

than ever before was given by Joseph Priestley more than a hundred years ago to a public not yet prepared for the reception of ideas so advanced as these.

I have said that in his labors by his freedom in proclaiming his broad views Priestley had succeeded in making many enemies; but to no violent outbreak did their wrath give way until July the fourteenth, seventeen hundred and ninety-one. Sitting peacefully in his home at Birmingham, at which place he was now pastor after similar labor at Needham, Nantwich, and Leeds, librarian and secretary to Lord Shelburne, and tutor in languages at Warrington Academy, he and his family were aroused from the quietude of their fireside communion by a wild and ominous roar, as of a mighty maddend bull. Before they could recover from their first surprise, a howling mob of fanatical Englishmen, fired by a religious fanaticism that prevailed all England and by the incarnate devil of rapacity and revenge, desirous of showing in some way their disapproval of Priestley's un-English views on this the anniversary of the downfall of the Bastille, pounced like an enraged lion upon defenceless prey, upon the Priestley home and chapel, burning, pillaging, and destroying the works of a lifetime. Library, chapel, laboratory, apparatus, and many valuable specimens perished like so much tinder. But while a brutal English mob in an hour of political madness and religious frenzy could do all this it could not stay the indomitable energy of this genius nor diminish the lustre of his brain-won renown.

Aided by friends Priestley and his family were enabled to escape to London and after three years of not too pleasant labor in charge of a pastorate at the Mill Hall chapel, he set sail on April the fourth, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, for America, the home of the oppressed, a refuge from the turmoil of English life; and a spot in which he might spend the remainder of his allotted years in peace and quiet. After a tiresome voyage of six weeks duration he landed at