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*I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not
excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be
heard.*—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The War—and After.

IN some almost unaccountable manner it is generally taken for granted that the present war has decisively disproved the position taken up by Anti-Militarists. The clash of arms, it is said, has silenced the voice of the pacifist, and the outbreak of hostilities has proved the uselessness of his theories. The truth of the first statement must be admitted. To preach when none will listen is little better than waste of time. When a nation is actually engaged in war, and when all minds are filled with thoughts of war and its immediate consequences, a Rationalist would cease to be rational did he not recognise the obvious outcome of such a situation. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent, and wisdom is shown in the recognition of both occasions.

But one may emphatically deny that this war has disproved the theories of the pacifists. On the contrary, all that has happened only justifies all they said. For years the militarist party in every State in Europe has been proclaiming that the way to keep peace is to prepare for war. To the pacifist that has always seemed as sensible as to try to promote temperance by filling one's house with whisky. Every nation in Europe has listened to that gospel and accepted it. All have piled up armaments to a ruinous extent. In times of peace they have prepared for war—when else could they prepare for it—and the result is that war is here on a scale such as was never before seen. And, in addition, it is the nation that has most sedulously prepared for war during times of peace, the nation in which the ideals of militarism are most nearly realised, that is charged with the responsibility for the outbreak. Who, then, is in the wrong; the pacifist or the militarist? Everything that occurred has, so far, justified the Anti-Militarist. These huge armies and navies are no guarantee of peace; they are a constant incentive to war. Tools are meant for use—otherwise there is no good in having them. And whether our tools be Dreadnoughts or pickaxes, ploughshares or rifles, that remains unmistakably true. Pacifists were never silly enough to say there could not be war; all they said was that the European nations were going the right way to ensure it. And if ever prophecy was justified it has surely been so in this case.

After a month of war many are endeavoring to extract some comfort from the situation. The religious press is at it with the usual banality that "our civilisation has merited and needed a purging," the notion being that God has permitted the war for this purpose. A purging of what? It takes a Christian to talk of war, with its brutalities and savageries, its creation and perpetuation of evil passions, as God's method of purging our civilisation. Let there be no mistake about one thing. However inevitable war may be it purges a nation of nothing that is bad. It creates nothing good. The virtues and qualities it utilises are those that are created in

civil life. The proof of this is seen in the fact that never in the world's history has a nation been able to perpetuate itself by militarism. The decency and discipline of an army lasts only so long as there is a civil population to feed it with the needful fresh blood.

Some people are—while fully endorsing the evils of war—propheying good results from the conflict. It is assumed that it will make the people of Europe so disgusted and horrified with the consequences of war that drastic steps will be taken to prevent its repetition in the future. I wish I could agree with them, and, at any rate, hope they are right and I am wrong. Every war has left behind its legacy of suffering and horror. Over and over again Continental Europe has heard the clash of arms and seen the track of armies burning and ravaging. What effect has it had in preventing the recurrence of war? Soldiers themselves see these things in every campaign. Does it make them less ready to engage in another? People can get habituated to sights, no matter how horrible; and one of the complaints of the militarist party has been that owing to the absence of war, people are getting "soft" and "squeamish," and need a war to brace them up. And yet it is the "horror" of war that is expected to cure people of the taste for it!

Such prophecies take no account of all that war leaves behind it, and which act as a factor that make for other wars. One need go no farther back than the Franco-Prussian War for evidence of this. How much did the horrors of that campaign do to foster peace between France and Germany? How much did that war do to bring the two peoples together? It filled one with arrogance, it left the other with an open wound, and caused both to hate each other with an increased bitterness. And if, and when, the German-Austrian forces are defeated, there will still remain on the one side the influence of the militarist element, and on the other hatred for defeat experienced. The militarist element will remain in each country—with the conqueror victory will be counted to his credit, with the conquered the need for more effective militarism will be argued. We shall have won because we were well prepared, they will have lost because they were ill-prepared. The moral will be drawn again, as it has been drawn before, that it is every nation's duty to so arm that it will have nothing to fear from others, and can bring others to terms if it so desires. It is almost certain that the rebuilding of shattered navies and the replacement of depleted armies will receive first attention when the war is over.

Who is to say that there shall be no more wars? Is it England? Is it Russia? Is it France? Is it the three combined? Will any of these trust each other enough to depute the task? Are Russia and France and England in alliance with each other because of their mutual love or because of their enmity to others? Was it love of Russia that drove France into alliance, or hatred of Germany? And with Germany eliminated what bond is there that can unite the autocracy of the Czar and the Republic of France? If not one nation, will the three, combine to secure international peace? That is to assume that the aims of these countries are so mutually reconcilable that they can pursue them without fear of conflict. But does anyone believe

this to be the case? As the industrialising of Russia proceeds, and if an increase in the Slav power results from the present war, can anyone imagine that there will not be increased opportunities for conflict? Is it quite beyond the bounds of possibility that we may even see an Anglo-French-German Alliance against Russia, like the part played by Austria against the Turks during the Middle Ages? As the world stands, and with Germany eliminated for some time as a possibly disturbing factor, it may mean the emergence of a new source of danger against which militarists will be shrieking for more ships and larger navies.

An international agreement that would secure peace is a laudable ideal, but how is it to be secured? England, it may be assumed, will still demand the control of the seas. It suits us, and we say it is necessary to our existence. Very good; but can we expect every other country to submit to this ownership of the world's highway for ever and with good feeling? Why, this fact alone will drive other nations along the old line of offensive and defensive alliances, the fruits of which we are reaping in the present war. And alliances based upon such considerations as hold the Christian nations of the world together may be broken at any moment. Nor is there any power based upon force too strong to be overthrown. Of course, it may be said that it is to everybody's interest that some international agreement should be reached when this war is concluded, and such outbreaks prevented in future. Quite so; but, on the other hand, it is never to anybody's real interest to go to war. Even to win is to lose. The truth is, that nations do not go to war because it really pays them, but because of misdirected ambitions and mistaken ideals; in other words, because of lack of intelligence and defective civilisation.

How wrongly the lessons of this war are being read, and will be read, may be seen in the newspaper talk about "blotting Germany out," or "wiping Germany off the map." These are the greatest fools of all. If by "blotting out Germany" is meant the destruction of the German Navy and defeat of the German Army, that may be done, and looks like being done—unless our press censorship is keeping us in the dark. But Germany remains, the German people remain, German ambitions remain, and there will also remain the memory of a crushing defeat. And the man is a lunatic, blind alike to the lessons of history and the facts of human nature, who imagines that a nation of seventy millions can be "blotted out." All the power of Russia has not been able to crush the sentiment of nationality in Finland. All the power of Russia, Germany, and Austria has not been able to crush out the sentiment of nationality in Poland. After four centuries, England, in spite of all it could do, finds the sentiment of Irish nationality as active as ever. Short of an absolute, a complete massacre, a nation of seventy millions cannot be "blotted out." They remain, their ideals and ambitions, and their way of looking at life, must always be reckoned with.

Armaments will go on; of that I feel assured, although I should be only too pleased to find myself mistaken. Germany may not realise its ambitions by the present war; but ambitions are not killed by being frustrated—they are only killed when they are replaced by ambitions of another kind. Militarism will awaken to none of its blunders, and diplomacy will continue creating danger centres all over Europe, as Germany scattered mines in the North Sea, and will then profess pained surprise when trouble arises. On the other hand, there should result from the war an increase in the number of men and women in every country who see the futility of war, of its utter powerlessness to solve or settle any problem, of its complete uselessness as an agent of civilisation. That will be the only item on the credit side of the catastrophe. There will be a greater number of people all over the world who will realise the futility of the policy that has led to this outbreak, and those who have recognised this all along will be nerved to greater efforts when the

time arrives for cool and reasonable speech. It is not an alliance of several nations against one or other nations, not an increase of armaments, or a balancing of one country against another, nor yet treaties dictated by self-interest and maintained only so long as self-interest suggests their observance, that will lead to a cessation of war. There is only one way to this; and that is the growth of intelligence and humanity.

C. COHEN.

Fatal Implications.

THE religious press is devoting itself almost exclusively to the topic of the hour. Wondrously instructive are even the headings of the articles and paragraphs which fill the various denominational journals. "Dr. Clifford and the War," "Dr. Campbell Morgan on the Perils of the Time," "The Psychosis of the War," "Views on the War," "Prayer in Time of War," "The War and the National Conscience," such are a few of the titles of contributions to last week's ecclesiastical newspapers. Clergymen are well aware that their congregations are puzzled and perplexed by the present bitter conflict between so many European Powers, all of which are distinctively Christian. It is a notorious fact that the Kaiser is a zealous disciple of the Nazarene, and an indefatigable preacher of his Gospel. There is no doubt whatever but that his Imperial Majesty is a thoroughly orthodox Christian; and every one of the Powers with which he is now at war professes the same faith. When a gentleman was reminded of this significant fact the other day, he maintained that they are only so-called Christian countries; but his contention is nothing but a worthless subterfuge. If Germany and Great Britain are not Christian countries, then it follows that there is not a single Christian country under the sun. The British clergy, of all sects, describe our cause as undoubtedly most righteous. Dr. Clifford declares that Great Britain has entered upon this war under "an awful compulsion," having been literally "forced into it," because it desires to "do the will of God, which will be to stand up for humanity." Now Professor Harnack is, to say the least, quite as ardent a lover of humanity and righteousness as Dr. Clifford, yet the erudite Professor is reported to have made a speech, in the course of which he alluded to what he called the "treason of England to culture by supporting Byzantine, Muscovite, and Mongolian against German." This only shows how utterly stupid is the appeal to the will of God, because the will of God, in each case, simply means the respective opinions of the individuals who profess belief in it. That is to say, the will of God in Germany and Austria-Hungary is at this hour a radically different thing from what it is conceived to be in Russia, Belgium, France, and Great Britain. Hence it is absolutely impossible, on any known religious principle, to determine which side, in the present sanguinary struggle, represents the cause of truth and righteousness. That is a task which the theologians, as such, on either side, are wholly unable to accomplish.

In connection with this general subject of war it is astonishing what a number of damaging admissions the men of God inadvertently make. For example, in discussing the war and the national conscience, Professor Denney, of Glasgow, observes that "one part of the Church's work is to naturalise Christianity in the world." The logical inference from such an observation is that, having been in the world for nigh two thousand years, Christianity is still a foreigner on our globe. At the present moment unnaturalised Germans, who happen to be in this country, are looked upon with suspicion, and carefully watched. They are foreigners whom the authorities find it extremely difficult to trust. So, likewise, according to Dr. Denney, Christianity is an alien on this earth; and we hold that it should be

very closely watched. It is a religion that has produced innumerable crops of hypocrites, and that is still producing them. The profession of this religion is itself the worst form of hypocrisy. Every adherent of it pretends to be and do what he really never intends either to be or to do. We therefore conclude that it is not within the range of possibility to naturalise Christianity in this world. The genius, the ruling spirit of the race is against it, over which it can never prevail. For nineteen hundred years it has struggled hard to acclimatise itself among us, and it is farther away from doing it to-day than at any previous time.

Again, Dr. Denney affirms that "war is a great leveller." He says:—

"Whatever the artificial distinctions between them, whatever the inevitable differences of rank, on the field of battle all men stand on the same plane. They are face to face with the same dangers, they can display the same heroism; the humblest can give his life to his country, and the noblest can do no more. A generous spirit acknowledges this without reserve. 'He to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, this day shall gentle his condition.' But why is it only acknowledged in the crisis of a battle? Why is not the brotherhood acknowledged equally in time of peace?"

Does not Dr. Denney realise that, implicit in the sentences just quoted from his article in the *British Weekly* for August 20, there is to be found the severest possible condemnation of the Christian religion? War succeeds in doing for a time what Christianity has never been competent to achieve. Paul gloried in what he believed to be the complete equality of all in Christ Jesus. In the new religion, as depicted by him, there were neither Jews nor Gentiles, neither Greeks nor Barbarians, neither bond nor free, neither black nor white, all being one in Christ. As a matter of fact, however, the divisions and class distinctions among mankind under Christianity have been wider and characterised by more bitterness and hatred than under any other religion. Not only has Christianity failed to be a great leveller; it has also fostered class animosities and color prejudices. Only twenty-one years ago, Mohandas K. Gandhi, a high-caste Hindu, a man of intellect and culture, and a barrister of the Middle Temple, himself the son of a Prime Minister in his native Indian State, landed in Durban, on his way to conduct a law suit for an Indian firm at Pretoria. Having provided himself with a first-class railway ticket, he entered a compartment. The guard rudely ordered him out, when, on refusing, he was ignominiously ejected. On arriving at Johannesburg he was denied accommodation at the hotels, while at Pretoria he was actually kicked off the pavement. To some this may sound incredible; but we have witnessed many similar exhibitions of the white man's contempt for the blacks. We once heard a Christian minister making the remark that a man of color should be taught with the whip to keep his place, which was in the middle of the street with the animals and the vehicles, not on the pavement with ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Denney admits that such wicked inequalities do exist in Christian countries, and that, although there are, as Lord Bryce tells us, no less than seven applications of the term, it is as certain to conscience as any truth can be that we need more equality in our country. Yes, we sadly need it, but Christianity is powerless to develop it.

Indeed, all along the line Christianity has been a colossal failure. By implication this also is admitted in the Professor's candid paper. He asserts that nothing can justify the existence of the British Empire "but the benefits it confers on the subject populations, its right to rule being measured by the services it renders." But does the British Empire confer benefits upon and render services to its subject populations? Ask the leaders of the native races in South Africa, some of whom are among us now as a deputation to the Government to protest against the injustice of a native law recently passed by the South African Parliament. Dr. Denney admits this, for having referred to the lesson taught

at school, namely, "that when a less advanced nation is conquered by one more advanced, the benefits of the conquest in the long run far surpass the immediate losses," he continues thus:—

"Very likely it is true, but in most cases the long run is very long and the conquered nation, while it may have cause to thank Providence, has no reason to bless its conquerors. There is a very dark side to the history of most of the conquests which have laid the foundations even of the British Empire; again and again our sins have found us out, and they may do so again..... Who can believe that the general influence of contact with what we call Christian civilisation, when that contact has been simply commercial, has been uplifting and beneficial to men of other races? The practically universal testimony of Christian missionaries is that the great obstacle to the spread of the Gospel is the presence and the conduct of men who, because their skins are white, are supposed to represent Christianity."

This is neither the place nor the time to express an opinion on the results of missionary work among savage races. What we wish to emphasise now is that, according to Professor Denney's own confession, Christianity is everywhere a foreign element, forced upon mankind against its will, and ultimately to be cast out as a meddlesome intruder. The reverend Doctor is quite right when he says that "one part of the Church's work is to naturalise Christianity in the world," but that is the part of its work to which the Church is by no means equal. As a matter of fact, the Church and Christianity are rapidly parting company. It is easy enough to blame the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche for the present war, as Drs. Clifford and Campbell Morgan do; but Christian Europe has really never been anything but an armed camp. Even the so-called Ages of Faith were dominated by materialistic conceptions and forces quite as fully as is the twentieth century; and the appeal to physical force was the universal practice of the Church of Christ. If we are to judge the future by the past, the time will never come for the triumph of mind over matter so long as the Christian religion endures. Dr. Clifford must have been talking in his sleep when he said that "the conflict now raging was a battle between brutal forces on the one hand and the sovereignty of the teaching of Jesus Christ on the other; a battle not simply for Europe, but for the world and for humanity." Every unprejudiced person is aware that it is simply a conflict between material armies and navies which have been steadily preparing for it for scores of years.

Marvellously illuminating are the implications of the deliverances of the pulpit and the religious press just now. Nominally in defence of God and religion, they virtually undermine both; and in this we greatly rejoice. If people would only calmly think, they would perceive that the war now being waged completely discredits, not only the Christian doctrine of God, but the very idea of a revealed religion centering in an Almighty Prince of Peace.

J. T. LLOYD.

Bible Makers.—III.

BIBLE JUDGES.

THE Biblical writers who called themselves "Judges" gave themselves, unquestionably, a very fanciful name. What these distinguished persons were judges of we have no means of knowing. But it appears that the children of Israel "did evil in the sight of the Lord." "And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them and provoked the Lord to anger." Now, it was always a serious offence for any people to give up the worship of their particular god and transfer their affections to another; and as the Jewish God, Jehovah, was a jealous God, he was very much annoyed when his

chosen people turned their backs upon him and "went a whoring after other gods." Consequently, his anger waxed wroth against them and "he delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them and sold them into the hands of their enemies round about." "Nevertheless, the Lord raised up judges which delivered them out of the hands of those that spoiled them."

But even the judges could not stop the Israelites from running after other gods. With regard to these judges we may again ask what were these persons judges of? Were they primitive students of jurisprudence? If so, they have written nothing on Jewish law; indeed, they have not even suggested any improvements on the laws of Moses. They certainly were not judges of a man's capability, single-handed, of destroying brute beasts or his fellow-creatures, else they would not have favored us with the silly account of Samson's encounter with a lion or his great feat with a jaw-bone.

As a profane wag once remarked, if Samson could have slain a thousand people with another ass's jaw-bone, it is extremely difficult to understand why he could not have done it with his own.

But, seriously, what could these judges have known about a man's capacity for killing his fellow-creatures with no more destructive instrument than the jaw-bone of an ass?

According to these writers, Samson "found a new jaw-bone of an ass, and put forth his hand and slew a thousand men therewith."

And Samson said: "With the jaw-bone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw-bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men."

Look at that passage. In imagination we can see Samson—long-haired Samson—taking up the jaw-bone, and, with a flourish, exclaiming metaphorically: "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, Hold! enough!"

Now, these judges could have known nothing about the "knock-out" blow administered by modern professional boxers.

Physiologically speaking, there are only two places that you can hit a man and kill him by the first blow; consequently, we have to imagine a thousand men standing in a row, and each one of them coming up in order, and pointing to the vulnerable spot behind the left ear, and saying, "Just there, please, Mr. Samson." And when Samson had killed one hundred there was only nine hundred left for the invincible jawbone. And Samson would be exclaiming all the time, in his most affable tones, "Now the next, please." Could anything be more ludicrous?

Then there was that other feat of Samson's—tying three hundred foxes tails together, putting a firebrand between the two tails, and sending them into the cornfields of the Philistines to destroy their property. Can you imagine Samson, or any other man, catching three hundred foxes? Talk about going on a wild goose chase! that would be nothing to chasing three hundred foxes, and catching them. And when Samson had caught them, he had still the trifling difficulty of tying them together tail to tail, and then putting a firebrand between them and sending them off full gallop in among the corn of the Philistines. How they would have scampered, and rolled, and pulled, each in an opposite direction, before they reached those fields of waving corn! And what a horrible, what a sickening sight it would have been to see those poor foxes roasting in the terrible conflagration caused by the burning corn!

And this is only one of the numerous stories given under the signatures of the Jewish Judges of Israel. Here is another. Samson went to Timnath, and saw a young woman there that took his fancy. So he went back to his parents and asked them to get this young woman, that he might marry her. But his parents asked: "Is there never a woman among any of the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" Samson, however, persisted in his desire, and said to his father, "Get her for me, for she pleaseth me well."

On his way to Timnath with his parents, they encountered a young lion who actually dared to roar at Samson. At that moment the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and Samson took hold of the lion by the two jaws and "rent him as he would have rent a kid"; and, so as to make us understand the marvellous nature of the achievement, the writers add that Samson "had nothing in his hand." So you see there was no deception.

It is not my purpose to examine in detail the various chapters of the Book of Judges. I have given a few samples; the rest must be judged by these.

On the subject of dreams the Judges were authorities.

If any wandering lunatic dreamed a dream, these writers were sure to allow it to come true. Indeed, a very large portion of the Bible is made up of religious dreams; and the Bible-makers, being themselves mostly dreamers, attached great importance to the interpretation of visions which the dreamers themselves had half forgotten. And so, in the seventh chapter, we are told that when Gideon had come into the city of the Midianites, "there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it that the tent lay along. And his fellow answered and said, This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon, the son of Joash, the man of Israel, for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all the host."

The writers of the book of Judges then proceed to show that the barley-loaf in the dream did really mean the sword of Gideon; and though no tent was overturned by either the loaf or the sword, nor even the walls of the city, the Midianites were put to flight, pursued, and those of them that were unfortunately overtaken were mercilessly slain, even to the princes who were taken prisoners. Judges, with its stories of dreams, battles, and the man whose strength lay in his hair, may be considered very good pabulum upon which to feed religious babes and sucklings; but it is decidedly poor stuff upon which to rear children of a large and more vigorous growth; and of such are the children of earth.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Origin of Supernatural Ideas.—VI.

(Continued from p. 533.)

"The lowest savages have no idea of a deity at all. Those slightly more advanced regard him as an enemy to be dreaded, but who may be resisted with a fair prospect of success, who may be cheated by the cunning and defied by the strong. Thus the natives of the Nicobar Islands endeavor to terrify their deity by scarecrows, and the negro beats his fetich if his prayers are not granted. As tribes advance in civilisation their deities advance in dignity, but their power is still limited; one governs the sea, another the land; one reigns over the plains, another among the mountains. They require humiliating ceremonies and bloody sacrifices. But few races have arrived at the conception of an omnipotent and beneficent Deity."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 515 (1889).

"'God made man,' the preacher saith,
'From a handful of dust, by a whiff of breath.'
'No,' say the sages, 'Man made God
From nothing at all, by creative nod;
Organ for organ and limb for limb,—
In the image of Man created He him.'

Man made God in his image plain—
Cruel, revengeful, jealous, vain,
A Man of War and a Man austere,
A strong bad Giant—a God to fear;
Raw-Head and Bloody-Bones, fierce and grim,
In the image of Man created he Him."

—J. LIDDELL KELLY, "The Making of God,"
Heather and Fern.

HAVING thus reached the idea of a ghost or spiritual being within himself, which could leave and return to the body, and—to cite Mr. Clodd again—

"Having once conceived of objects as informed by something corresponding to man's life and will, realising therein that there was a distinction between the thing

moved and the something that moved it, the idea of a twofold, a seen and unseen, must arise. And in that idea was the germ of the Supernatural, which itself had impetus in the fact borne in upon man that he was at the mercy of powers stronger than himself, that crossed his path, that thwarted his schemes, and played havoc with anything to which he clung. For so long as affairs ran smoothly with him, little heed need be paid to what spirits did; it was when he was worsted in the struggle that he felt himself in the clutches and at the mercy of powers which were *other than, and above, nature*.....In the instinctive cry for help there was the primitive prayer; in the magic and spell a body of practices by which man sought to outwit, or compel to furtherance of his own ends, the dreaded powers; and in the sacrifice the bribe to appease, or the offering to flatter them, or the attempt to enter into commensal relations with them. Sometimes man would use physical force, as did the Guaycuras of Paraguay, who believed that unusually heavy storms were attacks on them by the evil spirits, and who sallied forth brandishing their clubs and shouting their war-cry for the purpose of repelling them."*

In the beginning all spirits were regarded as essentially evil. Mr. Henry Newton, a Church of England missionary in New Guinea, after observing of the natives that "The sorcerer believes in his own power, and the people believe in it too," proceeds:—

"Certainly the New Guinea philosophy of life is that nothing happens to man without some cause, no man dies a natural death, all suffering and sickness is due to evil spirits which people this world, and as, like many of his white brethren, he is quite prepared to take the good things of life unquestioning, and only to look for causes when evil comes, there is no place in his philosophy for good spirits; the good is but the normal state undisturbed by the machinations of evil spirits, and the evil spirits are usually set to work by some human agent."†

Mr. J. P. Thomson tells us of the same people that they offer food on the graves of the dead "to satisfy the hungry soul of the departed or to appease the evil spirits by which the lives of these wretched people are haunted and kept in constant fear and subjection."‡

Sir John Lubbock observes that "savages almost always regard spirits as evil beings," and, as he remarks, it is easy to understand why this should be; for among the lowest savages

"every man of a different tribe is regarded as naturally, and almost necessarily hostile. A stranger is synonymous with an enemy, and a spirit is but a member of an invisible tribe. The Hottentots, according to Thunberg, have very vague notions about a good deity. They have much clearer notions about an evil spirit, whom they fear, believing him to be the occasion of sickness, death, thunder, and every calamity that befalls them."§

Sir John also cites the testimony of Schweinfurth (*Heart of Africa*, vol. i., p. 306), who says that among the Bongos of Central Africa "good spirits are quite unrecognised, and, according to the general negro idea, no benefit can ever come from a spirit." Again:—

"The Coroades of Brazil 'acknowledge no cause of good, or no god, but only an evil principle, which..... leads him astray, vexes him, brings him into difficulty and danger, and even kills him.' In Virginia and Florida the evil spirit was worshiped and not the good, because the former might be propitiated, while the latter was sure to do all the good he could."

Sir John gives many other instances of a similar belief among savage tribes. He cites Carver (*Travels*, p. 888) for the fact that the Redskin

"lives in continual apprehension of the unkind attacks of spirits, and to avert them has resource to charms, to the fantastic ceremonies of his priest, or the powerful influence of his manitous. Fear has, of course, a greater share in his devotions than gratitude, and he pays more attention to deprecating the wrath of the evil than securing the favor of the good beings."

According to Artus, the West Coast negroes re-

present their deities as "black and mischievous, delighting to torment them in various ways."*

To cite Lubbock once more:—

"Dr. Nixon, first Bishop of Tasmania, tells us that among the natives of that country 'no trace can be found of the existence of any religious usage, or even sentiment, amongst them; unless, indeed, we may call by that name the dread of a malignant spirit, which seems to have been their predominant, if not their only, feeling on the subject' (Bonwick, *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, p. 172).

"Of a supreme and beneficent God,' says Hunter, 'the Santal has no conception. His religion is a religion of terror and degradation. Hunted and driven from country to country by a superior race, he cannot understand how a being can be more powerful than himself without wishing to harm him' (*Annals of Rural Bengal*, p. 181). The Circassians and some of the Chinese have also similar opinions."†

Mr. Weeks, the Congo missionary, tells us that the tribes of the Lower Congo believe in a Creator "so good that He will not hurt them, hence no sacrifices are offered to Him, no prayers to Him ever pass their lips, and they never worship Him." They also believe in an evil power, or principle, "and because of its cruel, malignant nature, it is necessary to appease it. All their fetishes, charms, medicine-men, together with their sacrifice of fowls and goats, are either to circumvent this influence or to appease it in such a way as to gain its goodwill."‡ Another missionary, Mr. D. Crawford, tells us that the negro thinks "of God as a malignant demon, mocking at his pain, and pouring contempt upon his life,"§ and he tells us of Mushidi, a negro chief, who, while hunting red-buck, and about to fire, was anticipated by a flash of forked lightning striking them dead. "Then it was, rubbing his hands with glee, the noble hunter naively said, 'Fancy! God beating me at gun-firing!'" (p. 269).

Burton says of the wilder Bedoins, they "will inquire where Allah is to be found: when asked the object of the question, they reply, 'If the Eesa could but catch him, they would spear him upon the spot; who but he lays waste their homes and kills their cattle and wives?'"||

Waitz, with his usual clarity and directness, sums the matter up as follows:—

"Ungrateful as man generally is when in luck, he sees, even when in a primitive state, nothing in the success of his plans but the usual course of nature or the result of his sagacity. Thus originally his view of nature, which coincided with his religious ideas, is about this—that among the spirits which direct nature and the fates of man, the evil spirits are either exclusively active, as is asserted of the Indians of Caraccas, who only believe in a wicked original being, or so far predominant that the good spirits are made subordinate. Though the existence of the latter is not altogether denied, they are but little attended to either in thought or prayer, worship or sacrifice, since they are already by their nature friendly to man. All these spirits are, of course, conceived as analogous to the nature of man. The religion of the primitive man is thus throughout a cruel Polytheism, without poetry, even without mythology, or, rather, a gloomy, unconnected belief in spectres and spirits, destroying all faith in the natural course of phenomena."¶

Speaking of sorcery and witchcraft, Lubbock observes:—

"Savages never know but what they may be placing themselves in the power of those terrible enemies. The sufferings and privations which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they sometimes inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme. It is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life, and embitters every pleasure."***

It was not until much later that the idea of benevolent gods arose. In fact, man had to become

* Sir John Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, pp. 225-6.

† *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 227.

‡ J. H. Weeks, *Among the Primitive Bahongo*, p. 277 (1914).

§ D. Crawford, *Thinking Black*, p. 264.

|| Burton, *First Footsteps in East Africa*, p. 52.

¶ Waitz, *Anthropology*, p. 303.

*** Lubbock, *Prehistoric Times*, p. 472.

* Edward Clodd, *Animism*, pp. 49-50.

† Henry Newton, *In Far New Guinea*, p. 79 (1914).

‡ J. P. Thomson, *British New Guinea*, p. 160 (1892).

§ Sir John Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, p. 224.

civilised himself before he could evolve civilised gods. As John Stuart Mill remarked, "one of the hardest burdens laid upon the other good influences of human nature has been that of improving religion itself."*

W. MANN.

(To be continued.)

A Mountain Hour.

WHEN the human bees, their hives, and their slavery, are far behind, when the fresh air is flowing coolingly upon your brow and neck, and your feet yield responsively to the soft mountain grass, it is natural enough that you should be happy. In your happiness you become conscious of a new feeling. A secret door seems to be slowly opening in your heart, and a breath of the spirit of freedom comes out. It is a strange experience; for your nature seems as if to leap towards this new sensation with enthusiastic welcome; but, just as you would rejoice, there comes creeping over your mind the idea that this freedom is foreign to you. At first, you shrink from it. It is unreal, unnatural; it is dangerous; but gradually it wins you, and your heart inclines towards it with a delight you rarely enjoy. You live in a new world; think different thoughts; dream different dreams; for the spirit of the mountain is the spirit of freedom, it is the call of liberty echoing in your own being; and in the influence of it you rise above yourself. You become free.

So it is with me just now. Here, there is freedom from the base tyrannies of God and man. Here, there is freedom from the subtle slavery that emanates from an idea and permeates human solidity, discoloring and tainting it. Here, there is freedom from habits, religious and semi-religious, that are the prisons of all our higher strivings. There is no God, no man, no creed, no custom here to enslave me. I need bow to no priest, nor thwart and cramp my longings at the demand of the money madness. The freedom of which rebellious minds have dreamed down through the long heavily laden centuries, the freedom they have struggled and fought for, and died for, is mine, and mine without effort, and without blemish. The spirit of the mountain is in me. I am happy. Freedom is mine. I am more thoroughly and enjoyably free than the curlew that goes singing and swinging through the shimmering air above me.

A sense of unrestricted individuality is developing within me. What Christians name my soul is rapidly expanding, and reaching higher and higher altitudes of beauty. The dross is falling away. My mind is being purged. I feel as if I would have no difficulty in living as the Utopians say I could and should live. In fact, I am living that life now; and I know it is possible, possible for all men, for I am merely an average man. Strength has come to me, and considerateness, and righteousness. There are elements of ethics in my nature that are eagerly fighting each other for escape to realisation. Parity of life and mind is the plinth of freedom; and I have it. At the present moment freedom has so completely altered my nature that my friends would not know me.

Ah, liberty is a glorious state! What matters it if you only enjoy its delights for an hour or so, lying peacefully supine upon a bed of heather, your nose and toes pointing paradisewards, and your body bathed in gentle, soul-satisfying heat? It is easy to feel free on a mountain shoulder, in glorious sunshine, and with a pipe that tastes sweetly. Sufficient that you do enjoy it. Sufficient that it can be experienced, here and now. Enjoying it, you steal a grain or two of gold from the lucky-bag of futurity. You feel grander possibilities budding quickly in your heart. You feel yourself approaching nearer and nearer to nature; feel yourself becoming, not an alien within her influence, but a sympathetic child

whose every nerve responds to the throb of the mother heart.

And so you dream; and the smoke-clouds from your pipe give the dream just the delicious dimness that make dreams so charmingly realistic. It is strange that whenever the dimness disappears the dream becomes a nightmare. Saint John's wonderful revelation is a case in point. It is too clear, too detestably mathematical, for a dream. Perhaps this explains why it is that Christians are so chary in coming to details nowadays. Nightmares are unpleasant, and you are apt to awaken in a cold sweat and with a shudder.

No; I will continue smoking. I want to feel my free mind going out to taste sweeter fruits and pull fairer blossoms from the trees of knowledge and life. Freedom like this is worth fighting for, worth all the buffets of scorn and enmity, all the labor and suffering in which it must be born. Freedom like this gives one — But the spell is broken, somehow. Realities are crushing back into my brain from their temporary retreat. The mountain slope is not always bathed in sunlight. Larks and curlews do not always mingle their melodies with the same glad rippling emotion. The very heather in which I am couched belongs to a man who would not tolerate the least expression of my innocent desires did he know of it. I might disturb his birds; and he would like that as little as he would a clothopper sitting in his cushioned pew in church.

The strath is a lovely picture, seen from this distance. Green fields, bronze earth, and black fir forests alternate in rare disorder, touched here and there with the dazzling white walls of farmhouses, and threaded by a gleaming river and dusty winding roads. Behind and around me tower the Grampians. On the far horizon the Ochills sleep peacefully in the sun-mist. Down a cleft between the soft breasts of the mountains sweeps a heather-perfumed breeze. To the north lies a silver-surfaced loch, its sun-kissed bosom gleaming between ranks of guardian fir.

Well might I dream of freedom, of the *grandeurs* invariably correlated to liberty. Well might I allow my ideas to spread their wings and fly to that enchanted land so often visited by the poets. Well might I imagine men and women living in a state of bodily and mental purity far surpassing that ever pictured by the most imaginative religionist. But down in the lovely strath men and women and children are toiling for hard, close-fisted farmers, and living in dirty hovels that would disgrace a city slum; human beings whose bodies and brains are as coarse as the earth in which they labor, and from whose lives there comes no fruit so refined as the bread they eat. Slaves to their fifteen shillings and less per week, they have no thought of bodily freedom; and, chained from their infancy to worn-out creeds and customs, they cannot even dream of the liberty that is the light of the mind and the herald of bodily freedom.

Scattered here, there, and everywhere, are the tapering spires and square towers of their mental prisons, where, on their plain benches, they worship the God of their fathers, side by side with the men who would rather be in hell than live on the wages they give their brothers in the Lord.

Liberty! Hidden in the foliage of the glen behind the shoulder of the hill stands a little kirk, half o'ergrown with ivy; and hanging above the door of that house of God is an iron ring. Not so many years ago it was used to encircle the necks of malefactors. And the godly worshipers were wont to lift their pharasaic noses still more highly heavenwards as they passed their erring brother and entered the holy door.

The neck-ring hangs above the portal, rusted and a relic, and the wind coming whistling down the glen makes it clank, clank, clank against the wall, makes it tell its old tale of Christian punishment and imprisonment. People pass, shake their wise heads, and thank God we have advanced beyond those barbarous methods; but never a thought is there of those other rusty rings that encircle the brain, rings

* J. S. Mill, *Three Essays on Religion*, p. 36 (1904).

more lastingly secure, more corroded, more barbaric, than the ugly relic dangling above the kirk door. These rings never strike against the walls of custom with clanging sound. Rarely even do they move to and fro; for the winds of criticism have fallen low e'er they come this length, and the chains and rings, if rusty, are as strong as ever they were.

Liberty! Dreams of liberty! while the country is full of institutions that signify slavery; while the minds of men are content to grovel in the dirt; while hope, and happiness, and health are to be measured only in relationship to present customs; and while the ghouls of poverty and religion come stalking arm-in-arm from out every town, every countryside, to interrupt the peaceful dreams of a man who would be free.

The smoke-dimness has failed me this time. The dreams are lying far behind the realities. After all, it is on the plain, thistle-like facts of nature and life that our dreams are burst. We try to sing of beauties while our weary feet are deep in mud. We try to poetise over a mirage, forgetting that sincerity should be a realisable fact, not a vague ideal. We fleet upwards to the clouds, and try to forget we are drenched with moisture while we remember their distant loveliness. We orate on the glories of man, and try to hide the corner of our brain that whispers the "starved hind" is a man. We stroll through the long grass, and ring words of grandeur over the waving grass-heads, and we try to deceive ourselves we did not trample to death six newly hatched ducklings on our laughing way. We sing of being in the arms of Jesus, and try to forget there is a stair to wash to-morrow morning. We argue in favor of the fatherliness of God, and subscribe to funds for Christianising the heathen, trying to forget our Christian country makes a profit by making the heathen immoral.

We are hypocrites; and it might have been better if I hadn't taken out my pen and paper to write at all.

ROBERT MORELAND.

Acid Drops

A German soldier, very badly wounded, at Louvain, cried continually, "Oh, my poor little children, my poor little children!" That is what it comes to at last. After all the glory and the shouting, his wounds are tended by foreign hands, and the thought of death mixes with the true realities of life. "My poor little children!" What is to become of them without me?

We cut a picture out of the *Daily Mirror*. A great artist might make the theme immortal. A Belgian girl, with a firm resolute face, holds a little sister on her right arm and a sturdy little brother, trudging by her side, with her left hand. They are orphaned by this horrible war. She is mothering them. It is they three against the world now. You see by her face and the grip of the little ones that she will do her share of the family duty. And the sturdy little brother, planting a firm foot on his country's soil, looks as though he will remember her when his time comes to play the man. And there, O Kaiser of Germany, lies the real life of the world. Your part in the world is destruction: your activities all lead to death. Her part in the world is construction: her activities all lead to life. You destroy: she creates. You belong to the powers of desolation: she belongs to the life everlasting. Where you blight the world into a hell, the mother's heart—if only by proxy, as in this case—turns it once more into a heaven.

Friday, August 21, was the date of the solar eclipse. For that reason, no doubt, the clergy selected it for a special day of intercession on behalf of something or other for England—we don't know exactly what. No doubt it was an excellent stroke of business. The King and Queen were caught in the clergy's net, besides a crowd of the "classes" and some of the "masses." Anyhow, it was a good advertisement for the clergy. Even the Free Churches obtained their share of it; proving, of course, that their presence also is indispensable. We have not heard, however, that the intercession has had any effect upon the war except for the worse.

It seems next door to an impossibility for Christians to be straightforward where their religion is concerned. And the puritanic quality of English Christianity makes it essential for the Christian to bamboozle himself as a preliminary to bamboozling others. Thus, Rev. Principal Selbie says, "the spectacle of Christian nations fighting one another, and all calling upon the same God to help them, is one to make devils laugh and angels hide their faces." Why so? What is there unique in the situation? One would imagine that it was something new for Christian nations to fight one another. As a matter of fact, all the wars of any consequence for several centuries have been between Christian nations. The only thing to cause surprise in either heaven or hell would be if Christians ceased to fight amongst themselves.

"We must meet force with force," says the *Christian Commonwealth*. "To act upon the principle of non-resistance to evil, if it involved the disbanding of our Army, the dismantling of our Navy, and the beating of our swords into ploughshares, would mean simply that we are prepared to allow Germany to have her own way in Europe." So much for Christian teaching and Christian mysticism when it is brought face to face with facts. Jesus told his followers not to resist evil, to turn one cheek when the other is smitten. The *Christian Commonwealth*, full of the cant of love and brotherhood, says "we must meet force with force."

The *Christian Commonwealth* denies that the war proves Christianity to be a failure. What the war shows, it says, "is not that Christianity has failed, but that it has never been tried." Well, even that is failure. After eighteen hundred years preaching no one has ever tried Christianity. What becomes of its power and its triumphs? What of its immense influence on the world for good? We fancy the *Christian Commonwealth* has often enough dwelt upon these things. But if Christianity has never been tried, how could it have done anything at all? Poor *Christian Commonwealth*! One moment it is shouting out that Christianity is the greatest power in the world. The next it is bewailing that no one has ever tried it—not even the *Christian Commonwealth* itself.

How curiously Christians read history! It was the Christian faith, says the Dean of Christ Church, "that brought something like order" out of the chaos at the decline of the Old Roman Empire, "and it will be so again." What utter nonsense! Christianity was one of the factors that helped to bring about the chaos. And for many centuries the only trace of any genuine order was to be found where there lingered remnants of the old Roman administration. The only "order" that Christianity cared for or worked for was the establishment of a universal church, and that ambition, because it frustrated the development of civic and industrial and scientific life, involved the prolongation of social chaos. Christianity did not save Europe from social chaos, its establishment meant social chaos. And as to the Christian faith saving Europe again, we should imagine that kind of nonsense to be played out, even with intelligent Christians. The Kaiser, whatever else he may be, is at least a very sincere Christian. No one has ever doubted that.

That characteristically Christian perodical, the *Daily Telegraph*, recently published a war-poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in which the Virgin Mary is invoked, in addition to other members of the same august family. A cynic might use Hamlet's famous words to Mr. Kipling's muse, "Get thee to a nunnery."

Writing of the national attitude in time of war, *T. P.'s Weekly* says, "Britain will kneel—and stand." Our emotional contemporary does not explain how the two processes are to be done at the same time.

Mr. William Watson, in a poetic frenzy, has been paying sugary compliments to the Autocrat of all the Russias, even calling him "the patient, silent, storm-worn Tsar." The poet's knowledge of the purple East should have reminded him of Siberia, and of the handsome Cossacks with birds-nests in their whiskers.

That sober and restrained publication, the *Evening News*, heads an article, "Truth Unknown in Germany." That is the very place where the veracious lecturers of the Christian Evidence Society should be sent to.

The attempt to boycott German music shows to what lengths people are prepared to go when attacked with war fever. To play "Die Wacht am Rhein" at present to an English audience would be as provocative as to

render "God Save Ireland" to a Primrose League Gathering, but Wagner, Schubert, and Schumann ought to soothe the savage breasts of tender-hearted Christians.

Hustling journalists, who have to write on any subject at a moment's notice, often do serious mischief by giving publicity to incorrect ideas. Last week a widely read paper had a headline, "British Association Drops Darwin." This referred to Professor Bateson's highly technical paper on "Heredity and Evolution," read before the British Association at Melbourne. Darwin settled the accuracy of the Mosaic cosmogony, and the halfpenny journalists will never reinstate it.

That sober minded and profound publicist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has suggested that the present military campaign is a "war of defence against Prussian Atheism." "Prussia," he adds, "is and has long been Atheist." This shows that Mr. Belloc does not read contemporary publications, for he might have heard that the Kaiser is on easy terms with Heaven.

Persons who imagine that education has permeated the masses of the people will be interested to learn that our troops did not march to war singing some time-honored national song, but went singing music-hall lyrics. Our soldiers poured through France singing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." Quiet persons at places of worship in England sing such restrained verses as "There is a Fountain filled with Blood." How long, O Democracy?

The *Daily Mail* always out-Herods Herod, and it has, among other similar pleasantries, referred to the Kaiser as a "royal blasphemer." The simple fact is that the Kaiser is a very pious man, and the only "blasphemer" in his family was his illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great. The Freethinkers are not conspicuous among the present European monarchs, and we are heartily glad of it.

Councillor A. J. Fells, Mayor of Bermondsey, received one of the formal telegrams from the Prince of Wales in connection with the National Relief Fund. He seems mighty proud of it, as if it were a personal compliment to himself, and has printed it on the back of a special appeal of his own for the poor of the Borough of Bermondsey. A copy of this appeal has been sent to us, who have no more to do with Bermondsey than we have to do with Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, or Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Independent Labor Party sends us a circular asking for subscriptions towards stopping the war, and issuing a million copies of a Socialist manifesto. That is the way of the English Socialists. They never can work with others for a common object without trying to gain predominance for their own special principles. And they are not even agreed amongst themselves. Socialist leaders and advocates like Robert Blatchford, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, etc., etc., are praising up this very war as one of the best things that have ever happened for Socialism. What on earth are we to think of it? We had better keep our money and our common sense with it.

There is an ardent English poet who spells his name "Kaufman" and writes in *Reynolds'*, who addresses Mother Britain and Her Sons. "Mother Britain" is not very elegant. It rather suggests a seaport replica of the lady who entertained the Jewish spies at Jericho. But it is just as elegant, perhaps, as "the bally Huns" that Kaufman and other sons of hers are going to teach a lesson in the present war. To the mind and ear of this poet there is an antithesis between "islands" and "highlands," and a dissyllable may be made of "hour." We congratulate *Reynolds'* on its dazzling discovery.

Poor Pope Sarto's death was not well-staged. The war had hold of public attention, and it was his enemy in more senses than one. It may be said to have killed him. The thought of all the men who would be slain, and the women and children who would be starved and tortured, filled him with horror. He tried his utmost to prevent the catastrophe, but he could make no impression on the pious old ruffian who sits upon the throne of Austria.

"Modernism" was Papa Sarto's chief bugbear. He condemned it very properly from his own point of view. His nature was an honest one, and he refused to play a game of half-and-half between truth and falsehood as he saw them.

The Czar's appeal to the Polish people, with its promise of Home Rule after the war, concluded with the hope that the "sign of the cross" would shine upon the country. The sign of the cross is already over all the countries engaged in the war, and, judging by results, it would be as well if in future some other sign were utilised. Judging by consequences none could be worse, and some might easily be better.

"I think it is beyond question," says Mr. R. J. Campbell, "that any man or woman in this congregation, if endowed with omniscience and omnipotence, could have succeeded in producing a better and happier world than the one we live in. This is not at all an audacious thing to say; it is simply common sense." Of course it is common sense, but how long it takes religious people to say it—the majority never do say it. It is not merely that actual imperfections exist, but the "plan" of nature seems such that these imperfections are received without compensating advantages. It is not merely the Freethinker who says this. All decent human beings confess it in action. They do their best to correct the imperfections and injustices of nature—civilisation is little more than this. They are always doing what a king of Castile said he would have done had he been present at the creation—suggesting improvements to God Almighty. All reform, all invention, all attempts to check the operation of non-human forces, are, in their way, hints to the Deity that he might have arranged matters on a different plan.

Mr. Campbell states the position with laudable frankness; and, as usual, when this is done, he quite fails to meet it. He falls back upon a version of the old religious plea that God could not transcend the necessities of his own nature, and that we reap "spiritual fruits" from the process. The first surrenders the whole case to a scientific Atheism. If "God" stands for something that is not absolutely self-determining, but is bound to act along definite lines because of its inherent nature, then it does not matter what we call it; the case of the Atheist is, in substance, admitted. At most we have, in place of a universe, the movements of which are determined by the inherent properties of natural forces, a something called God, whose movements are determined by the inherent qualities of his nature. And the difference between the two positions is scarcely worth bothering about.

As to our reaping "spiritual fruits" from the cosmic process, that clearly offers no apology whatever for its cruelty or irrationality. Assuming that the outcome of the process is a better human being, that only benefits the survivor. The last term in the process benefits by all the preceding terms. But what of those who figured in the intermediate stages? Why should they have been used to benefit someone else, and at the same time denied the perfection that is the reward of a remote descendant? For it is not the individual who suffers that reaps the reward; it is someone who has not suffered. And if there be a God, the claims of each one on him are identical. Moreover, if there is a God, why could not the perfect man have been produced at once? None but a fool or a lunatic would go a long, roundabout way to secure a thing that could as well have been secured directly and at once. And if one failed to consider the hypnotic effect of familiar words, one would add that none but a knave would thank God for his own comparative perfection when it had been procured at the cost of the sufferings of millions of others.

Some one has been writing Dr. Lynan Abbott on the question of praying for rain. Dr. Abbott replies that he sees no reason to doubt the ability of God to send rain—which is not quite what his correspondent wanted to know. The question is one of fact. Does God send rain in answer to prayer, or not? A clear test would be to establish a praying centre, say in the Sahara, and pray for good, regular rain there. If it came there would be something to talk about. Then Dr. Abbott "hedges" a bit in this manner. "I can see no reason why I may not legitimately ask God for rain, provided that my request is accompanied with a sincere recognition of the truth that he knows better than I, and whether the request should be granted or not." Which being interpreted means—there is no harm in praying for rain so long as you do not expect an answer to your prayer. As if anyone could pray unless they really expected an answer. Besides, if God knows better than us whether there should be rain or not, why trouble to pray for it at all? Does Dr. Abbott mean that God may forget to send the rain unless we jog his memory a bit? On the whole, good storage resources and scientific irrigation seems the better program.

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1914.—Previously acknowledged, £184 3s. 6d. Received since:—W. R. Munton, £2; Old School, Southbourne, 10s.; W. P. Mann (2nd sub.), 10s. 6d.; E. H. M. Gröm, 10s. 6d.; W. Dodd, 10s.
R. H. Side and Family, Walworth:—R. H. Side, £3; Erla D. Side, £2; Mrs. E. D. Side, £1; Miss B. M. Side, 10s.; Partrum Side, 10s.; Miss A. Harris, 2s. 6d. **Mrs. L. Side and Family,** £1 7s. 6d.—Total, £8 10s.

W. R. MUNTON.—Thanks for your good wishes with subscription. Mr. Foote's health continues to improve.

W. P. BALL.—Much obliged for useful cuttings.

W. J. FENN.—We cannot praise Peter de la Faille for committing suicide, although he was an Atheist and a virtuous and genial character; neither do we blame him; it was his own business, after due consideration of his obligation to others. As for his cursing the Kaiser as "the ferocious human viper of Germany"—many people say the same, with very slight verbal alteration, and are not denounced for it.

C. H. M. GRÖM (Victoria).—Money order to hand and apportioned as directed. Professor Johnson was an able man. He took a cup of tea with us once at our residence, where we had a long chat with him. But he did not succeed in making us more favorable to his theories. The forging of documents is not so difficult, but the forging of medals, monuments, etc., is quite a different matter.

R. H. SIDE.—We agree with most of what you say, only we can't discuss it in the *Freethinker*. We must keep to the Freethought side of human progress, of which you have always been such a generous supporter.

J. HECHT.—Thanks for the cutting. It is impossible to reckon up all the sad details of war. The world is turning the wrong way, and all sorts of awkward things must be expected.

E. C. COMATR.—The newspapers have themselves complained that secrecy was carried too far. General French was pictured in Paris. How is it he was not pictured landing in France or Belgium? The only answer is that it had to be kept "dark." The *Daily News* reckoned that the secret was known to some fifty thousand people in England. There is no need to tell how we knew it. The fact is admitted now.

W. DODD, subscribing again to the President's Honorarium Fund, writes: "I wish to remark that on August 14, 1910, this Fund exceeded £240." He wishes us "good health and better days." What our old friend says is true, but the £300 total was made up in 1912 and 1913 by December 31.

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LECTURE NOTICES must reach 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C., by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

FRIENDS who send us newspapers would enhance the favor by marking the passages to which they wish us to call attention.

ORDERS for literature should be sent to the Shop Manager of the Pioneer Press, 2 Newcastle-street Farringdon-street, E.C., and not to the Editor.

THE *Freethinker* will be forwarded direct from the publishing office to any part of the world, post free, at the following rates, prepaid:—One year, 10s. 6d.; half year, 5s. 3d.; three months 2s. 8d.

Sugar Plums.

War broke out after Mr. Foote had arranged a tentative lecture-list for the fall of the year. He is half-afraid, now, that most of these engagements will have to be cancelled. London halls won't allow any "reference" even to the war. We suspect a similar restriction at Birmingham—also at one or two others. A definite announcement for October, etc., must therefore be postponed, at least for a week.

We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mangasarian in London, and we are glad to hear from his own lips how well his Association is doing in Chicago. The quality of his addresses may be judged by our own readers who have perused some of them that we have reprinted from time to time in the *Freethinker*. Mr. Mangasarian has had to stay in London longer than he intended, the continental portion of his holiday being cut away by the European war, in which everybody seems to be claiming a share, though only the soldiers and the victims seem able to get near it. Time and not very robust health have told a bit upon Mr. Mangasarian since we first met him at Rome, but his intellectual power has not abated, and his eyes are as light and bright as ever. Here, or elsewhere, we wish him all success.

Mr. Mangasarian talks of getting an assistant when he returns to America. We hope he will be able to do so. He will be a lucky man if he gets the right one. Democracy has its merits, but it has some disadvantages. There is truth in the old proverb about "Jack" being "as good as his master." So he is, in some things; but not where his master is a master.

It is said that Japan's ultimatum to Germany is couched in the very language of Germany's ultimatum to Japan in connection with the cession of Port Arthur. It appears to be tit for tat, one good turn deserves another, or Pagan imitation of Christian example. Another good title would be the biter bit.

Personal.

FOURTEEN years ago premises were being sought for the publication of the *Freethinker*. We were bandied about from pillar to post, but at last we found a place that would have suited us admirably. This, however, is what happened. I quote from my article in the paper at the time:—

"Christian bigotry has once more been too many for us. I am sorry to say that we have, after all, lost the premises I spoke of last week. They were in a capital position, and very suitable for all our purposes. The lessor had no objection to our using them for our special business; the lease was ready, and, indeed, the keys were handed over to us; but we had to hand them back again, for at the last moment the Duke of Bedford's steward refused to sanction the lease being assigned to Mr. Hartmann, as he considered the contemplated business was 'an unsuitable one.' I may add that the leases on the Bedford estate are terribly stringent covenants, such as the law ought never to permit. They make the Duke's steward the absolute master of everything that goes on. All the legal right the tenants have is to pay rent and discharge other obligations. So the great ground-landlord's great man rules out Freethought from the whole area. It was maddening after all the trouble we had taken; and I beg all Freethinkers to note whether religious intolerance is really dead. To me it seems strong and active in many directions. There is a pretence of fair play, but when it comes to the 'sticking place' Freethought is still treated as a pariah."

We were luckier afterwards in finding a shelter. Then we were luckier still in finding the premises at 2 Newcastle-street, where we have been ever since, always paying our way, and never causing a complaint of any kind from anybody. Fortunately, the late Mr. Charles Chancellor accepted all the tenant-responsibilities for the first three years. That set us going.

We have to leave these convenient premises. We were their first occupant and we shall be their last. They are to be pulled down to make room for a big corner block. We cannot be pushed out till next March, but we don't want to wait till then if it can be helped. Nothing suitable is yet in view, and the one place that would have done was refused to us on the ground of our "abominable business." More of this hereafter.

Meanwhile, my thoughts are all for the paper. Some thirty London weeklies are gone or half-sunk already. Publishers and printers are groaning. Men are put on half-time. Papers that survive are diminished. I have made no change on the *Freethinker*. But I am thinking it over. I shall have to do something.

I say I at this point because all the responsibility rests with me. Things of that kind have a way of getting upon my shoulders. And as I am getting nothing out of the paper myself, I think I have a right to ask that the President's Honorarium Fund should be completed as soon as possible. The example of the Side family (see this week's list) might be promptly imitated.

Burdens come to him who has borne them. So I do not complain. Nor do I suggest that the *Freethinker* is going under. "I am here," is one guarantee of that. And we are not nearly as badly hit yet as I expected.

G. W. FOOTE.

The Radical Woman.—III.

*A Public Address by M. M. Mangasarian,
to the Free Religious Association (Rationalist), Chicago.*

(Concluded from p. 541.)

BUT I said that it was the institution of marriage against which the radical woman directs her criticisms. In a publication which has been very highly recommended by a woman whom the police have helped to make notorious—Emma Goldman—we find the program of the radical woman, or the woman rebel, as she calls herself. A number of demands are announced, as it will be seen by the following from its pages:—

THE REBEL WOMEN CLAIM:

*The right to be lazy.
The right to be an unmarried mother.
The right to destroy.
The right to create.
The right to love.
The right to live.*

The same paper, with a boldness that is at least original, offers the following for an ideal to American women:—

A WOMAN'S DUTY:

*To look the whole world in the face with a go-to-hell look
in the eyes.*

It also seems to be the purpose of this same publication, claiming to represent the rebel woman, to teach the gentle sex a new song—"The Song of the Bomb."

Moreover, according to the "Rebel Woman," the immigrant is the savior of the nation. It is the immigrant from south-eastern Europe, from Italy and the Balkan States, as well as from Russia and Germany, who is to introduce "courage, vision, and idealism" into our America. The Rebel Woman is going to break the world's machinery which enslaves woman "by sex conventions, by motherhood and its present necessary child-bearing, by wage slavery, by middle-class morality, etc." Revolution, not evolution, is the word "The Woman Rebel" has inscribed upon its banners. As it may be inferred from the program which I have just read to you, when Emma Goldman and her disciples have finally remoulded the world closer to their desires, they will confer upon woman the following new blessings:—

FIRST: *The right to be lazy.*

Well, who prevents her from being that now? Ah, but she must eat to live! Why does she not also claim the right not to eat, or the right to eat without working? What shall we think of women who look forward to the time when they shall enjoy the right to be lazy? What charms has indolence for them? Why is work distasteful to them? What are the pleasures of laziness? What is it productive of? Formerly the right to work was the universal cry, but evidently that right is not radical enough to please the rebels among women. Instead of the right to work they demand the right to be lazy!

SECOND: *The right to be an unmarried mother.*

But women have that right now. The law does not interfere in the relation of the sexes until there is a complaint, which generally comes from the deserted woman, with a child to provide for; and even then the State deals with her, as it should, very gently, and tries to find the other party to compel him to contribute to her support. In all civilised communities the law recognises what is known as "common law marriages." Besides, if a man and woman have been living together as man and wife without any ceremony or licence, or public announcement of the fact, and the man dies, the woman is protected in her claim for a share of his estate. What more could the radical or rebel woman ask for? A distinguished tragedienne, Sarah Bernhardt, though unmarried, is a mother and a grandmother. No one has interfered with her right to be an unmarried mother. The French Government

recently conferred upon her the Legion of Honor. It is also true that when a distinguished publicist—Maxim Gorky—came to this country a few years ago, with a woman companion, while he had a wife in Russia, certain hotels in New York City refused them as guests; but then, if Mr. Gorky demands the right to do as he pleases, why has not the hotel-keeper the right to do as he pleases? Moreover, there are other hotels. "Oh, but the public should not discriminate against Gorky, or the unmarried mother; Society should respect the woman travelling with Gorky as much as it does his deserted wife." But why should the radical woman, with a "go-to-hell look in her eyes" bother herself about the respect of Society? With that sort of a look in her eyes, the radical woman should not care in the least what people say or think. In the meantime, the law allows you to do as you please with yourself, provided you allow others to protect themselves against you.

Really, the radical woman has no grounds for complaint as far as marriage is concerned. She is not compelled to marry; she need not marry except for love; she is free to marry for money if she wants to; and if she finds that she has made a bad choice after marriage, she is at liberty to secure a divorce and marry again. What more could the new radicalism secure for her? Besides, the State does all it can to compel the husband to support the wife even after they have ceased to live together. Indeed, I am proud of the protection which civilisation throws about a woman who becomes a wife or a mother, whether in or out of wedlock.

But the day on which free motherhood prevails, woman will be the great sufferer. She will become a mere plaything, the sport of the hour, to be picked up and cast aside according to the whim or the caprice of the hunter. Under "free love" woman will become a tramp. Why is woman willing to sacrifice the home for what she calls free motherhood? But is not marriage slavery? Of course it is. Duty spells slavery. I am a slave; you are slaves; the President of the country is a slave. Have you a child?—you are a slave! Have you a business?—obligations to meet, wages to pay—you are a slave! Have you ideals, scruples, a conscience?—you are a slave! If we cannot play fast and loose with duty, we are all slaves. But obedience to the will of civilisation is slavery only to those who prefer the wild to the city, the tavern to the home, the street to the school,—appetite to love.

THIRD: *The right to destroy.* What?

FOURTH: *The right to create.* Go ahead!

FIFTH: *The right to love.* That is tautology, because it is included in the right to be an unmarried mother.

SIXTH: *The right to live.* That also is repetitions, since the right to be lazy implies the right to live. Only those who are alive can enjoy the right to be lazy.

Association with women who demand the right to be lazy, etc., is bound to be degrading. Let me say that the most dangerous enemies of society are not the politicians, the trust-barons, or the popes, but the mediocre—the men and women of low mentality. There should be neither priest nor tyrant but for the masses who support them. On the other hand, the masses have been the worst persecutors of reformers. Indeed, the intellectually common people wither everything they lay their hands upon. Like locusts or grasshoppers, whatever field or crops they alight upon they destroy. The menace of the ordinary! No pest, plague, or panic can compare with this scourge. Let me explain myself:

There is a movement for a nation-wide prohibition of alcoholic beverages in this country. Why are we afraid of alcohol? What makes alcohol a menace? Why do we want legislation to suppress its manufacture and sale? Simply because the people of common mentality and morality—rich or poor—do not know how to partake of wine or beer without making sots of themselves. Yet this class is going to deprive the man who can restrain his appetite from the legitimate use of alcohol. The weaklings are going to

deprive the temperate man from drinking when he wants to because they themselves need the police, the courts, the church, the whole nation, to help keep them sober. It was from similar motives that the publishers of Voltaire, Darwin, Thomas Paine, were persecuted and imprisoned. Because the mediocre could not read these books without committing moral shipwreck, the heretical books had to be consigned to the flames! This is the tremendous tax which mediocrity imposes upon civilisation! And the disorderly drinking-places, or the unscrupulous brewers or distillers who encourage drunkenness for personal profit—who speculate in the vices of men—do as much, if not even more, to help convert a free people into slaves, or a free country into a gaol, than the drunkards themselves.

Let me give you another illustration: Free speech is one of the greatest gifts of civilisation. But the people of low mentality, whose name is legion, make such use or abuse of this right that we are likely to have someone advocate a national prohibition of free speech. The market-place is always a menace to the study. The study brings to the street, let us say, a great truth; and the street forthwith becomes drunk on it. Then everyone denounces the philosopher for giving mental intoxicants to the people. "Stop it! Shut down the study! To the fagots with the philosopher!" becomes the universal cry. I am of the opinion that never a scientist would have been stoned to death, nor a pioneer burned at the stake, but for the fear that the herd would go astray or stampede if awakened from its sleep. And that is a real fear.

Let me give you still another illustration: The ancient Athenians and Romans possessed magnificent institutions and enjoyed great privileges, but when the barbarians took possession of these countries everything was lost. Everything the barbarian touched, died. The people of low mentality descended upon civilisation, and Europe became a wilderness. In the same way, everything the present-day barbarians touch they debase.

I was in Hyde Park, London, listening to a Freethinker. He made me blush at the manner in which he spoke of the Bible God, the Virgin Mary, the priests, the nuns, etc. Free speech to him meant freedom to be vulgar. Rationalism in the hands of a mental plebeian becomes an offence. We have heard of the search for the Philosopher's Stone, which shall transmute base metal into gold. Whether that quest will ever be rewarded with success I am not in a position to say, but the commonplace man has found a way of transmuting gold into base metal. When the Goldmanite declares that a woman's duty consists in looking "the whole world in the face with a go-to-hell look in the eyes," she thinks she is giving expression to a wonderfully original or clever idea. I am of a different opinion; I call it a piece of vulgarity. There are "Billy" Sundays in Rationalism as well as in orthodoxy, and the moment they lay hands on it they blight it.

There is published in this country an anti-Catholic paper by a Protestant. It is not necessary to mention the paper by name. The publication I have in mind has not a word to say against the absurdities of Protestant theology, or the efforts of the Calvinist clergy to fetter the human mind; but it pours a very volcano of weekly fire upon the abuses of the Catholic Church. I have little sympathy with one-sided propagandism. An inconsistent or an illogical position never fills me with enthusiasm. I am willing to admit that such publications are useful in many ways. It is their method, tone, and language that drags a worthy and noble cause to the level of a cat-and-dog fight. The moment Rationalism passes out of the hands of the sober into the hands of the "drunkards," it, too, will go to the gutter. The Catholics publish many papers which are equally abusive, vulgar, and even more untrustworthy than any publication against them, but if such publications have not honored that Church, how can similar efforts by liberals help the cause of progress? Why should a teacher of science stoop to use the language

of a priest? Leave *cursing* to the men dressed in black! The sentence, "And he that believeth not shall be damned," is not proof of divinity but of a lack of refinement. Any cause that takes on the crowd, goes to the bottom. Is it not alarming? Let an idea descend and it dies. Going down is the way to the grave. When the sun sinks it is night. When the sun rises it is day. Civilisation is not a descent. It is an ascent. When politics descends it becomes corrupt; when religion descends it becomes a superstition. What is the cause of the distress of the Church to-day? The brains have left it. The plebeians—the mental inebriates—whether in furs and feathers or in rags, have swooped upon it. A similar invasion would prove fatal to the best of causes even. The Goths and the Visigoths that pulled the classical world to the dust would do the same to Rationalism.

And why has politics become corrupt? Because, as already suggested, the ordinary man dominates it. The yellow hosts have dislodged the elite and are now having things their own way. Every department of public life suffers and is lowered by this invasion. I have been watching some of the criminal trials in our courts. In his address to the jury, one of the assistant State attorneys used language, the other day, that clearly betrayed the barbarian in politics. If the defence had resorted to such tactics there would have been some excuse for it, since he was representing a murderer and an outlaw. But why should the people's representative the agent of civilisation, stoop when he thinks or speaks? The stoop is a surrenderer. Pointing to the man on trial, this mouthpiece of the people, this representative of the majesty and dignity of the law, cried, "He has the instinct of the beast!" and again, "He is two hundred pounds of worthlessness!" and once more, "He is a snake!" and, "Send him to the gallows, hang him, let him hang!" This is the style of the market-place, not of the study. Whatever the ordinary mind touches it degrades. Eloquence becomes coarseness, argument becomes abuse, and violence of language takes the place of forceful reasoning. Literature becomes gossip, business becomes a gamble, art degenerates into caricature, medicine into quackery, and science into charlatanism in the hands of the commonplace man or woman. This is also the revenge of mediocrity.

What is the explanation of this rebellion of church and crowd against reason? Human nature is the battle-ground between instinct and reason. Instinct is older than reason. Though a new comer, reason has slowly pushed instinct off its seat of authority. At one time instinct monopolised the man. It had no rivals. When instinct reigned man pursued his desires with the quickness of a flash and the blindness of an arrow. He did as his instincts prompted him. Deliberation, selection, restraint—a check or a curb upon desire, were not yet invented. There was as yet no government of the appetites. Then came reason with a bit for the passions. But do you think that instinct or the passions surrendered willingly to the new master? On the contrary, they rose up in arms; they rebelled; they conspired to overthrow reason; they clamored for their ancient licence; they coveted the wild life of the forest which reason had taken away from them. Even in our day the rebellion against reason breaks out, every now and then, in all its aforetime fury and rage. What is the meaning of the propaganda launched under such innocent-looking phrases as "Free Motherhood," "Sex Emancipation," "Marriage is Slavery," etc., but the rebellion of instinct against the check or curb or bit or—I shall say—the grip of reason upon the passions? That is why Henry Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, in which he supports the superiority of instinct to reason, is so popular. The capitalist, the labor unions, the rebel women, and the theologians welcome Bergson's gospel of Instinct. He is come to restore the fallen dynasty of Instinct. "Unhand us!" is the cry of his followers to Reason. In the same way, "Down with Reason!" cry the sentimentalists, the emotionalists, and the

theologians. "Hearken to the call of the Wild!" urge the apostles of appetite. "Bring back to us the Past!" is the chorus in which all join. But high above the shriek of the rebels may be heard the brave and tuneful song of the disciplined soldiers of Progress: "Rule, Reason!" "Reason shall rule the world!"

Joseph Priestley.—II.

By G. W. FOOTE.

[Reprinted.]

(Continued from p. 541.)

ON leaving Daventry, Priestley accepted the office of assistant minister to a congregation at Needham Market, Suffolk, at the miserable salary of forty pounds a year, on which he found himself by no means "passing rich," especially as it was never paid in full. In this retired situation the chief occupation of his leisure was the compiling of a multitude of Scripture texts antagonistic to the doctrine of the Atonement. The manuscript was confided to Dr. Lardner and Dr. Fleming, on the occasion of a journey to London, and portions of it were published by them under the title of the Doctrine of Remission. By this time Priestley had relinquished his belief in the plenary inspiration of the Scripture writers, and in the idea of supernatural influence except for the purpose of miracles.

On quitting Needham Market, in consequence of theological differences with Mr. Meadow's congregation, Priestley attempted to earn his bread as a teacher of mathematics, but the rancor of his religious enemies prevented his success. Pupils would not come to be taught even mathematics by a professor of questionable orthodoxy. The heretical poison might be conveyed even in doses of exact science. The unfortunate mathematician was, therefore, obliged to accept another engagement as preacher for one year to a congregation at Nantwich in Cheshire. There he remained no longer than the stipulated term, at the expiration of which he removed to Warrington, where he resided for a period of six years as a preacher and teacher. In the second year of his ministry at Warrington, he married a daughter of Mr. Isaac Wilkinson, an ironmaster of Wrexham, Wales. This union appears to have been productive of mutual happiness and comfort.

While residing at Warrington, Priestley composed his Essay on Government, a liberal and philosophical production, in which it is emphatically maintained that the end and sole duty of government is to promote the happiness of the governed. The spirit of the work is Republican enough and it is boldly asserted that peoples have an unquestionable right to depose evil rulers by revolutionary means if no others will avail; but the author considered a government by King, Lords, and Commons as most consonant with the traditions and prejudices of the English people. Not until his emigration to America was he convinced of the practicability, as well as of the advantages of Republican Government.

In the Autobiography he mentions that at that time he read a deal of polite literature, and practised the composition of verse himself, as well as enjoining it upon his pupils, as a great assistance to facility in the composition of prose. Also he mentions that the reading of some of his early verses induced Mrs. Barbauld to commence writing poetry, and thus, says he, "England is indebted to me for one of the best poets it can boast"; after which critical deliverance we may safely affirm that Priestley's mind was by no means of a poetical cast.

Priestley's scientific proclivities were already strongly pronounced. He had been experimenting more or less for some years, and had always contemplated science with the fondness of a lover. But it was not until meeting with Franklin, the great American philosopher and electrician, on the occasion of a visit to London, that his attachment to scientific pursuits was stimulated to an ardent devotion. Induced by Franklin, he soon after published his History of Electric Discovery. His experiments in electricity also procured for him an introduction to the Royal Society; and in addition to that honor, he had conferred upon him,

through the generous interest of Dr. Percival, the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh. In September, 1767, Priestley removed to Leeds, where he engaged himself as minister of Mill-hill Chapel. While resident there he commenced his famous experiments on air, and in 1772 he issued his first publication on the subject. His fame was by this time rapidly spreading in the scientific world; so much so, indeed, that a proposal was made for his accompanying Captain Cook on his second voyage; but the scheme was frustrated by the objections of some powerful clergymen, who had taken umbrage at the Doctor's boldly declared heresy.

After spending six years at Leeds, divided between professional avocations and scientific pursuits, Priestley accepted a generous offer from the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, of the post of Librarian to his Lordship, at a salary of £250 a year, with the promise of an allowance for life in case of his patron's decease. The duties of the situation were very trifling, and the Earl treated the Doctor more as a confidential friend than as a servant; allowing him also occasional gratuities for the purchase of costly instruments and appliances necessary to the finer practice of his chemical experiments. In the second year of his residence with the Earl he made his famous discovery of oxygen gas, which marks an era in the history of chemical science, and with which his name will be for ever associated. In 1774 he travelled with his patron through Flanders, Holland, and Germany. Naturally, he met and conversed with the chief scientific and philosophical celebrities of the various places through which he passed; and in other respects also the journey was advantageous, for his experience of mankind was thereby widened after a fashion which never can be wrought by any amount of mere reading. On returning to England he published his Miscellaneous Observations on Education, Lectures on Oratory and Criticism, and the third part of the Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion, the two first parts of which had been published many years preceding. In the last work he maintained, with remarkable force and ingenuity, his doctrine of the immateriality of the soul, of which we shall have hereafter to speak at length. So bold a theory, running, as it did, directly counter to the orthodox teaching on the subject, excited much animosity among the "sound divines." The cry of "Atheist" was immediately raised, and lustily vociferated, until at length the poor Doctor, who deemed the existence of Deity capable of being substantiated by irrefragable arguments, found himself pretty generally regarded as a horrible heretic, who actually denied the being of God. Such a man, says Huxley, is ordinarily looked upon as a person with whom a cash-box is not quite safe; and, therefore, it is no matter for wonder that the Earl became desirous to part company with his overbold librarian. Shelburne agreed to grant Priestley an annuity of £150 a year, and the amount was always punctually paid. It was, however, inadequate to meet all the philosopher's requirements, for, in addition to his very costly experiments, there was the burden of a somewhat numerous family that had grown up around him. Offers of court pensions were made, but were honorably refused. Probably Priestley recollected what Johnson himself subsequently forgot, that a pensioner is "a slave of State." Nevertheless, he accepted private subscriptions from friends to science who desired a continuance of his chemical researches—in particular that of Wedgwood, always honorably distinguished for ready assistance to indigent genius, and whose generous and unsolicited aid to Coleridge and Wordsworth will long be remembered by all lovers and students of English poetry.

Priestley now settled at Birmingham, where he joined a Mr. Blyth as minister of a Unitarian congregation. Here he continued his scientific, philosophical, and religious labors, and published amongst other works his History of the Corruptions of Christianity, History of Early Opinions Concerning Jesus Christ, and Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit. He also became a member of the Lunar Club, so called because of its meetings being held near the full moon, which comprised most of the advanced thinkers of the district. At Birmingham he might have remained in quiet and comfort until his death if he had not, unfortunately for

his personal peace, associated himself with a political club consisting mainly of Dissenters, who openly avowed their sympathy with the revolutionists in France. That great political and social convulsion had startled all Europe out of its apathy, and at the mighty roar which announced the advent of Democracy, reactionary and obscurantist powers stood abashed and terrified, while the reformers took further heart of grace and prognosticated great results from the revolutionary movement. Party passion ran high; and every man was compelled to take a side. One party prophesied a coming millennium, and the other foretold the approach of final chaos. Both parties erred, but the latter the more egregiously. Some men of sterling character and splendid ability, blinded by passion and prejudice, ranged themselves on the side of despotism and retrogression, and loudly denied that men had even any rights at all; and their feelings were the more exasperated by the exuberant, triumphant audacity with which their opponents pointed out the tyrannical slough into which their foolish arguments would inevitably precipitate them, if logically followed. Even the glorious genius of Burke quailed before the misapprehended apparition of democracy. All his magnificent powers of eloquence and matchless invective were employed to assail the revolution, and to heap reproach and contempt on its human instruments. So carried away was he by a tempest of passion that he degraded himself to the use of expressions concerning Priestley worthy of a political lampooner. He even called upon the Government to crush the rising spirit of rebellious liberty, not knowing that material agencies of persecution were as unavailing against it as the harmless weapons of midnight sentinels against the majesty of buried Denmark.

In Parliament, and outside it, everybody was in a state of unprecedented excitement. The masses of the people, ignorant and superstitious, were artfully stirred up against the English sympathisers with French Republicanism; and Church and State mobs in all towns were prepared, whenever called upon, to vindicate the outraged honor of their glorious constitution, which apparently they regarded, like Cæsar did the honor of his wife, as mortally injured even by suspicion. At Birmingham, political passion knew no bounds; the turbulent populace was prepared for any measures, and the responsible guardians of law and order were by no means reluctant to urge it on to deeds of violence. The political club already alluded to, held a meeting on the 14th of July, 1791, to celebrate the anniversary of the capture and destruction of the Bastille. This insult to the British constitution was too much for the patience of the insurgent mob and its secret impellers. Priestley was not at the meeting, but most of those who were present were Dissenters, and so was Priestley himself. The poor philosopher was conspicuous, and discrimination was not easy. The mob, therefore, politely burned his meeting-house wherein he preached and his dwelling house, as a sign of its disapprobation, and would have served him with the same sauce if he had not prudently made himself scarce. The merry rioters smashed his experimental apparatus, and burned his library and all his manuscript records; and with indescribable glee ground sparks of fire out of the victim's own electric machine to assist in the work of demolition. The houses of many of Priestley's friends were burned or greatly damaged. Nearly all whose property was so served were Dissenters, and Priestley asserts that the clergy of the Established Church instigated the riot and directed its operations. The injured philosopher brought an action against the authorities for damages, alleging that they had neglected to suppress the riot. Fortunately, he obtained a favorable verdict, but he received £2,000 less than his claim, the jury refusing to admit the value of his apparatus and manuscripts.

Birmingham was, of course, no longer a safe residence, and Priestley therefore repaired to London. The members of the Royal Society shamefully gave him the cold shoulder, and assiduously shunned his company; but the congregation of Dr. Price, at Hackney, requested him to become their minister, and he gladly accepted the invitation. Many of his friends gathered around him at this crisis, and tendered pecuniary assistance, in particular, his brother-in-law, John

Wilkinson who presented him with £500, and transferred to him £10,000 invested in the French Funds, which, however, never brought in a penny. From France numerous flattering messages were received; some ardent cosmopolites even desired him to become a candidate for membership in the Convention. This offer he declined, but his son visited France, and was not only well received, but was also invested with the rights of French citizenship. In England, however, Priestley and his family dwelt in insecurity. Threatening letters poured in from all quarters, some merely promising damnation in the life to come, but others more than insinuating the possibility of more terrible and certain chastisement in this. Frequently he was burnt in effigy along with Paine, whose political writings he publicly and emphatically approved, although he utterly dissented from his opinions on other subjects. His son was obliged to dissolve partnership with a Manchester merchant by the pressure of religious prejudice. At last, reluctantly and sorrowfully, the persecuted philosopher resolved to quit his native land, which no longer afforded him a safe shelter. On April 8, 1794, he set sail from London, bidding dear old England a long, last adieu, and on June 4, arrived at New York.

Priestley's reception in the newly adopted land was of the most flattering character, and atoned largely for the insults and reproach cast against him in the country he had forsaken. The nobilities of the day flocked around him, and testified their admiration of his manly independence. The trustees of the Philadelphia University elected him as Professor of Chemistry; and many additional honors would have been showered upon him if he had not declared his intention not to accept them. Only one powerful voice was raised against him—the voice of William Cobbett. The sturdy English spirit of Cobbett naturally inclined him to take his country's side. He was then, as he afterwards confessed, "a mere prattler in politics"; but his anger and combativeness were both aroused by the abundant censure pronounced against England by the American Democrats. Cobbett delighted in a single-handed fight against a host of foes, and therefore was in his element. The men around him were Americans and Republicans, he was an Englishman and a Monarchist. There was no timidity in his composition; he ever loved to tweak his enemy by the nose and pluck at his very beard. Peter Porcupine he called himself, and, like a porcupine, he stood self-collected, with a quill for every comer. He was on the wrong side, and in a woeful minority; but he was a master of style matchless in its vigor and directness. Before his tremendous blows the Democrats reeled, and as they fell he shot them through and through with the arrows of his malicious wit. Priestley and his Appeal fared badly at Cobbett's hands; his grammar, his composition, his logic, were all mercilessly criticised. The Doctor might be an angel of light, but he was no match for the polemical vigor of his assailant. Priestley was right, and Cobbett utterly wrong; but nobody with a sense of humor or with a touch of gusto in his composition, can fail to relish the ex-soldier's racy wit and potent mother-English.

(To be continued.)

The Ramsey Testimonial.

(FIFTH LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.)

[The first six subscriptions in this list were the last six in the previous list. This bears out our former complaint.—ED.]

W. H. Harrap, 2s. 6d.; Paddington Radical Club Political Council, 10s. 6d.; W. McMillan, 2s.; A Few Friends (per A. J. Barnes), 8s.; H. Ridgway, £1; Mrs. Annie Besant, £2 2s.; Mrs. H. Parsons, 2s. 6d.

B. T. HALL (Treasurer), Club Union Buildings,
Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

"You were chums on earth, were you not?" queried Satan. "Yes," replied the two newly arrived shades. "Good. You may continue to smoke together." His Majesty chuckled softly as he closed the door of Oven 2,145,788,164 with a bang.

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 postcard.

LONDON.

OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Victoria Park, near the Bandstand): 3.15 and 6.15, C. Cohen, Lectures.

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N. S. S. (Brockwell Park): 6, Mr. Davidson, a Lecture.

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