

Lying Made Easy:

A REPLY TO

COL. INGERSOLL'S "MISTAKES OF MOSES"
AND "SKULLS," BEING

A Defence of the Bible;

A LECTURE

DELIVERED

AT HAVERLY'S THEATER, CHICAGO, SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1879,

BY

RABBI H. M. BIEN,

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DR. B. P. REYNOLDS introduced the lecturer, as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you the REV. DR. BIEN, a Jewish Rabbi, and a minister of a congregation in this city, who will this afternoon review Col. Ingersoll's two lectures, "Mistakes of Moses," and "Skulls," delivered in this theatre. In a recent sermon the doctor answered the great atheist's "Mistakes of Moses," in plain language, for which on last Sunday, he was denounced and reviled, not by the *longest* man, nor the *fattest* man, nor the *wisest* man; all the answer the doctor got was a triade of abuse, which are always the weapons of a weak adversary. From what I know personally of Dr. Bien as an extemporaneous speaker and author, as a man of rare ability, of wide and varied culture, of profound scholarship, you may expect a good treat, though his thoughts and language may be somewhat tinged with the peculiarities of the German Fatherland. I doubt not he will defend, to your satisfaction, the Bible, that grand old book, on which rests all the religions of the civilized world.

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ligion in this world is the work of
Every one! Every book has been
What changed it? Science

Lying Made Easy.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A tribute of profound gratitude wells up from the fullness of my heart to you for your kind presence here, permitting that I may express my thoughts and feelings on one of the greatest questions of our day.

As publicly announced, I will review two lectures lately delivered here: "*The mistakes of Moses*," and "*Skulls!*" Further on I will explain why I choose this peculiar title, LYING MADE EASY!—but will state here at once that, true to my high calling and all my own instincts, true to the respect I owe you, I shall place the whole subject upon the basis of dignity and the highest decorum. For it all clusters around a topic in which the whole civilized world is deeply interested, morally, historically and socially. It is simply this: *Is this book, this Bible, truth or error?* God-inspired truth or preconcerted false pretense! Most of us love, honor and revere it as taught to us, by the name of the good book—the book of books—the Bible. Shall we, must we give this up?

My present position before you reminds me involuntarily of a story with which you undoubtedly are all familiar. Once upon a time my ancestors, the Israelites were warred upon by the Philistines. Among their leaders was an enormous giant, Goliath, who, tradition says, was twelve feet high. He daily came out to twit and taunt his common sized enemies, and challenge them to single-handed combat. And when my great predecessor, the youth David, with nothing but his shepherd's staff and a few sharp stones gathered from the brook, approached the mighty man, the heathen asked: "Am I a dog, that thou comest thus girded?" and he said, "Come to me and I will give thee a prey to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field." And Da-

vid said to the Philistine, as I now say to my giant adversary in the controversy at issue: "Thou comest to me with thy sword, spear and shield; but I come in the name of the Lord of hosts."

You know the sequel.

In leaving my legitimate place, a modest spiritual shepherd of my flock, passing from the pulpit to the lecturer's forum, I have no personal grievance, no selfish motive, no arrogant desire to become reputed or noted. It is simply my wish to take a hand in the great tilt to which a gentleman of very high literary standing and culture, has challenged the thinking world, with all his gifts of satire, ridicule, wit and eloquence; with his words of brass and molten fire, in his harangues, and so-styled lectures. They all are directed against what millions of my fellow men, with me, thus far have considered as true, religious, saving, humane, moral, rational, holy and godly. I have felt as if I were not true to my calling as a minister and teacher; as if I were not honest to my neighbors; as if I were not fair to my beloved country; as if I were false to the religion of my fathers, and to men and God, were I not to lift my voice, be it ever so weak, in protest against the asseverations, wholesale misrepresentations, the boldly asserted, yet unfounded short comings against this volume, every leaf of which is covered by the tears of our people; every line written in their heart's blood, every word covered with a martyr's life, every letter a record of their trials, hardships, their expatriation from home and hearth. There was a time, that the possession of this book, the harboring of it in one's house, was equal to the rack, the torture, and death; and while our forefathers suffered all, endured all, fled to the caves like wild beasts and to the forests

like hunted game; yet they treasured it, counted every word, every syllable, every line, every page and transmitted it in their misery, shelterless, starving, bleeding, from a thousand wrongs and sores—transmitted it their glorious inheritance, from father to son. England's great poet, Byron, sang: "The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country, Israel but the grave!"

Shall I now, in these times of right, justice and liberty to all men, in this land of God's blessing, stand mutely by, dumb and deaf when the great giant Philistine tries to wrest it from my hand to play foot-ball with it and says to you: "Let's have a frolic;" attempts to tear it out leaf by leaf? Here laugh! because my mathematics does not hold out with these figures—and laugh—my science cannot squelch these facts into her crucibles—and laugh again—my theology throws a few squibbs against God and soul and all those trifles. Down with Heaven, down with Hell, down with God and down with his law. Now why don't you laugh? But one week ago, they here laughed and roared, and cheered, and vociferated, as if all the work of final destruction was accomplished. A few anecdotes were told, a few ridiculous similes were brought forth, a few eloquent asseverations thrown out, a few comical assertions made, a few passages of the Bible picked up here and there, misunderstood and undigested, read, laughed at, giggled at, roared at; a few gentlemen, each one of whom is the peer of the Philistine, were torn from their pulpits and exhibited here with his trite sayings, and doings, and grimaces, and antics; and finally two poor Rabbins, Bien, or Bean, as he has it, and Wise, of Cincinnati, were ground under the wheel of Juggernaut, the all-destroying heathen god—and why don't you laugh?—but the sun still shines, and every zephyr proclaims 'tis spring, every human face before me here still declares as the Heavens do and all the works of His hands. As one of those parties terrifically assailed I bow myself down, not a pretender, not a hypocrite, not a liar, not a scoffer; a simple, rational, thought and truth-loving man. I bow myself down in reverence, awé and devout worship, acknowledging myself but equal to that speck of sun dust

floating right here before my eyes and Him—the immense love, the all-power, the everlasting, truth, freedom, justice, my God, your God!

People here assembled, people who to-morrow will hear me through the mightiest angel that now tries to work salvation among men upon earth—the press—you will not laugh at these my words—you are serious, while roars of headsplitting laughter resounded through these halls at the blasphemy; I make this the issue—when to-night you and I are sleeping, the hard-worked typo makes his click, click, resound at perpetuating these words, when to-morrow people are engaged reading what was said here; I make this the issue, although they will not laugh, they will be serious, that it is better for us all, better for the world, better for civilization, better for human nature, better for men and women, better for old and young, better for poor and rich, better for those who enjoy health or those who groan and suffer upon the bed of illness, better for the living and better for the dying, to be serious and earnest upon this great central thought, the God inspired truth of the Holy Bible. And if I am mistaken, and if I have built up an air-castle, with those who have for centuries gone before me, with those now living, with unborn millions to come. I still prefer to keep it, to cherish it, to nurse it, to cling to it; and I see it in your faces, distant as you are from me, so do you, so you love, so you hope, yes, and so you pray. Ladies and gentlemen, if I have grown too serious, too much of the preacher on this solemn subject, pardon me, if for one moment I make you smile, by telling that the other end of the question reminds me of the old lady living along side of the sea beach. One morning old ocean broke his bounds, and rushed into her hut. Imagine the old lady running for her broom to sweep immensity out of her little door. The American people love fairness in a fight. You would hate to see a big six-footer throw his giant might upon a little fellow, to crush him with one fell blow, and you certainly would not care if the small one made a flank movement and let the giant down on his nose, scratched and hurt by his own

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ligion in this world is the work of man. Every one! Every book has been written. What changed it? Science.

weight. Men, women, and children would applaud the pluck and courage, though the small one got a few hard scratches.

The trouble with these professional lecturers, whose main object after all is to make money, seems to be they must establish a reputation for some special genius. Before they get ready to appear before the public, they sit in their closets, jot down on a slip of paper their points, and rhetoric, and eloquence. Your funny lecturer, now here, now there, breaks off, and often in his manuscript appear the word—"laugh," "applause," etc. Then, when such a lecture is delivered, and the reputation is established, and the people are assembled, something indescribable, something inimitable in your speaker, a gesture, a wave of the hand, a nod of the head, a short, quick stop in the speech, and you laugh because others laugh; you shake because others shake. Let me give you one little illustration. Last Sunday there occurred in the lecture on "Skulls" the following sentence, I quote it from the papers, and they generally are good evidence on contemporaneous events:

"The Bible was never written by any God. Why do I say so? Because I can write a better book myself!"

Great applause and laughter followed the delivery of this sentence. Do you see anything funny in it? anything to raise your mirth? Do you see anything so good and grand as to applaud it? He goes through the motions, and the people laugh; let Ingersoll be squeezed out of it, and there is nothing left. Let me here take up the point of "Skulls" at once. I will quote here one passage from the Old and another from the New Testament, and I will give Mr. Ingersoll the right to apply to science, to philosophy and inventive genius, by which all he has written, and all he will write, be crystalized into one central thought, and if all that equals, or comes nigh to my few Bible lines, my life and soul be taken. From the Old Testament I give you these few plain words:

"And God said: Let there be light and there was light."

And from the New Testament I select:

"Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy

will be done on earth as it is in Heaven: Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever! Amen."

I will abide patiently for your verdict and judgment!

The trouble with me is, ladies and gentlemen, that I am an amateur lecturer only, and have to make a living outside of this avocation. I intended last Sunday to be in this place. I knew I would be berated, and I do not like to be reviled by proxy. But when I got ready, a knock came to my door and a young gentleman in white kids and vest, and span new clothes, called, and down stairs a carriage waited, and my professional services were required to make two loving hearts one. And while I stood calling God's blessing down upon a newly joined couple, the great Colonel here maligned, misrepresented and belied me! Who do you think had the best occupation? And why do you think he was so bitter against two Jewish Rabbins, singling them out not to answer their arguments, but to make sport at the one, and to load the other, your humble servant, down with epithets? My companion in misfortune, Doctor Wise, of Cincinnati, is a well-known fighting soldier of the Lord—I do not doubt but that he will take care of himself—and as abundantly able as he has done this effectually before!

What I had to say in a sermon of not twenty minutes duration, was simply to denounce the statements of Ingersoll with such weapons as my religion and humble abilities gave me. I then stated, as I do now repeat, in answer to Mistakes of Moses:

FIRST.—Ingersoll is utterly ignorant of the Hebrew language, in which the Old Testament is written, and, therefore, when he appears as a critic of this book, after fully admitting that the translations were utterly unreliable and faulty, that in the one in common use, there were over one hundred thousand mistakes; that he is incompetent, and at once becomes such a pigmy in his task, that the veriest ten-year old Jew boy, if properly trained in the

ways of his father, could be his mentor and corrector. And in answer to this, he said, I was no gentleman. Does it refute my argument?

I charge then as I do now that Col. Ingersoll is utterly ignorant of the original text of the Bible, that he knows not the alphabet of the Hebrew language, that he knows nothing of the great works of philologists and archæologists who have elucidated texts of which King James' translation with its hundred thousand errors (admitted by the lecturer) knows nothing of; I charge him that he speaks of things and matters, and events, and figures, as a blind man speaks of color. The merest embryo of a lawyer would not go into court to palaver in a case with the amount of ignorance, preconceived prejudice and toppling arrogance as this man dares to parade before an intelligent public on Moses and his mistakes. Or, if he did, his honor the judge would so effectually squelch him that his name would no longer disgrace the roll of practicing attorneys. And he refutes all this, my argument, by saying: "He is not a gentleman."

He boasts of having read the Bible through this year, and for a purpose. I am afraid he and too many other people read the Bible sometimes like the old lady over in New England. There, as elsewhere, people read that book yet. The Colonel is such a fine hand at figures, that he tries to teach arithmetic to the Lord, Himself! If would like that he would place on paper once the number of Bible-readers compared to those of his own works.

They turn out Bibles by the millions; they sell you a good copy for ten cents, and if you have not ten cents they will give you one. They print that book, four thousand years old, in English, German, French, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, in all living and dead tongues; but it takes a dollar or more to buy a little collection of the Atheist's speeches. I wonder how many of his books will sell four thousand years hence? I am afraid to make the estimate! But they go on, right along, using every conceivable improvement of speed that inventive genius can bring to the market and print Bibles—and I hope, soon, well corrected ones—not improved by my friend the Col-

onel though; for he would not leave us anything but the blank fly-leaf and the cover—they will go on printing Bibles and the demand is and will be larger than the supply.

But I started to tell you about the old lady reading her bible—right there in front of Genesis—the book in her lap, the spectacles on her nose; she reads how God made man "from the dust of the earth, in his own image," and there she stops; the page is read; unluckily she turns over two pages instead of one, and then proceeds to read, "And he covered all, inside and outside with pitch." That was too much for the old lady, and she jumped up, and exclaimed, what old ladies generally exclaim, "Did you ever!" She could not figure that out. I am afraid the Bible is too often read by turning over two leaves instead of one. And then we bring all our nineteenth century guns in array against it, and instead of knocking against our own skulls for our own stupidity, we go out lecturing, and call it the "mistakes of Moses."

Now, to show you that the knowledge of Hebrew has something to do with the correct understanding of my book, this grand old Bible, let me take the very first verse of Genesis—"בראשית" (B'reshith) rendered generally, "In the beginning;" but it does not mean it, exactly. There is no definite article, no sign, for it. The root does not mean "beginning," in our present definition. I know of no better wording than the good old English phrase: "Once upon a time!" Miriads of miriads of years may have preceded for a molecular and materialistic atomic formation. He in His might, may not have required these priamel elements for this Genesis. My word, "B'reshith," leaves plenty of room. So does the next, "ברא" (borah), created. Has ever one of my hearers, tried to translate from a foreign language into English, and experienced the trouble of covering a foreign term exactly with one of our own? It seems sometimes that your choice is too short, and leaves either the head or the feet bare; and it is the little insignificant words that play most havoc with the effort. Here is the Hebrew, "Borah," on which

old religions, they were overthrown the religion of our day. Why? Every religion in this world is the work of man. Every one! Every book has been

changing them, and one religion day is not the religion of one year ago. What changed it? Science

your scientist hangs his whole stock of speculations. There are only three letters there, but it stands like a rock, like a tower, like a sphinx. Suppose, Mr. Ingersoll, we take a tilt at it. You are a brave man; you have fought for our common country, and for this I honor and respect you. I have done my share too, as well as you. But let us get at our second Bible-word. Why friends, to do it justice, we would have to cover this stage with volumes; we would have to bring the Talmud. I wonder, Mr. Ingersoll, did you ever hear of, or see those huge folios. We would require the Hebrew and Latin and Greek commentators; all those old and new English dictionaries on the Anglo-Saxon, and Teuton and British elements of our language; etymology, syntax, grammar, each one a library in itself. Then there stands that little word, "b-o-r-a-h," three letters in Hebrew, five in English, immovable and firm, smiling at our folly, as if to say: "Well if it be necessary to satisfy your materialists and scientists and free-thinkers to be rendered evolved, or developed, why should we quarrel? I will remain 'borah,' all the same. **אלהים**, (Elohim,) God, in the plural form, as editors say "We," as also do your kings and emperors. Pardon a minute's digression. The morning papers which published the lecture, "Skulls," and we come to that soon, by a curious coincidence, printed the terrible tyranny of the Czar of Russia, so revolting, base and inhuman, that it sent a shock through the whole civilized world. They have an instrument of death over there, called in Russian, knout, or arnika, or something like it. I do not know much of Russian, and do not care to. The blood spurts up at every stroke of it. No trial, no judge nor jury is wanted. A high official there in want of appetite for breakfast, takes exercise with the knout, or arnika, and if one grumbles or complains, he is banished to Siberia. Methinks such tyranny is not confined to thrones alone, but to some of the churches and synagogues, as well as to some lecturers' platform. One of them gave me arnika lately, by proxy. What do you think we had better send to these poor Russians in their hour of supreme agony? the Mistakes

of Moses and Skulls, or a few millions of Bibles, and the active advice of old General Jackson, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry?" Don't forget to send the powder with the Bibles.

The next word in our Genesis is a little bit of a thing of only two letters. It cannot be translated, and you do not find a trace of it in your English version. The word is **אֵל**, (*els*), the unusual form of an accusative. The text would read grammatically as well with as without it. Will you believe it friends, that there have been men, who thought the Bible of sufficient importance to study up and compare, and elucidate the difference of this accusative in comparison to the regular form, and that volumes have been written on the subject? These writers are called "Cabalists," and their science considered mysticism. They are looked down upon in our days as dreamers and fanatics, but they were scholars, deep and profound. There is a work called the "Sohar." Honor bright, Colonel, did you ever hear the name of it? You buy little gods and images, and amulets, and mummies. Suppose you buy a book—the Sohar, and then go at it—and stop reviling God, Moses and Christianity until you have mastered a part of it. The silence *may* become perpetual.

Our next word is **הַשָּׁמַיִם**, (Hashomajim,) "the heavens." But Heavens is too vague, too large, or too small as you take it. Ingersoll makes it the firmament, so taken from the Vulgata. It is one of his little darlings; one of his chubs, laughing from ear to ear. From your school-days you remember, there was always an unlucky weight made the scapegoat of all sins of commission and omission. Such a one was approached one day by a rather cross teacher, and asked: "Boy who made the world?" The boy thought the time had come for another whaling and he simpered out: "I'll own up I have done it, but will never do it again in all my life." That word firmament, has done it for your author of "Mistakes." But after this it should never do so again. It is too stupid, too bad for anything. It means the expanse, the atmosphere,—ought else but something solid as your Mosaic critic tries to make believe. A great Jewish commentator, Rashi, poet-

ically defines the word as: "Yonder where the waters are originated!" Murphy, one the most erudite Hebraists of our days, Professor of Hebrew in Belfast, calls it, *the overarching dome of space with all its revolving orbs*. Let us have it as Heavens in this sense.

Next comes "אֶת־הָאָרֶץ," (and the earth); the earth as a whole, developed and finished in stratas to become the abode of vegetation and life. The earth in the grand present state of development; after the era of glaciers; after the era of fire; after the era of all philosophic and scientific speculations; and with the end of this word is also finished the great incomparable record of Creation in its nature of a Kosmos. Science is now, professedly by the most eminent representatives, and Ingersoll is not named among them as yet, in her childhood. But patience a little while.

We love science, revere it, acknowledge its great merits, bless it for all it has done for mankind and pray for its success, for all the good it has in store for us and generations to come. Instead of being antagonistic to the Bible, when it shall have grown up into manhood, when both shall be fully and fairly understood, it will be found that science will be the very high priest in the temple of the religion of true humanity; that like father and son they will walk hand in hand to achieve their godly mission. No better history of the creation has as yet been written by any of its assailants; but when you take into consideration, and you will keep this before your eyes in all that concerns the scriptures, that it was made four thousand years ago, for a people who had then but emerged out of a state of serfdom which must necessarily have degraded their average mental state to that of childhood; that they lived in a country where all is imagination, picture, parable, legend, color and heat; that all the great lawgiver wished to teach them, to impress upon them, to cause them to think, to act, to hope, to achieve, must necessarily by him be brought down to their capacity and level of understanding; must so to say be bound up with the ideas they had, the thoughts and legends and loves inherited from their fathers and absorbed by their Egyptian surroundings.

He had to deal with the wild animal spirit just let loose from hundreds of years of bondage, hardships, oppressions and fetters, to guide them into the path of civilization, of law, of order, of cleanliness, purity and godliness. For such a state of culture he spoke, he worked, he wrote, he labored, he legislated, he prepared a future; and I stand in awe, admiration, worship and prayer, and acknowledge in my heart of hearts that it was God and godly inspiration for all he has done and done so well; for all he has written and written so well; for all he has inspired and inspired so grandly; for all he has achieved and achieved so remarkably, so giantly strong. Contrast for a moment Moses with the light of God streaming from his forehead, with Col. Ingersoll; contrast them as statesmen—as law-givers—as leaders of their nation, as mediators for enlightenment, reform, knowledge, wisdom; as writers of books, and I cannot help thinking of the fable of the lion assailed by a fly, of a palm tree which a drop of due tries to drown. No writer, ancient or modern, has surpassed the sublime—than where God says: "Let there be light and there was light!" No human capacity has ever conceived a nobler picture than God creating man in His own image—man and woman He created them; no modern legislator has yet bettered the institute of six days thou shalt labor and the seventh is a day of rest and sanctification.

You see a little Hebrew examination knocks the fun all out of the mistakes. It becomes clownish, a grimace; an idiotic screech.

Will you have the patience to get at it once more. I will speak about the Colonel's celebrated *champion bird-eaters* of the world. He has a great advantage, though, over me; he can ask in five minutes more questions than twelve men, of which he knows one is in Cincinnati, and his name is Wise, can answer him in a life-time. You know that adage of one asking questions! I do not attempt to answer but a few of the most salient ones. Now here is the language from his Mistakes of Moses:

"According to the Old Testament whenever a child was born, the mother had to make a sacrifice, a sin-offering for the

crime of being a mother. Every woman had to have a sacrifice of a couple of doves, a couple of pigeons, and the priest had to eat these pigeons in a holy place. At that time there were about 300 mothers to sacrifice a day, and the priests had to cook and eat these pigeons in the most holy place; and at that time there were only three priests. Three hundred birds a piece. I look upon them as the champion bird-eaters of the world!"

Thus far Ingersoll. Now is this not funny? Why do you not laugh, as they roared here the other day? It lies all in the notions! Look at it: A mother having been blessed with a new darling, having been absent from the house of God for some weeks, entering for the first time since the young treasure is given her, brings a couple of doves, one as sin ("chatos") sacrifice, and one as a burnt (oshum) sacrifice. Might she not during her illness have been guilty of some sin; had she not reason for thankfulness to bring the gift of a burnt offering? And how did the priest come to eat them? In the case of large animals the priest had not to eat the whole, but a part thereof. In the case of fowls the whole had to be burnt on the altar. Such is the command, as given in Leviticus, I: 15. All these rules for sacrifices are applicable only to the land of Palestine, where the priests, quite numerous, had cities and districts assigned to them.

The figures of the Colonel are the most curious of his arguments. The Bible says Israel was in Egypt 430 years, emphatically states the number, and repeatedly. Ingersoll makes it 210, preferring the opinion of some commentator to the plain word of this book. See Exodus, xii: 44. The number of those coming out of Egypt is problematical. It says about 600,000; distinctly "about;" just as we speak of a regiment, or a company, to contain so many soldiers. Are the ranks always full? And then the Hebrew word does not signify men, but people afoot, bearing arms.

"רגלי הגברים", (Ragly Hagborim,) one of those peculiar terms occurring so seldom in the rest of the Scriptures, as to give especial reasons for reflection; particularly when taken in connection with what

follows immediately after—namely, the words—without the children! It does not here mention the women! and if we add to this the testimony of monuments in marble, stone and clay, coins and medals of ancient Egypt, as well as Babylon, Media, Persia, Greece and Rome, and to this add the usages as we find them among some of the indian tribes at present, it seems to me to become clear that the women of those days were included in this count—bearing arms like the men; not only asking for rights, but assuming duties like the sterner sex. This becomes the more a rational explanation, when you bear in mind the kind and nature of weapons these people brought with them. They must have been of the most primitive character, for as soon as the occasion comes to really use them—and we are particularly informed that they moved out of Egypt armed—they do not give battle nor fight, but cry out unto the Lord. It is not likely that they had needle-guns, or Smith & Wesson revolvers.

We give to a criminal the benefit of a doubt—why should we refuse to accept an easy solution of a difficulty in this book, when it is so close at hand, especially as it bears no relation to the main purport, which is, *to be a code of laws for a newly freed people, socially, morally and judicially; their constitution and by-laws.* Suppose that all its other material were apocryphal, legend and fable, and critical analysis as a matter of supposition, should set its dictum against its history and science; the bible still would remain Bible!

In the whole old testament the word "believe" occurs, if I do not err, in but one solitary instance: Genesis, xv, 6: "and he (Abraham) *believed* in God!" There is no other injunction to believe through all the pentateuch and the prophets, but a constant and ever recurring command to be law-abiding; a law obedient people—that is all, the very last word: "Fear God, and obey His commands!"

I do not stand here the defender of any creed or sect; I have nothing against the person of Ingersoll, but I assume here the defence of this book against ribald attacks, and atheism, in line with other brave soldiers of the Lord, and we know our good

advocates and jury, have buckled on the armor against honesty, and so many in credit, power and influence, are thieves and robbers, and Ingersoll knows it—that I fain would call on Moses, aye, and on the Lord to let once more, as of old, the words sound over the land, from morn till night, from night till morn, "Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not steal; commit no adultery; bear no false witness against thy neighbor!"

And for saying this plain, palpable fact, which has eaten into the very vitals of the nation, which has worked like a blight upon our healthy growth, and which certainly affects no good, no honest, no true man, no matter what his adversities and misfortunes may have been in a great crisis like the present; for this statement, which you can find recapitulated since the last few years in every issue of the uncountable news literature of the entire country. I am accused to have denounced all the men in this country; members of Congress, Senators, the Judges upon the bench, as thieves and robbers. Is this a joke, Colonel? I cannot see the point! I am assured you are a great and uncompromising temperance man, or I would believe it was something stronger than ink, when you wrote this down as a new addition to your old lecture of Skulls.

And now, as time flies, I must bring up to that incomparable lecture of SKULLS:

FIFTH.—These skulls play the deuce with us. We knock them one against another. You have seen those comic pictures in the windows all over this city of the two Dromios. Suppose you imagine yourself Colonel as him of Syracuse, and Rabbi B., as the other of Ephesus, just having bumped head against head.

I. "Did you get hurt?"

B. "Yes."

I. "Did it make your head ring?"

B. "Yes!"

I. "Do you know why? because it is empty!"

I leave it with you, my hearers, that this is not my fault. No man needs to account for more than he receives. It is my misfortune; but then says B. to I.:

B. Did you get hurt?

I. No!

B. Didn't it make your head ring?

I. No!

B. Do you know why? It is cracked!

You all have seen his beautiful Apollo head venerable with age; all covered over with those big bumps, particularly that of self-esteem. Let me see, it lies right here on the top point of the forehead. And that is the one which I think his is the least little bit cracked; and through that small aperture it seems must have gone in the whole Smithsonian library, and the Cooper and Bodleian library, and the free reading library of Chicago, and the whole Caucasian race, and the Negro and Indian race, and the American Eagle, and our army and navy and a German Consulate, and the churches and ministers and two Jewish Rabbis. It is all in there, and hardly anything worth while picking up left for anybody else; but now comes the mischief!

Have you ever heard of the lawyer who went into the grocery business? He did not understand anything about it, so he went to the wholesale houses, after renting a store, and bought a large stock of goods. When they came to the store he poured all the stuff into one great box; coffee, soap, rasins, tallow-candles, pepper, salt and cod-fish; you know what is kept in grocery stores; it all went into one box. By and by the customers came. The first one wanted some coffee, and he brought out a lot of spilt baking powder. The second one wanted some soap, and he brought out a cod-fish. The third one wanted some pepper, and he got a dried herring. And another wanted some salt, cooking salt, not that biting attic kind, that hurts you all over when you taste it. And what do you think he got? An old "Joe Miller." You know what that is? There, I see a boy leers at me as if he did not. I will tell you, my boy. You know those little flying things we call millers? They get into everything and die; and when you then touch them they fall to dust in your fingers.

Now an old stale Joke resembles those millers, and that is the reason why they are called "Joe Millers." God has undoubtedly created these millers for some wise purpose; but my boy, we do not care to have them in our breakfast, dinner or sup-

per; it is not food—and so it is with these stale jokes. You understand!

As it went with that lawyer, I am afraid it goes sometimes with my brother, Dromio. His head is stored all full; but sometimes when he wants you to laugh loud and hearty, why it brings the big tears into your eyes; and when he thinks you should be made to cry, you shake with mirth; and when he dives down for a grand truth, out comes a big whopper; and just when he wants that stuff they use in making soap, he brings out one of those grand, noble pillars of strength, a keystone of truth. Let me illustrate it: There is one sentence in the lecture on Skulls, which made me feel after I read it, as if I could take the dear, good old man, the image of God in spite of himself, by the hand and press it as if it were my own father's. Listen what he says to his girls:

"Go where you will, commit what crime you may, fall to what depth of degradation you may, in all the storms, and dust, and whirlwinds of life, no matter what you do, you never can shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live, you shall have one sincere friend. [Applause.] They may call me atheist, they may call me infidel, because I hate the God of the Jews, *which I do*. [Applause.] I intend so to live that when I die my children can come to my grave, and truthfully say: 'He who sleeps here never gave us one moment of pain.'"

For this one sentence I believe Ingersoll in spite of yourself when the time comes that you are laid in that grave, your spirit will go up where all good men hope to go. I am almost sure they are making an extra large golden harp already for you. And when you get there, you will meet the good Lord, and the old man, Moses, and all the saints and patriarchs. You will feel a little ashamed, I know, but Moses himself will hand you that harp and say, "Never mind, I am not hurt; you made such excellent chin-music down below, come give us a song, a good old Glory Hallelujah." And you will see your friends there, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Sumner, and they will all nod smilingly, and encourage you to go on. And then you will get on your spiritual

knees and say, "Please good Lord, excuse me, it goes with my music as it was with my Hebrew; that little Rabbi could excel me in both. Though he did not always play first fiddle, I was told he could chant his psalms very well."

You have predicted the downfall of the Bible! I believe you will have time up there to study all the music of the past, the present and the future, and still there will be an eternity left before that will be accomplished.

Now, with all this grand, noble sentiment of a heart as big as it can be, there is some fundamental wrong in it. And I believe it is just the difference between you and me. I will raise my little girl by the teachings of this grand old book; her mother shall watch over her, and guard her, and we will educate her in mind and heart as it is laid down therein; so that she shall become, God willing, a decent, virtuous, intelligent woman. And when she is grown up, she will love her old father and mother too much, to require such terribly strained paternal affection. You see there is only one Col. R. Ingersoll in the United States, and it cannot very well hold any more. Therefore, it is best that our sweet girls, by all means be removed from the possibility of needing such a father's love; and to my mind we can accomplish it best by the rules and lessons in this book. What say you, ladies and gentlemen?

And then he talks of my being a Jew, and of Jews, and the rights *given* them in this country. What had Judaism to do with it anyhow? It is all an issue between a man and mankind, and the old detestable method, that when one person who by chance belongs to the religion of Moses, is held responsible for some of his acts, the whole Jewish race must be dragged in, is unworthy of such a would-be liberal, generous, free, and enlightened philosopher as my opponent pretends to be. What were we given? You gave us nothing, you restored to us what was our own, by the Declaration of this Bible, what had been robbed of us, withheld from us by main force for centuries. What has this to do with the question whether the Bible is truth or error? Suppose the Colonel should