

THE Freethinker

Edited by G. W. FOOTE.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 39

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1914

PRICE TWOPENCE

The only true divinity is humanity.—CHATHAM.

Views and Opinions.

I never gave a halfpenny to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund. I never advised anybody else to give a halfpenny. It was all arranged, of course, beforehand. Its projectors were "in the know." They secured the right to use the Prince of Wales's name. That and the war together were, so to speak, to provide the milk, and they had everything ready for skimming off the cream. It is ridiculous to suppose their effort, or even the Prince's, added to the amount of money available for "benevolence," and still more ridiculous to suppose that a larger portion would reach those for whom it was really intended. What *was* secured was simply this, that a large amount of cash was labelled "charity," and put under the control of the classes for the alleged benefit of the masses, as far as they suffered directly from the effects of the war. Look at the names of the General Committee, look at the names of two or three specimen local committees, and you will soon see what kind of people they are. All sorts of upper middle-class men and women, with shopkeepers who find it pays to be in evidence, with clergymen to see that the interests of religion are properly looked after, and clergymen's wives to take a better interest in what they are pleased to call morality, which is indeed *vin* but always *vinaiigre*—like so many of their faces.

* * *

This sort of thing happens,—not by supposition but in reality. I speak only of what has come under my own notice. In the first case, two ladies turn up representing the same Tommy Atkins. Nothing like that ever occurs amongst the upper classes. We all know that. Up jumps a lady whose husband is not in the Khaki Army but in the Black Army, wearing its uniform and drawing a highly respectable salary. The lady is nearly convulsed with pious indignation. She wants both applications to stand over. But there was a baby in one of them, and it was in want of food, and what had it done to be starved to death because its father was too fond of "life"? Besides, as the clergyman's wife was reminded, one of the two ladies *was* the absent warrior's wife; so the committee would have to settle it somehow; and with great reluctance this was done.

* * *

The second case, if I spoke the plain truth, I should venture to call shocking. A newly married young woman's husband had joined the Army during the war. He was unable to withstand the frequent and frenzied appeals to his patriotism. His head wasn't strong at the best of times, and I need not emphasise the fact that he left his wife absolutely to the care of his country,—which was a far less cheerful prospect to her than it was to him. The first question she is asked is what she worked at before her marriage, but it is useless to look for work in that line now. She is then asked if she could do "charing." The answer is obvious to any-

body outside a "Relief" Committee; it is furnished by her physique. But she is advised to try, and that is all the help she gets. "Charing! Charing!" Let some of the "ladies" try it for a week, and see how it agrees with them. Let me add that this recruit joined as a married man. They accepted her breadwinner and left her to "try charing." And the joke is they fancy they are doing Tommy Atkins a good turn. They've got him anyhow. That's the point as far as they are concerned. But the woman? Ah, the truth of the old proverb that the woman pays!

* * *

Another Tommy's wife makes an application. Her husband is a territorial, and he volunteered for active service abroad. They had a nice little home, and had saved up and bought a piano. She applied on this basis. They told her that she did not want relief; she had a piano, she could sell it if she wanted money. Her "hero"—their hero when they were flatulently loyal at public meetings—was told in effect that the relief committee could do nothing for her until she had sold up her home. If she had been fonder of eating and drinking than of music they could not have given her this insolent answer.

* * *

The words "grant" and "relief" are hateful words—damnable words. A man goes out to fight for his country, as he and his country think it; he faces every kind of hardship in addition to the danger, by night as well as by day; he may bring back a broken and perhaps quite ruined body; or it may be buried in an alien grave; or it may even be laid in no grave, being blown to pieces by one of those instruments of war which seem to be the proudest boast of Christian civilisation. A promise is made—how often well kept?—that his wife and children shall be looked after. What is done for them is mean and contemptible. While the "hero" is fighting abroad they pay his wife and family a few shillings a week, and tell her she can go out to work. Just as if she didn't work already in the home! Just as if her husband were not working—and at *such* work—in that frightful war! One feels ashamed of one's country in face of this sorry exhibition. The "Pay, Pay, Pay," that Kipling addressed to the British public seems more applicable to the British Government.

* * *

We can only write about the war itself from a Freethought point of view. It is all wickedness and folly at bottom. England was forced into war at the finish. That must be admitted. We couldn't sit still and see France "annihilated," as they call it now, or "bled like veal," in the language of Bismarck; nor could the neutrality of Belgium be violated with impunity. This is true enough. But how about all that led up to this? The intrigues, the backstairs correspondence, hatred and malice, and the Ententes and Alliances that were invitations to a breach of the peace. When the psychological moment came a Catholic bigot on the Austrian throne and a mad Protestant bigot on the German throne gave the signal for opening "the purple testament of bleeding war." Had Europe been full of Freethinkers this could not have happened.

G. W. FOOTE.

The Kaiser's Blunder.

IT is said in all directions—and it really does not need a supreme intelligence to say it—that the German Emperor blundered badly in going to war. He must have underestimated the resisting power of France; he seriously misunderstood the opposition that Belgium could, and would, offer; he made no allowance for the rapidity of Russian mobilisation; he over-estimated the power of the German Navy; and he could never have counted on the opposition of Great Britain. All these were very serious miscalculations, and in the contest of nations when such a blunder is made the price must, sooner or later, be paid. Only a fool counts on *everything* going in one's favor, and the Kaiser—with God behind him—seems to have made no allowance for a check in any direction. Perhaps he depended too much upon the help of God. If so, he is not the first who has come to grief for the same reason.

But all these, however, are miscalculations of the moment. They are all recent, all obvious, and everyone may observe them. His real blunder, the one that shows he and his advisers quite failed to appreciate the right method of working, is of many years' standing. This blunder does not lie in the fact that Germany has aimed at the possession of colonies. Other countries have been fired with the same ideal, and some—our own, for instance—have met with considerable success. It does not lie in the desire to make Germany a world-power. Other countries cherish that ambition likewise, and it is our constant boast that "Britain rules the waves." And whoso rules the waves rules, in the long run, the world. There is a right way and a wrong way in achieving these ideals, and the Kaiser's fault lies in the fact that he has always chosen the wrong way. He has been arrogant when he should have been humble; openly proclaiming that he would make Germany feared, when he should have aroused the desire to make her loved.

When Mark Twain took a trip round the world, when he visited the British possessions, north, south, east, and west, he was not slow in drawing therefrom a lesson that must have appealed to every Godfearing Briton. He discovered that the British people were mentioned—under a figure—in the Bible. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." And there is no Briton of the variety above-named who would not say that the vastness of England's possessions is a direct proof of the favor with which Providence views this island. He is convinced that if we are in possession in India, China, Egypt, North America, Australia, the South Seas, etc., it is because we are fulfilling the designs of Providence in being there. He does not talk to the world of how much of the earth's surface we have taken under our protection, but speaks of the "burden" that has been placed upon us, and which it would have been a breach of duty to neglect. He does not talk of our desire to make the power of England felt, but of our ambition to carry the Bible and Christianity into the dark places of the earth. Our anxiety is to spread religion—true religion; we are the ambassadors of God, carrying out his plan; we would gladly avoid the task if we could do so with honor—but that is impossible.

With the example of England before him the Kaiser has deliberately chosen to ignore all that our history had to teach him. He has proclaimed the greatness of Germany and of his resolve to take his share of the earth in the language of a fire-eating swashbuckler. It is true that his language was that of a pious swashbuckler; but that, in a sense, only made the matter worse. God was always with him, but it was essentially a German deity—one who thought first and foremost of Germany's welfare. He brandished the "mailed fist" when he should have held aloft the Bible. He talked of the might of Germany when he should have spoken of its sacred mission to carry the gospel of Christ—in German gunboats—all over the earth. Instead of calling

upon his people, as he did some years ago, to "make sacrifices for their position as a world-power," he should have told them it was their duty to spread the Christian Gospel. He would thus have avoided a considerable amount of ill-feeling, and in the day of trial would not have been lacking in moral and religious reasons for his conduct.

Those who cannot obey are unfit to rule, and it is equally true that those who cannot learn cannot teach. The German Government has shown a strange inability to assimilate the elementary principles of empire-building. In China, when two German missionaries were killed, the Emperor demanded and received territorial compensation. Probably he would have been pleased to get rid of a number of other missionaries on the same terms. But even in this case the world was treated to the same swagger about the "mailed fist," and religious considerations were made subservient to Germanic greatness. How different, and with how much more wisdom, does England manage these things. The Kaiser calls on his people to make sacrifices in order to spread the power of Germany. Lord Hugh Cecil, on the contrary, says:—

"A great many people were most anxious to go with their whole hearts into what might be called the imperial movement of the day, but had, as it were, a certain uneasiness of conscience whether, after all, this movement was quite as unpolluted by earthly considerations as they would desire it to be. By making prominent to our minds the importance of missionary work we should to some extent sanctify the spirit of Imperialism."

There is the mark of the old colonising hand, of one who belongs to a nation that has been taking colonies for almost as many decades as the German Empire has been in existence. No English leader would ever have called upon his people to make sacrifices in order to impress British power upon the world. He would never have sent a punitive expedition to strike terror or to wreak vengeance. All our efforts in China have been to spread the truth of religion there; and even though force may have been used, we did, to quote Lord Hugh Cecil, "to some extent sanctify" its use. Of course, we have been materially benefited by our efforts; but this was quite incidental. The burden was cast upon us by Providence, and it was only proper that Providence should lighten the burden so far as it was possible. As Sir Robert Baden-Powell puts it, the British taxpayer "looks for two groups of results as his reward. On the one hand, he hopes to see Christianity and civilisation *pro tanto* extended; and on the other, to see some compensating development of industry." And unless either or both of these results are secured, he asks the question, "Has he the right, and is he right, to urge such wars?"

Germans—and others—may say this is sheer hypocrisy. That is an easy explanation, but it does not cover the facts. For the plain truth is that the vast majority of Englishmen really believe it, and act up to it. They have no doubt that we are in India solely for the benefit of the Hindoo. We annexed Burma to end an intolerable tyranny—it was a mere accident that it possessed ruby mines. We are in Egypt in the interests of religion and civilisation—the interests of the English bondholders merely gave "Providence" the opportunity to use us as its instrument. There was nothing hypocritical in singing "Abide With Me" over the fall of Khartoum. It expressed the belief of the God-fearing Briton that we are carrying out God's will. Why could not the Kaiser have learned from Britain the art of acquiring a world-empire before setting up in that business? Every trade has to be learned—that of empire-getting among others.

It was a poor, shallow policy to grab a tract of land on account of the death of two missionaries, and to immediately talk about the "mailed fist." Here was a splendid opening for him, had he known how to use it. The better course would have been to have flooded China with missionaries, and to have pointed out that in place of seeking revenge, he had returned good for evil by giving the Chinese the Gospel.

Again, he might have learned from Britain how to properly utilise the Christian missionary. First the missionary, then the trader, then the need for protecting both trader and missionary, then the gunboat and the soldier—not for the purpose of acquiring territory, but in order to secure peaceful trading and introduce Christianity and civilisation. Of course, acquisition follows, but the world is not affronted by it. For we do not seek it; it is forced upon us. There is no talk of power or might, there is talk only of how responsibilities are forced upon us, and what a breach of duty would ensue were these responsibilities evaded.

It is ultimately a question of psychology. The world is not ruled by force, and never has been, but by ideals. These may be better or worse, but they are there. Even the exercise of force is the expression of an ideal, and the Kaiser made the sad mistake of working for this ideal in an age that has largely outgrown it. Germans will say—as France and Russia said but yesterday, and as they may say it again when this war is over—that this expressed desire of the English people to spread Christianity is sheer hypocrisy. That is not true. It may be delusion, but it is not hypocrisy. The English people are not hypocritical when they talk of their "burden," or of "a sanctified Imperialism," or proclaim themselves instruments in the hands of Deity. They really believe it. It is a teaching upon which generations have been nurtured, and so has become an almost indestructible part of our social environment. So much so that even those who repudiate the belief in Deity may be found talking of our "Imperial destiny." As far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth we can see this belief in operation. The sixteenth century freebooter when he seized Spanish vessels or raided Spanish possessions would never have admitted that plunder was his object. He was carrying on a semi-religious warfare, vindicating Protestantism against the Roman Catholic Church. This tradition has never been broken. It is with us to-day. Thousands of Britons will tell you that the Bible is the source of England's greatness. They say it because they believe it. And the lesson has been too well mastered for it to be easily or quickly unlearned.

The Kaiser has blundered badly; there can be no mistake about that. Everybody resents open egotism; nearly everybody dislikes the use of brute force. He has failed to grasp the elementary lesson that if an empire is to be acquired, and is to last, the "mailed fist" must be hidden in the silken glove. Subjects must be brought to believe that it is to their interest to be subjects. Otherwise nothing is secure. But, above all, he neglected the instrument that lay ready to hand. A staunch Christian himself, he failed to realise how useful to him his Christianity might become. He belongs to a nation that gave Europe "an open Bible," and has wit only to use his religion as a support for his egotism. How much easier would it have been to have pursued the arts of peaceful penetration, to have proclaimed his desire for carrying the Bible and Christianity to the ends of the earth! How much more profitable to have expended in subsidising missionary societies a great deal of the money that has been paid over to Krupp! Of course, he might say in defence that Britain had been before him, and in the name of Christ had already seized a very large part of the earth that was available and desirable. Still, he might have done something. He might even then have failed; but he could have claimed the merit of following a policy that time had over and over again vindicated.

C. COHEN.

Progress.

THIS is a word in constant use amongst us, though few are able to tell what it means. In the works of Treitschke and Bernhardt we are always coming across the phrase, "the true progress of the human

race," or "the highest development of mankind," or "the greatest good of humanity," but these men only understand by it the gaining of predominance by the race to which they belong. To them progress merely signifies the winning of a commanding position among European Powers by the German Empire. That is the ideal goal towards which the Germanic race is steadfastly set. To us, however, the domination of Europe by the Teutons would not necessarily indicate true progress, but, more likely, a step backwards and downwards, being the triumph of militarism. Indeed, progress is a difficult thing to define, because of the variety of standards and ideals entertained by different nations, and because each nation regards its own as the only true ones, with the result that the nations are now calling one another any number of uncomplimentary names. As a matter of fact, progress is very largely a figment of the fancy. Nature is entirely ignorant of it. The term that most appropriately applies to her processes is evolution, and evolution is simply a double change from the imperceptible into the perceptible, and then back again. All life is a cycle, always ending where it began. Nature has established no goals towards which she unflinchingly toils. Spencer prefers the word "involution," regarding it as a more accurate designation of Nature's operations. Progress, then, is a literary term, and means different things to different people. An advanced nation may signify a strong nation in the purely material sense, or it may denote a highly intellectual and refined people.

Now, since progress is not a law of Nature, or since development is not an eternal principle, we shall discern very few and exceedingly slender evidences of progress as we carefully contemplate the history of the world. What we call civilisation is not a product of yesterday. According to Professor Flinders Petrie, there was a high state of civilisation in Egypt nine thousand years ago. Possibly Babylonia was in a similar state earlier still. Coming down to historic Greece, we find it a marvellously civilised country. The Greeks were a truly superior race, whether we regard them from the philosophical, artistic, or scientific point of view. They were in every respect a great and distinguished people. Twenty-four centuries ago they enjoyed an intellectual pre-eminence of the most dazzling splendor. Since then there have been many changes, but scarcely any advance. Have we many thinkers in the twentieth century worthy of comparison with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, or Epicurus? Can we boast of poets who are greater than, or even as great as, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; of artists who outshine Phidias, or of statesmen superior to Pericles? Then we arrive at the brilliant period of Alexandrian and Syracusan greatness. At Alexandria lived Eratosthenes, keeper of the great library, the first great physiographer, the first to arrive at an approximately accurate measurement of the size of the earth; and he made his calculation on the assumption that the earth is round. Here flourished the first scientific astronomer, Hipparchus, who discovered the procession of the equinoxes, and first catalogued the stars. It was here that the steam-engine was invented by Heron; and it was from a clever device of his that the modern hot-air engines were developed. At Syracuse flourished Archimedes, who is characterised as "the greatest mathematician and the greatest inventor of antiquity."

In those great days of yore intellectual giants graced the earth, the light of whose genius shone with exceeding brightness. Then Christianity came and completely extinguished that brilliant light, crushing it under her feet of clay. The ancient civilisation by degrees utterly perished, and the world kept sinking lower and lower until it touched bottom in the tenth century. Civilisation went, and, as even Milton sorrowfully confesses, morality went with it. At last a revival started with the arrival of the Arabs in Europe, and the consequent awakening and new life of the classical learning which had been slumbering for centuries beneath layer upon layer of dogmatic and traditional rubbish. And once more

the light of knowledge was seen shining in a new morning glory. Doubtless now at last it is a light that shall shine more and more unto the perfect day of knowledge; but it shineth at present in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. Yes, science is marching on to triumph, not because present-day workers are intellectually superior to their predecessors in antiquity, but because they have better instruments and improved methods. The natural capacity of the human mind is not greater now than it was in the best Athenian, Alexandrian, or Syracusan days. The advance already made has been almost exclusively of a mechanical nature. The progress of the race has been of a deeply doubtful character. For years we have read and heard a great deal about the superior German culture, and behind the allusions thereto and boasts there has incontestably been much genuine if somewhat conceited sincerity; but allowing for all exaggerations in sensational newspaper reports, we cannot escape the conclusion that the superiority melts clean away in practice. How true, after all, is Mr. Carl Snyder's following generalisation:—

"We must concede that neither mentally, morally, nor physically has the race varied greatly in six thousand and, perhaps, ten or fifteen thousand years. The intervening period has meant less change than is represented, say, in the advance from a bushman or a cave-dweller to a Zulu chieftain" (*New Conceptions in Science*, p. 20).

And this in spite, perhaps *because*, of the vast difference Christ is alleged to have made.

It is true that the present war is the biggest thing in that line the world has ever seen. The slaughter will be on an incalculably greater scale than on any former occasion. War is in its very nature the most atrociously brutal of all realities. But we have had many thousands of wars before which, on their smaller scale, were quite as bloody and attended by quite as many horrors as this is likely to be. Why, during nearly two thousand years Europe has been free from cruel bloodshed for scarcely two years running, and practically all the blood spilt in all those ages has borne upon it the name of God and the interests of conflicting religions. Now, the question that demands an answer is this, Can you point to a single sanguinary conflict that did not result in the demoralisation of those engaged in it? Does not war of necessity arouse the lowest instincts and worst passions of human nature? Is it possible to take part in a brutal game without being more or less brutalised? And yet, in spite of all this, ministers of religion are assuring their credulous congregations that *this* war is going to be an exception to the rule, that *this* war shall put an end to war for ever. Dr. Horton confidently predicts that after *this* war "the nations will be prepared to turn again to their deserted Lord, and to fall at the feet of Jesus." Then he exclaims, in an emotional outburst, "Christ may be the true Conqueror in this..... Have faith in God, and he will give us the victory." Dr. F. B. Meyer, he who two years ago prophesied an immediate religious revival that never came, now cocksurely says: "I believe the heavenly legions are marching forward. Our Empire has been called to bear the brunt of this terrific conflict, and to see that for all time to come men may worship, beneath the Cross, in peace and good will." The *British Congregationalist* for September 17, however, admits that "the Church has undoubtedly failed to control the baser passions of mankind, the lust of power, the desire for vindicating by force of arms the policy that is summed up in the phrase 'might is right,'" and puts in a plea for emotional Christianity, which alone is capable of redeeming the world. Then it adds:—

"Intellectual Christianity has been Germany's curse at this crisis. We now find its exponents in the ranks of those who bolster up the lust of power and the crimes of war. What the world wants is the one great note of the love and Fatherhood of God, and the frank and humble acknowledgment that the Gospel of the Prince of Peace cannot be effectively preached in the face of the schism in the ranks of the Christian Church."

Is it any marvel that the British are reviled as a nation of hypocrites? Think of the insincerity displayed by the ease with which men of God contradict one another as to the cause of the war. One swears that it is the cold-blooded Atheism of Prussia; another, it is the adoption of the philosophy of Nietzsche, the essence of which is lyingly alleged to be the denial of morality; and another that it is the profession of an intellectual Christianity, or the belief that the vital things in religion are of the intellect, and not of the heart and spirit. They are all mistaken, the Kaiser having declared that he has gone forth for this work of destruction clothed with the Spirit of God, whose sword, whose weapon, whose vice-regent he claims to be; and their prediction of the religious effect of the war is sure to be as false as their conflicting explanations of its cause. One thing is certain, namely, that whatever the issue of the war may be, humanity is not at all likely to march forward by leaps and bounds once it is at an end. Transformation of character does not occur after that fashion. In the first "Locksley Hall" Tennyson

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations 'airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," that glowing hope of youth has faded, and in its place is a dogged resignation recklessly clinging to the new doctrine of evolution half apologetically, thus:—

"Nay, your pardon, cry your 'forward,' yours are hope and youth, but I—
Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry,
Lame and old, and past his time, and passing into the night."

And so "Progress halts on palsied feet," and is destined to halt, more or less, for many a long year to come.

J. T. LLOYD.

The Ebb Tide of War Poetry.

"A time for frightened peace to pant."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE noise of battle is echoing in all ears and many poets have attempted to celebrate this tremendous moment of the world. The papers have been full of their good phrases, excellent sentiments, and some well-turned lines; but nothing so far that recalls the masterly songs of the older poets. Compared with the resounding lays of the poets of previous generations, the present-day singers are poor of resource and barren of ideas, and their honeyed effusions sound like "the horns of elfland faintly blowing." Think of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," Tennyson's "Revenge," "Charge of the Light Brigade," or his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." Recall the sonorous music of Swinburne, or Meredith's stately verse, or the vivid realism of Walt Whitman, and then turn to the mouthing and coxcombry of the latter-day bards.

This absence of real present-day poetry has caused editors and publishers to disinter some of Rudyard Kipling's earlier verse, particularly "The Recessional," which has been printed as a hymn-sheet for the use of Christian congregations. This poem is, however, but Anglo-Indian orthodoxy "writ large." The second verse, if it stood alone, might pass; though its best line, "An humble and a contrite heart," has not the merit of novelty. But how absurd is the association of the reference just quoted to that other sentiment:—

"Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law."

It almost seems as if Rudyard Kipling were utterly incapable of striking a deep note on his lyre.

In his "White Horses," he attempts to be profound, and all he can suggest is that the very sea is bestowed by the Almighty for the express purpose of destroying our enemies. Even the poetasters who illuminate the pages of *Punch* can do this sort of thing without too much loss of dignity. The older poets wore their singing robes with a far better grace. Assuredly the poets of to-day cannot approach the altitude of:—

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific turn,"

or the magistral music of "The Marsellaise," in which is preserved the clangor of the trumpets of war—a veritable soldiers' song that heartened a nation of soldiers in the hour of their supreme struggle.

What the little poets overlook is that humanity is eternal, and that the horrors will pass away. The greatest artists, "looking before and after," justify their use of the terrible with beauties that are taken from happiness. In the midst of that greatest of all tragedies, Shakespeare introduces that pathetic note of music in which the captive Lear says to his beloved Cordelia, "We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage." Shakespeare never for a single instant made the mistake of imagining that the heroic spirit is a thing which is possessed by soldiers and sailors only, and that they monopolise it whilst the rest of men and women are inert and impotent. Just as water cannot rise above its level, so the heroism of soldiers cannot rise above the level of the nation. There is a heroism of the hearth, and of the daily work, which speaks of duty and devotion no less than the embattled field. The workman who has to subsist on starvation wages, the wives who have to wear quiet, cheerful faces with the shadow at their hearts, the mothers who are ever waiting for news of their loved ones; all these are none the less heroic because they are unaccompanied by the panoply of war.

After all, how should drawing-room singers be affected by the tremendous, awful, and heart-shaking facts of a European War. Their small minds cannot visualise the long roads of Europe thundering with the march of the great guns, resounding with the tramp of endless hosts of men. Yet the large heart of a great poet could not fail to respond to the terrible cry of struggle and triumph, or the still more appealing note of human agony. The spectacle of even one murdered mother with her babe clasped to her bosom, even in her death agony, should find an echo in his heart:—

"Other sins only speak; murder cries out;
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upward and bedews the heavens."

Love of one's country is the common birthright of poets, but it is ridiculous to express that love in the sham sentiment of the music-halls. Whitman, in scores of pages, wrote himself a citizen of the world, but his thought was enriched and purified by the awful experiences of the American Civil War. There is no false rhetoric or brazen bravado in his "Dirge for Two Veterans":—

"The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music;
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love."

Indeed, the nineteenth century poets responded freely to the heroic influences of their time. Byron, who died like a soldier for Greece, regarded the liberation of Italy as "the very poetry of politics." Shelley's intense sympathy gave us the immortal lines on "The Euganean Hills" and "The Ode to Naples." A later and a greater writer, George Meredith, gave the noblest utterance to the French national sentiment during its ordeal of suffering in 1870. From her Casa Guidi windows Mrs. Browning watched the struggle for Italian freedom, and her muse was afire with impassioned sympathy. Swinburne, however, surpassed them all in the ardor of his devotion and in the rapture of his praise:—

"The very thought in us how much we love thee
Makes the throat sob with love and blinds the eyes."

With quieter eyes that veteran of the Victorian intellectuals, Thomas Hardy, has achieved the masterpiece of "The Dynasts," a magnificent work to which the language can give no rival. The subject is the Titanic struggles of the Napoleonic wars. We begin with the preparations in England to meet an expected French invasion; we end with the carnage of Waterloo; and the music throughout responds to the grandeur of the theme. As we would expect, the death of Nelson inspires the author, and his tribute is lyrical:—

"Who in simplicity and sheer good faith
Strove but to serve his country."

And that touch of the "grey dial"

"marking unconsciously this bloody hour"

is of the higher flights of the imagination. How characteristic, too, are the verses, "Time's Laughing-stocks," addressed by the soldier to his dead enemy:—

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!
But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.
I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe.
Just so; my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although
He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Offhand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.
Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half a crown."

This is poles asunder from the blood and thunder heroics of the minor poets, who are everywhere forgetting that the petty personalities of party politics, and praise of ourselves as the noblest and best of all the races of the earth is altogether out of place, and no matter for serious poetry. There is great and grave harm in the fact that the subtler and more civilised honor of England is not presented so as to keep pace with the times. Generations ago a brave and handsome Cavalier poet sang of a soldier's honor in unforgettable language, addressed to his mistress:—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.
True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

The first of all the marks of love is seriousness, and Colonel Richard Lovelace, who wrote that perfect song, lost his all in supporting the Cavalier cause, and died a ruined man. War may be an insane lust, but its cruelty and blindness is in part redeemed by the superb courage which never submits. What we really need for the frustration of a depraved and raucous Jingoism is a renaissance of education. That the countrymen of Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin should march to battle to the strains of a vulgar music-hall song is intolerable, when we remember that the minstrel Taillefer rode out before the Norman host singing of Roland and of Oliver, and the knights who died at Roncevaux.

MIMNERMUS.

Blake and Others.

It is strange how one may be deceived by a pre-conception of the particular place of a poet in the firmament of letters. We had known Blake chiefly by some grotesque Biblical designs, which at first

sight repelled us. After enjoying his companionship for a week or so, we were compelled to confess that the approach to a poet is not by way of a design depicting a devil dancing on the abdomen of Job. Regretfully we have to admit that we had acquired the opinion that Blake was better left alone; but we chronicle our joy to the sun, the moon, and the stars, and to readers of the *Freethinker* when we say that we found him a lovable friend, a cheerful singer, and poet of sunny optimism sparkling like dew in the morning. Heaven send us more like him! The road on which we travel, beset by gibbets of superstition, lurking with wildfowl of revelations, and strewn with the bodies of dead and dying faiths, is, in many places, as dreary as the Steppes of Russia; and we cannot dispense with one singer who, in tones of purity, cheers and fortifies us on the grand tour called life.

To us, Blake appears to have much in common with Swinburne, and we had seen his name coupled with that of Nietzsche. Therefore, it was with no small degree of pleasure that we examined the poetical versions of "Good and Evil," and this decision drew us down many pleasant byways. With willing steps we followed him from his light poetical sketches to the "Songs of Innocence," and from thence to his "Songs of Experience" and "Ideas of Good and Evil."

For beauty and charm, the four stanzas "To Spring" will favorably compare with those of any accepted poet, and we cannot resist the temptation to quote the opening four lines:—

"O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O spring!"

Here we meet with reasonable personification, clarity of thought, and we hear the musical cadence of a genius. We should hesitate to ascribe similar qualities to the production of James Thomson on the same subject. Blake's invocation consists of sixteen lines; Thomson's, inscribed to a member of exalted society, contains more than we have the disposition to count, and lacks the fascination and glow of one not dedicated to any titled patron. The defects of patronage are almost too apparent to call for comment; what material gain is received in this respect seems to be marked by a loss of freedom and spontaneity. It would appear that the bane of the patronised poet was his servility to one whose palate had to be tickled, and as a result of this posterity is the loser. Patronage of this kind is not confined to any age, neither is it restricted to the world of letters. At this moment, religious bodies have hundreds of capable men who could find better work to do outside their respective circles, but for no other reason than that of bread and butter they are compelled to plough the sands of theology.

In the "Proverbs" of Blake there is an apt allusion to matters which are now claiming the attention of everybody:—

"Nought can deform the human race
Like to the armorer's iron brace;
The soldier armed with sword and gun,
Palsied, strikes the summer's sun."

This problem of force was apparent in his time, and to this day it has lost none of its difficulties. A mystic of Blake's temperament preferred the jewelled plough to the glittering sword, and we could not imagine him placing any faith in the doctrine of might being right. In the region of ideas truly philosophic, force is never present, either for the inception of the new or the propagation of the true.

In "The Everlasting Gospel" there are two lines which significantly sum up his opinion of the Gospel Jesus:—

"I am sure this Jesus will not do
Either for Englishman or Jew."

In pity he expresses his judgment about a character the best parts of which no Freethinker will sneer at, and the worst parts—well, we can safely leave them in the hands of his various commentators. If the Gospel writers could not give the world a clear pic-

ture of Jesus, then those who live on the cross cannot expect us to rise to great heights of faith. Renan lived about two thousand years too late.

Travelling farther with this poet and mystic, we come to a narrative poem entitled "Mary." Sweetness, tenderness, and love breathe through every line, and no one can read it without recognising the iron-hearted treatment meted out to helpless women. Here, again, on the social plane, we are face to face with the doctrine of force, and its disastrous consequences. Force is not an attribute of civilisation; it exists in spite of it. So long as force rests on an irrational basis, the best of mankind will rebel, and the worst will be found drivelling about the will of God. That there is a plentiful supply of the latter folk none will deny; the feather-bed side of life will always allure, the easy path to salvation will always invite; but we shall always have poets like Blake to draw us to the sweeter side of life.

With eyes to heaven, it is not to be wondered at that the Christians make such a poor display on earth. They see visions, they dream dreams, and the earth is still as wretched as it was in Swift's time, when he wrote "I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." The numbers who are deaf to the calls of common sense have not decreased since *Gulliver's Travels* was written, and for that reason admirers of Blake will always be limited. It was not for the rabble that he wrote—

"The sword sang on the barren heath,
The sickle in the fruitful field:
The sword he sang a song of death,
But could not make the sickle yield."

We must conclude with the remark that this is a perfect example of mystical Atheism.

WILLIAM REPTON.

Correspondence.

KEATS'S "BULL."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Your contributor, "Mimnermus," in his article this week, accuses John Keats of perpetrating a "bull." Is not Charles Lamb nearer the truth when he says, in reviewing this poem: "The anticipation of the assassination is wonderfully conceived in one epithet, in the narration of the ride,—

'So the two brothers, and their murder'd man,
Rode past fair Florence'?"

THOMAS C. RIGLIN.

DEMOCRACY AND WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE FREETHINKER."

SIR,—Norman Angelism is the most likely thing to stop war—if one could apply it. But war will never cease whilst the priest, in alliance with the financier who pays him, controls education. In our days all wars are the result of commercialism. Religion may play a subsidiary part, as in the Ulster strife, which might have led to a sort of war; and patriotism is worked on by wire-pullers in the present war; but all the nations concerned are motivated in the main by self-interest.

If the principles of democracy could be applied, war would cease; but what do we see in England, as elsewhere? One set of democrats fighting another, instead of the common enemy. In this war I don't believe there is absolute right in any one of the combatants; it is a fight between groups of financiers and nations greedy to steal from each other, and the Socialists of each country supporting the financiers of their own country. They all appeal to God. Our King and the Emperor of Austria are not far behind the Kaiser in this respect.

Children require to be educated in Norman Angelism. How is it to be done?

A. J. MARRIOTT.

"Pa, who was Shylock?" "Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday-school every week, and don't know who Shylock was?" cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. "Go and read your Bible, sir."

Acid Drops

A thousand men joined Kitchener's Army from the Salvation Army Social Institutions. This tremendous event is suitably celebrated by Poet Begbie, who seems to aim at undercutting Mr. John Masefeld. A "pome" of his called "Saved" appeared a few days ago in the *Chronicle*. The Salvation soldiers are now in an army with real blood and fire, and march along with "a Hallelujah swing"—whatever that is. Finally comes the following refrain:—

"Ho, we've slung our sins behind us,
And we're marching to the front,
And if the Devil wants to find us,
Why, it's there he'll have to hunt.
We've a feel of soap and water,
And we're in with Christian men;
Ho, a chap can do some slaughter
When he knows he's born again!"

We endorse this most thoroughly. If it isn't poetry it's truth. A born-again chap is up (or down) to anything—including any amount of slaughter. Read the Old Testament. And there are some nice texts in the New. For instance "Those mine enemies that would not I should reign over them bring them hither and slay them before me" or "I came not to send peace but a sword."

The Kaiser, as God's pal, is no better and no worse than Harold Begbie. The last verse of this modest Englishman's "Fall In!" ends with the declaration that "England's call is God's." Who says so? The (minor) poet Begbie. "Germany's call is God's." Who says so? The Kaiser William. Both declarations are blasphemy—flat blasphemy—very flat blasphemy. About as flat as they make it.

Mr. William Le Queux, the novelist, in his twopennyworth of *German Atrocities*, copied from the newspapers, without the slightest effort at verification, ends up his "Foreword" in the same pious way.

"The frightful deeds which have been done over the face of Belgium and in France are, no doubt, intended to be repeated in Great Britain, and, if it were possible, the Red Hand of Destruction would certainly be laid very heavy upon us—more heavily, perhaps, because we, by our honesty of purpose, have incurred the hatred of Kaiserdom.

"Yet we should reassure ourselves by remembering that when Attila of old came to Chalons, full of ostentation and the great War-Lord he came to his own undoing, and his dominion at once disappeared to the winds. There is One with Whom vengeance lies for wrongs, and most assuredly will He mete out the same dread Fate of death and obscurity to the unblushing War-Lord of Germany, who, daily, with his blasphemous impiety, lifts his bloodstained hands and thanks his Maker for his shameful 'successes.'"

No doubt the Germans have committed abominable outrages, which have been brought to the Kaiser's notice, and that he has done nothing to check them. It even looks as though he had ordered or suggested them. Yet he "daily appeals for the blessing of God"—which, according to Mr. Le Queux, is the Kaiser's crime. But every nation engaged in war reminds God that he owes it a victory. Why should Germany be excluded?

A lie deliberately and repeatedly told, a lie rooted, not in ignorance, but in prejudice, cannot be too often or too vigorously exposed, because it is the vilest and most pernicious thing under the sun. Such a lie is the assertion, made again and again by such prominent Christian ministers as the Bishop of Zanzibar, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that the Atheism of Prussia is the cause of the present war. As a matter of undeniable fact, it is a conviction firmly held by the overwhelming majority of Atheists that all differences between nations, as well as between individuals, can and ought to be amicably and permanently settled without having recourse to armed force. But this is a conviction that has never been cherished by the Christian Church. Hundreds of times has she had the sword unsheathed in furtherance of her own ambitious interests. Popes have ere now marched at the head of armies, and inspired the most bloody wars. Even the meek and mild Gospel Jesus is reported to have ordered his disciples to sell their cloaks and buy swords, and to have stated that his mission in the world was not to give peace, but a sword. We know that the teaching attributed to him is extremely self-contradictory, as has also been that of his Church in all ages. Do not these men of God know that there is nothing un-Christian, much less anti-Christian, in the fact that the Church has always been, and still is, at heart the most bellicose organisation in the world?

Now, we will give Dr. Clifford, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and Sir William Nicoll the opportunity of publicly showing how beautifully, as well as daringly, consistent they can be on a pinch. Will they have the goodness to declare unambiguously that Martin Luther must have been an impious dethroner of Christ and a very wicked Atheist, because he was a strong believer in war? General Bernhardt, in the chapter entitled "The Duty to Make War" (*Germany and the Next War*, pp. 54, 55), quotes the great Reformer in support of his own teaching, and the quotation is very much to the point, as the following extract from it abundantly shows:—

"We must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking, Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business, Divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work."

Surely only a God-defying barbarian could have written like that, otherwise those men of God, whom we have accused of lying, stand utterly and finally self-condemned.

The *British Weekly* is angry with the Kaiser for his use of religious phraseology. It quotes from one of his speeches as follows:—

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am his weapon, his sword, his vice-gerent. Woe to the disobedient, death to cowards and unbelievers."

We admit that this is a trifle strong, and betokens a want of mental balance. Still, save for the pronounced personal note and the threat of vengeance, there is not much here that could not be paralleled by speeches manufactured in Britain. We also have been very fond of talking of the British people as being providentially selected for this or that work. And even in this war we are talking of doing God's work in overthrowing the Kaiser's plans. And is there any substantial difference between the British claim that God is on their side, and the German claim that God is fighting for them? If one claim is silly, why is the other sensible? Would not the really sensible thing be to leave God out of account altogether?

The *British Weekly* also quotes against the Kaiser his speech to the German troops who left for China in 1900, in which he ordered the soldiers to take no prisoners and show no quarter. On that occasion the German soldiers were co-operating with other European troops for the relief of Peking, and it is curious that so little was said against it at the time. Why did not the *British Weekly* protest, at the time, against British troops co-operating with soldiers who were thus instructed? Of course, it was against the Chinese, and they were not Christians. And, as a matter of fact, the Christian troops in China outdid in barbarity all that is now recorded of the German Christian soldiers in Belgium. Time brings many changes, and the fact of our denouncing as an outrage on civilisation methods that we, at least, passed by in silence fourteen years ago, is not the least curious.

Sir Robertson Nicoll again falls foul of Treitschke. And it is curious to find a writer—on another page of the *British Weekly*—pointing out that Treitschke "loved the Bible because it describes so many wars, and sets before us so many warlike figures, thus teaching lessons of manliness to the young. He wished the Bible to be taught in schools and committed to memory. The choice, he used to say, lies between Christianity and Materialism." There it is! Treitschke loved the Bible. The Kaiser also loves the Bible. It is the book he always consults for guidance. One was, and the other is, a sincere Christian. There is no doubt whatever about that. It is a fact that other Christians—in this country—find most awkward. We would like Sir Robertson Nicoll to explain why it is that men like the Emperor of Germany have so often the fullest support for all they did in the Christian religion. That would be much more to the point than all the yards of pious piffle to which he has lately treated his readers.

Prussia has been pilloried as the poisoner of Germany, but the chief teachers of "the religion of valor" were not Prussians. Nietzsche was of Saxon birth; Bernhardt, of Italian origin; Von Treitschke, a Saxon of Czech origin; and Houston Chamberlain an Englishman.

The newspapers are entirely given over to war news, and the pleasant editorial pastime of hanging haloes on murderer's necks has been temporarily abandoned. As a fact, the ordinary murderers are very quiet. Maybe they are too

busy gloating over the details of wholesale manslaughter in the press.

Since the war started the range of the collecting-box has considerably increased. Let us hope that the habit of inserting brace-buttons and bad money has declined.

That six-weeks' soldier, the Bishop of London, has been parading in his khaki uniform, which must be a change after wearing petticoats for so many years. He was at the front—in the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons—last week, arrayed like Tartarin crossing the Alps.

There has been considerable searching of hearts among some Christian people as to the propriety of holding harvest festivals this year. The Bishop of Chelmsford, however, "trusts that thanksgiving gatherings may be held." To parody Browning, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the Christian world"—despite the red harvest on the Continent.

Religious journalists have been bewailing the war as an effect of German "culture." That is so like them. It requires a pious frame of mind to discover "culture" in Bernhardt's book, which is as emotional as any other soldier's pocket-book.

There are two things, at least, that the present war should make clear. The one is the utter needlessness of conscription, either from the point of view of protection or of efficiency. For years we have been told that some form of conscription was essential, and that to get ready for war was the only way of preserving peace. Well, if that doctrine is sound anywhere, it must be sound everywhere; and the complete answer to the most muddle-headed of conscriptionists is—Germany. Did her getting ready for war make for peace? On the contrary, all that was best in German life has been lowered and degraded by the spirit of militarism that has been cultivated. And what militarism has done in Germany it would do everywhere else, given the same power and the same opportunity. German human nature is not different from human nature elsewhere—although to read some of the journals one would imagine that to be the case. It is everywhere the expression of the forces to which it is subjected. Given the same militarist environment for a generation or so, and the product in other countries would be essentially similar.

The second superstition that is badly scotched, if it is not killed, is that militarism is essential to "efficiency." "Efficiency" is a blessed word, and may mean almost anything. But, taking it on the not very elevated plane of capacity for fighting, the facts have given it the lie direct. There has been no lack of volunteers—there never is, as a matter of fact, during war time—and these volunteers show no lack of physical efficiency. On the contrary, the authorities express surprise at the quality of the men who have come forward. This ought to at least weaken the belief that civil life unfits a man for playing a soldier's part when it is necessary that he should do so. The truth is that all the qualities that make a soldier really of value are bred in civil life—warfare merely provides a platform for their ostentatious exhibition. This is shown by the fact that an army in the field—one that is not being continually recruited by fresh blood—deteriorates in all those qualities that make an army of value. That is why the bands of mercenary soldiers in the Middle Ages fell to pieces. That is why every country that has devoted itself to militarism has come to grief. Devotion to duty, courage, the sense of comradeship, the sense of honor, readiness for co-operation, are all social virtues, and are merely transferred from the civil to the military field of action.

The Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society is appealing for help for his Society on the ground that the war raised "various special problems for Christian speakers to solve." We do not know what problems there are facing the Christian speaker that were not there before. Perhaps Mr. Drawbridge only means that there is not the same opportunity for dodging them under present conditions. But the idea of a Christian Evidence speaker solving any problem of a really serious character is delicious—to those who know Christian Evidence speakers. So far as we are concerned, we have never known them to solve a problem, but they have always suggested one—that is the problem of explaining how a man can go on talking for as long as they do without falling into the truth or dropping into common sense. Perhaps it is practice that does it.

It is certain, says Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, that "human history is full of testimony that it is not trouble that drives men away from God or destroys their faith in Him. The most troubled times have been the times of deepest religious experience, the deepest realization of the presence of God." It is all a matter of temperament. There are men who are driven to their knees by trouble, and there are others who meet it with heads up and their eyes open. The mere fact of so many apologies for God being put forward in times of trouble proves that the movement is not in the one direction only. People who are really religious become more pronounced in their expressions of piety when the "Lord's hand is heavy on them." Those who are not really religious, but have passively accepted religious doctrines, are driven to question the value of these teachings, and those who are definitely non-religious see in the condition of the world fresh support for their views. This is really all there is in it. For ourselves, we vastly prefer the attitude of the man who faces trouble as something to be overcome by unaided human effort than that of the one who goes on his knees and whimpers about the chastening hand of God.

The Bishop of London fears lest people, in the many calls for subscriptions arising from the war, will overlook the requirements of the Church. He says that the "primary interests" of religion may suffer, and "the call to self-sacrifice is apt to be interpreted by many as a call to sacrifice some department of God's work." Naturally, the Bishop does not allow anything to obscure his professional outlook. Religion is "the primary interest," and people should attend to that first. He should lay this view before Lord Kitchener, who has, apparently, quite overlooked it.

Another great trouble is the scarcity of chaplains for the new Army that is being raised. This is, again, a point that seems to have quite escaped the attention of the authorities. The public has been appealed to for all sorts of things—blankets, mufflers, socks, reading for the wounded (tracts were specially marked "not wanted"), but no one has appealed for more parsons. Lord Kitchener should see to it at once. And yet we fancy that if the suggestion were made to send all the clergy of Great Britain off to the front, the only people who would wholeheartedly support it would be Freethinkers.

Most of our readers will be interested in the following leaderette taken from the *Daily News*, and thank us for reproducing it:—

"THE PHANTOM ARMY.

Accepting at its face value the official denial of the presence of Russians in the West, the world is provided with a psychological experience infinitely richer and subtler than the military experience of an actual Russian army in the West could be. No story could have had a wider circulation, and seem to be strengthened by testimony more various or more respectable. Policemen had seen these Russians, mayors had entertained them, bus-drivers had observed them, engine-drivers had driven them, men had travelled with them and photographed them, women had spoken to them, scholars had interpreted for them, shipowners had lent their ships for them. Here was an accumulation of witnesses which would have convinced the normal mind of the truth of any assertion not in itself manifestly absurd. Now we are assured on the sufficient authority of the War Office that the whole story is without foundation in fact. We can well believe that not a few of the stories were the deliberate fabrications of a misguided humor; but the solid residue of serious recitation will constitute an imposing monument to humanity's power of self-deception. Here is a warning to which every student of history, and in particular of the history of religions, will have to give heed. That word "warning" is significant—being what it is and where it is.

In the good old days when England was really Christian, Biblical names used to be the fashion. Recently, those seem to be borrowed from the penny novelettes; but the war has aroused martial feelings in many maternal breasts. Who will be the first to call the baby Kitchener Jellico Joffre French Liege — ?

According to the *Star*, bright novels are wanted for the relaxation of wounded soldiers, but religious tracts are not desirable. Why is not the same wholesome rule observed in ordinary hospitals?

The kilt of the Highlanders continues to be a spring of comic inspiration for Continental newspapers. Yet the petticoat of the priest is as plentiful as blackberries in an English lane.

Among the new book-notices appears *The Pride of Eve*. Whatever it was, it was scarcely a pride in being well-dressed.

To Correspondents.

PRESIDENT'S HONORARIUM FUND, 1914.—Previously acknowledged, £207. Received since:—Thomas Dixon, 10s.; G. P. Denny (per D. Baxter), 10s.; G. Thomas, 1s.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN.—You raise an interesting question, though not for the first time, but the treatment of spies does not come within the scope of the *Freethinker*. We agree with you, however, that the "kind-heartedness of our soldiers" is a most valuable national asset. It is probably the most valuable of all things in the world, whether in soldiers or civilians. One may observe, too, that the moral lessons read in courts of law by the judges of one country to the spies of another are perfectly farcical, for they all maintain the spy system, which is the inevitable result of keeping up an army at all.

H. GEORGE FARMER.—You are right, but we see no reason for advertising it.

JOHN A. REID.—Your good wishes are reciprocated.

B. THOMAS, who describes himself as "an old coal miner 60 years of age," takes two copies of the *Freethinker* weekly and gives one away to "likely subscribers." Our circulation would improve if others acted in the same spirit, according to opportunity.

G. S. P.—Sorry to hear that nothing addressed from "this place" (your residence in the United States) to the editor of the *Freethinker* "stands the remotest chance" of starting for its destination. Copy under consideration. Mr. Foote is sleeping rather better. The difficulties as to our necessary change of premises still remain. With regard to the effect of the war on our circulation, we did not say we had not suffered at all, but not so much as we expected. There is always a prospect of danger while the war lasts.

W. P. BALL.—Many thanks for cuttings.

J. PARTRIDGE.—We hope the Birmingham Branch meeting will be thoroughly successful. We should like to join, at least "in spirit," in the well-deserved compliment to Messrs. Willis and Williams.

G. THOMAS.—We understand that G. K. Chesterton is a Roman Catholic, though we don't recollect that he has plainly said so. Thanks for your efforts to promote our circulation.

W. REPTON.—The contingent promise is not forgotten though so long delayed.

C. JORDAN.—Not bad for a first effort, but hardly up to our mark. Glad you find sense and humanity in the *Freethinker* on the subject of war.

We must again announce that we cannot answer anonymous letters. It is a good rule of journalism that correspondents must give their names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SECULAR SOCIETY, LIMITED, office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

THE NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY'S office is at 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

When the services of the National Secular Society in connection with Secular Burial Services are required, all communications should be addressed to the secretary, Miss E. M. Vance.

LETTERS for the Editor of the *Freethinker* should be addressed to 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

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.

In order to "keep up the connection" Mr. Foote has secured the Queen's (Minor) Hall for Sunday evening, October 11. No doubt a hall-full of his London friends, with some liberal-minded outsiders, will be glad to hear him again. It is a good while since they had the opportunity. Full particulars will appear next week.

In ordering a new supply of paper for the *Freethinker* (a tentative supply) we have made a slight change in the weight, but none in the size or quality. We fancy that most of our readers will fail to notice the difference. Those who do notice it will probably agree that it is not an occasion for weeping or wailing or complaining. The *Freethinker* has never been printed on poor paper. It looks remarkably well in bound volumes. We have always had a respect for its appearance, and it is not lost. Of course the new paper will not come into use for a week or two. We will mention the matter again in due course.

We are always obliged to keep a good quantity of paper in stock, in order to be prepared for any accident that may happen to the *Freethinker*. It is a peculiar journal, it has many enemies, and we have to be ready for everything. Both "accidents" and "accidental accidents" have to be provided for.

The Birmingham N. S. S. Branch will celebrate Bradlaugh Sunday to-day (Sept. 27) by holding a meeting at the Oriental Café, Hill-street, at 7 p.m. Friends as well as members are cordially invited. At the conclusion of the main purpose of the meeting presentations will be made to Mr. F. E. Willis and Mr. E. Clifford Williams of testimonials in recognition of their lectures and general propagandist work in aid of the local Freethought movement.

Mr. William Archer's letter on Heinrich von Treitschke in a recent *Daily Chronicle* is noticeable for a phrase quite on a level with one that figured in our indictment for "blasphemy" in 1883. It appears that the German historian, who supplies the absolutist philosophy for the Kaiser and the whole military party in Hun-Land, was converted himself to that view of things by Sadoara and Sedan. "Up to that point," Mr. Archer says, "his views had been comparatively human. He had been inclined to rationalism in religion, and had not yet become a devotee of the tribal God who smiles upon all carnage that is commanded by the pious House of Hohenzollern." One of the statements that got us into trouble was that the God of the Bible (presumably the party that Mr. Archer refers to) was "as cruel as a Bashi-Bazouk [an echo of the then recent Russo-Turkish war and the Bulgarian atrocities] and as bloodthirsty as a royal Bengal tiger." The sentence was not our own; it was from the pen of a contributor. But it was true; it could not be objectionable except to the worshippers of the said Deity; and we defended it as quite permissible in a country that boasted of its free speech. We paid the penalty of having, and displaying, a little more courage than most people in religious discussion; but we never regretted it, and our "crime" has become a commonplace. Mr. Blatchford said some nice things about Jehovah, then came the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and then a flood of attack was let loose upon a Deity who was found to have scarcely a handful of friends left amongst the younger generation. To mention him even as an acquaintance nowadays calls for some kind of apology. Mr. Archer feels free to dig him under the fifth rib in the columns of a highly respectable newspaper. We are delighted to see the progress of ideas for which we suffered. Some day or other it will be perceived that the German "God" is precisely the same one as the English "God," and that it is just as foolish to pray to him in England as it is to pray to him in Germany. Mr. Archer must know, and in time the respectable morning newspaper may let him say it, that all Christians, in their various phases of faith, are "devotees of the tribal God who smiles upon all carnage."

"Whatever Is, Is Right."

PRUSSIA'S mad monarch, spoiling for a fight,
Has set the fires of hell on earth alight,
And sent his troops to ravage, burn, and slay. [way;
Hacking through Belgium and through France their
Plundering and murdering, ravishing and destroying,
And every deed of devilishness enjoying:
But let not this disturb you or affright,
Do we not know "Whatever is, is right" ?

The German troops are told where'er they go
To cause the unarmed the maximum of woe:
To act the parts of murderers and thieves,
Do all the vilest criminal achieves;
Women dishonor, old men stab or shoot;
Strangle small children in default of loot: [write,—
What then? Of such things we should calmly
Are we not told "Whatever is, is right" ?

In wicked wantonness, with rage insane,
They have given to the flames divine Louvain:
Destroyed its noble monuments of old,
Rich above mines of diamonds or gold,—
Each worth the lives of thousands of their hordes,
And all their Junkers, Pedants, and War-Lords:
But let not such things your fierce wrath excite,—
For who can doubt "Whatever is, is right" ?

B. D.

In the Gloaming.

IN their longing for rest some thinkers go to the crowds. Their self-identity, the ego, about which their thoughts circle like so many moths around a flame, seems to be lulled to sleep by the very indefiniteness of a mass of people. They lose the acuteness of self, becoming but a grain of sand in a Sahara; and the consciousness of their littleness operates as an opiate upon their minds. But most of those whose minds crave for relief find it away from their fellows. They go to the hills, to the tree-peopled glens, to the quiet country, where the fumes of the mental miasma we nickname "life" rarely seem to drift. There they taste some of the pure happiness that alone justifies the living out of their days. They escape from themselves.

Although so keenly penetrative at other times, their eyes are content to see only the soft surface and its many marvellous beauties. They forget the unceasing internecine strife between nature's several parts; forget the instinctive animosity that never sleeps; forget the ravage, the horror, the sickening death-throes. They look upon the whole, and its loveliness delights them, and soothes their febrile minds. They gain strength from their joy. Happiness, quiet and solacing, floods their minds. It is well that they forget.

During the early part of the evening he had passed a somewhat strenuous time lecturing. The subject had necessitated references to sociology; present trends of social thought had been touched upon; and many avenues of discussion had, unavoidably, been opened up. His pointed remarks had set fire to the argumentative spirit of the audience; and he had experienced a particularly hot time of it.

Conscious of a weakness in his powers of debating, he had left the lecture-room displeased with himself. And now, as he slowly walked along the busy streets, his mind was becoming tired with the innumerable successful answers he *might* have given. A sense of impatience stung him into a fretfulness that hastened the development of the mental tiredness. His limbs became more and more rapid in their movement. He longed to escape from it all, all these problems, and worryings, and things, that sprang from conscious life as sunrays spring from the sun, and demanded thought and action more than man seemed capable of giving. He longed for quiet; and, without deliberate intention, he was treading the shortest road to the hills.

Soon he became aware the stir of the city was gone. A quick flow of freshness seemed to sweep over his mind. It was similar to the feeling of physical purity that enlivens the body when first immersed in cold, swiftly running fresh water. He stopped; inhaled a deep breath of honeysuckle-scented air; and inhaled and inhaled again. Then he furtively glanced around. Seeing no one in the terrace, the learned gentleman rapidly hoisted himself upon the wall; pulled a spray of the rich red honeysuckle over the railing, broke it off, and jumped down.

It was an unusual escapade for him; but the honeysuckle was worth the loss of dignity. And as he fastened it in the velvet lapel of his coat, he felt as happy as a schoolboy in a "safe" orchard.

The sun had gone down behind the distant unseen hills, leaving the cloud-diapered skies a vision of pink glory. Coolness and calmness moved in the atmosphere to mellow the perfumes of the flowers.

He began to feel well again, and stepped out briskly, determined to watch the pink dissolve into saffron, and then into grey, and to see the evening star flash from its blue robe, from the hillside.

The relief deepened within him when the last mansion was left behind. The city and its poisoned thought-arrows were gone. Peace came upon him; and quiet happiness, such as the gloaming gives to the sensitive spirit, or the country gives to the lover of nature, drifted around him in greater purity than he had ever experienced before. He forgot about the lecture and the discussion. Renouncing, uncon-

sciously, his relationship to humanity, he drew nearer the great mother. One by one the trivialities of society slipped from his mind. Introspection lost its power; and when, at last, he reached the hillside, his mind had become as clean as a mountain loch, beautifully reflecting the surrounding loveliness.

He lay down upon a shoulder of the hill, and, looking upwards, watched with idealess but concentrated mind the marvellous color-changes on the clouds. Often before had he gazed upon those wonderful pictures; but always with a keen, scientific interest; never with the childlike absence of the knowledge of causation that now enthralled him. Nor did his mind even attempt to distinguish the various shades that rapidly followed each other, till the clouds resumed their original grey.

Directly before him, across the glen, rose the hill behind which the sun had said "good-night." On its brow rested a little cloud that was gradually diminishing in size. Slowly it subsided into seeming nothingness. He looked, fascinated, his eyes struggling hard to intensify their sight with the disappearance of the object. When the last wisp of cloud had gone, his eyes relaxed their vigilance; and he saw, with startling suddenness, the loneliness of the hill.

Although it was but a peak in a range that sloped away towards the north, somehow it seemed to be strangely apart from its neighbors. Perhaps the luminous blue atmosphere that surrounded it was somewhat responsible for the awful loneliness that became almost palpable to the man who looked, enthralled by this new spectacle. He had heard of lonely domesticated animals and of lonely men, but never had he realised that Nature, by her marvellous, unpremeditated ingenuity, so to speak, could cast around a hill the dark cloak of solitude. Often had he seen a ship sailing alone on a huge expanse of sea; often had he seen a great mountain standing in solitary grandeur above its fellows; and often had he seen the last memory of a forest waving its branches unconcernedly in the breeze; but this was stranger than those: it had something they had not; it was mystical, weird, wonderful beyond all words; it was uncanny.

The gloomy silence of the hill, its black magnificence, the complacent sense of monarchy that seemed to clothe it in nobility, were all as obvious, as real, as the grass on which he lay. He *felt* them, besides seeing them. Royalty seemed to irradiate from its majestic repose, commanding obeisance from him, and yet flooding his being with a similar supremacy. He felt impelled to rise to his feet, his shoulders and head erect, his eyes bright, undaunted, full of the same knowledge of power, of strength, that it possessed and showed. His obeisance, he felt, could not be the humility of genuflexion. No; rather of fearlessness, of equality, of the discovery of power within himself.

Standing before it, the loneliness of its incomprehensible majesty came more forcibly upon him. The gloom became a sadness too deep for utterance, a sadness that found its only food in stern acquiescence. His arms shot out impulsively, and words of heartrung sympathy rushed to his tongue, but, ere they fell, the pang of their commonplaceness froze them on his lips. The loneliness of the hill, its profound depth of gloom, its motionless, unvanquishable acquiescence, made even sympathy banal.

A dark, upright, solitary figure he stood, enwrapped in the mysterious garment Nature had enwoven about him, gazing across the glen to the hill she had similarly en clothed. It was as if his brain had, for the moment, ceased to function. He had surrendered himself. The ego had become a mirror, nay, more, it had become a part, an impalpable part, of the silent, actionless drama; for drama it was. He felt it. Unconsciously he was moved by it. Unconsciously he had ceased being a spectator; he had become an intrinsic part of it.

Nothing stirred; yet everything had life. The semi-gloom was full of an inconceivable meaning. The deep blue of the air seemed to linger for a

little in its intensity. The weirdness seemed to possess a strange reality that suggested immense potentialities. It was the animation of profound silence, the vitality of motionless might.

And then, gradually, the deep blue seemed to change. Wreaths of pleasant clouds seemed to rise from his brain. He felt his mind's power return to him; and with the lightening of the color there came a fragrance and purity he had never previously experienced.

Suddenly he saw a star glitter above the shoulder of the hill. It was the evening star, as he was taught to name it in his boyhood days. A thrill passed through his nerves. He threw back his head, drew in a deep breath of air, and released the tension of his body. He laughed, and the sound went rippling down into the glen and over to the hill, and the lonely hill joined in his quiet merriment.

He felt a new man, cleaner, stronger, better; and as he trudged joyously citywards, he knew it was good to be alive, good to feel responsive to Nature's loveliness, and good to draw near to the mother-breast and be purified.

ROBERT MORELAND.

Bible Makers.—V.

SOLOMON AND OTHERS.

INTERSPERSED among much that was unwittingly funny, and more that was deliberately barbarous, it was only natural that the Bible makers should supply a few chapters of gloomy sermonising, to lend a kind of moral respectability to the whole work. King Solomon was, therefore, specially retained to supply the article. Credited with almost unlimited knowledge and wisdom, but possessing, if we judge from his writing and conduct, a very infinitesimal quantity of either; a notorious man of the world; devoid altogether of principles or sincerity; a more appropriate person could scarcely have been chosen for the task. No men are more prone to preach—and sometimes very good sermons too—than those whose practice is in flagrant and diametrical opposition to their teachings. From the judge upon the bench to the unpaid magistrate in an obscure country town, or from the opulent bishop to the poor, underpaid curate, we have hundreds of examples of men who, in their official position, give admirable lessons to the public as to how they should conduct themselves morally—lessons which they themselves not only never attempt to put into practice, but which they persistently and deliberately disregard in their daily life. The Spartans, it is said, used to make a slave drunk and set him before their sons so that the exhibition might disgust them, and thus influence them against the excessive use of intoxicating drink. Solomon seems to have been chosen as a contributor to the pages of the Bible on the same principle. Having divided his attention mainly between wine and women, especially the latter; monopolising several hundred wives and three hundred concubines, he was considered to be a high authority upon the things of life in general and upon women and wine in particular.

And a very gloomy opinion it was—pessimistic to the last degree. The reclaimed drunkard is often considered the best advocate of temperance, the converted burglar the most admirable teacher of morality, the reformed prize-fighter the best example of the influence of the meek and lowly Jesus. In Solomon the qualities of all these persons were combined. He had had experience of life in all its various aspects, he had prostituted his physical and mental faculties for the sake of transitory pleasure, and at last, when he became a decrepit, used-up, debauchee, he yelled out in the agony of his despair, "Vanity; all is vanity!"

To Solomon childish laughter seemed fiendish; innocent playfulness, agonising folly; honest toil, madness; and he summed up life as comprising nothing but "Vanity and vexation of spirit." He

had wasted his life and he longed for death to escape from what, to him, was a dreary and miserable existence. While he was in this unpleasant mood he contributed twelve chapters to the Holy Bible, for which the long-faced, lugubrious gentlemen of orthodoxy will ever thank and praise him. Having finished Ecclesiastes, Solomon apparently rested for a time and then rushed into song, which, being written when the author was in a better state of mind, in fact, in quite an affectionate mood, with doubtless one of his many wives sitting upon his knee caressing him, are therefore much more pleasant, though not altogether decent, compositions. The metaphor, at times, is very coarse, as the reader will see if he glances cursorily over the first few verses of chapter seven; and one cannot avoid the conclusion that the writer was inebriated at the time with something of a stronger nature than exuberant verbosity.

The book of the prophet Isaiah follows. Isaiah was a dreamer, and all the terrible events he foresaw as certain to happen he had revealed to him in a vision. Many of these predictions were perfectly safe. They were not to take place till the "last day," and as that interesting period is unlikely to come very soon in a world, that is, as the Prayer Book properly says, "without end," the events are not likely to be carefully verified. When we are assured that "it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all the nations shall flow into it," we can only remark that if ever the mountain of the House of Lords—or Lords' House, which is the same thing—should get elevated at all, it is not unlikely that it will be exalted much higher than the hills—probably elevated off the face of the earth—and so that prophecy will be fulfilled. As to the composition itself, I think it may not unfairly be said that it is the most incoherent and meaningless jargon to be found in the Bible, save and except, perhaps, the ravings of St. John, the divine maniac, in the book called Revelation, which reveals nothing but the hopeless imbecility of the writer.

Prophecy was once a good business. Every priest practised it and every ignoramus believed in it. Old women of both sexes gave it their countenance and support. The Bible makers knew the importance of it, and so for every single historian or poet on the staff they kept four prophets. After Isaiah come Jeremiah and Ezekiel, the former of which contains nothing of importance, and the latter only a parable concerning a boiling pot and a faithful narrative of the disgusting practices of Aholah and Aholibah—two painted harlots of Babylon. These, with Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Zechariah, Malachi, and one or two others that are never read, complete the first part of the Bible. Most of these last-named writers were in the prophetic line, and their prophecies need a revelation before they can be understood. I do not profess to understand them, and I do not know any sensible person who does; but if there are any who do, or think they do, they are sure to be numbered among the Bible makers of the future.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

Primitive Marriage.

(BY THE LATE J. M. WHEELER.)

"MARRIAGE," said Goethe, "is the beginning and end of all culture." Certainly it may with equal truth be said to be the beginning and end of all civilisation. It is man's highest achievement, making all others possible. Even those who believe it to have been divinely instituted have the difficulty of the sons and daughters of the first pair committing incest. Those who believe that mankind began their career at the bottom of the scale, and slowly worked their way up from savagery to civilisation, will find abundant evidence that marriage, like all other

institutions, has passed through various stages of growth among all nations, the Jews included. Tradition, indeed, points to a period when marriage, as it exists among civilized nations, was unknown. The Greeks ascribed it to Cecrops, the Egyptians to Menes, the Hindus to Svetaketu, the Chinese to Fou-hi, "before whose time men knew their mothers but not their fathers."

In the most primitive stage in which man can be supposed to have existed, some bond of union would be necessary for the preservation of offspring. With very prolific animals, regard for their young is scarcely necessary for the preservation of the race, and among such it is deficient; but it is common to all others, for the sufficient reason that any race in which it did not exist would speedily become extinct. But not only is man amongst the slowest breeding of animals; his infancy demands care for a longer period than any other, and if this be not bestowed the individual dies, leaving the race to be continued by those in whom parental instincts are better developed. Many animals pair permanently, and others do so for a season. Even among the lowest races of men promiscuity is qualified by unions having some persistence. Early man living mainly by hunting and fishing, pursuits in which women do not excel, the rearing of children could only succeed when both parents supported them in their tender years. Fijians, Australians, American Indians, and Andamanese, show us that however informally they may originate, sexual relations of a more or less enduring kind exist, even among the lowest races. A typical instance was found in the Andaman Islands, where, according to an early observer, the custom was for the man and woman to remain together until the child was weaned, when they separated as a matter of course, and each sought a new partner.

Among the Fijians, so famous for cannibalism and parenticide, it is declared to be "truly touching to see how parents are attached to their children and children to their parents." The Veddahs, a very low race of Ceylon, are monogamous, and say only death can part man and wife; yet it is important to observe that they have no marriage ceremony, and do not scruple to unite with their younger sisters. Darwin, whose views must command the utmost respect, says, in his *Descent of Man* :—

"Judging from the social habits of man as he now exists, and from most savages being polygamists, the most probable view is that primeval men aboriginally lived in small communities, each with as many wives as he could support or obtain, whom he would have jealously guarded against all other men..... In primeval times men..... would probably have lived as polygamists or temporarily as monogamists."

With customary candor Darwin notices that writers like McLennan, Morgan, and Sir John Lubbock, have believed rather in early promiscuity. It may indeed be argued that just because marriage is so useful an institution, it is no more "primeval" than metallurgy, for no tribe of men could safely have resigned such a social advantage.

Many low races cannot be said to have the institution of marriage. What is called marriage is really only the capture of a slave to use as one pleases. Among Bushmen and Bushwomen there is no form of union save the agreement of the parties and consummation. The Chippewas, Aleuts, Eskimo, etc., have no ceremony, and divorce consists of a good drubbing and turning the woman out of doors. "In his native state," says Mr. Morgan, "the (North American) Indian is below the passion of love. It is entirely unknown among them, with the exception of the village Indian." The Tinné Indians had no word for "dear" or "beloved," and the Algonquin language is stated to have contained no verb meaning "to love." The Aymaras, having no word of their own to signify marriage, have of late adopted a Spanish word. "In Yariba" (Central Africa), says Lander, "marriage is celebrated by the natives as unconcernedly as possible; a man thinks as little of taking a wife as of cutting an ear of corn—affec-

tion is altogether out of the question"—as, indeed, it must be wherever woman has no right of refusal. According to Galton, Dammar women "divorce themselves as often as they like; in fact, the spouse was changed almost weekly, and I seldom knew, without inquiry, who was the *pro tempore* husband of each lady at any particular time." Crantz observes of the Greenlanders, that "they break the matrimonial obligation on both sides without a blush." Mitchell says: "After battle it frequently happens among the native tribes of Australia that the wives of the conquered, of their own free will, go over to the victors"—a somewhat persistent trait of feminine nature, reminding us of the readiness of the hind to accept the conquering stag.

A great many races are quite indifferent to juvenile unchastity, and only impose strict conduct on their women after marriage. The record of all early voyagers among savages is the same. They found everywhere fathers, brothers, and sometimes husbands, offer wives for a consideration. Sexual jealousy, though one of the strongest impulses we have in common with other animals, is sometimes broken down. With the Tahitians, to offer a girl or woman to a visitor was an act of ordinary politeness. The Comanches, and other Indian tribes, were in the habit of ceding their wives to their guests. This hospitable practice is found also among the Aleuts, the Eskimo, the natives of Kamtschatka, the Papuans, and the Australian aborigines. Of the Greenland Eskimo "those are reputed the best and noblest tempered who, without any pain or reluctance, will lend their friends their wives." In Nubia, among the Hassiniyeh Arabs, married women have free disposal of themselves on every fourth day; an evident restriction of earlier laxity. In some parts of China the husband may annually repudiate his wife and marry another. Here the mother owns the children and has over them the power of life and death.

Fatherhood is a matter of opinion, motherhood of observation; hence the first kinship is through mothers. Among native Australians, children took the family name of the mother, and a man could not marry a woman of his own name, a usage common to the Fijians and Maories. One effect of the division of clans in this way, is that the children of the same father by different wives, having different names, may be obliged to take opposite sides in a quarrel. Herodotus (Book I., 173) says of the Lycians, "They take the mother's, and not the father's name. Ask a Lycian who he is, and he answers by giving his own name, that of his mother, and so on in the female line." The father of history was deceived in thinking this instance exceptional. It is rather the rule among tribes in a low stage of development. The evidence on this point I shall further have to adduce when dealing with the question of exogamy, or the prohibition of marriage within the limit of the family or tribe.

Of course, before all law is social usage. The rise of a social law implies a certain preceding social existence. Herbert Spencer says "reproduction unregulated by interdicts must be taken as initial." At first we presume our ancestors knew and cared for little beyond sexual difference, but those in whom care of offspring was most developed had the best chance of survival. The patriarchal family, a group of men, wives, children, and slaves, connected by common subjection to the chief of the household, which Sir Henry Maine regards as a primitive form, and from which undoubtedly modern law has been developed, so far from being a simple group, is highly complex, and is usually freely recruited by the adoption of strangers within its circle. We must presume that the social arrangements of tree and cave dwellers were even more primitive than any patriarchal arrangement of which we have record. Probably they would consist of the herding together of a male with his mate or mates and their offspring, who would freely interbreed if without the opportunity of capturing mates outside the family group. Of course, Sir Henry Maine is entitled to plead "the imperfection of the archaeological record."

Mr. Lewis H. Morgan's hypothesis, probably from its being mainly derived from somewhat dry investigations into the systems of kinship in vogue among Indian and other tribes, has hardly received in this country the attention it deserves. It considers the first state of marriage was the marriage in a group of men and women of the same blood, calling themselves brothers and sisters. This he calls the Consanguine Family. This undoubtedly obtains both among wild and domestic animals. How far it has been the usage of some races of men I shall give some evidence. The fastidious reader is requested to remember Dr. Livingstone's remark that the negro women on the Zambesi were shocked on hearing that in England a man had only one wife.

Mr. Spencer admits that men were "originally free of any prejudice against marriage between relations." Traces of this freedom are abundant. In the Sandwich Islands, men whose wives were sisters, and women whose husbands were brothers, called each "punalua" or "dear companion." The relationship arose from the fact that two or more brothers with their wives or two or more sisters with their husbands were inclined to possess each other in common. The Incas, the rulers of Peru, were bound to marry their eldest sister. Diodorus Siculus informs us that the Egyptians allowed brothers and sisters to marry, nor could the Pharaoh of Egypt select a more fitting consort than his own sister. This custom of close intermarriage was kept up by the Greeks in Egypt under the Ptolemies, as it had previously been among the Bacchiadians, the oligarchy of Corinth.

(To be continued)

Non-Religious Humanity.

JACOB LANGELOTH, once a penniless immigrant, who amassed a fortune of \$30,000,000 in eighteen years, left the bulk of his vast holdings for the benefit of humanity by his will, which was filed yesterday for probate. He was a dreamer, an inventor, a financier, and held strong convictions on religious matters. He left nothing to churches, and directed that no clergyman be allowed to officiate at his funeral.

Mr. Langeloth was chairman of the board of directors of the American Metal Company, of 61 Broadway. Eighteen years ago he came to this country from his birthplace, Mannheim, Baden, Germany, without money or immediate prospect of employment. Fortune came when he perfected a method of reducing copper ore. He held large interests in mining properties throughout the United States, and organized several companies for extracting metals from ore.

The declaration of war by Germany is said to be the direct cause of the death of Mr. Langeloth, August 14, at his summer home, Riverside, Ct. He had been deeply interested in the fortunes of his fatherland, and had provided that various institutions in Germany should receive substantial bequests. To Mannheim, the town of his birth, he left \$125,000 for the benefit of the deserving poor.

With his residuary estate Mr. Langeloth founded a great home for the benefit of "middle class persons of education and refinement." He endowed the future city of Langeloth, Pa., with \$150,000, and remembered numerous charities and employes with substantial bequests.

Mr. Langeloth showed preference for non-sectarian institutions. He believed in aiding humanity in all possible ways, but disapproved of religious form and ceremony. This is shown by article 25 of his will, which reads:—

"I desire that my body be cremated; that no religious ceremony of any kind take place at my funeral or cremation, and that no clergyman be permitted to officiate at same.

"It is my wish that my wife do not go into outward mourning upon my death, and that she do not abstain from visiting theatres, concerts, or any other entertainments.

"I desire my executors to procure the services of a good orchestra at my funeral and to have the same play Beethoven's 'Funeral March,' the finale from Wagner's opera, 'Rheingold,' beginning with the 'Storm' (see G. Schirmer's vocal score, pages 203 to 221), and Siegfried's 'Toden March' from Wagner's 'Goetterdaemrung.'

Mr. Langeloth left no children. His wife, Mrs. Valeria Langeloth, of 636 Fifth-avenue, alone survives him. Mrs. Langeloth receives all realty in Connecticut, all household furniture, all silverware and personal effects, jewelry and automobiles, \$250,000 outright, and an annuity of \$100,000 until her death.

The entire residue, which includes the greater part of the estate, is left for the foundation of the "Valeria Home" in honor of Mrs. Langeloth.

The will explains the purposes of the institution, as follows:—

"It is to be adapted and used for purposes of a recreation and convalescent home for persons of education and refinement who cannot afford independent homes or to pay the charges exacted at health resorts or sanatoria. The home shall be open to all creeds, entirely non-sectarian, and absolutely free from all religious tendencies whatsoever. Such home shall, so far as may be feasible, be self-supporting, and it is my preference that the inmates pay weekly charges, to be determined by the directors, and that in special cases patients be accepted without payment."

Mr. Langeloth said that employes of the American Metal Company and of other corporations in which he was interested, together with his friends and relatives, should be given preference for admission to the home in the event of its being crowded. He said in his will:—

"I have observed that homes of this character have been organized for the benefit of the very poor, who are not able to pay anything for their support, while no provisions seem to have been made for persons of education and refinement belonging to the middle classes who would not be justified in asking for or in accepting charity, but who are, nevertheless, not able to pay the prices exacted for a sojourn in the usual health resorts. It is for this reason that I do not desire the home to be organized as a charitable institution, but to be, in so far as possible, on a self-supporting basis."

Mr. Langeloth provided that in the event of any profits from the venture, they immediately were to be put into the upbuilding of the home. He directed that land be found for the institution within "convenient distance of the City Hall of New York," and that at least \$300,000 be spent for it. All the rest of the large fund in the residue is to go for buildings, equipment, and general endowment, for payment of the physicians and nurses, and for additions from time to time.

The funds set aside for the payment of annuities to various recipients, including the annuity of \$100,000 to Mrs. Langeloth, will revert at the termination of those bequests to the residuary estate. Thus the endowment for the home will be increased in years to come.

As trustees of the Valeria Home, Mr. Langeloth appointed his wife, Berthold Hochschild, Julius Goldman, Henry Goldman, and Carl M. Loeb. They are to co-operate in organizing the corporation with a delegate from the chamber of commerce, the president of the Charity Organisation Society, the president of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the president of the German Hospital.

The bequest of \$125,000 to Mannheim, Germany, is left to the mayor and president of the chamber of commerce to use among the deserving poor, but with the provision that all organisations through which it is used must be non-sectarian.

By a codicil of February 26, 1914, Mr. Langeloth said that he expected a city to rise at Jefferson and Cross Creek, Pa., where the American Zinc and Chemical Company was establishing large plants. For the future city, which was to be named Langeloth, and would be occupied by employes, he left \$150,000 to be used for schools, playgrounds, parks, recreation grounds, libraries, bath houses, gymnasiums, or any other thing beneficial and free to the public.

Mr. Langeloth gave \$5,000 each to Mount Sinai Hospital, German Hospital and Dispensary, Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He gave \$2,000 each to the Charity Organisation Society and the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor; \$1,500 to the Chrystie-street Recreation Room and Settlement; \$1,000 each to the German Society, Isabella Heimath, St. John's Guild, New York Zoological Gardens, and New York Botanical Gardens.

The employes of the American Metal Company who have worked consecutively for ten years, each will receive six months' salary; those who have worked at least two years will receive two months' salary. Miss Augusta Keller, of Weinheim, Germany, receives an annuity of \$900; Mrs. Katherine Langeloth, sister-in-law, of Mannheim, Germany, an annuity of \$5,000; Betty Burggraf, a friend, of Jersey City, N. J., an annuity of \$400.

The Mannheimer Park Gesellschaft of Mannheim, Germany, receives \$2,500; the children of the late Johann Jacob Langeloth, a cousin, \$24,000.

The executors are Mrs. Langeloth, the wife; Berthold Hochschild and Julius Goldman.

Mr. Hochschild and Mr. Goldman each receive 200 shares of the American Metal Company and \$20,000 in its certificates of indebtedness, or, in lieu, \$50,000, either bequest to be in place of commissions.

Carl M. Loeb of the Company receives 100 shares of stock and \$10,000 in the certificates of indebtedness. The executors and the Columbia Trust Company are the trustees. The will was dated February 13, 1912.—*Boston Herald*, August 31.

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, James Rowney, "Charles Bradlaugh."

CAMBERWELL BRANCH N. S. S. (Brockwell Park): 5, Miss Kough, a Lecture.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (corner of Ridley-road): 11.30, Miss Kough, "Charles Bradlaugh: 'Lest we forget!'" ; 7.30, J. W. Marshall, "A Giver of All Good Gifts."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Finsbury Park): 11.30, Mr. Hope, a Lecture. Parliament Hill: 3.30, Mr. Hope, a Lecture. Regent's Park (near the Fountain): 3.30, Mr. Davidson, a Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (outside Maryland Point Station, Stratford, E.): 7, A. D. Howell-Smith, B.A., "Charles Bradlaugh."

COUNTRY.

INDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N. S. S. (Oriental Café, Hill-street): Bradlaugh Sunday. Meeting at 7. Speakers: Messrs. F. E. Willis, E. Clifford Williams, and others.

PROPAGANDIST LEAFLETS. New Issue. 1. *Christianity a Stupendous Failure*, J. T. Lloyd; 2. *Bible and Teetotalism*, J. M. Wheeler; 3. *Principles of Secularism*, C. Watts; 4. *Where Are Your Hospitals?* R. Ingersoll. 5. *Because the Bible Tells Me So*, W. P. Ball; 6. *Why Be Good?* by G. W. Foote. *The Parson's Creed*. Often the means of arresting attention and making new members. Price 6d. per hundred, post free 7d. Special rates for larger quantities. Samples on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—MRS E. M. VANCE, N. S. S. Secretary, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

THE LATE

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P.

A Statuette Bust,

Modelled by Burvill in 1881. An excellent likeness of the great Freethinker. Highly approved of by his daughter and intimate colleagues. Size, 6½ ins. by 8½ ins. by 4½ ins.

Plaster (Ivory Finish) 3/-
Extra by post (British Isles): One Bust, 1/-; two, 1/6.

THE PIONEER PRESS 2 Newcastle-street, E.C.; or,
Miss E. M. VANCE, Secretary, N. S. S.

All Profits to be devoted to the N. S. S. Benevolent Fund.

America's Freethought Newspaper.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT, 1873.

CONTINUED BY E. M. MACDONALD, 1883-1909.

G. E. MACDONALD EDITOR.
L. K. WASHBURN EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscription in advance	---	---	\$3.00
Two new subscribers	---	---	5.00
One subscription two years in advance	---	---	5.00

To all foreign countries, except Mexico, 50 cents per annum extra
Subscriptions for any length of time under a year, at the rate of
25 cents per month, may be begun at any time.
*Freethinkers everywhere are invited to send for specimen copies,
which are free.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY,
Publishers, Dealers in Freethought Books,
62 Vesey Street, New York, U.S.A.

Determinism or Free Will?

By C. COHEN.

Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

A clear and able exposition of the subject in
the only adequate light—the light of evolution.

CONTENTS.

I. The Question Stated.—II. "Freedom" and "Will."—III. Consciousness, Deliberation, and Choice.—IV. Some Alleged Consequences of Determinism.—V. Professor James on "The Dilemma of Determinism."—VI. The Nature and Implications of Responsibility.—VII. Determinism and Character.—VIII. A Problem in Determinism.—IX. Environment.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET,
(POSTAGE 2d.)

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, E.C.

THE SECULAR SOCIETY

(LIMITED)

Company Limited by Guarantee.

Registered Office—2 NEWCASTLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Chairman of Board of Directors—MR. G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary—MISS E. M. VANCE.

This Society was formed in 1898 to afford legal security to the acquisition and application of funds for Secular purposes.

The Memorandum of Association sets forth that the Society's Objects are:—To promote the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge, and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action. To promote freedom of inquiry. To promote universal Secular Education. To promote the complete secularisation of the State, etc., etc. And to do all such lawful things as are conducive to such objects. Also to have, hold, receive, and retain any sums of money paid, given, devised, or bequeathed by any person, and to employ the same for any of the purposes of the Society.

The liability of members is limited to £1, in case the Society should ever be wound up and the assets were insufficient to cover liabilities—a most unlikely contingency.

Members pay an entrance fee of ten shillings, and a subsequent yearly subscription of five shillings.

The Society has a considerable number of members, but a much larger number is desirable, and it is hoped that some will be gained amongst those who read this announcement. All who join it participate in the control of its business and the trusteeship of its resources. It is expressly provided in the Articles of Association that no member, as such, shall derive any sort of profit from the Society, either by way of dividend, bonus, or interest, or in any way whatever.

The Society's affairs are managed by an elected Board of Directors, consisting of not less than five and not more than twelve members, one-third of whom retire by ballot each year,

but are capable of re-election. An Annual General Meeting members must be held in London, to receive the Report, elect new Directors, and transact any other business that may arise.

Being a duly registered body, the Secular Society, Limited, can receive donations and bequests with absolute security. Those who are in a position to do so are invited to make donations, or to insert a bequest in the Society's favor in their wills. On this point there need not be the slightest apprehension. It is quite impossible to set aside such bequests. The executors have no option but to pay them over in the ordinary course of administration. No objection of any kind has been raised in connection with any of the wills by which the Society has already been benefited.

The Society's solicitors are Messrs. Harper and Battcock, 23 Wood-lane, Fenchurch-street, London, E.C.

A Form of Bequest.—The following is a sufficient form of bequest for insertion in the wills of testators:—"I give and bequeath to the Secular Society, Limited, the sum of £— free from Legacy Duty, and I direct that a receipt signed by two members of the Board of the said Society and the Secretary thereof shall be a good discharge to my Executors for the said Legacy."

Friends of the Society who have remembered it in their wills, or who intend to do so, should formally notify the Secretary of the fact, or send a private intimation to the Chairman, who will (if desired) treat it as strictly confidential. This is not necessary, but it is advisable, as wills sometimes get lost or mislaid, and their contents have to be established by competent testimony.

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY.

President: G. W. FOOTE.

Secretary: MISS E. M. VANCE, 2 Newcastle-st. London, E.C.

Principles and Objects.

SECULARISM teaches that conduct should be based on reason and knowledge. It knows nothing of divine guidance or interference; it excludes supernatural hopes and fears; it regards happiness as man's proper aim, and utility as his moral guide.

Secularism affirms that Progress is only possible through Liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action, and speech.

Secularism declares that theology is condemned by reason as superstitious, and by experience as mischievous, and assails it as the historic enemy of Progress.

Secularism accordingly seeks to dispel superstition; to spread education; to disestablish religion; to rationalise morality; to promote peace; to dignify labor; to extend material well-being; and to realise the self-government of the people.

Membership.

Any person is eligible as a member on signing the following declaration:—

"I desire to join the National Secular Society, and I pledge myself, if admitted as a member, to co-operate in promoting its objects."

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Dated this..... day of..... 190.....

This Declaration should be transmitted to the Secretary with a subscription.

P.S.—Beyond a minimum of Two Shillings per year, every member is left to fix his own subscription according to his means and interest in the cause.

Immediate Practical Objects.

The Legitimation of Bequests to Secular or other Free-thought Societies, for the maintenance and propagation of heterodox opinions on matters of religion, on the same conditions as apply to Christian or Theistic churches or organisations.

The Abolition of the Blasphemy Laws, in order that religion may be canvassed as freely as other subjects, without fear of fine or imprisonment.

The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the State Churches in England, Scotland, and Wales.

The Abolition of all Religious Teaching and Bible Reading in Schools, or other educational establishments supported by the State.

The Opening of all endowed educational institutions to the children and youth of all classes alike.

The Abrogation of all laws interfering with the free use of Sunday for the purpose of culture and recreation; and the Sunday opening of State and Municipal Museums, Libraries, and Art Galleries.

A Reform of the Marriage Laws, especially to secure equal justice for husband and wife, and a reasonable liberty and facility of divorce.

The Equalisation of the legal status of men and women, so that all rights may be independent of sexual distinctions.

The Protection of children from all forms of violence, and from the greed of those who would make a profit out of their premature labor.

The Abolition of all hereditary distinctions and privileges, fostering a spirit antagonistic to justice and human brotherhood.

The Improvement by all just and wise means of the conditions of daily life for the masses of the people, especially in towns and cities, where insanitary and incommodious dwellings, and the want of open spaces, cause physical weakness and disease, and the deterioration of family life.

The Promotion of the right and duty of Labor to organise itself for its moral and economical advancement, and of its claim to legal protection in such combinations.

The Substitution of the idea of Reform for that of Punishment in the treatment of criminals, so that gaols may no longer be places of brutalisation, or even of mere detention, but places of physical, intellectual, and moral elevation for those who are afflicted with anti-social tendencies.

An Extension of the moral law to animals, so as to secure them humane treatment and legal protection against cruelty.

The Promotion of Peace between nations, and the substitution of Arbitration for War in the settlement of international disputes.

FREETHOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

LIBERTY AND NECESSITY. An argument against Free Will and in favor of Moral Causation. By David Hume. 32 pages, price 2d., postage 1d.

THE MORTALITY OF THE SOUL. By David Hume. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

AN ESSAY ON SUICIDE. By David Hume. With an Historical and Critical Introduction by G. W. Foote. price 1d., postage ½d.

FROM CHRISTIAN PULPIT TO SECULAR PLATFORM. By J. T. Lloyd. A History of his Mental Development. 60 pages, price 1d., postage 1d.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HYPATIA. By M. M. Mangasarian (Chicago). 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS. By Lord Bacon. A beautiful and suggestive composition. 86 pages, reduced from 1s. to 3d., postage 1d.

A REFUTATION OF DEISM. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. With an Introduction by G. W. Foote. 32 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PAST. Essays on Human Evolution. By J. M. Wheeler. A Very Valuable Work. 192 pages, price 1s., postage 2½d.

BIBLE STUDIES AND PHALMIC WORSHIP. By J. M. Wheeler. 136 pages, price 1s. 6d., postage 2d.

UTILITARIANISM. By Jeremy Bentham. An Important Work. 32 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM EXAMINED. By Jeremy Bentham. With a Biographical Introduction by J. M. Wheeler. A Drastic Work by the great man who, as Macaulay said, "found Jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a Science." 72 pages, price (reduced from 1s.) 3d., postage 1d.

THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION. By Ludwig Feuerbach. "All theology is anthropology." Büchner said that "no one has demonstrated and explained the purely human origin of the idea of God better than Ludwig Feuerbach." 78 pages, price 6d., postage 1d.

THE CODE OF NATURE. By Denis Diderot. Powerful and eloquent. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

LETTERS OF A CHINAMAN ON THE MISCHIEF OF MISSIONARIES. 16 pages, price 1d., postage ½d.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF FREETHINKERS— Of All Ages and Nations. By Joseph Mazzini Wheeler. 355 pages, price (reduced from 7s. 6d.) 3s., postage 4d.

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN LIBERTY. By Anthony Collins. With Preface and Annotations by G. W. Foote and Biographical Introduction by J. M. Wheeler. One of the strongest defences of Determinism ever written. Cloth, 1s.; paper, 6d., post 1d.

PAMPHLETS BY C. COHEN.

AN OUTLINE OF EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS. Price 6d., postage 1d.

SOCIALISM, ATHEISM, AND CHRISTIANITY. Price 1d., postage ½d.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL ETHICS. Price 1d., postage ½d.

PAIN AND PROVIDENCE. Price 1d., postage ½d.

THE PIONEER PRESS,

2 Newcastle-street, Farringdon-street, London, E.C.

THE BIBLE HANDBOOK

FOR FREETHINKERS AND ENQUIRING CHRISTIANS.

BY

G. W. FOOTE and W. P. BALL.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION

Issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

WELL PRINTED ON GOOD PAPER AND WELL BOUND.

In Paper Covers, SIXPENCE—Net.

(POSTAGE 1½d.)

In Cloth Covers, ONE SHILLING—Net.

(POSTAGE 2d.)

ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED.

INVALUABLE TO FREETHINKERS ANSWERING CHRISTIANS.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PIONEER PAMPHLETS.

Now being issued by the Secular Society, Ltd.

No. I.—BIBLE AND BEER. By G. W. Foote.

FORTY PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 3d.; 26 copies 4d. (parcel post)

No. II.—DEITY AND DESIGN. By C. Cohen.

(A Reply to Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace.)

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 2½d.; 26 copies, 4d. parcel post).

No. III.—MISTAKES OF MOSES. By Colonel Ingersoll.

THIRTY-TWO PAGES—ONE PENNY.

Postage: Single copy, ½d.; 6 copies, 1½d.; 18 copies, 2½d.; 26 copies, 4d. (parcel post)

IN PREPARATION.

No. IV.—CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS. By G. W. Foote.

No. V.—MODERN MATERIALISM. By W. Mann.

Special Terms for Quantities for Free Distribution or to Advanced Societies.

THE PIONEER PRESS, 2 NEWCASTLE STREET, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.