

Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XIX.—No. 38.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1899.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Dreyfus—Martyr!

It is with a feeling of sickness that I take up the pen to write once more on the Dreyfus case. The fate of that unhappy man is enough to touch the stoniest heart, and to wring tears from eyes the most unused to the melting mood. Talk about the martyrdom of Jesus! why, it was nothing to the martyrdom of Dreyfus. One was all over in less than twenty-four hours; the other has lasted five years, and now threatens to last five years longer. First came the arrest of Dreyfus in circumstances of great cruelty, then his badgering and browbeating in prison by Du Paty de Clam and other wretches, then his villainous trial by court-martial, then his degradation before lines of soldiers and a mob of fanatical civilians, then his almost unparalleled torture on the Devil's Island, then his removal with a newly-kindled hope to France, and then his long trial by a second court-martial at Rennes, under methods of procedure that excited the astonishment of the whole civilized world; and now comes his second condemnation, with another degradation in perspective, and another five years of imprisonment. Meanwhile his devoted wife must be nearly heart-broken, his children have no father at a time when love should be growing between him and them, and his reputation is branded with the odious name of "Traitor." And the man is innocent! Everybody who is at all acquainted with the facts of the case knows he is innocent. The generals who spat their malice at him, day after day, during the recent court-martial, know he is innocent; the seven judges of the court-martial know he is innocent; the journalists who write for the Church-and-Army papers in Paris know he is innocent. The real criminals can be found at any moment; their guilt is indisputable, yet they are allowed to go scot free, while their innocent victim is reviled and tortured in a way that is almost beyond endurance. It is wonderful that Dreyfus has borne up so long; and perhaps it will be even more wonderful if he lives through the rest of his appointed martyrdom.

After the judgment of the Court of Cassation I entertained a hope that justice would soon triumph; but as the second court-martial proceeded, and the attitude of the judges was so openly hostile, while General Mercier and his colleagues were permitted to make interminable speeches against the prisoner, without adducing a single scrap of practical evidence, I began to feel that justice was doomed to suffer another overthrow. It was evident that the Generals were resolved to move heaven and earth—and hell too—rather than let Dreyfus be acquitted. They pursued him with passionate hatred. There was the note of personal malice in all their utterance. I do not believe that the shooting of M. Labori—that splendid man who is acting in this case for the love of justice, and who positively declines to receive any fee—I do not believe, I say, that his shooting was the work of an isolated fanatic. I believe it was done to order. Man after man has disappeared at the precise moment that suited the interest of the Generals. Picquart himself owes his life to the fact that he took care to make it impossible for them to put him out of the way. Moreover, it is against all

probability that man after man should meet death just at the psychological moment for Dreyfus's persecutors. It must be remembered that M. Labori was shot—they tried to steal his papers too!—just as he was going to the court to begin his cross-examination of General Mercier and the other high military witnesses against Dreyfus. At any rate, the animus of the generals was unmistakable; and it was hardly to be expected that seven subordinate officers would return a verdict that would virtually stamp a number of superior officers as liars and rogues. In the circumstances, it is surprising that two of those seven subordinate officers had the courage to dissent from the verdict of the other five. Their names are not disclosed, but their identity will be known to the generals, who will probably see that they are hunted out of the army—not, perhaps, just yet, but at the earliest convenient moment.

Dreyfus has been sacrificed to the *amour propre* of the French Army. And behind the Army is the Church—about which I shall have more to say next week. This is a matter which deeply concerns Freethinkers. I think I shall also be able to show that it very much concerns the English nation.

Never has one man's trial excited the world's attention like this trial of Dreyfus. Every country utters its protest against this scandalous act of injustice. France is warned that the whole of civilisation is watching her with disgust and apprehension. One can easily understand the feeling in Germany. The pledged word of the Government, which is known also to be the pledged word of the Emperor, has been openly flouted. Now, the Emperor has his faults, but they do not run in the direction of falsehood and cunning. He is as proud as Lucifer, and proud men do not tell lies. The world believes him when he makes a statement on his honor. Nor is this all. The French Government has from the very first had diplomatic intimation from Germany and Italy, and even from Austria, that it was on the wrong scent, and that Dreyfus was perfectly innocent, although, of course, the guilty parties could not be indicated. Of late, indeed, it has been pretty plainly suggested that the real traitors were Henry and Esterhazy, and hints have been thrown out that somebody still higher is one of the culprits. It is perfectly well known all round that Dreyfus was selected as a scapegoat, and selected because he was a Jew. The wretches calculated that, as a Jew, he would have no friends; that they might get him out of the way, and that the "leakage" would be forgotten. They did not reckon on the truth which Shakespeare expressed in making Hamlet say that murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.

Let us not, however, be too severe on the whole French nation. Two officers of the court-martial voted for truth and justice. If there is the France of Mercier, Gonse, Roget, Cavaignac, Drumont, and Co., there is also the France of Picquart, Zola, Clémenceau, Jaurès, Demange, and Labori. France has been deceived and misled. The guilt of Dreyfus became a tradition before his innocence had a chance of establishing itself. Let us recollect, too, that the end is not yet. The Dreyfus case is not ended. The Court of Revision has to be heard, the Court of Cassation has to be heard, the Ministers of Justice and of War have to be heard. Dreyfus will not be forgotten. The friends of truth and justice, who have multiplied amazingly since Zola's famous letter, will continue their campaign. They are fighting for more than the honor and liberty of one man. They are fighting for the honor and liberty of France.

G. W. FOOTE.



Woman and the Bible.

EMERSON has said: "The position of woman is an index to the state of civilisation." No doubt this is quite true, inasmuch as her influence cannot be over-estimated. For good or for evil, she wields a power unprecedented in its potency and unsurpassed in its results. The mightiest intellects of the earth, the greatest geniuses of the world, have been inspired by her gentle and exalted character. The purity of her aspirations, the fidelity of her devotion, and the sweetness of her consolation have been a blessing to man and the sunshine of his existence. Without her aid hope would lose much of its incentive, and society would be barren of one of its greatest attractions. In youth she is the dream of man's happiness, at maturity she is the joy of his life, and in old age she is his solace and abiding comforter. Her tenderness and affection have shed a halo of peace around many a desolate heart, and to her is given the sceptre that controls the destiny of thousands of the human race. As Secularists, we teach that "a man possessing the love of an honorable and intelligent woman has a priceless treasure worthy of constant preservation in the casket of his affections."

Few persons will doubt the estimate here given of woman, but a large section of society ascribes such excellence of character more to the influence of the Bible and to religious training than to the natural goodness of her disposition. If we heeded the wild statements of orthodox preachers, we might have serious doubts as to the existence of feminine excellence, except where caused by the influence of the Bible.

It is, however, extremely absurd to attribute the higher development of more than one half of the human race either to the Bible or to the Church. Even where the position of woman has been improved in so-called Christian countries, it does not follow that such improvement has been caused either by Christianity or the Bible. Social advancement, as a rule, has not been very rapid among people who were held in subjection by injunctions which they regarded as divine. That the Bible teaches the utter subjection of woman and her complete inferiority to man is evident from the book itself. Therein to woman it is said: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee" (Genesis iii. 16). "As the Church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in everything" (Ephesians v. 24). In Exodus a man is allowed to sell his own daughter to be a slave (xxi. 7, 8). In Judges the children of Benjamin are commanded to steal women (xxi. 20-23). In Deuteronomy a man could force a woman to part with her virtue, and then he could turn her off "to go whither she will" (xxi. 10-14). According to the same book (xxiv. 1), a man could marry a woman, and, when he grew tired of her, all that was necessary for him to do was to write her a divorcement and send her home. There was no redress for the woman if she found no favor with her husband. If these were Secular teachings instead of Bible injunctions, we should have vehement orthodox denunciations of the injustice and immorality of Secularism.

Moreover, the Bible represents that sin and all our woes came into the world through woman, Adam shielding himself from all blame by saying "the woman did it." Of course, it was mean and cowardly upon his part to utter such a statement; but the fact remains that the Bible makes Eve the guilty party. In the curse pronounced by God on woman for simply carrying out his plans she is made the victim of heartless cruelty. She is told: "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," thus making the giving birth to offspring, which should have been the most beautiful and unalloyed incident in the drama of life, the most painful and agonising event among the many sufferings which woman has to endure. Passing over the abominations recorded in the Bible in which the virtue of women was sacrificed to the lust of men, it must not be forgotten that the subjection of woman had the sanction of the Bible God. And Christ himself held out no hope for her deliverance. Paul was still more explicit in teaching the inferiority of woman. It was in America, a "Christian country," that millions of human beings were kept in slavery within the memory of the living generation. That painful fact can never be obliterated from history. We

read that in the beginning "male and female created he them"; but the male was made the master, and in Christian countries he is allowed to remain so at the present time.

It is to the credit of Freethought, be it said, that it recognises justice and liberty as being the exclusive rights of no sex, no color, and no nation. They are the birthright of every member of the human family. The opening of institutions to women, and the vindication of their right of possessing social privileges equal to those enjoyed by man, have been the result of the triumph of Freethought liberty over theological restrictions. When once women properly read and study the Bible, they will, as in the case of most men who are not blinded by priestcraft, give up all belief in its alleged sacred and pure character. To enable one to judge of the true nature of much that the Bible contains, it is only necessary to remember that, if such writings were found in any other book, they would not be allowed to pass through our General Post Office. We submit that the majority of respectable women would be shocked, and justly so, to read many of the obscene Bible stories if they were found, for instance, in our newspapers. Why is it, then, that women cling so tenaciously to the Bible, with all its indecencies, its vulgarities, and its insults to their sex? The answer is, that women have been taught from their infancy that the Bible is the word of God, which was revealed for their guidance and comfort in life and at death. Taking this for granted, they have accepted the contents of the book as unerring; hence they have considered that any inquiry as to the merits, or otherwise, of what is found in "God's word" would be not only superfluous, but impious.

It is to the interest of the clergy and ministers to keep women in a false position, and, so long as they trust to priestly guidance, there will be little hope of their securing entire mental freedom and social equality. It is to be regretted that so many women of the present day support, without really knowing why, existing Bible institutions. They crowd the various churches and chapels. In fact, the congregations which attend these places are principally composed of women and children. It is amusing to see wives and daughters, Bible in hand, going to church on Sundays. They appear to us to be like lambs led to the slaughter. Is it possible that they can know the contents of the volume of which they profess to be so proud? We think not; for, if they surely they would be ashamed of the obscenity and cruelty which disgrace so many of its pages.

We should like to see more attention paid to women in Freethought advocacy. They should be made aware of the objectionable sections of "holy writ," so that they may understand the true nature of the book, and they are called upon to reverse. Special service could be rendered to Freethought if Bible readings were given by women to women, and if the many passages, urging the inferiority of woman and her servile subjection to man, were pointed out and commented upon. Above all, it should be shown (1) that the Bible is no friend to woman; (2) that in the hands of the priests it has been her deadliest foe; (3) that Freethought has been her real redeemer; and (4) that freedom from the snares of theology is the basis of her permanent salvation. For ourselves, we hope that the time is not far distant when priestly control over woman shall entirely cease, when religious restrictions shall be removed, when feminine slavery shall be blotted out, and when woman shall be in the fullest possession of that liberty which is emblematic of true civilisation.

CHARLES WATTS.

The Delusion of Free Will.*

THE development of human thought has taken one uniform direction throughout its entire history. Beginning with a world that was to man wholly chaotic, where the only forces pictured were conscious or intelligent ones, and where the inter-connection of phenomena was

* I am writing these articles in response to a number of letters I have received from different quarters during the past three months asking me to deal with the subject. I also take this opportunity of recommending to my correspondents a useful little book, recently published, by C. J. Melrose, entitled "Free Will and Determinism" (New Century Press; 1s. 6d.).

undreamed of, the subsequent history of mental growth has been that of the reduction of this chaos to order by the banishment one after another of the "wills" and "souls" that were pictured as animating nature, and the linking of all events into one gigantic network of universal causation. Of many departments of thought the process may be said to be complete. No one now dreams of calling in the assistance of "soul" to explain any of the phenomena of astronomy, geology, or physics. If the explanation is not to be found in existing text-books, all confidently feel that future research will be pretty certain to tell us what we wish to know. The explanation of natural events by occult forces has been so generally discredited that it may be now said to be definitely expelled from the scientific mind. The sense of the universality of causation, that the world is at any moment the exact result of the conditions existing prior to that moment, is strong with all. Every fresh discovery strengthens this conviction, and the most stubborn can be seen gradually yielding to its influence.

But while this aspect of mental evolution is everywhere discernible, the old forms of thought have not given way without a hard struggle. Every step of the retreat has been hotly contested, and only too often the victors have paid dearly for their triumph. The retreat of the older party has been a gradual, if not an orderly and dignified, one. Like a small settlement in the midst of a forest, the little land that science has made its own has always been surrounded by a territory of vast extent and unknown nature, and it is here that the supernatural has always sought and found refuge. Driven from physics, it takes shelter behind the complexity of biologic phenomena, and in the process of exclusion it makes one of its last stands in the doctrine known as the freedom of the will. And even here it is rapidly weakening. Time was when the chief bone of contention between Christian and Secularist was whether man's will was "free" or not. Nowadays the question occupies a very subordinate position. The lower class of Christian evidence lecturers (?) can be heard yelping out the old refrain, but the better class seem to have left it severely alone.

It would be hard to mention dogmatically all the causes that have contributed towards brushing this question well into the background, but undoubtedly the most-powerful has been the marvellous advances made in the science of physiology. It is now so firmly established that for every change in thought there is a corresponding change in the molecules of the brain and nervous system; that a man's whole character may be seriously deranged by insufficient or impure food or air, and that the surest method of lowering one's character is to impair the efficiency of the organic structure; that the belief in a spontaneous power above all such influences and determining actions, has necessarily lost whatever plausibility it once possessed. People may resist the elaborate logical argument of the platform, but to successfully resist the insidious and all-penetrating spirit of the times is beyond their power.

I have pointed out more than once in these columns the enormous power of language in confusing or mis-directing thought. Often we use words that stand for no clear idea, or we satisfy our desire for information by repeating a phrase that leaves us precisely where we were. Very largely, it will be found, the dispute as to "free will" is a war of words pure and simple. What does the believer in free will mean by "will"? What does he mean by "freedom"? The whole discussion turns upon the meaning attached to these words—so much so that the most thorough-going determinist might fairly say that he believes in the freedom of the will so long as that phrase is used in anything like a scientific sense.

Take, first, the word "freedom." As the libertarian uses the word, it stands for absence of determining conditions, and is, therefore, absolutely meaningless. We neither know nor can ever think of anything occurring in the absence of determining conditions. Says Hume:—

"What is meant by liberty when applied to voluntary actions? We cannot surely mean that actions have so little connection with motives, inclinations, and

circumstances that one does not follow with a certain degree of uniformity from the other, and that one affords no inference by which we can conclude the existence of the other? For these are plain and acknowledged matters of fact. By liberty, then, we can only mean a power of acting or not acting, according to the determination of the will—that is, if we choose to remain at rest, we may; and if we choose to move, we also may."

Or, in other words, freedom or liberty does not mean an absence of determining conditions, but simply an absence of all external and arbitrary restraint. All that can reasonably be meant by the liberty of an individual or of a nation is that each has the opportunity of acting in accordance with its desires, and is not forcibly restrained by an outside power; yet in either instance natural conditions or natural law ultimately determine conduct. Personally, I am inclined to agree with Bain (*Emotions and the Will*, p. 545), that "The term 'liberty' is brought in by main force into a phenomenon to which it is altogether incommensurable." The term has an exclusively social significance, and has no legitimate place here. We understand what is meant by a free State, a free Press, a free man, because in each case we mean that no external power has the ruling voice. To ask, "Is a man free?" is intelligible enough; but to ask, "Is a man's will free?" is to ask whether a man's actions are wholly unconnected with his physical structure, his environments, and his antecedents—a question the absurdity of which is patent in the framing.

There is a still greater confusion in the use of the term "will." As the libertarian uses this phrase, it implies the existence in man of an independent entity, a something that is absolutely uninfluenced in its decisions. For example, a recent work on ethics by an American writer, J. H. Hyslop, contains a section bristling with such expressions as "If two motives offer different attractions to the will," as though the will were something quite distinct from the motives and independent of them. Now, of will as an entity we know nothing. We know, or rather we infer, motives the effects of which result in action; but what does any man know of "will" apart from these?

When we say that a man has the will to perform a particular action, what do we mean? Do we mean any more than that he has a desire to perform that action? The only evidence that anyone can have that I "willed" to write this article is either that I have written it, or that I tried to write it and failed. All that we know of will generally is what is expressed in action. Now, change the terms slightly. In writing these words I have some object in view. The object in view is the motive that determined my writing. But, besides the existence of a motive impelling me to write, I may be conscious of others—such as, whether I shall be able to make the subject clear; whether it will be interesting enough for people to read; with numerous other feelings, all of which may give me pause. Finally, I write, and it is said it was my will to do so. Now, in saying this, do I really say anything more than is said in the simple statement, "My desires led me to write"; or, "Certain motives impelled me to write"? There is no difference discoverable. They are only alternative ways of saying the same thing. The will to do a thing is simply the name given to a motive strong enough to emerge in action. As Spencer says: "Will is no more an existence, apart from the predominant feeling, than a king is an existence apart from a man occupying the throne." Will, in general, is thus an abstract term given to all motives that are strong enough to lead to action, and in a specific case it is the name given to the motive, or cluster of motives, that outweigh all others of a contrary character.

There is just one more sense in which we may use the term "will," and that is as representing the established character of the individual as fixed by his education, structure, and heredity. We can, and do, confidently count upon certain people exerting their volitions in a particular manner on a given occasion. We know that Mr. Blank can pay, or not pay, his debts as he pleases, and yet we are certain that when the bill is presented he will infallibly "please" to do one thing and not the other. Our judgment of the man is based upon what we know of his conduct in the past: we argue that, as he has always "willed" to meet his obligations on

former occasions, so he will "will" to meet them on this one; and in this sense, to quote Lewes, "The will is to reflex action what intuition is to sensation." That is, that, just as our intuitions represent the stored-up experiences of past generations, so the "will," that can be counted upon working in a particular manner, represents a co-ordination of feelings that has been brought about by past evolution. Or, to quote Maudesley:—

"It is the property of tissue that gives the impulse which, when guided by intelligence, we call volition, and it is the abstraction from the particular volitions which metaphysicians personify as *the will*..... Physiologically, we cannot choose, but reject, *the will*..... As physiologists, we have to deal with volition as a function of the supreme centres, following reflection, varying in quantity and quality as its cause varies, strengthened by education and exercise, enfeebled by disuse, decaying with decay of structure..... We have to deal with will, not as a single undecomposable faculty unaffected by bodily conditions, but as a result of organic changes in the supreme centres, affected as certainly and seriously by disorder of them as our motor faculties are by disorders of their centres. Loss of power of will is one of the earliest and most characteristic symptoms of mental derangement; and, whatever may have been thought in times past, we know well now that the loss is not the work of some unclear spirit that has laid its hands upon the will, but the direct effect of physical disease."*

In what has gone before I have endeavored to clear away all ambiguity from "free" and "will," and to show how much of the arguments against determinism is really dependent upon the ambiguity attaching to the terms used. In the case of the first term we saw that the libertarian first of all took a word that was properly social in its origin and application, and next, instead of using it in the sense of an absence of arbitrary external restraint, used it in the sense of an absence of determining conditions. And in the case of "will" there was the common fallacy of endowing a pure abstraction with all the qualities of a concrete entity. What remains to be done now is to pass in review the principal arguments used by the opponents of the doctrine of determinism.

Probably the first argument that occurs to the ordinary individual is that of a consciousness of freedom, or of a sense of deliberation. "I can choose between two or more alternatives, therefore my will is free," is a crude, but accurate, way of making a statement that is often wrapped up in a number of high-flown phrases. Granted; every man, we admit, can choose what he will do, but can he choose what he will choose to do? There's the rub. No determinist denies that it is possible for one to make a selection out of a number of alternative courses; the choice is a fact. All he submits is that a man's choice is itself determined by the organisation with which he commences life, and by the inter-action of his organism and the general surroundings, physical, mental, and moral, amid which he is placed. The sense of deliberation is, again, a fact; but is this anything more than the consciousness of a conflict of desires? Place a man ravenously hungry before a table loaded with a variety of dishes, and there will be little or no deliberation prefacing his selection of a dish. The sense of hunger will be so overpowering that he will seize the dish nearest at hand. Place the same man with only the normal cravings for food before the same table, and there will at once arise a question of choice. The desire this time is not merely for food; there is also present the anticipation of certain pleasures that may result from the selection of one dish rather than another. The motives that were overborne in the first case make themselves felt in the second, with the result that the agent is conscious of a conflict of desires; and there results, we say, deliberation. But this sense of deliberation is only another name for our consciousness of a number of motives pulling in various directions, and our "choice" is not the decision of the will concerning two motives that have been offered to it, to use Hyslop's language, but the bare announcement that, by a kind of selective process, one motive, or cluster of motives, has gained the upper hand.

C. COHEN.

(To be continued.)

* *Body and Mind*, pp. 22-3.

Religion and National Ethics.

THERE are two passing cases which so aptly exhibit the utter worthlessness of religion as an aid to national justice and righteousness that the attention may well be called to them of those who still imagine that religion in some way or other is a guarantee of morality, and that with its decay will come a decay in moral conduct.

The first concerns England and the case of the Transvaal. Of course I am perfectly aware that the *Freethinker* makes it a practice to avoid the discussion of current party politics. But in the Transvaal case, I take it, there are few, if any, Freethinkers who are not outraged by the unblushing attempts of the unscrupulous hypocrite who is now Colonial Secretary to force on bloodshed in South Africa, in either the supposed interest of the capitalists of Johannesburg, or the supposed interest of his own political ambition. The revolting bullying of a little country with a population, as has been said, not half that of an English county, the meddling with its domestic affairs in defiance of a national pledge not so to meddle, the monstrous demand on the Transvaal to do what England herself will not do, and what she would not dream, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has said, of asking any nation in Europe to do—and all this in order to help a corrupt set of cosmopolitan millionaires, who tried before to gain by open burglary what they are now endeavoring to get Mr. Chamberlain to gain for them by State aid: these are things about which, I fancy, the readers of the *Freethinker* have practically made up their minds.

But let us turn, now, to ask the interesting question. How stand the clergy, the professional religionists of the nation, in presence of this contemplated national crime? Have they called the country to a sense of justice, or asked their countrymen to restrain their passion? Have they put before the nation the other point of view, or invited it to consider how it would be if a demand such as England is now making on the Transvaal were made, say, by Germany on England? Have they, in a word, done anything for national justice, anything to raise the standard of national conduct? To ask these questions is to answer them. We know that the clergy, as a body, have not done anything of the kind. From the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been busy settling some crapulous dispute about candles, Cardinal Vaughan, who is busy raising pence for a new cathedral, downwards, they have practically been silent, whilst representatives of their class, like Canon Knox-Little, and the ineffable Price Hughes, have lent their influence to fan the flames of prejudice.

So religion has done nothing for justice. But other people have, and who are they? They are the Freethinking Radicals and Socialists whose "religion" stands next to nothing. The Positivists Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesly, the Freethinking Mr. Hyndman, the Secularistic *Reynolds' Newspaper*, and the scarcely orthodox *Leader* and *Star*. Even the case of the *Chronicle* is interesting, as almost indicating that the stand for justice is in exactly inverse ratio to religiousness. The *Chronicle* is, perhaps, the least professedly religious of the "great London dailies," but it still has to be said of course, for the Nonconformist conscience; and it is just so much more wobbly an advocate of justice, that plain justice would be perhaps too much for its religious readers. And consequently, whilst telling one day that the whole source of the trouble lies in the Rhodesian gang, who wish to annex the Transvaal to its mineral wealth, the next day it is solemnly lecturing President Kruger, as if he had something to do with the trouble, or as though anything he could do would really affect the machinations of the plotters of the Rand. So much for Protestant England, where, as Mr. Charles Pearson, the author of *National Life and Character*, has said, the clergy "have been steadily on the side of vested interests, and half unconsciously doubt, for whatever commended their organisation in favor with the classes."*

But now let us turn to Catholic France and the case of Dreyfus. And here, by the way, we need not adopt the pharisaical tone of some English organs, which, whilst lecturing Franco and sneering at French "honor," are themselves hounding England on as a

* *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1893.

most dishonorable war. English honor ought, at least, to be as deep a matter of concern to Englishmen as French honor. And, if we impartially examine each case, it is not so certain that France does not come best out of the comparison. Nevertheless, the Dreyfus case, in all conscience, is bad enough. It is unnecessary, of course, to go over again the weary story of corruption and crime with which the civilised world has been surfeited for the last two years. But here we find, under a slightly different aspect, exactly the same phenomena as we found in England. Dreyfus is a Jew, and every instrument that Christian bigotry and malice could forge has been used against him by the Catholic press and Catholic authorities of France. The most reckless and violent of the anti-revisionist papers were those controlled by priests "whose black robes," said Mr. Conybeare, who made a study of the case, "are seen throughout this vile business behind the bayonets of the War Office."* One need not, perhaps, assume off-hand, without detailed evidence, the existence of far-reaching Jesuit plots, though such would be by no means astonishing; and one may agree with Maître Labori that error plays as large a part in human affairs as treachery. Still, the fact remains that in France, as in England, the Church has been against justice, against fair play, against truth.

But if religion has done nothing for justice in France, other people have, and who are they? Why, again, the Freethinking Radicals and Socialists—Zola, Clémenceau, Jaures, Yves Guyot, Brisson, and the rest. They it is who share the honor of the splendid fight for justice against all the tremendous influence ranged on the other side. They, and not the religionists, demanded that a man should have fair play, whatever his race or creed. It is one of the ominous incidents that at Rennes the cries of *A bas les Jesuites* should mingle with cries of *Vive la Justice*, to which the other crowd had nothing better to counter than *Vive L'Armée*.

As Freethinkers, we may, indeed, wish joy to the Church in France of its *protégés*—the forgers, perjurers, suicides, and runaways who figure so largely and offensively in the public eye. Certainly, if it is legitimate to feel pride at all in the actions of other men, Freethinkers may well feel proud of their French *confrères* who, with the one simple, splendid cry of "Justice," have faced a nation, and, against enormous odds, have beaten it.

Once more, then, it is demonstrated by facts, apart from theories, that religion can be allied to the grossest injustice, and the rejection of religion allied to the most scrupulous conduct. Of course, it would not be fair or just to assume, for a moment, that there are not thousands of religious people on the side of justice in England and in France in the cases dealt with. That would be to assume that human nature counted for nothing. But we have seen at least two things clearly: firstly, that in both countries the highest moral lead and the loftiest conduct have been conspicuously set by those who have abandoned the theological formulas and rejected the current religion; and we have also seen that organised religion, apart from individual religionists, in both countries has been conspicuously on the unjust side. If that does not demonstrate its futility as a moral factor, it would be interesting to know what further evidence any unprejudiced man would require.

FREDERICK RYAN.

Public Meetings and the L.C.C.

SINCE the London County Council has been in existence literature has been freely sold in connection with the meetings held in Victoria Park. Owing, however, to the officiousness of a certain religious individual, burning with a desire to suppress the dissemination of "infidel" literature, the Parks Committee have decided to enforce Bye-law 27, which prohibits the sale of literature unless special permission has been obtained. To apply to the Council for permission to sell literature, with the tacit understanding that a refusal would settle the matter at once for ever, does not, however, promise much so far as the N.S.S. is concerned. Although the order is a

general one, still, from information that I have recently obtained, there does not appear to be any doubt that it is *Freethought* literature that is specially aimed at, and, without forcing the matter on public attention, it is almost certain that an application would meet with a refusal. Indeed, Mr. Wilmot, Secretary of the Camberwell branch, did write for permission to sell in Brockwell Park, and *was refused*.

Under these circumstances, when the park inspector served our chairman in Victoria Park with a notice that the sale of literature would be prohibited in future, I felt some publicity ought to be given to the dissatisfaction existing with the disturbance of a condition of things that had always existed, and concerning which no complaints, so far as the general public were concerned, had been made. I consulted with Mr. Foote on the matter, and he perfectly agreed with the line of conduct that I intended pursuing.

On Sunday last, therefore, I acquainted the park inspector with the manner in which I had resolved to conduct our protest against the enforcement of the bye-law. I held two large meetings, morning and afternoon, and at each a resolution was passed, without a single dissident, condemning the action of the Council in this matter. Similar protests were passed by other large meetings held in other parts of the park. I had stopped the sale of all literature during the day, although the gentleman who looks after this department of our propaganda was quite willing to go on with the sale, and at the conclusion of the afternoon sold personally a quantity of papers in order to gain for the matter the publicity of a police-court. There was a rush for the *Freethinker* and other publications which soon cleared out the stock, and the satisfaction of the huge audience with the course adopted was shown by the hearty cheers that punctuated the sale. The meeting was perfectly orderly, and the park superintendent expressed his pleasure at the "gentlemanly manner" in which the whole affair had been carried out. After the sale had been effected, I handed my card to the inspector, and now await whatever legal proceedings the County Council may see fit to initiate.

I have written this hurried account in order that the general body of Secularists may have some knowledge of my reasons for acting as I have done.

C. COHEN.

An Open Letter to the Members of the Christian Evidence Society.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You belong to a society formed "To declare and defend Christianity as a Divine Revelation; to controvert the errors of Atheists, Pantheists, Secularists, and other opponents of Christianity; to counteract the energetic propagandism of infidelity, especially among the uneducated; to meet the difficulties and strengthen the faith of the doubting and perplexed; to instruct the young in evidence of Christianity."

Your Secretary draws a large salary for superintending this work, and I presume you consider him capable of finding the best means of doing it. I am only a "Freethinker," but I appeal to you, as intelligent and educated people, to know if you are aware of the kind of "lectures" that are given under the auspices of your Society; and if you consider the Christian religion is at so low a pass that it has no evidences to bring forward as to its own beliefs, and has, consequently, to fall back on such blackguardism as I heard from your platform in Clerkenwell Green this Sunday morning, September 3rd, 1899.

Your chairman, Mr. Wright, began his address as follows: Friends! if you want to know the truth, come 'ere (from what followed I am inclined to think he was recommending the wrong shop)! If you want to know what Secularism is, come 'ere (to me, he seemed very little qualified to enlighten them)! Mr. Moss! Miss Vance! come 'ere! I want you to answer one question: "What have you and your President done with the money you robbed the working classes of at the Hall of Science?"

Naturally, neither Mr. Moss nor Miss Vance was inclined to leave his or her platform to reply to such impertinence as this. So, in speaking after the lecture, Mr. Wright again repeated his question and invitation to Miss Vance, adding, when no notice was taken of his remark: "Twenty years ago, if I had said half I now say, Miss Vance would have been on this platform. I challenge her to come! She don't come! That proves, gentlemen, that what I say is true!" Mr. Wright's logic is surely somewhat shaky. Does the fact that a man or woman is occupied with his or her own affairs

* National Review, October, 1898.

prove the truth of any statement any other person may choose to make about them, with or without reason?

As for the money lost at the Hall of Science, which seems to be so troubling Mr. Wright, he can get the information he wants from the report of the official receiver of the Company, who had no difficulty in obtaining the records of that unfortunate financial speculation, by which certainly neither our President nor Secretary stood to win.

So much for your chairman, who announced that Mr. Green would lecture on "The Impeachment of Secularism." Mr. Green began by expressing his disapproval of his own subject, as he did not consider Secularism "worthy of impeachment." "The blatant gas-bag speaking from their platform this morning proves that." Mr. Moss, to whom these choice remarks were perfectly audible, wisely continued his own able discussion of the claims of "Science versus Superstition," and treated your representative with the contempt he deserved. Later on this "Christian evidence" was strengthened by some doggerel lines on the National Secular Society, with the authorship of which I suppose Mr. Green himself may be credited, ending thus:—

The captain of the lot—
What a filthy crew he's got;
He'll land 'em in the mad-house
Bye and bye!

Apropos of the "Freethinker Company, Limited," "Foote was attempting to procure money to buy up the abominable rag, whose only justification for being was that it appealed to a few lunatics still living."

Mr. Green proceeded to impeach Secularism on the grounds that its supporters were (1) without education or intelligence (one can hardly wonder that Mr. Green is unacquainted with our great scientists and thinkers, and the loss is not *theirs*); (2) they are without principles of any sort (he evidently is ignorant of the existence of such unimportant ideas as truth, justice, and freedom); and (3) they are without money (even, it seems, after spending £3,000 stolen from the Hall of Science)—a charge which surely comes somewhat badly from the defenders of a religion whose founder said: "Blessed are ye poor!"

These expressions are only specimens of a discourse which, from beginning to end, consisted entirely of foul-mouthed abuse of Secularists in general and the National Secular Society in particular. There was no attempt to offer any Christian evidence whatever, no word as to the teachings of the Christian religion, or any effort to influence any but the lowest passions of the crowd assembled round your platform; and this was no exceptional occurrence. I am told it was a rather moderate exposition of the usual tactics of your party.

Ladies and gentlemen, we, as Freethinkers, have no quarrel with the Christian Evidence Society *as such*. If you can produce conclusive evidence for your belief, we will gladly receive it; if you have merely arguments to advance for it, we will endeavor to find stronger ones for ours; but we appeal to your own judgment: is this kind of thing all that is left you? Has every reasonable argument been already demolished? Have you *no* educated and thinking men, who can courteously give reasons for the faith that is in them, left to support your cause, that you are obliged to work with such tools as these? If this is so, is it not time to re-name your Society? Call it, say, "the Society for the Defamation of Atheists"; but do not talk of *evidence* till you have speakers who can understand the meaning of the term, and who will at least endeavor to carry out rule G of your Society—"The proceedings to be always characterised by dignity, courtesy towards all, and a Christian spirit." You cannot substantiate the charges and insinuations your representatives are constantly making against Secularists; but, if you could, it would not prove the untruth of Secular teachings. If it would, we could prove, by the records of crime among the Christian clergy alone, to say nothing of the laity, the absolute falsity of Christianity. But we have no need to resort to such methods of warfare. We bind ourselves to no creed; we believe only such things as we can prove to be true; we advocate only the principles which experience teaches us are of value to the race; and we offer to all opponents who will meet us reasonably and courteously the opportunity for discussion, in order that, on which ever side it lies, truth may prevail. And, in return, we ask of you to send us adversaries with whom courteous debate is possible—if any such are still left you—and not to leave the defence of your cause in the hands of men whose methods of warfare are a disgrace to our common humanity, unless, indeed, we are justified in thinking you can find no others to undertake the job.—Yours faithfully,
M. L.

A magazine which circulates among very young people recently had a prize competition for the most popular works for a young folk's library. "The most significant feature in the lists of books given," says the *Christian*, "is that the Bible is conspicuous by its absence. Is this an accident, or the result of a misunderstanding? In either case, the omission is symptomatic of a widespread tendency in modern life."

Acid Drops.

THE Trade Union Congress is a very useful annual gathering, though its proceedings are not always business-like. Like other assemblies, it is liable to be carried away by prejudice and passion, and even by sentimentality. How else can we explain the success of Miss Bondfield's motion at Plymouth? This lady demanded the compulsory closing of all shops on Sunday, and the Congress supported her with something like unanimity. What the members meant by their vote was probably no more than that they were opposed to unnecessary Sunday labor. It would be rash to assume that no Trade Unionist wants a barber to shave him on Sunday morning; and equally rash to assume that no Trade Unionist wants a newsagent to supply him with a Sunday morning paper. The vote, we take it, was only the expression of a pious opinion. Perhaps it was chiefly meant to please the lady.

"Remarkable Suicides" is the title of an article in the *New Penny Magazine*. The writer tells a cock-and-bull story to the effect that David Hume lent the manuscript of his Essay on Suicide to a friend, who was so impressed by it that he killed himself. Evidently this writer has not read the Essay referred to. Hume did not advocate suicide, but merely argued against its being criminal in all cases. His view was that *a priori* a man had a right to live or die, as he preferred; and that suicide, like every other act, was innocent or criminal according to circumstances.

"We have read," this writer says, "of a young lady who so muddled her head over Paine's *Age of Reason* (though, we believe, it does not recommend suicide) that she also killed herself." What rubbish, to be sure! Paine's theological masterpiece is lucid enough. No one wrote more simply and clearly than he did. Whatever else the young lady who read him got into, she could hardly have got into a muddle!

The *War Cry's* opinion of Ingersoll is a matter of the most trifling importance, and we only refer to it in order to show the wonderfulness of Christian charity. It says that he "coined plenty of cash." Well, that is what William Booth has been after all his days. Ingersoll, however, gave away so much that he died poor. William Booth will die worth a great deal more than the famous Agnostic.

Booth's organ suggests that Ingersoll has gone to a warm place, and perhaps this is fortunate if the other establishment is crowded with Salvationists.

Possibly, after all, if Ingersoll wanted to get into heaven he would be quite clever enough to manage it. When the collier died and rang the bell of heaven, according to an old story, St. Peter asked him, "How dost thou believe?" "As the Church believes," he answered. "And how does the Church believe?" asked St. Peter. "As I believe," replied the collier. And they had to let him in.

Quite as good a story is told of two sailors who were "watching" Nelson's body one night on board the *Victory*, which was bringing the great admiral home for burial in England. One of them said to the other: "Why are you so quiet, Bill? What are you thinking about?" "Well," said the other, "I was wondering, Jack, if our admiral's in heaven." Jack looked at him with withering scorn, and said: "Why, Bill, if our admiral wanted to get into heaven, I should like to know what would keep him out."

Not many months ago, in a West of England town, a clergyman preached one Sunday evening from the text, "My words shall not pass away." Exactly a fortnight later the same clergyman preached the same sermon from the same text in the same church, to the wonderment of practically the same congregation. Evidently he was determined that his words should not pass away from the memory of his congregation. But the *Golden Penny*, which tells this story, fails to see the point. The wonder is not that the parson should have repeated his sermon. It is that the congregation should have been so attentive as to notice the repetition.

That great evangelist, Mr. Moody, has been denouncing as "the biggest lie that ever came out of hell" the suggestion that the disciples of Mahomet and Confucius are all right if they are only sincere. He says a lie does a man so good simply because he is sincere. Now some Christian people are beginning to hint that Mr. Moody is a bit of a liar himself. It all arises out of one of his yarns which is a trifle too tall even for Christian acceptance in this country.

Mr. Moody said that, being in want of £100, he took a train at haphazard, not caring whither he was going, but certain that he would get the required money in the course of his journey. He gave the conductor all the cash he had in his pocket, and said he would go as far as it would carry him. On arriving at that point, a wayside station, he stepped

out on that platform. A gentleman, who was a total stranger, approached him, and said: "You are Mr. Moody?" and, being answered in the affirmative, said: "Then here is £100 for you."

This story was published in the *Christian Budget*, and now a correspondent writes: "The first impression produced on reading it is that it is hardly credible." He asks why Mr. Moody "took the train he did take rather than, perhaps, half-a-dozen others equally available. Why should he board it without the remotest idea where he was going? His reply to the conductor, 'Take me as far as that money will take me,' was not like him, or, indeed, any man in his senses. What about his return? Did he use part of the £100 to pay his return fare? Or did he find a special train waiting to take him back, which was just as likely as to find a man spring, as it were, out of the earth with just £100 in his pocket to hand over to Mr. Moody? What of the stranger? Who was he? Where did he come from? Was he also impressed to go to that wayside station, believing he would find Mr. Moody there? I am quite disposed to believe that something of the kind actually took place, but the whole narrative requires such a cut-and-dried character that, as I have said, it requires a good deal more explanation and endorsement to render it credible."

The editor of the *Budget* says he is going to write to Mr. Moody for an explanation. The great evangelist had, therefore, better get his evidence together. It will not be many days to palm off these yarns with the idea that they will pass unquestioned.

The Bishop of Winchester has intimated that he does not feel justified in spending £400 on feeding his clergy at his visitation. Careful man; he would sooner keep it, and leave a respectable sum when he dies. He is not disposed to sell all and give to the poor—even the poor clergy of his diocese. What a pity it is for such an impecunious bishop that the age of miracles is past. There is now no possibility of multiplying the loaves and fishes, or the Winchester clergy might have their visitation luncheon, leaving a surplus for the bishop to sell and pocket the proceeds.

Says the *Manchester Guardian*: "When the Ecclesiastical Commission threw all the Episcopalian incomes into hotch-pot, the Bishop of Winchester was credited with £40,000 a year. Bishop Sumner, who died in 1874, was the last survivor of the old system, and had drawn this comfortable income for many years. One of his predecessors is said to have refused promotion to Canterbury on the ground that, 'though Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the deeper manger.'"

The average personalty left by the bishops of the Church of England, who died between 1856 and 1886, was £54,000. A bad average for the successors of the Apostles and the followers of the poor itinerant carpenter who had nowhere to lay his head.

"Why is Sunday so dull?" is a question asked and answered by Mr. C. E. Byles in the *New Century Review*. He says: "There is nothing in the Scripture forbidding recreation on Lord's Day; but the British Pharisee has no notion of recreation apart from gloom, and he, therefore, imagines that he cannot keep the Sabbath holy but by stalking to church in a black coat and top-hat, and depriving himself and his family of all the innocent pleasures of life on the only day in which they are free to enjoy them. Not only thus is the Sabbath improved on the sacred text, but he has become so degraded and led astray by his own emendations that he has ended by completely falsifying his original."

"We all know," continues Mr. Byles, "to our cost, the regulation Sunday dinner in an English household and the mad-boredom of the interminable evening. The British Pharisee would on no account forego his roast beef, with its stodgy accessories, on his return from church. With a bowled forward on the back of the next pew, he has been unctuously repeating, after the parson, the words, 'thy servant nor thy maid-servant nor thy cattle nor the ox nor the ass that is within thy gates,' while all the time his mind has been slaving the whole morning to prepare the most elaborate meal of the week, and his coachman is caps driving up and down in the rain waiting for him to come out of church."

Of Sunday in London suburbs Mr. Byles writes: "For the sake of the Lord, one is tempted sometimes to exclaim, if duty and respectability takes one through the suburbs on Sunday, let us go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire rather than to live amid this ice-house of chilling respectability."

The editor of the *New Church Magazine* is very despondent. "It is difficult to say how much the Bible will be regarded as authoritative and divine in the course of another century. The Higher Criticism, with the assurance that it is strangely with its conjectural results, has sadly

shaken belief in its inspiration, and the Christian Church finds itself in a very awkward position on the question. And now we are told by Canon Driver, in a new book on *Authority and Archaeology*, that Genesis is purely legendary and the story of Abraham a pious myth."

But here comes the blessed hope and panacea: "This discussion of the Word of God will probably go on until the Churches, appalled at the results, will be glad to accept a rational doctrine of inspiration, and this the New Church alone possesses." That is, all will have to become Swedenborgians. Now we know what we have to do to be saved.

In the Egyptian pantheon there was a "God of the Sand." He seems to have survived, and to have taken in his embrace several Christian temples. The other day we heard of a sand-submerged church in Jutland. Now we hear of a church on the east coast of Scotland, near the mouth of the Ythan, in Aberdeenshire, which has met with a similar fate. The impious might suggest that it is a poor god who can't take care of his conventicles. But believers know better; they still propose to trust in a Providence who is too careless to provide for himself.

"Here is," says the *Christian Budget*, "a heavy blow for mockers at Moses, and a powerful reply to Ingersoll on the *Mistakes of Moses*." What is this terrible blow? It seems that Sir William Preece, who is an electrician, says that the Mosaic system of sanitation, supplemented, of course, by electricity, is equal to all the sanitary needs of man. "To-day we are going back to the great law-giver who first ordered rubbish to be carried out and burnt in a clean place beyond the camp." Wonderful and heaven-sent idea! We can only account for this marvellous sanitary regulation by supposing that Moses had a nose. If he hadn't then there is nothing in facial transmission.

Glancing through one of the dailies, we came across the following startling statement: "I shall fall back on the gigantic Hall Caine." Another look cleared up the mystery. It was a tip for one of the handicaps at Yarmouth Races. A gigantic horse has been named after the gigantic novelist. This is, indeed, fame. The tipster, however, is undecided between Hall Caine and a horse named Waterhead. He thinks there is not much to choose between them. Backers at the same races may put their money on Tatcho.

Some of the clergy—usually of small ability and few attainments—have an unreasonably exalted notion of their own importance and of the "sacred office" that they fill. The rector of St. Mary's, Bishopstoke, is one of these. A procession of friendly societies and other organisations in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund took place in his parish the other Sunday. A good collection was made, and the rector preached a sermon.

He now declares that no further church parade of this kind shall take place with his consent. Why? The chief ground of his complaint seems to be that a number of the processionists preferred to remain in the churchyard and smoke their pipes rather than enter the church and listen to his sermon. He says it was a "most disgraceful affair." Well, of course, that all depends. The people of his own parish probably know him best, and, if they don't care to listen to him, it is likely enough his own fault.

The vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, is very severe on sinners who will not go down on their knees when praying in church. He reminds them of the hymn which says:—

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest sinner on his knees."

The London *Argus* does not object to the sorrows of Satan being thus increased. At the same time, it says there are frivolous people who aver that his Satanic Majesty's vexation at beholding the sinner kneeling is often changed to merriment on seeing patches of dust on the penitent's knees.

Visitors to one of the pleasure resorts in the Halifax district are forcibly reminded of two worlds. Painted on the gable of the building are the words, "Prepare to meet thy God. Where will you spend Eternity?" Beneath is the word "Refreshments." Within the building there are many scriptural texts on the walls. One which reads "Trust in Him" is very near a notice which requests visitors to pay for their refreshments on delivery to prevent mistakes.

No Sunday concerts in Dundee. At a meeting of the Recreation Grounds Committee of the Dundee Town Council the subject of holding Sunday concerts in the public parks of the city was again under consideration. A petition was presented against such entertainments being allowed, and eventually the Committee decided not to permit any musical body, association, etc., to give musical performances in any of the parks on Sunday.

We are told that a future life will be one eternal Sabbath. What a prospect!

The Crystal Palace Company propose to continue their Sunday concerts. Very properly they decline to be coerced by that bigoted body called the Lord's Day Rest Association, who have threatened them with legal proceedings. The Directorate have taken the opinion of the shareholders, seven thousand of whom have declared in favor of Sunday music at the Palace. The Chairman has replied to the accusation that the Company worked their employees seven days a week. Before beginning the concerts, arrangements were made that any men employed on a Sunday should have a day off during the week.

In an article dealing with Sunday concerts, *Truth* says: "It is true that most people of sense and experience will agree with Sir Arthur Sullivan in failing (under certain restrictions as to the words) to discriminate between sacred and secular music. It is a well-known fact that Handel, perhaps the most popular sacred composer who ever lived, indiscriminately used his music for sacred and secular purposes. Moreover, hymn tunes have been formed out of love songs, and for many years 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes' was a popular tune in churches."

A striking case of clerical meanness, if not of clerical injustice, has occurred in a parish called Fletton. Here the Rev. C. Dowman has a dairy, and sold some milk to a farmer who was fined £1 because it was adulterated with 12 per cent. of water. The farmer had taken out a summons against the Rev. Dowman for selling the milk in the condition it was when seized. The Bench, however, would not hear the evidence the farmer was prepared to produce, but dismissed the summons on a technicality. The decision becomes intelligible when we learn that, of the three magistrates on the Bench, two were clergymen.

An elderly man, charged at Lambeth with begging, was asked if he had any witnesses to call. He replied: "Only the Almighty. That's all." Prisoner was at once committed for trial. It is no use relying on the Almighty in a police-court. He is only recognised in connection with the oath. Even his injunctions are treated with contumely. At another court a beggar endeavored to defend himself by quoting Scripture. He said that the Gospel told him to "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Seven days," was the abrupt magisterial decision.

At the Southwark Police Court last week several police officers were, on the suggestion of the magistrate's clerk, allowed to describe the offences of their respective prisoners without taking the oath. This is a step in the right direction, though the unsolicited waiving of the formality in the case of police officers seems to suggest that they are superior persons who are quite beyond suspicion.

The capacity of the colonial juvenile for assimilating theological information is amusingly illustrated in an article on examination papers in the *Young Man*. One youthful student reported that "John the Baptist ate loquats and oatmeal and baptised three thousand people at one time which is the record." Another wrote a "monopoly is a big house where monks and nuns live and are not allowed to marry." Again, "comparative theology is the medium taken where theologians differ." "Savonarola, Voltaire, and Dante were the three men who built St. Peter's Cathedral. Savonarola was the sculptor, Voltaire the painter, and Dante the poet." "The Good Samaritan was the person who was fed by the birds of the air."

The "Handbooker" of the *Referee* writes on the average medical student, and his apparent disposition to extract from life all those illicit sweetnesses which he knows will by and by be denied him. "I spoke once of this patent fact to a young relative of mine who had just taken his diploma at Edinburgh. He admitted everything I had to urge; but he said, with meaning: 'You ought to know the divinity boys. They are demons if you like.' Handbooker suggests that they, too, adopt the motto, 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,' having in view the 'life-long penitentiary of the professional garb that awaits them.'"

"Carados," in the same issue of the *Referee*, seems to be very ill-humored. He lectures Mark Mellford for introducing in his latest production an adjuration to a parson in the witness box to remember that he is not in his own pulpit, and that, therefore, he is to speak the truth. Such humor, says Carados, is "as cheap as it is offensive." Well, perhaps it would be better omitted. So also might have been Carados's gratuitous suggestion that it is only suitable for the "baser sort of park oratory." That slur, too, is equally cheap and offensive.

The Parson—"I hope you are not going fishing on Sunday, my little man." The Kid—"Oh, no, sir. I am merely carrying this pole so that those wicked boys across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday-school."—*New York Journal*.

Special.

My lecturing engagements in the North of England and in Scotland are preventing me from writing fully and carefully this week, as I intended, on the new Freethought Publishing Company, Limited. Indeed, the whole matter, apart from Registration, has to rest until my return to London. Complete details may be expected in next week's *Freethinker*. Meanwhile, I beg to assure the friends and supporters of this enterprise that everything is going on satisfactorily.

G. W. FOOTE.

P.S.—The following are the promises of support already received, the figure after each name indicating the number of £1 shares:—

Previously acknowledged:—

Mr. George Anderson, 500; A London Friend, 500; Mr. Horace S. Seal, 200; Mr. Fr. Essemann, 100; A Scotch Friend, 50; Mr. S. Hartmann, 30; Messrs. John and James McGlashan, 20; Mr. Richard Johnson, 20; Mr. C. Girtanner, 20; Mr. T. E. Green, 10; Mr. George Dixon, 10; Mr. C. Davis, 10; A Gateshead Friend, 10; Dr. T. R. Allinson, 10; Mr. G. J. Warren, 5; Mr. Joseph Barry, 5; Mr. Jas. Partridge, 5; Mr. A. L. Brame, 5; Mr. S. M. Peacock, 5; Mr. W. H. Spivey, 5; Mr. M. Christopher, 2; Shares to Mr. G. W. Foote (cash), 1,000; Mr. Sydney A. Gimson, 25; Mr. W. Hardaker, 20; Mr. Joseph Guy, 15; Mr. B. L. Coleman, 10; Mr. L. Gjenne, 10; Mr. William Bailey, 10; Mr. Peter Gorrie, 10; Mr. R. A. Strange, 10; Mr. G. Langridge, 10; Mr. Richard Green, 5; Mr. A. B., 5; Mr. G. E. Lupton, 5; Mr. J. D. Leggett, 5; Mr. J. H., 5; Mr. T. Ollerenshaw, 3; Dragon, 2; Miss M. Vance, 2; Mr. L. Leggett, 2; Mr. R. Alger, 2; Mr. G. Freeman, 2; Mr. T. A. Spivey, 2; Mr. C. Shepherd, 1; Mr. Harold Elliot, 1; Mr. A. G. Lye, 2; Mr. John Sumner, 1; Mr. John Roberts, 3; Mr. J. Maling, 5; Mrs. Mary Bates, 1; Mr. Button, 5; Mr. David Mitchell, 5; Mr. Jesse Oliver Bates, 1; Mr. James Fulton, 10; Mr. H. A. Cumber, 5; Mr. C. E. Brammer, 5; Mrs. Martha Dye, 5; Mr. G. H., 1; Mr. E. G. H., 1; Mr. Martin Weatherburn, 5; Mr. James Neate, 3; Mrs. Neate, 2; Mr. George Taylor, 2; Mr. H. Poyser, 2; Mr. John Waller, 5; Mr. J. Bullock, 2; Mr. A. F. Bullock, 1; Dr. R. T. Nichols, 10; Mr. J. Keast, 1; Mr. R. Dowding, 1; Mr. J. G. Thompson, 2; Mr. Albert Smart, 5; Mr. Richard Carroll, 10; Mr. J. M. Day, 1; Mr. W. N. Sweetman, 5; Mrs. D. P. Sweetland, 2; Mr. T. H. Seymour, 10; Mr. C. Hayes, 2; Mr. H. Barratt, 5; Mrs. Charlotte S. Giddin, 1; Mr. F. W. Donaldson, 5; Mr. R. Axelly, 2; Mr. F. J. Gould, 1; Mr. J. F. Hampson, 5; Mr. H. Garthwaite, 1; Mr. W. Garthwaite, 1; Mr. C. E. Hall, 5; Mr. George L. Alward, 1; Mr. H. B. Dodds, 2; Mr. T. Hill, 2; Mr. J. G. Dobson, 1; Mr. G. W. Holloway, 4; Mr. Robert Jacob, 10; Mr. A. C. Brown, 1; Mr. W. M. Constant, 2; Mr. G. Parr, 2; Mr. James Davie, 10; Mr. J. W. Dawson, 2; Mr. Peter Dawson, 2; M. A. Lewis, 2; Mr. David Watt, 1; M. H. J., 5; Mr. Luke Vickers, 2; Mr. J. Fish, 1; Mr. S. Holmes, 2; Mr. J. W. Griffiths, 1; Mr. J. T. Embleton, 2; Secular Society Limited, 20; Mr. George Ennson, 5; Mr. J. C. Pickers, 1; Mr. Jas. Baker, 1; Mr. J. M. McInnes, 2; Mr. Hugh Irving, 10; Mr. E. Wilson, 5; Mr. John Proctor, 10; Mr. J. Robinson, 5; Mrs. Mensbier, 5; Mr. E. C. Cooke, 20; Mr. R. F. Macdonald, 2; Mr. J. Seddon, 1; Mr. Frederick Ryan, 4; Mr. J. Curran, 3; Mr. William Barks, 2; Mr. Arthur Button, 5; Mr. J. Pegg, 1; Mr. C. Cohen, 2; Mr. C. Pegg, 5; Mrs. M. E. Whitta, 1; Mr. A. E. Elderkin, 1; Mr. J. Jones, 5; Mr. T. E. Whitta, 1; Mr. H. F. Sesemann, 20; Mr. B. Dudley, 2; Mr. Joseph Gibbott, 1; Mr. J. C. Banks, 3; Mr. J. Oscar, 1; Mr. Robert Gibbott, 1; Dr. E. B. Foote (New York), 5; Mr. J. Ferguson, 1; Mr. W. J. K. Rider, 2; Mr. Thomas Johnson, 10; Mrs. A. Hutty, 3; Blackburn Branch, 2; Mr. James Weston, 5; David Jones, 3; Mr. E. Jackson, 1; Mr. W. H. Doolan, 1; Mr. R. Slack, 2; Mr. T. Perkins, 1; Mr. G. H. Williams, 2; Mr. Henry Trotman, 5; Mr. J. M., 1; Mr. G. H. Williams, 2; Mr. G. Fryar, 2; Mr. F. S. Finden, 1; Mr. Albert Hebble, 10; Mr. G. A. Lovett, 1; Mr. George Brady, 10; Mr. Thomas Whiteley, 3; Mr. William Hewson, 2; Mr. W. Price, 1; Mr. Francis Neale, 1; Mr. J. H. Bain, 1; Mr. Garthwaite (2nd), 1; Mr. James McGhee, 3; Mr. T. Sheppard, 1; Mr. W. McCulloch, 3; Mr. Edwin Lucas, 2; Mr. Williams, 2; Mr. J. G. Henderson, 2; Mr. James Waugh, 1; Mr. C. Mascal, 2; Mr. Andrew, 1; Bella and William Scott, 2; Mr. A. McLean, 2; Mr. M. S. Turner, 5; Chatham Society, 5; Mr. Charles Watts, 5; Mr. R. Forster, 5; Mr. A. B. Moss, 2; Mr. W. Heaford, 2; Mr. A. S., 5; Mr. Heaton, 1; Mr. W. Mann, 2; Mrs. M. Mann, 2; Mr. Good, 3; Mr. E. Self, 2; Mr. C. G. Quinton, 2; Mr. J. D., 1; Mr. C. M. Handley, 1; Mr. G. Waters, 1; Mr. D. W., 1; Mrs. S. James, 2; Mr. J. Potter, 2; Mr. W. H. Sellers, 1.

—Total, 3,219.

Mr. Foote's Engagements.

Sunday, September 17, Secular Hall, Brunswick-street, Glasgow: 11.30, "Sin, Sinners, and Judgment"; 2.30, "The Dreyfus Case and the Future of France"; 6.30, "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead."
September 24, London.
October 1, London; 8, Leicester; 15, Manchester.

To Correspondents.

MR. CHARLES WATTS'S LECTURING ENGAGEMENTS.—September 17, The Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, London; 17, The Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, London; 24, Birmingham. October 1, Sheffield; 8 and 15, Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road, London. November 12, Liverpool. December 10 and 17, Manchester.—All communications for Mr. Charles Watts should be sent to him at 24 Carminia-road, Ballham, S.W. If a reply is required, a stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed.

W.—Thanks for drawing our attention to the matter. We can hardly believe that such an ill-conditioned statement was really made on Mr. Robertson's authority. Mr. Forder assures us that a copy of the Short History of Freethought has never been "delivered" at 28 Stonecutter-street, either "duly" or otherwise. We should have been pleased to review the book had it arrived. Mr. Robertson's publications have often been noticed in the Freethinker, sometimes by the editor, and sometimes by the late sub-editor, Mr. J. M. Wheeler. There has been no sort of boycott. Why should there be? And it is ridiculous to imagine that we could have the slightest interest in denying that we had received Mr. Robertson's latest book, if it had reached us. The way not to advertise it would have been to acknowledge its receipt and say no more about it. We are now in possession of a copy, sent to us privately by a friend of the author. Naturally we do not mention this gentleman's name, but the author knows who he is. As soon as we have time, we will review the book, and forget these preliminary absurdities.

M. BLISS (Blackpool).—We are not called upon to defend anything in M. Flammarion's letter on Spiritualism, which we simply reproduced from an American paper, as probably interesting to some of our readers.

T. SHORE.—Received with thanks.

S. A. SMITH.—In our next. The editor is away in the North.

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for your cuttings.

F. THORNE.—Thanks; but one paragraph is enough on the subject. The War Cry has no status even in Christian literature, and its opinion of Ingersoll is really of no importance.

J. TITHERINGTON.—We know nothing about the matter. Had you not better write to Mrs. Bonner, who could probably answer your question, seeing that she is Charles Bradlaugh's daughter and biographer.

H. W. BELSEY.—You need not wonder that your first attempt is hardly up to our level for publication.

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART sends us a letter for insertion in the Freethinker, in reply to Mr. Charles Watts's article in our last issue. Owing to the editor's absence from London, this letter cannot appear until next week.

R. ALGER.—Always pleased to receive cuttings, etc.

Much correspondence stands over till next week, in consequence of Mr. Foote's absence from London.

PAPERS RECEIVED.—New York Journal—Glamorgan Free Press—Freidenker—Der Arme Teufel—Ethical World—Freethought Magazine—Blue Grass Blade—Open Court—Two Worlds—New Penny Magazine—Torch of Reason—Logic of Vegetarianism, by H. S. Salt.

THE National Secular Society's office is at No. 377 Strand London, where all letters should be addressed to Miss Vance.

It being contrary to Post-Office regulations to announce on the wrapper when the subscription expires, subscribers will receive the number in a colored wrapper when their subscription is due.

LETTERS for the Editor of the Freethinker should be addressed to 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C.

LECTURE NOTICES must reach 28 Stonecutter-street by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to Mr. R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

SCALE OF ADVERTISEMENTS:—Thirty words, 1s. 6d.; every succeeding ten words, 6d. Displayed Advertisements:—One inch, 4s. 6d.; half column, £1 2s. 6d.; column, £2 5s. Special terms for repetitions.

Sugar Plums.

MR. FOOTE lectured at Stanley, Durhamshire, for the first time on Saturday evening, September 9. There was a capital audience—orderly, sympathetic, and responsive. A few questions were asked at the close, but no opposition was offered. Amongst the friends who came from a distance were Mr. Chapman, secretary of the South Shields Branch, and Mr. Bartram, secretary of the Newcastle Branch, who walked over with five other members, a distance of thirteen miles. The Stanley Secularists are enthusiastic and energetic. They have worked very hard hitherto, and have bright ideas of action and progress in the future. Most of them, of course,

are pitmen, and the Durham and Northumberland pitmen have a reputation for intelligence.

On the following day, Sunday, Mr. Foote visited South Shields, after an absence of about four years. His lectures were delivered in the large and handsome Royal Assembly Room. The afternoon subject was "The Meaning of the Dreyfus Case." This drew a large audience, including several representative men in the town, and a considerable number of ladies, and the lecture was very warmly applauded. A still larger audience assembled in the evening, when the subject was "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead." Friends came from many places in the neighborhood—from Newcastle, Jarrow, Tynemouth, Sunderland, and even from Crook. A party of nineteen drove over in a brake from Stanley. It was an extremely "live" meeting, and Mr. Foote's tribute to Colonel Ingersoll was rapturously cheered. The chair on both occasions was occupied by Mr. S. M. Peacock, a staunch Secularist, who has been for fifteen years an active and influential member of the South Shields School Board, and is universally known and respected. Mr. White and Mr. Chapman were busy with the practical arrangements, which were carried out most admirably.

The Shields Daily Gazette gave a good report of Mr. Foote's lecture in the Royal Assembly Hall on the Dreyfus case, and noted that "there was a very large audience."

After visiting smaller towns in the district, Mr. Foote lectures to-day (Sept. 17) in the Secular Hall, Brunswick-street, Glasgow. In the morning, at 11.30, his subject is "Sin, Sinners, and Judgment"; in the afternoon, at 2.30, "The Dreyfus Case and the Future of France"; and in the evening, at 6.30, "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead." Mr. Foote leaves Glasgow the next day for London, where he will be very busy for some time in establishing the new Freethought Publishing Company, Limited.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Charles Watts lectured at the Athenæum Hall, Tottenham Court-road. He received a hearty reception after his long absence. Mr. Davidson occupied the chair. There was a long, but not very interesting, debate, in which a medical student and Miss Vance took part.

Mr. Watts lectures again this Sunday evening (Sept. 17) at the Athenæum Hall, taking for his subject "Dreyfus and the Shame of France." This is a question that should draw a large audience.

All soldiers and sailors who have changed their addresses since last October, and who desire to receive Mr. George Anderson's annual present of literature, are requested to send their present address to Mr. Forder at 28 Stonecutter-street, as the parcels are being made up for dispatch.

"Considerable curiosity," the London Star says, "exists in New Zealand as to how the new Chief Justice of that colony, Sir Robert Stout, will act when he has to pass his first death-sentence. His Atheism is notorious, and he was wont to rejoice in the title of the Bradlaugh of the Antipodes. He has presided over an Australasian Secularist congress and has lectured on Freethought in all the New Zealand cities."

The Freethought Magazine (Chicago) for September is an excellent number. Editor Green, with his usual enterprise, has got a number of representative people to write about Colonel Ingersoll, including Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Judge Waite, Mr. B. F. Underwood, Mrs. Helen Gardener, and Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. This publication is called the "Ingersoll Memorial Number."

We take the following from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's article: "I heard Mr. Ingersoll many years ago in Chicago. The hall seated 5,000 people; every inch of standing room was also occupied; aisles and platform crowded to overflowing. He held that vast audience for three hours so completely entranced that, when he left the platform, no one moved, until suddenly, with loud cheers and applause, they recalled him. He returned smiling, and said: 'I'm glad you called me back, as I have something more to say. Can you stand another half-hour?' 'Yes, an hour, two hours, all night,' was shouted from various parts of the house; and he talked on until midnight with unabated vigor, to the delight of his audience. This was the greatest triumph of oratory I had ever witnessed. It was the first time he delivered his matchless speech, 'Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child.' Those who, through bigotry or other misfortunes, have failed to hear this speech have lost such cloquence as may not be heard again in our day and generation. I have heard the greatest orators of this century in England and America: O'Connell, in his palmiest days, on the Home Rule question; Gladstone and John Bright in the House of Commons; Spurgeon, James, and Stophord Brookes in their own respective pulpits; our own Wendell Philips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Webster and

Clay on great occasions; the stirring eloquence of our anti-slavery orators, both in Congress and on the platform; but none of them ever equalled Robert Ingersoll in his highest flights."

Mrs. Helen Gardener, who writes on Ingersoll under the influence of deep emotion, closes her article with these words: "He was the most conspicuous single figure, the most commanding personality of his time. Owing nothing to position, military or civil; nothing to wealth (for he always gave too freely to ever be a rich man); nothing to any extraneous influences, he made and held his unique position by the simple grandeur of his brain and heart. No other private citizen of his age has made so great and lasting a mark. Not one."

Mrs. Ingersoll, being asked whether she was sustained in her grief by the idea of a future life, and whether her old opinions held firm, replied: "I have in no way changed my belief. I don't know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory. I have as much consolation as anyone who is bereaved. I know as much as they do about the hereafter. It is nothing."

The *Glamorgan Free Press* publishes an estimate of the late Colonel Ingersoll from the phrenological standpoint by Prof. R. L. Jones. It fills a column of small type, and is highly laudatory.

Mr. A. Maurice Low, the writer of "American Affairs" in the *National Review*, contributes the following in the September number of that excellent magazine: "The death of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is a loss to America, a loss to the world, a loss to humanity. It is fortunate for his own fame, which, after all, is a very little thing, and still more fortunate for the country and humanity, which are much bigger things, that he did not die twenty years ago. In those days the United States were less liberal than they are now, and an attack on religion was regarded with almost as much horror and disgust as in England. Considering that there has always been complete freedom of worship in this country, and that the Church and State have been rigidly separated, this is curious; but possibly it was the survival of the old Puritan spirit—the spirit which has done so much to form the American character, which still lives and blazes forth when least expected. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that twenty years ago Ingersoll was regarded by many people as a charlatan, as a man who delivered his lectures, attacking all that most persons held most dear, because it paid him, and that the sincerity of his convictions was measured by the financial returns of his oratory. No falseness of a man's character was ever entertained. Ingersoll said he doubted—he never denied a future existence; he simply did not know that there was a future existence—because he was unable to believe in the established dogmas; but money was no part of his creed. As his country came to know him better, they learned that this man, whom they once thought was a ranting mountebank, was a man whose creed was humanity, whose life was spent in doing good, whose heart was big enough to beat for all who were oppressed, and whose burdens were too heavy to be borne without assistance."

According to the Creed.

JASPER was wise. Jasper was good.
Thousands to-day at the open grave stood—
Stood there and wept for that great-hearted man—
Wept burning tears such as only love can.
Wept, for when he died the poor lost a friend,
Generous, noble, and true to the end.
Listen! Oh, listen! The funeral knell!
Demons are ringing it, down deep in hell!
Tolling the bell,
Spirits of hell—
Jasper the skeptic is dead.

Strong was his arm; it supported the weak
While his brave words did encouragement speak.
Noble was he, say the thousands who grieve;
But he was lost, for he did not believe.
He rescued the drunkard, he raised the down-trod,
He fed those who hungered, but laughed at their God.
For that blaspheming he's going to hell;
Demons are ringing the funeral knell.
Ringing the bell
Down deep in hell—
Jasper the skeptic is dead.

—J. B. Guiland.

It is a foolish taunt against the Infidel that he is fain not to believe in God because of his wickedness, for what proof more cogent can a man have that he was not made by an all-good God than the fact that he himself is very bad?—James Thomson.

A Modern Puritan's Revolt.

The Uncalled. By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR. (London: Service & Paton.)

MARK TWAIN, in his little sketch of "Adam's Diary," represents our fabled progenitor as entering under the head of the Sabbath the laconic remark, "Pulled through." The other days, according to the diary, are busy and bright enough; but in respect of a number of succeeding Sabbaths all we learn is that Adam "pulled through." Then this very early Pepys, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, jots down in great triumph: "Now I know why the six days of the week were made. They were just made to rest in from the weariness of the seventh!" There we get the true relativeness of the Lord's Day. Its restfulness is such that other days are required to recover from its tiring, trying effects. In this sense it is as Bank Holiday is to many working people, except that lassitude from over-activity is far preferable to the utter weariness of flesh and spirit which follows from being compelled to do practically nothing at all, or to do that which is distasteful.

In his new American novel, entitled *The Uncalled*, Paul Laurence Dunbar deals drastically with the Sunday superstition, though not with that alone. His book is a protest against other Puritan survivals which afflict certain of the American States. It has an interest in our own country, for even in the present enlightened age we recognise similar survivals amongst ourselves. Much of the satire is as well deserved by us as by the inhabitants of the small Ohio town in which the scene of the story is laid. And this is especially true now that we see a disposition to revivify and develop some of the worst features of the Puritanical folly that we had fondly hoped was at least dying, if not dead. The inhabitants of Dexter—for the most part stern, sour, strait-laced, persecuting bigots—have their prototypes in our own towns and villages, living hard, narrow, loveless lives themselves, and fired with a holy zeal to make existence as unendurable as possible for others.

Not that our own special bigots rejoice in any great numerical strength. The spirit of the age has thinned them down to a very small section. In bulk, as in their objects, they are a miserable body. But what they lack in numbers they make up for in activity. The noise they manage to create is really wonderful when we consider the insignificant source from which it comes. It is the voice of a giant proceeding from a dwarf. Our indigenous bigots are mostly sky-pilots who have personal interests to serve. They are sky-pilots who are concerned about the safety of their means of livelihood, who view with the keenest apprehension any approach to rivalry, who espy the thin edge of the wedge in every liberal movement, and who would banish the most innocent forms of national amusement in the effort to preserve a fast-decaying domination. These sky-pilots pretend that they are actuated by the purest of motives, and that they are supported by the bulk of public opinion. The truth is, that they speak only for themselves and for their flocks, not all of whom are willing to follow them. And the thin disguises in which they envelop their motives—such as the desire to prevent Sunday labor and to stem the tide of sinful pleasures—have been thoroughly exposed over and over again.

Returning to this recent novel, *The Uncalled*, it is, as might be expected of the author of *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, a plain, homely story. Nevertheless, it is full of power and pathos, and enlivened with many quaint little touches of wit and humor which are not the less interesting because they complete the picture of American village life. A bright young fellow of lowly birth, but of more than average ability, is drawn by the sheer force of circumstances into the dissenting ministry. His reason and moral sense are for ever rising in revolt against the absurdities and illiberalities he is called upon to preach. Eventually, and in a highly dramatic fashion, he renounces the faith in which he has been bred, and betakes himself to an honest commercial calling. Therein he is at once successful and happy—a result which may have its suggestion to others who, likely enough, have to struggle through similar darkness and tribulation into freedom and light.

A staid and stern old maid, Miss Hester Prime, adopts him in boyhood and brings him up in all the severity of a faith largely founded on the old Puritan code. She reasons thus: Human beings are by nature evil; evil must be crushed; ergo, everything natural must be crushed. Under this good woman's cheerful tutelage, many things, commonplace enough in themselves, become sacred to the boy Brent; and things said to be sinful multiply themselves with astonishing fecundity. It was wicked to cough in church as it was sacrilege to play with a hymn-book. "His training was the apotheosis of the non-essential." Miss Prime's prescription for making a good boy was two parts punishment, two parts admonition, and two parts prayer. One class-meeting night the boy and his guardian were, as usual, sitting side by side at church. It was the habit of some of the congregation to bring their outside controversies into the class-room under the guise of testimonies or exhortations, and to air their views where their opponents could not answer them—a practice not confined to the United States. One of these edifying guides was Daniel Hastings. The trait had so developed in him that, whenever he rose to speak, the question ran round: "I wonder who Daniel is going to rake over the coals now." On that day he had been having a tilt with his old-time enemy, Thomas Donaldson, over the advent into Dexter of a young homœopathic doctor.

"When Daniel rose to speak that evening, he cast a glance full of unfriendly significance at his opponent, and launched into a fiery exhortation on true religion. 'Some folks' religion,' he said, 'is like sugar, all sweetness and no power; but I want my religion like I want my medicine—I want it strong an' I want it bitter, so's I'll know I've got it.' In Fred Brent the sense of humor had not been entirely crushed, and the expression was too much for his gravity. He bent his head and covered his face with his hands. When Daniel had finished, the Rev. Mr. Simpson arose, and, bending an accusing glance upon the shrinking boy, began: 'I perceive on the part of some of the younger members of the congregation a disposition to levity. The house of God is not the place to find amusement. I never see young people deriding their elders without thinking of the awful lesson taught by the Lord's judgment upon those wicked youths whom the she-bears devoured. Some of the men whom I have seen in prison condemned to death or a life of confinement have begun their careers just that way, showing disrespect for their elders and for the Church.'

When Master Fred got home—notwithstanding the pleading of his good friend, Eliphalet Hodges, that "children ain't got like their elders the sense nor—nor the deceit to keep a smooth face when they're a-laughin' all in their innards"—the young culprit came in for a good thrashing, which was, of course, eminently calculated to impress him with the beauty and joys of religion.

For a time young Brent was regarded as a lost lamb of the house of Israel. That preciquous vessel, the Rev. Simpson, was called in, and undertook to "wrestle with the boy as Jacob did of old with the angel." Eventually it was believed that he had been brought to a "realisin' sense of his sinfulness," and he was sent to a Bible seminary to study for the ministry. The novel then discloses the various methods by which, in later years, he was cajoled into accepting ordination. He felt himself to be an arrant coward, and despised himself for his weak compliance. He realised how soon a man "falls into the cant of his position, and learns to dole out the cut-and-dried phrases of ministerial talk like a dinner from the pulpit—to find a scourge to whip down a poor girl, he is accused of complicity. Then, in an outburst of indignation, he concludes an impassioned address with these words:

"To-night I feel for the first time that I am myself. I give you back gladly what you have given me. I am no longer your pastor."

He leaves Dexter, and finds employment in a Cincinnati warehouse. Thence, after a time, he writes home:

"I feel that I am growing; I can take full breaths here. I couldn't at Dexter, the air was too rarefied by religion. I have come face to face with Christianity without cant, and I respect it for what it is."

The history of the struggles of this young heroic

spirit, faintly outlined here, but told with masterly force in the novel, ought surely to win the interest and sympathy of many readers on both sides the Atlantic who have in recent times been sickened with trashy religious fiction that need not be named.

FRANCIS NEALE.

Ingersoll's Tribute to Voltaire.

VOLTAIRE hated tyranny, and loved liberty. His arguments to prove the existence of a God were just as groundless as those of the reverend fathers of his day to prove the divinity of Christ, or that Mary was the mother of God. The theologians of his time maligned and feared him. He regarded them as a spider does flies. He spread nets for them. They were caught, and he devoured them for the amusement and benefit of the public. He was educated by the Jesuits, and sometimes acted like one.

It is fashionable to say that he was not profound. This is because he was not stupid. In the presence of absurdity he laughed, and was called irreverent. He thought God would not damn even a priest forever—this was regarded as blasphemy. He endeavored to prevent Christians from murdering each other, and did what he could to civilize the disciples of Christ. Had he founded a sect, obtained control of some country, and burned a few heretics at slow fires, he would have won the admiration, respect, and love of the Christian world. Had he only pretended to believe all the fables of antiquity, had he mumbled Latin prayers, counted beads, crossed himself, devoured the flesh of God, and carried fagots to the feet of philosophy in the name of Christ, he might have been in heaven this moment, enjoying a sight of the damned.

Instead of doing these things, he wilfully closed his eyes to the light of the Gospel, examined the Bible for himself, advocated intellectual liberty, struck from the brain the fetters of an arrogant faith, assisted the weak, cried out against the torture of man, appealed to reason, endeavored to establish universal toleration, succored the indigent, and defended the oppressed.

These were his crimes. Such a man God would not suffer to die in peace. If allowed to meet death with a smile, others might follow his example, until none would be left to light the holy fires of the *auto-da-fé*. It would not do for so great, so successful an enemy of the Church to die without leaving some shriek of fear, some shuddering cry of remorse, some ghastly prayer of chattered horror, uttered by lips covered with blood and foam.

He was an old man of eighty-four. He had been surrounded with the comforts of life; he was a man of wealth—of genius. Among the literary men of the world he stood first. God had allowed him to have the appearance of success. His last years were filled with the intoxication of flattery. He stood at the summit of his age. The priests became anxious. They began to fear that God would forget, in a multiplicity of business, to make a terrible example of Voltaire. Towards the last of May, 1778, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying. Upon the fences of expectation gathered the unclean birds of superstition, impatiently waiting for their prey.

"Two days before his death his nephew went to seek the curé of Saint Sulpice and the Abbé Gautier, and brought them into his uncle's sick chamber, who, being informed that they were there, 'Ah, well,' said Voltaire, 'give them my compliments and my thanks.' The Abbé spoke some words to him, exhorting him to patience. The curé of Saint Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked of Voltaire, elevating his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. The sick man pushed one of his hands against the curé's coif, shoving him back, and cried, turning abruptly to the other side, 'Let me die in peace.' The curé seemingly considered his person soiled, and his coif dishonoured, by the touch of the philosopher. He made the nurse give him a little brushing, and went out with the Abbé Gautier."

He expired, says Wagniere, on the 30th of May, 1778, at about quarter past eleven at night, with the most perfect tranquillity. Ten minutes before his last breath

Service
Diary,"
ler the
Pulled
ry, are
umber
Adam
, as if
e great
om the
e true
is such
tiring,
ay is to
n over-
of flesh
1 to do
is dis-
ncalled,
he Sun-
His
s which
interest
ghtened
rselves.
by the
e scene
ue now
p some
that we
d. The
n, sour,
ototypes
narrow,
zeal to
thers.
ny great
thinned
k, as in
ut what
ty. The
ful when
it comes.
rf. Our
personal
are con-
velihood,
approach
vedge is
inish the
t in the
e purist
e bulk of
only for
whom are
in which
o prevent
asures—
gain.
t, it is, as
owly Life,
of power
le touches
interesting
an village
it of more
rce of cir-
is reason
t against
upon to
ic fashions,
bred, and
I calling.
—a result
ho, likely
kness and

he took the hand of Morand, his *valet de chambre*, who was watching by him, pressed it, and said: "Adieu, my dear Morand; I am gone." These were his last words.

From this death, so simple and serene, so natural and peaceful; from these words, so utterly destitute of cant or dramatic touch, all the frightful pictures, all the despairing utterances, have been drawn and made. From these materials, and from these alone, have been constructed all the shameless calumnies about the death of this great and wonderful man, compared with whom all of his calumniators, dead and living, were and are but dust and vermin.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and sceptres, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell, trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations, in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the Church can never recover. Livid with hatred, she launched her impotent anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants have echoed the curse of Rome.

Voltaire was the intellectual autocrat of his time. From his throne at the foot of the Alps he pointed the finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe. He was the pioneer of his century. He was the assassin of superstition. Through the shadows of faith and fable, through the darkness of myth and miracle, through the midnight of Christianity, through the blackness of bigotry, past cathedral and dungeon, past rack and stake, past altar and throne, he carried, with chivalric hands, the sacred torch of reason.

—From "The House of Death."

The Late Mr. King of Hastings.

WITH deep regret we have to record the death of Mr. Alfred King, of Hastings—a valiant soldier of Freethought known to most advanced thinkers of the South of England, and to hosts of others in various parts of the country. He died at Battle on the 4th inst., in his 63rd year. During Mr. Bradlaugh's struggles Mr. King gave hearty and most valuable support to the cause of freedom against intolerance, and was an active and consistent Freethinker to the day of his death. Of late years he conducted a Sunday afternoon class, at which he expounded his principles with ability and success. In his day he gained marked recognition as a political pamphleteer. His tract, "Ireland's Woes and Ireland's Foes," had a wide circulation. He was a man of majestic presence, and the *Morning Leader*, in a very appreciative obituary, mentions one occasion when "Toby," as he was familiarly called, exercised his great muscular strength in behalf of free speech. A number of men were creating a disturbance at a meeting at which he was present, and refused to desist. Mr. King picked them up one after another by the collar, and coolly dropped them over the balustrade, one by one, into the hall beneath. Unfortunately, one of the men broke his leg, and this nearly broke poor "Toby's" heart, for he was as tender as he was big. He maintained his victim till he was quite convalescent, and then gave him a sum of money.

Mr. King went out to the Crimea in 1854 to construct the railway from Balaclava to Sebastopol. Returning after the war, he settled down at Hastings, and eventually became a builder and contractor. He was one of those men who, by honesty, candor, and consistency, compelled his opponents to respect him. A few years ago he could have had a seat in the Hastings Town Council, but his health, he thought, would have prevented him from doing his duty. He therefore refrained from accepting it, but his son—a worthy son of a worthy sire—took his father's place after a contest in which he found it quite unnecessary to employ canvassers or conveyances.

Mr. Forder conducted the service at Battle Cemetery, and, prior to the ceremony, had the opportunity of seeing letters from the Mayor of Hastings and other local dignitaries, all testifying to their great esteem for Mr. King and their deep regret at his decease. The funeral procession, which was a very large one, left his son's house, and at the cemetery there was a large assemblage, numbering friends from all parts of the South of England. One lady and gentleman from Lincoln mentioned to Mr. Forder that they had seen a notice of the funeral in a local journal, and had prolonged their visit to Hastings in order to witness a secular burial.

Mr. Forder delivered a short address at the graveside, and read a few appropriate sentences from the Secular Burial Service by Mr. Austin Holyoake, who was one of Mr. King's intimate friends in years gone by. Afterwards Mr. Forder

read the following appreciation of Mr. King from the pen of Mr. G. W. Foote, who was, to his regret, prevented from attending the funeral by his lecturing engagements in the North: "Alfred King was a model of manly independence. He disdained to be bound by senseless conventions, or to take his opinions at second-hand. He faced the facts, formed his own conclusions, and expressed them fearlessly. It never occurred to him to consider if he would gain or lose in acting on his own judgment as to what was true or false, or right or wrong. He was also kind, considerate, and generous to others. His life proved that the most heterodox belief is consistent with the highest and most steadfast virtue. He encountered misfortune with dauntless courage, and bore himself without elation in the midst of prosperity. When suffering came that was long and trying, he displayed the rarest fortitude. His character, no less than his bodily presence, marked him out from the multitude. He belonged to the great untitled aristocracy of nature. All who knew him will say: This was a Man. The world is poorer by his death, and richer for his life. But he longed for no reward, he aspired to no praise. He was content to be a simple member of the brotherhood of Humanity. The peace of the grave has fallen upon him, and in that peace we leave him. He passed into the great Silence without a shadow of fear, and without misgiving we turn from his last resting-place, bearing with us the precious memory of his noble manhood."

The Seaside Nuisance.

UNDER a spreading wideawake
The out-door preacher stands;
There's frenzy in his bulging eyes
And agitated hands,
As wildly he harangues the crowd
Upon the yellow sands.

Year in, year out, o' Sunday nights,
You may hear his "bellows" blow;
You may hear him whoop till ears are split
A mile away or so—
Like a redskin yelling for all he's worth
As he tomahawks a foe.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
But fails to find "the boys";
He therefore hunts them on the shore,
And Sabbath peace destroys
By bawling that Damnation is
The price of Sabbath joys.

He drags the Lamb, the bleeding lamb,
Again from Paradise,
And wallows in the gory flood
Like a priest at sacrifice;
Most of his speech is meaningless,
And none of it is nice.

Boiling, perspiring, bellowing,
Onward through life he goes;
To him the poetry of earth
Is the prosiest of prose;
And the glory of the summer sea
Is the Devil's lure, he knows.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my vulgar friend;
These lessons thou hast taught:
When true religion grabs a man
He's soon to madness wrought;
God loves a dolt with leathern lungs,
And curses honest thought.

CHARLES D. STEPHENS

Ingersoll Died Poor.

MRS. EVA INGERSOLL, widow of Colonel Ingersoll, has filed a bond as administratrix of the estate of her husband. Mrs. Ingersoll has made diligent search for the will of her husband, but in vain, and to the best of her knowledge and belief he died intestate. The value of his personal property is estimated by her to be about 10,000 dollars (about £2,000). At the time of his death he held no real property. The heirs to the estate are Mrs. Ingersoll, the widow, who also, it is presumed, will receive his life insurance; Mrs. Eva R. Brown, wife of Walston H. Brown, and Miss Mary Ingersoll. This information is taken from the New York papers. It shows the truth of that pious clergyman's observation that Ingersoll did nothing in the world but build up a fortune and die a millionaire. What the preachers find a useful fable in the opposite direction.

Maitre Labori.

THE following account of M. Labori, the counsel who defended Dreyfus, is by Harry J. W. Dam, representative of the *New York Journal* at Rennes:—

Labori is the dramatic, the electric element in the Dreyfus trial. We had our first taste of his quality this morning, when the big wounded lawyer got to work at full speed for a short interval. His attack woke up the whole case.

The building, as well as the audience, seemed to open its eyes and vibrate in unison as when the big engines of the Lucania get into action and send their rapid beats throughout the entire ship.

Demange, Labori's colleague, is a very able man, but not a good advocate. He is merely a dry, if brilliant, thinking machine, with no more magnetism, or momentum, than a cold buckwheat cake. But Labori is a rare instance of great mental and physical powers, equally developed, and we appreciated fully this morning why he was shot.

The generals are all afraid of him. They are all men of small stature and advanced years, and seem to shrink to smaller size whenever they try to face Labori with pretence or lie. They are no longer dealing with obsequious officers, their inferiors. Labori to them represents the change from servants to master.

SPARROW AND EIGHT-INCH GUN.

When Labori went for Gonse this morning, it seemed for a moment like attacking a poor little sparrow with an eight-inch gun. Up to now Gonse, like all the other malicious little generals, has seemed a very imposing personage, majestically panoplied in his years, his rank, his fame. This morning, however, he was simply an angry little old man in uniform, who became excited and squeaked. All Frenchmen, when they become aroused, raise the pitch of their voices. Gonse was so excited he nearly reached the line of inaudible sound.

With Labori, on the contrary, as he became more heated and rapidly excited, his voice grew deeper and deeper. It was boom! boom! boom! as he fired his shot at Gonse, until he left his wedding-cake general not a leg to stand upon.

I took a seat in court next to Mme. Labori, Mere, mother of this gifted lawyer. She is a tall, slender, erect, aristocratic-looking lady of perhaps sixty-five. She has a thin, finely-cut face, slightly aquiline nose, rather pointed chin, and looks with her fine, full, grey hair and eye-glasses like a grand dame of Boston. Both she and her husband appear like the best American types, which explains Labori's cosmopolitan face.

Like Boulanger, you could at first sight believe him of any nationality, from American to Russian, with a preference perhaps for Yorkshire or Glasgow. Mme. Labori, Mere, was dressed in a dark blue walking suit trimmed with cream lace. She wore a dark straw toque to match, and white kid gloves.

LABORI'S MOTHER TALKS OF HIM.

Was she willing, in a little whispered interview, to talk about her famous son? Of course she was. If there was ever a mother on the face of the earth who did not want to talk about her son when all the world was watching him, that lady is not Mme. Labori, Mere. And so, while gendarmes scowled blackly at us for disturbing the proceedings, we laid our two heads together, and had a nice little interview in whispers all to ourselves.

"Yes, he is our only son, the only child we ever had."
 "A good son?"
 "Yes, the best of boys and men."
 "Always good to his mother?"
 "Always; and we have been so proud of him ever since; as a little boy in school, he took all the prizes. He always succeeded. We knew he would be a great man. I was sure of it. *Mon Dieu!* He will leave nothing of that poor old general, absolutely nothing."
 "When did you receive news of his injury?"
 "I was in Paris. It was dreadful—awful! We were prostrated—entirely overcome. It was serious, very serious, the telegram. We took the first train for Rennes, and the journey was a terrible ordeal of hopes and fears. We feared at every station to receive a dispatch announcing the worst. As we approached each station our hearts sank. Then, as we got no news, they rose again. It was like that, up and down, up and down, for six long hours. I did not know till I reached Rennes that the wound was not a serious one. Then I simply sat down without any strength left to sustain me. I could not say a word. All my powers were gone."

HER EPIGRAM ON HER SON.

She is much more interested in what her son, a mere lawyer, is doing than in the *Journal* correspondent; consequently, her communications become spasmodic, intermittent. She tells, however, how well Labori bore the strain of yesterday. He has little trouble from the wound, but much from pains in his head. She says he refused absolutely to be treated as a sick man after the session of yesterday, but said too much time had been lost which had to be made up at full

speed. She talks of her daughter-in-law's devotion, the children—her particular pets—and other matters which, however, are not exactly of international interest. Then she wants to know what I am going to say about him.

I say I am going to compare him to the largest-sized ball in a bowling-alley, knocking a little group of red and gold generals and their lies into the four quarters of the heavens. She does not quite understand this, not being an amateur at tenpins. When it is explained, however, she smiles, nods assent, but suggests an improvement of her own.

"*Disons que mon fils est une grande automobile que ne s'arretera pas avant que Dreyfus soit acquitte.*" [Let us say my son is a great automobile which will not stop until Dreyfus is acquitted.]

Correspondence.

SPORTSMEN'S LOGIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—As many references have been made in the press to an article by Sir Herbert Maxwell in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and as the editor refuses to insert our reply, we appeal to your sense of fair play to let us state very briefly the humanitarian contention.

We heartily agree with Sir H. Maxwell that the question of the ethics of sport must be decided by reason as well as by sentiment; but we submit that his own reasoning is not of the strongest when he tries to justify blood-sports by asserting that "one searches in vain for justice and mercy among the lower animals." The statement is neither correct nor relevant; for, in the first place, co-operation is as much a law of nature as competition; and, secondly, even if it were not so, the savagery of animals would be no excuse for the savagery of men. Are we to base human ethics on animal conduct? And, if so, why should we imitate the predatory kinds rather than the sociable? And why, again, because some animals kill for food, should we kill for pleasure? These are points which Sir H. Maxwell, the champion of reason against sentiment, has unaccountably overlooked.

Equally fallacious is his plea that the sportsman is the best friend of animals because he "preserves" them for slaughter. The thing is nonsense downright. It could be no comfort to the individual animal who is butchered to know (if he could know) that the species is preserved, and that the same process of butchery will thus be perpetuated. Sir H. Maxwell points out that, but for fox-hunting, the fox would have been exterminated like the wolf. We reply that, in such a case, extermination is far the humaner alternative. Can it be pretended that it would have been a kindness to wolves to "preserve" a certain number of them in this country, in order that sportsmen might gratify their love of bloodshed by forever hunting them to death?

And really, sir, if it is so kind to animals to worry them with dogs, must not Englishmen feel some remorse for the prohibition of the gentle old sport of bear-bating? Is it not sad to think that there were once bears in many an English village where now they are extinct? Yet, strange to say, Sir H. Maxwell alludes to bear-baiting as rightly abolished, forgetting that his sporting predecessors defended their cruel pastimes by the same fallacies as those by which he now defends his own.

HENRY S. SALT.

Past and Future.

Yea, if no morning must behold
 Man, other than were they now cold,
 And other deeds than past deeds done,
 Nor any near or far-off sun
 Salute him risen and sunlike-souled,
 Free, boundless, fearless, perfect, one,
 Let man's world die like worlds of old,
 And here in heaven's sight only be
 The sole sun on the worldless sea.

—A. C. Swinburne.

How to Help Us.

- (1) Get your newsagent to take a few copies of the *Freethinker* and try to sell them, guaranteeing to take the copies that remain unsold.
- (2) Take an extra copy (or more), and circulate it among your acquaintances.
- (3) Leave a copy of the *Freethinker* now and then in the train, the car, or the omnibus.
- (4) Display, or get displayed, one of our contents-sheets, which are of a convenient size for the purpose. Mr. Forder will send them on application.
- (5) Get your newsagent to exhibit the *Freethinker* in the window.

SUNDAY LECTURE NOTICES, ETC.

[Notices of Lectures, etc., must reach us by first post on Tuesday, and be marked "Lecture Notice," if not sent on post-card.]

LONDON.

THE ATHENÆUM HALL (73 Tottenham Court-road, W.): 7.30, C. Watts, "Dreyfus and the Shame of France."
BRADLAUGH CLUB AND INSTITUTE (36 Newington Green-road, Ball's Pond): 8.30, A Concert.

OPEN-AIR PROPAGANDA.

BATTERSEA PARK GATES: 11.30, A. B. Moss.
EDMONTON (corner of Angel-road): 7, W. Ramsey.
FINSBURY BRANCH (Clerkenwell Green): 11.30, E. White.
KINGSLAND (Ridley-road): 11.30, R. P. Edwards.
MILE END WASTE: 11.30, S. Jones; 7, R. P. Edwards. September 20, at 8, E. Pack.
S. L. E. S. (Peckham Rye): 11.15, A lecture. (Brockwell Park): 3.15, A lecture.
STRATFORD (The Grove): 7, A. B. Moss.
THE TRIANGLE (Salmon-lane, Limehouse): 11.30, E. Pack. September 19, at 8, E. Pack.
VICTORIA PARK (near the Fountain): 3.15, R. P. Edwards.
WESTMINSTER (Grosvenor Embankment): 11.30, H. Hunter, "Cause of Scepticism."

COUNTRY.

BRISTOL (in the Horse Fair): 8, J. Keast, "Christianity and Progress."
CHATHAM SECULAR SOCIETY (Queen's-road, New Brompton): 2.45, Sunday School; T. Parris—11.30, "How we Get Knowledge"; 7, "The Certainties of Religion Worthless."
DERBY (Market-place): Willie Dyson—11, "Religion and Civilization"; 3, "Humanity's Gain from Unbelief." September 21 and 22, C. Cohen, in the Co-operative Hall.
EDINBURGH (Moulders' Arms, 105 High-street): 7, Mr. Bayleffe (Birmingham), "Body and Mind."
GLASGOW (110 Brunswick-street): G. W. Foote—11.30, "Sin, Sinners, and Judgment"; 2.30, "The Dreyfus Case and the Future of France"; 6.30, "Colonel Ingersoll: Living and Dead."
LEICESTER SECULAR SOCIETY (Humberstone-gate): 6.30, Councillor Amos Booth, "The A B C of Vaccination."
LIVERPOOL (Alexandra Hall, Islington-square): 7, Mr. Ross, "The Bible: Is its Teachings Moral or Immoral."
MANCHESTER SECULAR HALL (Rusholme-road, All Saints): C. Cohen—11, "The Awakening of Europe"; 3, "The Crisis in the Church"; 7, "The Aims of Secularism."
SHEFFIELD SECULAR SOCIETY (Hall of Science, Rockingham-street): H. Percy Ward—11, "The Impracticability of Socialism"; 3, "Christianity and the Slave Trade"; 7, "Why I Left the Wesleyan Pulpit." Tea at 5.
SOUTH SHIELDS (Royal Assembly Hall, Mile End-road): 7, Important Business Meeting.

Lecturers' Engagements.

C. COHEN, 17 Osborne-road, High-road, Leyton.—September 17 and 24, Manchester. October 1, Glasgow.

ARTHUR B. MOSS, 44 Credon-road, London, S.E.—September 17, m., Battersea; e., Stratford. 24, m., Mile End; e., Stratford.

R. P. EDWARDS, 9 Caxton-road, Shepherd's Bush.—September 17, m., Ridley-road; a., Victoria Park; e., Mile End. 24, m., Limehouse; a., Hampstead; e., Mile End.

E. PACK, 10 Henstridge-place, Ordnance-road, St. John's Wood.—September 17, m., Mile End. 24, Battersea Park.

H. PERCY WARD, 5 Alexandra-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.—September 17, Sheffield. 24, Derby. November 5, Birmingham. 12 and 19, Manchester. 26, Birmingham. December 17, Birmingham.

POSITIVISM.

"Reorganisation, without god or king, by the systematic worship of Humanity."

Information and publications on the Religion of Humanity may be obtained free on application to the Church of Humanity, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Ingersoll's New Lecture.

THE DEVIL

Price 6d. post free.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

RENT FREE. Two Rooms and Kitchen. Owner of Shop would like to hear from Steady and Respectable Young Married Man, engaged during the day, and without incumbrance, whose wife could attend to tobacco, sweet, and mineral shop in London thoroughfare. Fine opening for Freethought branch.—Letters to "Tobacco," 321 Milkwood-road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Works by the late R. G. Ingersoll.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH. Funeral Orations and Addresses. Handsomely printed and bound. 1s.
THE DEVIL. 6d.
SUPERSTITION. 6d.
DEFENCE OF FREETHOUGHT. A Five Hours' Speech at the Trial of C. B. Reynolds for Blasphemy. 6d.
SHAKESPEARE. 6d.
THE GODS. 6d.
THE HOLY BIBLE. 6d.
REPLY TO GLADSTONE. With a Biography by J. M. Wheeler. 4d.
ROME OR REASON? A Reply to Cardinal Manning. 4d.
CRIMES AGAINST CRIMINALS. 3d.
ORATION ON WALT WHITMAN. 3d.
ORATION ON VOLTAIRE. 3d.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 3d.
PAINE THE PIONEER. 2d.
HUMANITY'S DEBT TO THOMAS PAINE. 2d.
ERNEST RENAN AND JESUS CHRIST. 2d.
TRUE RELIGION. 2d.
THREE PHILANTHROPISTS. 2d.
LOVE THE REDEEMER. 2d.
WHAT IS RELIGION? 2d.
IS SUICIDE A SIN? 2d.
LAST WORDS ON SUICIDE. 2d.
GOD AND THE STATE. 2d.
WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC? Part I. 2d.
WHY AM I AN AGNOSTIC? Part II. 2d.
FAITH AND FACT. Reply to Dr. Field. 2d.
GOD AND MAN. Second reply to Dr. Field. 2d.
THE DYING CREED. 2d.
THE LIMITS OF TOLERATION. A Discussion with the Hon. F. D. Coudert and Gov. S. L. Woodford. 2d.
HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH. 2d.
ART AND MORALITY. 2d.
DO I BLASPHEME? 2d.
THE CLERGY AND COMMON SENSE. 2d.
SOCIAL SALVATION. 2d.
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. 2d.
SKULLS. 2d.
THE GREAT MISTAKE. 1d.
LIVE TOPICS. 1d.
MYTH AND MIRACLE. 1d.
REAL BLASPHEMY. 1d.
REPAIRING THE IDOLS. 1d.
CHRIST AND MIRACLES. 1d.
CREEDS AND SPIRITUALITY. 1d.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

THE BEST BOOK

ON NEO-MALTHUSIANISM IS, I BELIEVE, TRUE MORALITY, OR THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF NEO-MALTHUSIANISM.

By J. R. HOLMES, M.M.L., M.V.S., M.N.S.S.

160 pages, with portrait and autograph, bound in cloth, gilt lettered. Price 1s., post free.

IN order to bring the information within the reach of the poor, the most important parts of the book are issued in a pamphlet of 112 pages at ONE PENNY, post free 2d. Copies of the pamphlet for distribution is a dozen post free.

The *National Reformer* of September 4, 1892, says: "Mr. Holmes' pamphlet.....is an almost unexceptional statement of the Neo-Malthusian theory and practice.....and throughout appeals to moral feeling.....The special value of Mr. Holmes' service to the Neo-Malthusian cause and to human well-being generally is just his combination in his pamphlet of a plain statement of the physical and moral need for family limitation with a plain account of the means by which it can be secured, and an offer to all concerned of the requisites at the lowest possible prices."

The Council of the Malthusian League, Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Allbutt, and others, have also spoken of it in very high terms. The trade supplied by R. FORDER, 28 Stonecutter-street, London, E.C. Other orders should be sent to the author.

J. R. HOLMES, HANNEY, WANTAGE, BERKS.

W. J. Rendell's "Wife's Friend"

Recommended by Mrs. Besant in *Law of Population*, p. 32, and Dr. Allbutt in *Wife's Handbook*, p. 51. Made ONLY at No. 15 Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell; 2s. per doz., post free (reduction in larger quantities). For particulars send stamped envelope.

Important Caution.

BEWARE of useless imitations substituted by some dealers and chemists, the words "Rendell & Co." and "J. W. Rendell," etc., being speciously and plausibly introduced to deceive the public.

LOOK FOR AUTOGRAPH REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

W. J. Rendell
No. 182,688.

IN Red INK ON EACH BOX, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.
Higginson's Syringe, with Vertical and Reverse Current, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 3d. Dr. Palfrey's Powder, 1s. 2d. Quinine Compound, 1s. 2d. Dr. Allbutt's Quinine Powders, 3s. per doz. All prices post free.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—Monsieur JULES BAILLY desires Pupils. Easy plan and efficiency guaranteed. Terms very moderate. Address, 32 Store-street, Bedford-square, W.C.

A SPECIAL LECTURE

Will be delivered by

MR. CHARLES WATTS

This Evening (SUNDAY, September 17), at 7.30,

At the

Athenæum Hall, 73 Tottenham Court-road, London,

Subject :

"Dreyfus and the Shame of France."

Just published, price 2d., by post 2½d.,

Men "after God's Own Heart."

BEING

BRIEF SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF NOAH, ABRAHAM, MOSES, AND DAVID.

By CHARLES WATTS.

London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

New Pamphlet by C. Cohen.

PAIN & PROVIDENCE.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

Now Ready. Cloth, 192 pages, 2s. 6d.

BRIMSTONE BALLADS AND OTHER VERSE.

By G. L. MACKENZIE.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY G. W. FOOTE.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

Now Ready.

Christianity and Agnosticism.

A Correspondence between

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

AND

GEORGE ANDERSON, Agnostic, London.

This Correspondence was not intended for publication, and is all the more interesting on that account. It arose out of an application by the clergyman to Mr. Anderson for a subscription towards improving his church.

Price Sixpence.

London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's-court, E.C.; R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

HERB BEER.

The best is made from

THWAITES' 6d. PACKET OF MIXED HERBS.

One Packet will make 8 gallons of real genuine Herb Beer. Directions with each packet. By post 6 stamps.

G. THWAITES, Herbalist, 2 Church-row, Stockton-on-Tees.

Agents Wanted.

Price 2d., by post 2½d.; yearly subscription (including Supplements), 2s. 8d.

THE LITERARY GUIDE

AND RATIONALIST REVIEW.

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER CONTAINS:—

Chapel Royal Religion. J. M. Robertson.
Cui Bono? A. G. W.
Wagner's Great "Religious" Drama. By Morgan Argles.
Evolutionary Theories Criticised.
Samuel Davidson.
A Type of Pessimism.
Signs and Warnings (gleaned from the Religious Press).
Random Jottings.
Chats with the Bygone. I.—With Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. F. J. G.
Rationalism in the Magazines.
"Questionable Propagandism." Charles Watts.
"Impersonal Deities": A Letter and a Rejoinder.
Short Notices; Our Letter-Box; Etc.

London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, E.C.

In stout paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

THE

BOOK OF GOD

In the Light of the Higher Criticism.

With Special Reference to DEAN FARRAR'S *New Apology*.

By G. W. FOOTE.

Contents:—Introduction—The Bible Canon—The Bible and Science—Miracles and Witchcraft—The Bible and Free-thought—Morals and Manners—Political and Social Progress—Inspiration—The Testimony of Jesus—The Bible and the Church of England—An Oriental Book—Fictitious Supremacy.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

FLOWERS OF FREETHOUGHT

BY

G. W. Foote.

Second Series (cloth), 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—Luscious Piety—The Jewish Sabbath—God's Day—Professor Stokes on Immortality—Paul Bert—Converting a Corpse—Bradlaugh's Ghost—Christ and Brotherhood—The Sons of God—Melchizedek—S'w'elp me God—Infidel Homes—Are Atheists Cruel?—Are Atheists Wicked?—Rain Doctors—Pious Puerilities—"Thus saith the Lord"—Believe or be Damned—Christian Charity—Religion and Money—Clotted Bosh—Lord Bacon on Atheism—Christianity and Slavery—Christ Up to Date—Secularism and Christianity—Altar and Throne—Martin Luther—The Praise of Folly—A Lost Soul—Happy in Hell—The Act of God—Keir Hardie on Christ—Blessed be ye Poor—Converted Infidels—Mrs. Booth's Ghost—Talmage on the Bible—Mrs. Besant on Death and After—The Poets and Liberal Theology—Christianity and Labor—Duelling—An Easter Egg for Christians—Down among the Dead Men—Smirching a Hero—Kit Marlowe and Jesus Christ—Jehovah the Ripper—The Parson's Living Wage—Did Bradlaugh Backslide?—Frederic Harrison on Atheism—Save the Bible!—Forgive and Forget—The Star of Bethlehem—The Great Ghost—Atheism and the French Revolution—Piggottism—Jesus at the Derby—Atheist Murderers—A Religion for Eunuchs—Rose-Water Religion.

London: R. Forder, 28 Stonecutter-street, E.C.

NON-POISONOUS PAINTS.

Resist all Atmospheric Influences. Samples Free. J. Greevz Fisher, 78 Chapel Allerton, Leeds; or S. R. Thompson, 25 Chatsworth-avenue, Walton, Liverpool.

STANTON, the People's Dentist, 335 Strand (opposite Somerset House).—TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each; upper or lower set, £1. Best Quality, 4s. each; upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required; repairing or alterations in two hours. If you pay more than the above, they are fancy charges. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each; on 18 ct. gold, 15s.; stopping, 2s. 6d.; extraction, 1s.; painless by gas, 5s.

MRS. BERRY, the Mount, 86 Central-drive and Read's-road, Blackpool.—Public and Private Apartments. Good accommodation. Moderate terms.

INGERSOLL'S LAST LECTURE.

“WHAT IS RELIGION?”

An Address delivered before the

AMERICAN FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, AT BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1899.

Freethinkers should keep a copy of this Lecture always by them. It was Ingersoll's last utterance on the subject of religion. It shows him to have been a “rank Atheist” to the very end. Moreover, it is a summary of his life's teaching, and embalms his ripest thought.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

LONDON: R. FORDER, 28 STONECUTTER-STREET, E.C.

Now Ready.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

BEING

FUNERAL ORATIONS, ADDRESSES, ETC.,

BY

COLONEL INGERSOLL.

Beautifully Printed on Fine Thick Paper and Handsomely Bound.

Contents:—Speech at Walt Whitman's Burial—Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher—Tribute to Courtlandt Palmer—Tribute to Roscoe Conklin—In Memory of Abraham Lincoln—Tribute to Elizur Wright—Address at Horace Seaver's Grave—Mrs. Mary H. Fiske—Tribute to Richard H. Whiting—Mrs. Ida Whiting Knowles—At the Grave of Benjamin W. Parker—Tribute to Rev. Alexander Clark—Death of John G. Mills—At the Grave of Ebon C. Ingersoll—Death of Thomas Paine—Death of Voltaire—At the Tomb of Napoleon—Heroes of the American War—At a Child's Grave—Through Life to Death—Death of the Aged—If Death Ends All.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON: R. FORDER, 28 STONECUTTER-STREET, E.C.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

2 Leading Lines with which I Defy all Competition.

LOT 11.

- 1 Pair Pure Wool Blankets.
- 1 Pair Large Bed Sheets.
- 1 Beautiful Quilt.
- 1 White Tablecloth.
- 1lb. Free Clothing Tea.

All for 21s. Carriage Paid.

THE “RATIONAL” OVERCOAT

TO MEASURE.

Single Breasted, 28s.

Double Breasted, 30s.

Materials:—Meltons in Black, Blue, Brown, or Fawn. Beavers in Black or Blue. Friezes in Grey, Brown, or Fawn Mixtures.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form Free.

To my Rationalist Friends Everywhere.

I ASK one favor from you, and one only, and that is send for my patterns and quotations. Compare them fairly with what you can get elsewhere; then buy where you can get best value. If anyone buys anything from me at any time that does not give perfect satisfaction, I will return either all or part of the money. If there is any man or woman who would like to add a little to their income, I can and will give them a share in business. So let all such people write to me at once for further particulars.

J. W. GOTT, 2 and 4 Union-street, Bradford.

