

EVOLUTION CRITICISED. By T. B. BISHOP. Oliphants Ltd.

BLOODY BILL is commonly supposed to have been somewhat severe with the Belgians. But only the 'spurlos versenkt' suggestion of an admittedly insane agent of his approaches the maniacal savagery of I Samuel xv, 3, and by no means matches the indiscriminating imbecility of its ferocity:

"Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

Who is the author of this order? It is the father of Jesus Christ. "I and my father are one." It is therefore the God of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, the American people (if their newspapers lie not), and a very few particularly troglodytic Englishmen of whom Mr. T. B. Bishop is a striking "survival of the meanest."

Mr. Bishop really believes that this tribal demon designed butterflies, and put the rainbow in the sky as a guarantee that the world would never be destroyed by water. He even thinks that it once was destroyed by water! When any student of nature discovers beauty, or design, or evidence of intelligence, Mr. Bishop falls into a senile rage. He is not content with destroying his fellowman, with his wife, children, cattle, and so on; Mr. Bishop is not happy unless he is sure that they will all be roasted without cessation or hope.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Bishop writes a book to prove the truth of all this prehistoric nonsense. Mr. Bishop's intelligence is very far beneath the human level. For example, he actually maintains that the claws and teeth of predatory animals have been given to them out of kindness towards their prey! You would think it was impossible for any one to miss the point of the argument that nature is cruel. The fact is that Mr. Bishop's ideas of kindness are a little crude, like his ideas of writing a book. This is not really a book at all. It's mere scissors

and paste. Its main argument is that as two men of science have differed on some minute detail of theory, there is no value in science. He does not in the least understand the subject on which he is writing. He does not understand the canon of reason. He has only one idea, which is, that the Bible (authorized translation) is literally true in every detail. His great explanation of everything that seems a little peculiar is that it is the result of sin. He claims, however, that sin was caused by the devil, who was created by God, and that God foreknew and permitted all this, in order to inflict torture upon nearly everybody except Mr. Bishop. He would however deny furiously that the God who willingly and knowingly created the devil, was in any way responsible for him. This Kaiserlich-Chautauquamericanisch-Bishopisch God is therefore an illogical impossibility and absurdity. But this doesn't detract from the unmetaphysical conception of him as a monster.

Mr. Bishop is one of the best known philanthropists in England. Let us see how he acts within his family circle. Here is a quotation from a bill of costs sent in to his nephew by the family solicitor. It should be understood that the nephew in question was at the time of the transaction entitled to a considerable sum of money which was in the hands of this solicitor, and that Mr. Bishop was aware of this:

"Attending Mrs. Bishop when she informed us that Mr. Bishop had received a letter from you that you were ill and needed money and she asked whether Mr. Bishop would be safe in sending you out any and generally answering your inquiries.

"Attending Mr. T. B. Bishop on his calling when he showed us the letter from you and stated that he was cabling you out £12."

A generous impulse is sometimes regretted by the impulsive one. Mr. Bishop's motto seems to be, "Safety First." Many years ago, as stated in *THE EQUINOX*, Mr. Bishop worked his sister to death in order to spare him-

self the expense of a stenographer. Mr. Bishop is a man of considerable wealth, but he never allows it to injure his moral principles. The death of his sister left him with one other sister, and for her he professed the most unbounded devotion. As she lay dead in her house, he wrote long letters to her son about One pound, three and tuppence that she owed to the grocer, sixteen and nine pence that she owed to the butcher, and so on. I suppose he had her buried by the parish, though I have no information on this point; but he was the residuary legatee of her estate, and any money expended in burying her would therefore have to come ultimately out of his own pocket, which is not very nice to think of, when you are 78 years old, rich and honoured, and your last near relative is lying dead in her house. I think possibly that he may have paid a few shillings for a cheap coffin, for the subject seems to worry him very much. Two years later he is trying to swindle this nephew aforesaid out of some property, and one of the arguments which he uses is, that if he gets this money to which he has no right, he will be able to have a stone put on the grave of his sister. I hope the readers of THE EQUINOX have been ignorant hitherto that there are any people like this Mr. Bishop; that they imagine the peasants in Zola's *La Terre* to be mostly imaginary: not that Zola's peasants are as disgusting as Mr. Bishop. He is certainly a very strong argument against evolution, though his book is not. After wearing out his sister Ada, finding himself faced with this expense of this stenographer aforesaid, he decided that it would be cheaper to get married. So he went to Llandudno; and, rather like Abraham when he found the ram caught in the thicket by its horns, he found a cow caught in the Children's Special Service Mission by her feet, which were exceptionally large, and took her as wife in name, and secretary and general servant in function. This female, however, developed an unsuspected quality. She made him shave, and Mr. Bishop, who had been going about London for forty

years looking like a most venerable old gentleman, was seen to be a monkey. He looked like a monkey so much that the local zoologists used to frequent the neighbourhood of his house on Sunday afternoon. We have also seen that he thinks like a monkey, the god whom he has made in his own image being more ferocious than a gorilla, and far less intelligent. What then are the differences between Mr. Bishop and a monkey? They are not obvious, and I do not think that any man of science will disagree that it is better to leave it to the monkeys to discover them. But if they insist that he is a Nuctanthropus, we must try again, and see if we cannot class him among the cockroaches. There is a great gambit in what may be called by history the olfactory argument.

H. SAPIENS.