FANATICS AND FANATICISM:

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

W. H. QUILLIAM,

(Author of "The Faith of Islam,")

AT THE

VERNON TEMPERANCE HALL,

MOUNT VERNON STREET, LIVERPOOL,

Under the auspices of the Liverpool Temperance League.

"Thus all respecting, he appeals to all."—
Prologue to "The Rivals."
By BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"No pleasure is comparable to the standing
on the 'vantage ground of Truth."—BACON.

"To kill two birds with one stone."—
OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

WHEN some years ago I first renounced Christianity and embraced Islam, I found that I was looked upon as a species of monomaniac, and if I endeavoured to induce people to discuss the respective merits of the two religions, I was either laughed at or insulted. I then determined that I would promulgate the tenets of Islam in an indirect way, and for this purpose whenever I was asked by my old temperance friends (with whom for all my life I have been humbly endeavouring to combat the evils of intemperance) to deliver a lecture on Total Abstinence from intoxicating drink I invariably introduced in some form or another a reference to Mahomedanism. By this means I drew public attention to the matter, and caused enquiry upon the subject.

The Lecture, which is now re-printed, is a fair example of the manner in which these references were introduced. It was delivered by me in the Vernon Temperance Hall, Liverpool, and is a verbatim copy of the shorthand writer's notes of my remarks on that occasion. The original report of the lecture was published by the Liverpool Temperance League, under whose auspices it was delivered, and as copies of the lecture are still asked for, and the first edition is now out of print, I have deemed it advisable to issue a reprint with these introductory observations.

It may be interesting to my readers to know that the same evening that I delivered this lecture, at the close of the meeting, one of my audience came to me privately and asked a a number of questions about our prophet. We had a long conversation upon the subject, and in the course of a few weeks I satisfied my enquiring friend that Islam was the only true religion, and he became my first convert.

W. H. QUILLIAM.

32, Elliot Street, Liverpool,
20th Rabi-as-sani, 1309,
which Christians style the
3rd December, 1890.

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FANATICS AND FANATICISM.

INTRODUCTION :—Different forms of persecution.—Ridicule—Meaning of term "Fanatic."—The anti-slavery agitation.—Clarkson—Wilberforce—Granville Sharpe—George Stephenson—The first railway—The first steamboat—The penny postage system—The rise of Islam—Mahomet a teetotaller—The prophet's early struggles and his final triumph—Total Abstinence from intoxicants practicable—Drinking dangerous—Conclusion.

There are various ways in which persons try to induce others to deviate from a line of conduct they have adopted and which they consider to be right. Some endeavour to compel people to give up one line of action, or one form of thought, and adopt another one instead, by a system of persecution, aud this annoyance is not always of the same description. Just as the old Manx proverb says—"There are more ways of killing a dog than choking it with plum pudding," so there are various ways of persecuting and annoying people. Persecution by inflicting actual bodily pain, as practised by various religious bodies in ages past, and particularly by one or another of the numerous sects of Christians, against persons not of their own particular communion, and also by one at least of the political parties in this country (even at the present time), for the purpose of coercing those who do not believe with them, and compelling them to give up their own particular belief and adopt that of the stronger

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party; or there is another mode—that of ridicule. This latter is perhaps in some cases a stronger and more effectual method than even that of inflicting actual bodily injury. Many a man would glory in suffering physical pain, and yet will succumb to a sneer or a jeer; and perhaps no cause is more subjected to ridicule than the Temperance Movement. From its first inception in this country it seems to have been a target in which would-be wits have attempted to lodge the arrows of their sarcasm, and there is no weapon used by the opponents of teetotalism against it more keen than the envenomed dagger of ridicule and satire. People who have taken the Total Abstinence pledge and have decided to live according to the rules of temperance are repeatedly ridiculed. I know that when I was a young man serving my apprenticeship I was chaffed continually, and I know many others who have been jeered at because they were teetotallers. I have been told that no one should be a teetotaller except a confirmed drunkard; that a person who does not drink is a timid and weak individual and has to abstain because he is afraid he will get drunk, and many more inuendoes and insinuations of a similar kind. Teetotallers have been called by all sorts of obnoxious names, and perhaps the bitterest, and the most commonly used term is that of styling them "fanatics," and the doctrine they teach "fanaticism." I have often been called one. The first time I was called a "fanatic" it brought to my mind the story I had heard of the negro preacher and his congregation, who, whilst he was preaching, were going to sleep. In order to bring them to their senses the preacher began to address them as follows:—"My dearly beloved coloured brethren. One thing I want to tell you. In this world of sorrow, tribulation and care, no matter what the woes, miseries and trials are that we have to go through there is

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always one place, one bright oasis in the desert, where happiness can assuredly be found." The congregation woke up and began to pay attention to his remarks; They wanted happiness. He said, "My friends, you can find it in the dictionary" (laughter), In order to find out the correct meaning of the term "fanatic," I looked in the dictionary and I discovered that a fanatic was there described as a person "frenzied with wild and extravagant notions; an addle-pated lunatic, and enthusiast; a visionary, etc." I then began to think it was rather a serious matter to be classed as a "fanatic," as one with "wild and frenzied notions, an addle-pated enthusiast, and a visionary," but I did not answer "the fool according to his folly" (taking Solomon's advice). I did not "speak in the ears of a fool." I believed with the royal writer that "he would despise the wisdom of my words"*—(renewed laughter)—and I began to consider whether this allegation was justifiable with regard to teetotallers—justifiable with regard to myself. I began to try to reason it out in my own mind and I thought of the various aspects of the Temperance Question, of what it claimed to do and what it had succeeded in doing, and I thought—if we are visionaries, has nobody else ever been so called? The more I thought, the more I began to remember the number of different bands of men to whom from time to time the same opprobious appellation has been applied. An historical incident of a hundred years ago flashed across my mind of a young man who went to St. John's College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen years of age, and who at last became senior Bachelor of Arts of that college. In 1784 a prize was offered for the best Latin essay. The sub-

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* Proverbs of Solomon Chap. 23, v. 9.

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ject of the prize was a Latin sentence, "*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare*," the translation of which may be rendered :— "Is it lawful to make slaves of others against their will?" This young man determined to write the essay, and, if possible, win the prize. He began to consider the subject, because you cannot write an essay without having something to write about, as the old Scotchwoman said to her son, who had just been ordained for the ministry. "My son, ken well what I say and you will be a mighty preacher. First, never speak unless you have something to say, secondly, when you have something to tell, say it, thirdly, having said it, sit down." (Laughter). So this young man found out that if he commenced to write a Latin essay on this subject he must find out what to write about and then write it, and subsequently translate it into Latin. He considered about the Slavery Question. He went to Plymouth, Bristol, Southampton, London, and various South of England ports, from which vessels were sent to get the slaves and take them across to the West Indian Islands and the then new plantations of America, and he began to enquire how this was done, how they were captured, embarked, carried across the ocean and disembarked, and how they were treated by their masters in the new lands to which they were taken, and the more he heard about it the more horrified he became on learning about the dreadful suffering and agony that these poor creatures, who were taken from their native land and sold for slaves, had to undergo, and although he was predisposed to write in answer to the question, that it was lawful to make slaves of their fellow creatures, he soon came to the contrary opinion. You must remember that the opinions of society on many subjects were very different then from what they are now. Clergymen used to quote the 9th chapter of Genesis, and

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particularly the part that referred to the drunkenness of Noah, and his lying uncovered within his tent, and to the lewd conduct of Ham, the father of Canaan, and the more decent behaviour of Shem and Japeth ; Noah's awakening from his drunken sleep, and his angry malediction against the offspring of his younger son, when he said, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant,"* and used to refer to the proposition to abolish slavery as being both unchristian and unscriptural. Slavery at that time had attained to such a height that not only were black men made slaves but frequently white men also. Sometimes instead of hanging people for sheepstealing they were sold into slavery, and actually ladies-in-waiting to the then Queen used to ask King George to exercise his clemency in their favour. At that time if a man stole anything over the value of forty shillings he was liable to be hanged just the same as he would be for murder at the present time, and hanging got so frequent that juries used to find the accused guilty of stealing articles to the value of 39s. 11d. in order to prevent them from being hanged. Ladies of the Bedchamber used to get the King to pardon malefactors, and instead of executing them to send them into transportation as slaves at certain prices, and the money obtained for these wretched creatures used to go into the pockets of the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting. Such was the terrible state of affairs in connection with slavery in this country prior to that time. This young man at Cambridge was filled with horror at what he had seen and heard in connec-

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* Genesis, Chap. 9, v. 20 to 27.

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tion with the slave trade. Several other students wrote essays on the traffic, but his was proclaimed the best of all and he was successful in obtaining the prize and gained the scholarship. He left college, and his heart was so affected with what he had seen and heard that he decided to devote his life to the abolition of slavery. He translated his essay into English, enlarged it and committed it to the press. That was in 1785. I believe that it was the first book that appeared in England in favour of the slave. It bore the name of the author, Thomas Clarkson (applause). A few years afterwards (in June, 1787) a committee was appointed, called "The Committee for the Abolition of the Slave Trade." That committee was comprised entirely of Quakers, with the exception of Clarkson. The same year Clarkson had his first interview with Wilberforce, then M.P. for Hull, and succeeded in obtaining his support, and in 1790 that gentleman (Wilberforce) moved a resolution in Parliament for the total abolition of the traffic in slaves. The resolution was negatived by a large majority. The arguments used against the proposition were that its abolition would ruin the commerce of London, Bristol, Liverpool, and other large ports. The committee obtained the aid of a nobleman to move a similar resolution in the House of Lords. Who do you think voted against it? All the Archbishops and Bishops in the House, and I think it was the Bishop of Lincoln, who (quoting the before-mentioned passages from Genesis) spoke in favour of the non-abolition of the slave trade. Royalty itself defended the abominable traffic, and the Duke of Clarence, who afterwards reigned in this country as William the Fourth, opposed the Bill and denounced Wilberforce as a "meddling fanatic," who ought to be expelled from Parliament! The little band were not to be daunted by non-success. People followed the

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the example of the Royal Duke and called *them* fanatics addle-pated enthusiasts and visionaries. They were not called visionaries when, twenty years after in 1807, Parliament passsed an Act totally abolishing the Slave Trade, and the Royal traducer, William the Fourth, who, when Duke of Clarence, had stigmatised Wilberforce as a fanatic, in 1830, had to sign as sovereign his consent to the Act appropriating the sum of £20,000,000 for the abolition of slavery in the West Indian Islands (cheers). The matter was fought out in the law courts also by Granville Sharpe. He was a man born of humble parents and had been the architect of his own fortunes. The way in which he first raised the legal aspect of the question was remarkable. A negro slave having been brought into this country his master thought he could do what he liked with him. In the West Indies the master could beat his slave like a dog, and treat him cruelly. On arriving at London in 1767 the master, for some reason or other, brutally thrashed the negro with a rattan in one of the streets. The slave happened to run into the house of Granville Sharpe. Granville Sharpe shut the door in his master's face. The master demanded the slave—Granville Sharpe refused to give him up. The master then brought an action against Granville Sharpe. In those days actions were brought in a peculiar way (technically speaking) such as trespass, detinue, actions on the case, etc. The owner of this slave laid an action for detinue and trover. He said Granville Sharpe detained his slave and converted him to his own use, and the action was for the specific return of the slave and for damages for detaining him, and for Granville Sharpe to pay all the costs. The matter was to come for trial in the then Court of King's Bench. Eminent counsel told Sharpe he must fail, for the right of the master was not invalidated by bringing his slave to

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England. Sharpe repudiated this advice and devoted himself to the study of the law preparatory to his own defence. After a litigation of two years the plaintiff abandoned the case and paid Sharpe heavy costs. Later on Sharpe became acquainted with a negro named Somersett, who was also a West Indian slave, and who claimed his freedom on the ground that his master had brought him into England. The Law Courts were again the arena in which the question was fought. The ablest counsel were employed on both sides; the case was argued and re-argued twice or thrice, and was under consideration for several months. But at length on the 22nd day of June, 1772, Lord Mansfield (with great reluctance, for he leaned to the slaveholder), gave his celebrated judgment, which is still the law of this country:—"That slavery being contrary to natural law, was of so odious a nature that nothing but positive law could support it, and that every slave on touching English soil became free and must be discharged" (cheers). It took many years before it became one of the proudest boasts of an Englishman, that wherever the English flag floats there cannot be a slave; that under the Union Jack no slavery can obtain; that throughout the British Empire, upon which the sun never sets, no slave can be (loud applause). When we look back upon the history of the slave trade, and of the noble band of emancipators, and remember that these men were called visionaries, addle-pated enthusiasts, and impracticable frenzied beings, and that their agitation was termed "fanaticism," and remember that the very nation which traduced them, has since raised statues to their honour, and given their bodies a place of interment in Westminster Abbey, we take courage and feel proud to be also stigmatised as fanatics. They were derided and

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ridiculed, but their case triumphed, and now it is our greatest honour to sing with the poet :—

"Every flap of England's flag
"Declares that all around are free,
"From furthest Ind to each blue crag
"That beetles o'er the western sea."

(Cheers). But, now, let us leave this subject and come down to the commonplaces of every-day life. It is not much more than one hundred years ago that a little boy was born—in 1781—in the little village of Wylam, some seven miles from Newcastle, the son of a collier. The father had to work fourteen hours a day at the pit every week, and six hours on Sunday; the wages he received amounted to only 12s. a week! The family lived in one room, in which they slept and cooked their food, father, mother, and five children, two girls and three boys; and now another little boy, who had just come into the world. Time rolled on and the infant became a lad, and as mouths were many and money was scarce the little fellow, as soon as he was old enough, was put to work. His first employment was being put to shut the coal yard gates after the colliers days work was over, for which he received a wage of 2d. per week; after that he was put to hoe turnips in a field. He had long hours for that, and received the munificent wage of of 4d. a week. At one time when he was temporally out of employment he went with his sister, some few years older than himself, to the town of Newcastle. She was going on an errand congenial to the tastes of all ladies, whether young or old—to try on a new bonnet (laughter). On arriving at the shop where bonnets were sold, as she did not often get a new bonnet, she was anxious to get a good one, and, like ladies generally are, she was a long time choosing the one that suited her particularly well—one

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that would make her "beautiful for ever," or at least as long as she wore it. She went in, tried it on, looked in a glass and was delighted. One thing she had forgotten, however—to ask the price of it. It was 10d. more than she had got. She asked the shopkeeper to reduce the price, but in vain. He had plenty of other bonnets, but they did not suit. She had set her heart on this particular bonnet, and disconsolately she and her brother went out of the shop, Georgie walking with a melancholy countenance and with his hands in his pockets at her side. They tried several other shops, but could not be suited. Her heart was set on the original one; and at last they got back and gazed at the bonnet in the shop window. George suddenly said, "Stay here, sister," and off he ran. Half an hour passed, an hour, and, finally, four hours had gone and no George. By this time the little girl had got quite hungry, miserable and frightened. She was alone; her brother gone. Visions of terrible calamities having befallen him rushed through her head, or that he had been run over, or taken to prison, when he at last came running back and said, "I have got the siller," shewing his hand full of coppers. She said, "George where did you get it from?" He answered, "Holding the gentlemen's horses." He had earned the money. He had been four hours looking for gentlemen to hold their horses'heads. There was determination and perseverance! They went into the shop and bought the bonnet, and no prouder couple trudged back from Newcastle to Wylam that night than George and his sister. When he got a little older he went, like his father, down the pit. He was only fourteen, and so small of his age that he used to hide when the inspector came round, lest he should be thought too small for his wage. He got larger wages for that, a shilling a day. He could not read or write—

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very few colliers could in those days. Those who could would sit down and read to their less fortunate companions. George was a teetotaller by choice, although total abstinence had not been preached by Joseph Livesey and his brave companions then, but no beer shop was ever entered by George, no cock-fight tempted him to be a spectator. He hated everything low, brutal and vulgar. He thought he would like to be able to read. He found out an old man four miles from where he lived. Hither he tramped three evenings a week, learning to spell, just like one of the small boys in the school. He was ready the next morning to commence his toil during the day. He progressed until he was able to read fairly. The master with whom he had studied came to reside in the village where George lived, and from him he learned arithmetic until he attained the age of twenty. He got on at his employment, and was appointed brakesman at an increased wage. He thought he was a made man as other people sometimes do, and felt justified in taking unto himself a wife. But he now found that if he wanted to read he must have books. Books were very much dearer in those days than now. What could he do? He had never learnt any other trade. He took it into his head to make shoes. He got some leather, and succeeded in the shoemaking. The villagers called him "Cobbler George." But he gave satisfaction, for he considered that if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well. In addition to being a shoemaker he became a tailor, and made coats. With the extra money he received from these two trades he bought books. Owing to his industry and ability he was appointed assistant engineman. Then he certainly thought his fortune was made for again he got extra wages. He began to study the engine. He took it to pieces. He began to think he could improve upon

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it a little, and made a model, and was successful in making an alteration which caused the engine to be more effective. He then got 24s. a week, which was still small wages. Then an occurrence happened in his own house, which caused him to go into a different trade altogether. He had begun to make small models of engines. While he was at work in this way the chimney of the new house into which he had removed, and which had not been swept, got on fire, and the neighbours found it out, and poured not only enough water down the chimney to extinguish the fire, but also to deluge the little home with soot and water; and George's eight-day clock, the choicest bit of furniture he and his wife had, was completely smothered by ashes. There were not many clocks in those days. To repair one would cost a good deal of money. After he returned home that night, George cleaned the works and put them together again, and soon the "tick, tick" of the pendulum made his heart rejoice, and all the neighbours brought their clocks to him to be repaired. Instead of being called "Cobbler George" and "Tailor George," they now called him "George the Clock Doctor" (laughter). About this time a little son was born to him whom he named Robert. A little while afterwards George received his first worldly sorrow, for his wife died after three happy years of married life. As his son grew he was sent to school and the son afterwards became a great man, whose fame has been only eclipsed by that of his father. George was again promoted, this time to chief engineman. A mine near the one where he was working became flooded. The water seemed to defy all their efforts. The shaft which had been sunk had entailed a great expense, and if the water could not be pumped out, it would have to be abandoned; but George being expert in mechanics went and looked at the shaft. A friend asked him,

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"Do you think, George, you can doctor her?" "Aye, lad," he replied, "in a week's time I will send you to the bottom dry shod." It came to the ears of the manager, Mr. Dodds. The contractor thought, "Well, I have tried all the eminent men; I know this man is a smart little fellow; I will let him try," and he gave George the job. George spent twenty hours examining the machine and making alterations. It commenced working; it pumped away, and in two days the pit was dry so that the men could descend the shaft and stand at the foot of it. About a fortnight afterwards the water was totally under subjection, and the miners went to work in the mine. George was then employed as chief engineer, and received in addition to his wages a present of £10 for his succesfuleffort. In 1812 George was promoted to the post of engine-wright to the colliery at a salary of £100 per year. Little Robert, his son, was then thirteen years of age, and was attending the Academy at Newcastle. Now at this time the way the miners used to tow the coal wagons was by a stationary engine. When the wagons were filled they were attached to an endless band. I daresay my friends will remember Edge Hill Tunnel—I have a distinct recollection of how the trains were drawn from Lime Street Station to Edge Hill by an endless rope—it is many years ago now. The coal wagons were pulled along in this same way. The carraiges were taken from one endless rope to another, and so on. Watching these things it occured to George that he could make a machine not stationary. He determined to construct a machine that would move itself, and after much labour, alteration, and anxiety, in ten months' time he completed a machine, and it commenced working July 25th, 1814. This machine was awkward and slow. It carried eight loaded wagons,

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of thirty tons weight at a speed of four miles an hour. George wanted to improve his engine, and he determined to try again, and he then constructed the engine, now famous, and which he called "Puffing Billy." Most people who saw it looked upon "Puffing Billy" as a marvel; but, shaking their heads, prophesied it would make a terrible explosion some day. "Puffing Billy," however, worked steadily on, a vast advance on all preceding attempts. At this time a rich quaker gentleman named Edward Pease, was proprietor of a colliery at Darlington, and he needed a quicker and easier transit for his coal from the collieries to Stockton, where it was shipped. Stephenson obtained an introduction to him, and persuaded Mr. Pease to let him construct a railroad between these two places, and on the 27th day of September, 1822, the Stockton and Darlington Railway was finished and opened. The road ran from Stockton to Darlington, a distance of twelve miles, and thence to the Etherley collieries, in all about thirty-two miles. Then came the great triumph of George Stephenson's career. At that time Liverpool and Manchester were anxious to get nearer to each other. Manchester manufactured the cotton which was received in Liverpool in its raw state. Therefore the raw material had to be conveyed from Liverpool to Manchester, there manufactured into various kinds of goods; then the manufactured articles had to be returned to Liverpool, and frum thence transhipped to various parts of the world. Then came the question of improved transit. Now the only mode of transit between Liverpool and Manchester besides the ordinary turnpike road, was the Bridgewater canal and the rivers Mersey and Irwell. Carriage by the turnpike road was too expensive, and the other modes were slow, tedious, and costly. Various ideas were promulgated for carrying goods.

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The first idea was a plateway—a scheme akin to our modern tramways. It was to attach so many wagons together to be drawn by horses. It may be interesting to mention that a gentleman named Outram was the inventor of tramways, hence their present appellation which is simply a corruption of his name—tram. Stephenson was consulted as to what should be done to remedy this state of things, and he suggested a railway with a locomotive engine. This was scouted as absurd. People said it was nonsense; that the smoke and sparks from these great horrid engines would poison the air, destroy the vegetation and the corn, and the thatched roofs of the houses would catch fire, and other numerous accidents would happen. He was scouted as a man of one idea, a fanatic, an enthusiast, a visionary. People said it was impossible. The merchants of Liverpool and Manchester however thought it was possible. The inhabitants of the two towns raised a large amount of money. Stephenson was engaged. Surveyors were appointed, and the survey had to be made in the night time, for this reason, that the people along the proposed route used to come out with pitchforks, scythes, blunderbusses, and other ugly weapons and chase the surveyors away if they attempted to work in the day time. Opposition from all sorts and conditions of men ran high; from the Earls of Sefton and Derby, who instigated their tenants to stone the surveyors, down to the rough uneducated pitmen and women of the colliery districts, and our pioneers had to engage a prize-fighter under the guise of one of the party. He carried one of the surveying instruments called a theodolite, and when anyone came to interfere, the champion prize-fighter dropped his peaceful avocation in order to engage in a pitched battle, which, as a rule, did not end in giving any pleasure to the obstructionists (laughter)

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However, the survey was at last finished, after which a Bill was introduced into Parliament and thrown out. The members said, "Who is the mad collier that says he can make a road across Chat Moss?" We all know the peaty bog called Chat Moss. There were all sorts of tales about it. It was said that Chat Moss had no bottom; that anybody crossing it would sink never to rise again, Stephenson said a road could be made across it. But people told him with all his locomotives, tram lines, and theodolites, and all the money ever subscribed, that he could not cross Chat Moss. It was impossible. One man said to him, "I wish Napoleon was here." "Tush!" exclaimed Stephenson, "don't tell me about Napoleon." "Give me men, money, and material, and I'll do what Napoleon couldn't do—drive a railroad over Chat Moss" (applause). Three years passed. In the meantime two celebrated engineers—the Brothers Rennie—made a survey of the district, and reported that Stephenson's views were right, and that the railway was practicable. The Bill came before the House again. It was passed by the Commons, but it had to pass the House of Lords. It came before a committee of the House of Lords, and Stephenson had to give evidence. One member thought he would be very facetious with Stephenson. He said, "Supposing you can make this road between Liverpool and Manchester what do you intend to do then?" Stephenson said he intended to convey passengers and goods from Liverpool to Manchester and back again. "What speed do you intend to go? "Twelve miles an hour, my lord," was the reply. "And supposing there was a cow in the way, what then; would it not be awkward?" Stephenson rubbed his head. His lordship laughed; then Stephenson replied, "I think, my lord, it would be very awkward—for the coo"

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(laughter). The Bill was passed. People still looked upon the promoters of it as fanatics. But the making of the road or line progressed until Chat Moss was reached. Wagon after wagon load of stone and earth and heavy baulks of timber, were thrown into the bog, but they sank. The bog seemed to swallow them all. The men came and reported it to Stephenson. He replied, "Throw more earth in." They did so, but still it sank. "Put more earth in" was still Stephenson's reply." They went on for days, still it sunk, and they were almost giving up in despair. Stephenson never despaired; he had only one reply, and that was, "Put more earth in," and eventually the earth did not sink. The bottom had been reached at last, the road was made and the lines passed over it (applause). The next difficulty was Edge Hill Tunnel. To make a line of one and a quarter miles through the solid sandstone rock was regarded as impossible. The difficulties were enormous. At one time springs of water would burst in upon the workmen, at another time huge loads of sand would fall upon the men, threatening to bury them alive. On one occasion a digger was overwhelmed by a sudden fall of sand. The man's comrades thought he was killed, and did not attempt to render any help. Stephenson shouted "Follow me," seized a pickaxe and shovel and commenced to dig; the other men, inspired by his example, followed him and rescued the man. The men were so disheartened with the enormously difficult work of excavating and boring the tunnel that they lost spirit until re-inspired by the ever sanguine Stephenson. Finally a line was laid and opened for traffic, and yet even then Stephenson was called a visionary and a fanatic. And when the road was made, still the directors had not decided what the motive power was to be to drag the wagons. A few

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insisted upon using horse-power, whilst a large number, after taking the opinion of two professional engineers of high repute, reported in favour of having twenty-one stationary engines between Liverpool and Manchester, and that the road should be divided into nineteen stages, each a mile and a-half long. Stephenson opposed this scheme bitterly, and said the only suitable thing for the railway was a locomotive engine. People at that time knew little or nothing of the subject, and they said, "if you have a locomotive the boiler will burst, and you will terminate your journey more quickly than pleasantly" (laughter). But Stephenson knew he was right, and finally induced the directors to adopt his scheme; and the directors decided to offer a prize for a new locomotive, built to answer certain conditions, two of which were that the engine was to be of six tons weight and that it should be able to draw twenty tons at a speed as high as ten miles an hour. The prize to be £500. Stephenson thought he could make one, and he and his son Robert set to work on it. They passed many days and nights in hard work. At last they hit upon the idea of placing copper tubes in the boiler in connection with the fire, and that every one of these tubes would heat the water, and that they could get thereby more heat than by the ordinary way, and thus be able to generate steam more speedily and get on at quicker rate than they otherwise could. On the day fixed for the trial four engines put in an appearance. Stephenson's was called "The Rocket." The others were called—"The Novelty," the "Sanspareil," and the "Perseverance." The first one ran quickly; the other ones did not do so well, the "Perservance" only going five or six miles an hour. Stephenson's was the last tried. It went faster than the first one, which I mentioned previously was called "The Novelty." The trial was adjourned

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until next day. That morning the boiler of the "Sanspareil" became defective and something got its machinery out of order. The directors shook their heads and said, "Oh, these locomotives are liable to get so soon out of order." Stephenson said, "You have not tried mine." It was tried and ran twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, dragging a carriage large enough to hold thirty persons. "The Rocket" was accordingly declared to have won the prize, and orders were at once given for eight large engines to be built like it. On the 15th day of September, 1830—not quite fifty-seven years ago—* the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was opened. Many distinguished men were present, including the Duke of Wellington then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and William Huskisson, then M.P. for Liverpool, who unfortunately lost his life at the opening. Huskisson's name can never be forgotten, as it was really through his energy and influence that the Bill was passed through Parliament. People held up their hands when they saw the "Rocket" going twenty-five and thirty miles an hour. What is that to the high rate of speed our express trains now travel? Just imagine our country at the present time without railways!—conception fails. And yet George and Robert Stephenson were called fanatics, visionaries, enthusiasts, people filled with wild and frenzied notions, men of one idea, monomaniacs. They sought not riches, but they have enriched the world. Let us think of them with reverence as the benefactors of mankind (applause). When the first steamboat sailed out of the Hudson river all sorts of calamatous prophecies were made. People called the inventor a lunatic. They saw the boat lying there beside the quay.

* This lecture was delivered in the early part of the year 1887.

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They said, "There it lies, but it will never start." The paddle wheels went round. They said, "They won't move the ship." But the vessel moved. "Oh!" they said, "yes, it moves, but it won't go far." Then the vessel steamed down the river and the croakers said, "Oh, yes, anything, even a dead fish, can go down the river with the stream; but it will burst before it gets to that rock." But it reached the rock, passed it, glided out of sight; and then they said, "It is gone now; it will never come back any more." But it *did* come back. Now we can cross the mighty Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in seven days. So it is with all great improvements—the progressists have ever been termed fanatics and visionaries. Before concluding, I may mention one other great social reform as bearing upon my previous illustrations, but coming in even more modern times. It is not yet fifty years ago since it absorbed the whole day's wages of an ordinary working man in London to write to his wife is Cork, informing her that he was in good health and trusting that the epistle would find her in enjoyment of the same blessing, when the Government charged as much for carrying a letter from London to Edinburgh as it would cost to transport a barrel of flour the same distance, and when some commercial houses in Liverpool paid more as postal tax to the Government than would discharge the salaries of all their clerks, and when persons taking a journey on business or pleasure used to often carry a large quantity of letters in their portmanteaus to save postage. But an end was soon to come to this foolish system. A Mr. Rowland Hill had his attention drawn to the matter whilst staying at lodgings in the country. The postman came to the door and offered the landlady a letter, at the same time asking for the postage of 2s. 6d. The landlady took the letter in her hand and looked at the address, and turned it over and

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looked at the other side, and appeared to be meditating whether she should pay the postage or not. At last, after scrutinising it very carefully, she returned it to the postman, saying the postage was too much and she could not afford to pay it. Rowland Hill stepped forward and offered to pay the postage for her. Much to his astonishment, the landlady thanked him, but declined his offer; and when the postman had gone, explained to him there was no necessity to pay the postage as she already new what the letter had been abont, as it had been arranged between her brother and herself that he should make certain marks on the outside of the envelope by which she would know he was in good health and prospering, and thus avoid the necessity of paying any postage (laughter). Rowland Hill was struck with the acuteness of the idea, and yet he thought it abominable that poor persons should have to be put to such straits in order to get news from their relatives, and accordingly be began to consider the whole system of British postage, and in 1837 published a pamphlet on "Postal Reform." The Government and Parliament ridiculed him. They said he was mad to think that a letter could be carried to any part of the United Kingdom for a penny; it was absurd; it could never pay; the Revenue would suffer. Rowland Hill, however, had faith in his plan, and in 1840, his "wild and frenzied" notion, as it had been called, was adopted, and the new system came into force, and soon the nation appreciated the benefit of the change, and the income from the post office rapidly increased, and perhaps now there is no department worked under Government that gives more satisfaction than that of the General Post Office. But how was the benefactor of his country and the originator of this splendid plan treated? At the outset he was ridiculed as a dreamer

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and a fanatic, an enthusiast, a visionary, and even after the conviction of the utility of his plan had penetrated the masses of the people, Parliament mutilated it, supplying the extracted parts with clumsy inventions of its own, and when even this much of the plan was adopted, he was permitted but to have a slight influence in working it out in practice, and was only placed in a minor position in the General Post Office. Subsequently, however, his capability was recognised, and a subscription of £13,000 collected from his numerous admirers, and by his receiving the honour of knighthood (applause). Let us now turn to another, and far different scene. Hitherto I have only given examples of persons who, in comparatively recent times, have been at first scouted and ridiculed, but subsequently have been acknowledged to have been men of intellect and prescience. But the person I am now going to allude to, occupies a far greater page in the history of the world—in fact his position is unique. Over twelve hundred years ago an uneducated, illiterate man, and who, with the rest of his nation had been brought up among the grossest forms of superstition and idolatory, received what he believed was an inspired message from the Almighty God to denounce the worship of idols, and proclaim the Unity of the Deity, and call the world to the worship of the Most Merciful, Compassionate and Just God. Sincerely convinced of the truth of his convictions this man—this deep and true-hearted son of the desert, with beaming dark eyes, and his open, tender soul, earnestly commenced to deliver his message. He spoke to his companions. He harangued his townsfolk. He preached to the multitude. The faithful wife of his bosom and a few others believed in him ; but by the larger number of persons he was regarded as a madman and a fanatic. After four years con-

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tiual advocacy he only made about forty converts. It was, perhaps, scarcely to be expected that the citizens of his native town would regard with much favour the man who was continually speaking to the people about another world. The time-honoured religion of their ancestors might, perhaps, be slightly improved upon in minor points, but what evidence had they that the "Divine commission" of this man, who had been cradled in their midst, and who claimed to be the Prophet of God, was anything but a cunning device to secure to himself the obedience and support of his more credulous brethren! And when Mahomet (for it is he I am alluding to) began to abuse their idols in words of burning irony, evidence of his sincerity and indignation—"Verily the idols which ye invoke, besides God, can never create a single fly, although they were all assembled for that purpose: and if the fly snatch anything from them, they cannot recover the same from it. Weak is the petitioner and the petitioned."* "Ye idolators, call upon whom ye imagine to be gods besides God, they are not masters of the weight of an ant in heaven nor on earth, neither have they any share in the creation or government of the same: nor is any of them assistants to him therein.† He naturally gave offence to not only the priests of these idols, but to the benighted populace who worshipped them. "Who is this? they angrily asked, that pretends to be wiser than we all; that ridicules us all, as mere fools and worshippers of wood." And then they indulged in threats and menaces. Being alarmed for his nephew's safety his uncle, Abu Taleb, spoke to Mahomet on the subject and asked him as he valued his life to be silent; he could believe it all for himself and not trouble others, why

* Koran, sura 22. † Koran, sura 34.

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should he enrage the chief men of the city against him, and endanger himself and the few converts he had already made by talking about ti. Mahomet drew himself up and answered "If ye set the sun on my right hand and the moon on my left and they were to order me to hold my peace, yet could I not obey. I must deliver the message of God." He went on speaking to all who would listen to him; publishing his doctrine amongst the strangers who came to Mecca, and slowly gaining adherents here and there. Continual contradiction, hatred, ridicule, open and secret danger attended him. Yet at this time, as, indeed, in all ages, persecution failed in its object. In the fourth year of his mission, Mahomet removed to the house of one of his converts named Arquam, with the view of more peaceably expounding his creed to those who were prepared to listen to him. Annoyed by the ever-increasing numbers of his followers, the idolators commenced to ill-treat such of the humbler converts as came within reach of their vengeance, and the unfortunate beings whom they seized had their eyelashes cut off, and with their hands and feet bound with ropes were laid on their backs upon the scorching gravel of the Meccan valley in the glare of the mid-day sun, till anguish induced them to revile their Prophet and acknowledge once more the deity of the idols of their kinsfolk and countrymen. Unable to protect these sufferers for their faith, Mahomet enjoined them to seek in a foreign land that security for life and limb which was denied them in their own native land. "Yonder," said he, pointing to the west, "lieth a region wherein no one is wronged—a land of righteousness. Depart thither, and there remain till it pleaseth the Lord to open your way before you." So in the fifth year of the Prophet's ministry a little party of fifteen persons quitted Mecca and sought refuge in Abyssinia. On this

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occasion the emigrants were but few, yet the part they acted was of deep importance in the history of Islam. It was a convincing proof of the sincerity and resolution of the converts, and showed their willingness to undergo any loss, or suffer any hardship rather than to abjure their faith; a bright example of self-denial was thus exhibited to the believers generally, who were thus led to regard peril and exile in the cause of God as a glorious privilege and distinction. Mahomet himself remained behind, but he was exposed to insults of every description at the hands of the incensed populace, who were wont to pelt him in the streets; and now and again the Prophet, who, in after years, numbered his followers by millions of pious Moslems, was compelled to crouch under the ledge of projecting stones, there to offer up his prayers to the God in whom he trusted, and whose message he taught. Finding the people of his native city so hostile towards him, Mahomet decided upon visiting the neighbouring city of Tayif, in the hope that the people might be induced to give ear to his message, and unaccompanied, save by one faithful follower, he set out upon his adventurous mission, struggling through rocky defiles for forty weary miles, until he reached the fertile valleys which surrounded the city whither he was bending his steps. Alas, he preached to but heedless auditors: the chief men received him with cold distain, while the populace looked rather at the apparent poverty of the messenger, than the priceless value of the message, and regarding him with contempt called him a fool, a fanatic, a madman, and pelting him with stones, drove him forth from the town. Wearied, wounded, bleeding, and bruised, the Prophet took refuge in an orchard, and betook himself to prayer, and poured forth a touching appeal to the Lord whom he worshipped. Disappointed but not cast down,

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rebuffed but not discouraged, Mahomet returned to Mecca. The Meccans grew ever angrier; laid plots, and swore to each other oaths, to put him to death with their own hands. "Mahomet's outlook at this time was one of the most dismal kind. He had to hide in caverns, escape in disguise, fly hither and thither; homeless and in continual peril of his life. More than once it seemed all over with him: more than once it turned on a straw, like some riders horse taking fright, or the like, whether Mahomet and his doctrine had not ended there, and not been heard of at all. But it was not to end so. In the thirteenth year of his mission, finding his enemies banded against him, forty sworn men, one out of every tribe, waiting to take his life, and no continuance possible at Mecca for him any longer, Mahomet fled to Medina."* Time will not permit me to give more details this evening of the rapid progress which shortly afterwards the religion of Islam made. Within eight years Mahomet re-entered the city of Mecca, from whose gates he had been obliged to flee for his life, at the head of one thousand of followers, and in less than one hundred years Islam was preached and practised from Delhi to Granada. And to-day one hundred and eighty millions of human beings revere the memory of this last and greatest of the prophets, and follow the principles laid down by him as their rules of faith and practise (applause). He was called a fanatic, a fool, a madman, an addlepated enthusiast, a visionary.† To-day he is regarded by millions of people as the Prophet of the Living God.—(Cheers). I am aware that there are bigot-

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* Carlyle—"Heroes and Hero Worship."

† "The ungodly also say, Ye follow no other than a man who is distracted. Behold what they liken thee unto." 25th Sura "Al Forkan" Koran.

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ted persons in this Island of ours who, in the narrow confines of their miserable self-conceit and ignorance, regard Mahomet as a false prophet, and speak of him as such. I care not for their opinions, no true student of history can so regard him. The greatest thinker this 19th century has produced in England —I mean Thomas Carlyle—(applause) has formed a very different conception of the character of the prophet. Let me read you his words, "Our current hypothesis about Mahomet that he was a scheming imposter, a falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mere mass of quackery and fatuity, begins now to be untenable to any one. The lies which well meaning zeal has heaped about this man are disgraceful to ourselves only. It is really time to dismiss all that. The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of about one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These one hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here."—(Cheers). Another thing I should mention about the Prophet of Arabia is, that he was a total abstainer from intoxicants, and gave that law to his followers. It is nearly thirteen hundred years since the prophet fled to Medina, and for all these centuries every sincere Moslem has abstained and does still abstain from all alcoholic beverages. And now coming more immediately to our own ideas and belief. Are we tetotallers visionaries? Is it fitting to us

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that, as a nation, this drink traffic, this drink curses, should prevail throughout our land? This drink curse is a worse slavery than that which Clarkson and Wilberforce abolished. It is a slavery of the passions—of the soul; the drunkard is a greater slave than the poor negro. He was dragged away and compelled to work for his master against his will. That is not the position of the slavery of the drink traffic. It is a voluntary slavery. No man need be such a slave. I admit that when a man becomes habituated to it, it is difficult to shake off the shackles then. But he has brought it on himself. It is a habit, a voluntary habit that grows upon you. There is a tale told about George Washington. George wanted to get to the top of his class, but was not successful. Now, George noticed a boy who, before answering a question, always put his right hand finger and thumb to the bottom button of his waistcoat. George determined to solve the mystery, so he cut off his class-mate's button, and when the youth wanted to answer a question, he put his hand to find the button as usual, but not doing so, he stammered, he stammered and hesitated, and got confused, and finally failed to answer the question, so George obtained the coveted headship of the class (laughter). And so it is with this habit of drinking—it is nothing more than a habit—a habit that grows to the detriment and disgrace of man, reducing him below the level of the brute beast. It begins first by the taking of an occasional glass, just now and then. Gradually the glass grows into two. There may not be any evil effects following immediately; but it is difficult when once begun to throw off the habit. People object to sign the temperance pledge, they say it is not manly; that they like to be free agents, and prate of how delightful it is to be quite free. When I hear these persons talking like that I often wonder if they ever consider

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that the smallest fish in the ocean is freer than a man, and as Ruskin says, "a fly is a black incarnation of freedom" (laughter). A life of so called pleasure and self-indulgence is not a life of real happiness or true freedom. Far from it, if we once begin to give way to our selfish appetites, we immediately fall under a most intolerable tyranny. Just consider the insiduous nature of this intoxicating drink. At first, perhaps, the draught seems delightful, but there is bitterness at the bottom of the cup. Men drink to satisfy the desire created by previous indulgence. Repetition soon becomes a craving not a pleasure. Resistance grows more and more difficult, in fact becomes absolutely painful; yielding, which at first, perhaps, afforded some slight and temporary gratification, soon ceases to give pleasure, and even if for a time it procures relief, ere long be comes absolutely odiousness itself. To resist is most difficult, to give way is painful; until at length the wretched victim to his own appetite can only purchase, or, imagines he can only procure, temporary relief from intolerable craving and depression at the expense of far greater suffering in the future. People have said to me, "What right have you to insinuate that I shall ever become a drunkard?" My answer is, "What right have you to claim to be better than anybody else?" Look at the 60,000 persons in this country who die every year from intemperance! Not a single one of them thought he would become a drunkard; not one of them ever imagined he would die a drunkard's death. How dare you arrogate to yourself the claim to be stronger than they? What have you done that you should have a charmed life? My friends, there is danger in the wine cup. There is death in the spirit cask. This alcohol is dangerous; its victims surround us on every side. Our duty is plain. We must

avoid the evil thing. Am I an enthusiast? Is it fanaticism on my part? Is it right for others to advocate teetotalism? Are we visionaries, moved with wild frenzy? When we look at the thousands of drunkards in our town, is it not right that we should try to save them? The only way I can see to achieve this great victory is, first to set a good example by personal entire abstinence from strong drink; to set a good and safe example to our children, our friends, and our neighbours. The country has been cursed long enough by the foul stain of drunkenness, the wail of anguish from broken hearts and desolate homes, has ascended too long. We can make our lives pure and peaceful by resisting evil, by placing restraint upon our appetites, and by strengthening and developing our tendencies to good. As the poet sings :—

"A man is his own star;
Our acts our angels are
For good or ill."

Then rise, my brethren, never heeding the gibes and the sneers of the thoughtless, but with a full determination to prove that, like the reformers of old, nothing will daunt your spirits, no obstacle will overcome you, and march on to conquer this mighty foe, "Shouting the battle cry of freedom" (loud applause).

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