dare teach (but what dare you not?) as historical facts, the legends of the imaginary Gods of the Hebrews. Your devil and hell are but like the 'big bogey in the cupboard' of our childhood. Your pantomimic heaven, with its audience of slaves, never attracted any but children. 'It's all symbolical,' you say—symbolical! Would you offer a hungry man a *symbol* of food? Go, with your symbols and clock-work worshiping toys, and play amongst yourselves, for humanity is heartily tired of you and your playthings. You may call us 'atheists' and 'infidels,' but your anathemas will fall like peas on Achille's armour. For we remember that it was such as you who poisoned Socrates, crucified Jesus; stoned Stephen; burnt Bruno, and Servetus, and tens of thousands of others; ever set man against man; caused all great wars, and made 'countless thousands mourn.' "

## CITY FLOWERS.

WITHIN a dingy, close-pent alley,  
I saw sweet Lillies of the Valley,  
And on a window-sill were set  
Some broken pots of Mignonette.

Upon another window-ledge  
Were Cushions, used for border edge ;  
Sweet Southernwood, and London Pride,  
And Daisies, growing side by side.

And in a high, dark window, grew  
Nemophila of tender blue ;  
Campanulus were farther down  
Wreathing for themselves a crown.

Where shadows come and sunbeams go  
How can ye make such sweet flowers blow ?  
Where is the dew and summer air,  
To feed their leaves and blossoms fair ?

Ye toilers through the wearying hours,  
Your virtues show themselves in flowers ;  
Each leaf and blossom tenderly  
Utter celestial truths for ye.

Though ye are crushed and ground by toil,  
Still tend them on their earthly soil,  
They'll whisper sweetest truths to ye,  
Of Love, and Grace, and Purity ;

In their unfolding beauties given,  
Of earth they make a little heaven ;  
By which your care-dimm'd eyes may see  
To read your glorious destiny !

Oh, flowers ! sweet flowers of hill and valley !  
Still blossom in the stifling alley—  
Still shed your sweetness forth in pity  
In the close bye-ways of the city !

CHARLOTTE SAINSBURY.

## A CHILD TO HER FAVOURITE FLOWER.

---

PRETTY little daisy!  
 Modest little flower!  
 Thy tiny face is peeping  
 From yonder shady bower.  
 Thy leaflets, pink and white,  
 Are dotted o'er the green,  
 And in every little nook  
 Thy flowers are to be seen.  
 In the valley, on the hill,  
 We see thee everywhere;  
 We look between the broken stones,  
 And thou art even there.  
 Oh, my little favourite,  
 Thou art fair and bright;  
 Thou closest thy small flowers  
 At the approach of night.  
 Darling little daisy!  
 Pretty little pet!  
 In thee all the beauties  
 Of other flowers are met.  
 Ah! sweet Daisy; ah! loved Daisy,  
 May you always bear  
 The name of *Pearl of Flowers*,\*  
 And fairest of the fair.

EMMA P. PHILLIPS.

---

Many a farmer's boy goes into some city and struggles along until middle life, with nothing to show for his labour except that he has thoroughly learned that a half-starved lawyer is less to be envied than a well fed farmer.

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\* Allusion to its French name, *Marguerite*, which also means "a pearl."



REVIEWS, NOTES ON BOOKS, &c.

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*The British Secular Almanack for 1879.* Charles Watts, 84, Fleet Street, London.

IF any of our young readers wish to be possessed of a really useful almanack for the coming year, we would strongly advise the outlay of *Sixpence* on this most excellently compiled one. It is the best we ever remember to have seen for the money. The amount of information in it is surprising. It contains articles by all the leading Freethought writers. "A Year's Retrospect" gives in brief the progress of Freethought during the past year. Mr. G. J. Holyoake, the veteran Secularist, contributes an interesting article called "The Story of Saint Tartar." There is a selection of passages from the Freethinking poets, proving that the great bards of modern times do not accept the teachings of orthodoxy. Those of our subscribers who are fond of reading should read Voltaire's satire entitled "The Horrible Danger of Reading." "Is Woman Indebted to the Bible" we strongly recommend to our lady readers. "Freethought Worthies," "Marat," "Shakesperian Heretics," and several other good and useful articles go to make up this truly valuable almanack. As a proof that we have not too strongly praised this literary venture we may mention that it is edited by Messrs. C. Watts and G. W. Foote, both of whom are talented Freethought advocates. It is also issued by the authority of the British Secular Union. We trust to see it in every household—where we are sure it will be prized.

*The Republican Chronicle.* Edited by George Standring, 8, Finsbury Street, London, E.C.—This well-got-up monthly deserves every support. Mr. Standring has laboured hard to perfect it, and to make it a magazine worthy of English Republicanism. It is issued at the low price of One Penny, and ought to be in the hands of all our readers who are old enough to appreciate *politics*. We have a great desire to see all our young friends grow up ardent republicans, and worthy members of the community.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

- 17.—Where can I obtain a cheap copy in English of “The Connection of Christianity with Solar Worship,” by Dupuis?—*Jane Grant.*
- 18.—Which is the best “Secular Almanack”?—*Minnie.*
- 19.—Is the Republican Party in England very strong?—*P. S.*
- 20.—Who is the chief republican poet of the day?—*A.*
- 21.—How was quartz formed?—*John Herbert.*
- 22.—What is the total weight of the air on the surface of the globe?—*Chemist.*
- 23.—Who was the first king of Egypt?—*John Tasker.*

### ANSWER.

- 10.—Where the right auricle opens into the right ventricle there are three partitions, composed of thin but very tough membrane, called *endocardium*. When the blood has rushed from the right auricle into the ventricle, it distends the walls of the latter, and the three membranous partitions which hung loose until the ventricle was nearly full, are now floated upwards and kept extended by its contraction; the return of any of the blood to the auricle is thus prevented. This apparatus is called the *tricuspid valve*. A similar apparatus on the left side composed of two folds of *endocardium* instead of three is called *bicuspid* or *mitral valve*. Both where the right ventricle discharges itself into the pulmonary artery, and where the left ventricle discharges itself into the aorta occur valves, called the *semilunar valves*—*X.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- H. J. BECKWITH.—Yes. ZETA,—Declined. A.—Thanks.
- J. J. S.—We are inundated with poetry. Cannot accept all.
- SIM TOOLER.—The YOUNG EMANCIPATOR is thoroughly *Freethought*, and does not favour any particular party. We have Unitarians among our subscribers.
- J. BURNS.—Received the “Anacalypsis” and will review at the earliest opportunity. Thanks.

—————

*All Articles and Advertisements for THE YOUNG EMANCIPATOR should be sent to the Editor—Russell Lodge, Sheepscar-street, Leeds, England, not later than the 12th of the month.*

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EDITED BY

*CHARLES WATTS, and G. W. FOOTE.*

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