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## Views and Opinions.

### An Abortive Blasphemy Prosecution.

Mr. George Moore's *The Brook Kerith* was well advertised before publication. And after publication it received the best advertisement of all. It was made the subject of an abortive blasphemy prosecution. On September 6, Lord Alfred Douglas applied, through a solicitor, at Bow Street Police Court for summonses against Mr. Moore and his publishers for having "composed, printed, and published" a blasphemous libel contained in *The Brook Kerith*. Those who know anything of Lord Alfred Douglas's career will be quite aware of the great concern he has shown of late years for the interests of religion, and we can quite believe that in this matter he is not moving at the instigation of the clergy. His action may be attributed entirely to the shock received by his sensitive soul from a reading of Mr. Moore's novel. This is a hard world for people burdened with a super-sensitive moral nature, and one can sympathize with Lord Alfred Douglas's distress of mind. Particularly as the magistrate, Mr. Garrett, dismissed the application.

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### "The Brook Kerith."

An outline of Mr. Moore's novel may be given in a few sentences. Jesus was, up to the age of thirty, a member of the Essenes, a Jewish ascetic sect whose teachings and practices were in such close agreement with what we read of primitive Christianity that De Quincey argued they were Christians masquerading as a Jewish sect, to escape persecution. With the Essenes, Jesus pursued a career as shepherd, gaining much praise for his skill in breeding sheep, and curing them of certain complaints. In an evil hour he came under the influence of John, was baptized by him, and from that hour became obsessed with the notion that he was the Messiah. The influence of John, Jesus explains to Paul, "turned me from my natural self and into much great harshness of mind." Trouble ensues with the Jewish populace, and in the end he is ordered by Pilate to be crucified. But Joseph of Arimathea, a wealthy young Jew of an emotional and imaginative type, has become attracted to Jesus—mainly from report—and he begs the body from Pilate for burial, having previously bribed

the captain of the guard to wrongly inform Pilate that he had plunged his spear into the side of Jesus. Brought to the tomb for burial, Jesus shows signs of returning animation, and is taken away to Joseph's house and nursed back to health, the women meanwhile spreading the report of a resurrection. Restored to a more normal state of mind, Jesus returns to the Essenes, and resumes his occupation as a shepherd. Here, after some twenty years, comes Paul, preaching "Christ and him crucified." Stricken with remorse at the consequences of his folly, Jesus seeks to correct Paul, and to assure him that he is the Jesus whose death and resurrection Paul is preaching. Paul rejects the explanation, and treats Jesus as one possessed by a devil to tempt him. On the other hand, Jesus is convinced that the mind of Paul is partly unhinged, and that further opposition will drive him into complete insanity. And the book closes with Jesus returning to the contemplative religious life and Paul going on his way to spread the delusion, rejoicing at having rid himself of the demon-possessed Essene.

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### A Novel with a Purpose.

I do not think that *The Brook Kerith* can be truly called a great work—certainly not in the sense that Flaubert's *St. Antony* is a great psychological study; but it possesses considerable power. The two most convincing characters are Joseph of Arimathea and Paul, although the latter appears for a few pages only at the end of the book. Perhaps it is Mr. Moore's way of suggesting the mythical character of Jesus, or it may be due to one's prepossessions; but at any rate the impression left on one's mind is that the character of Jesus lacks reality. But, as we have said, this is perhaps intentional. On the other hand, the superstitious atmosphere of the time is very cleverly suggested, and there are some really fine descriptions of shepherd life. Some of the remarks of Jesus on the breeding of dogs and sheep were singled out by Lord Alfred Douglas as "most irreverent and uncleanly"; but they are far more cleanly than many passages that might be cited from the "sacred volume," although custom has robbed them of their offensiveness. Above all, Mr. Moore is to be congratulated on escaping a snare that besets smaller writers. We mean that of making his characters use a bastard Elizabethan English, under the impression that the people of ancient Judæa used the language of our English Bible.

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### Critical Credulity.

Some of the critics of *The Brook Kerith* have argued that Mr. Moore should have produced documentary evidence to prove that the centurion did not pierce the side of Jesus, and that he recovered after the resurrection. But why? Mr. Moore's book does not pretend to be an historical disquisition. It is frankly an imaginative work, based, he tells us, upon a legend which he came across many years ago. And the theory that Jesus was not really crucified at all, and that he survived and died at about the age of seventy, was held by some believers in the earliest ages. But it



is curious that the very people who are ready to accept the most extravagant stories when related in the New Testament, and accept them without the slightest vestige of reason or documentary evidence, demand the most complete demonstration for anything that may be suggested of an opposite character. Mr. Moore's theory of a man giving a religious sect its beginning during a period of temporary obsession, and afterwards regretting his folly, but finding himself powerless to undo his work is, on the face of it, anything but an unreasonable view. All that can be said against it is that the obsessions of religious people are usually maintained till the end. There is no form of mental disturbance so hard to cure as religious mania.

\* \* \*

#### The Significance of the Novel.

To Freethinkers the importance of a book such as this novel of Mr. Moore's is twofold. Jesus has appeared in novels and in plays before now. He figured, for instance, in Miss Corelli's ridiculous story, *The Master Christian*. But in such cases the book usually played up to the New Testament story, and the emotional religion of the revival-room found therein a pleasing endorsement. Mr. Moore has told his story with a frank disregard of the supernatural, and, as the *Church Times* writes, "the cool superiority of its mental attitude" is very irritating. He has shown how "a travelling wonder-worker came down from a northern village—a peasant without knowledge of the world and of the great Roman Empire," a man whose "ignorance of the world" surprised the educated Joseph of Arimathea how such a person might, through the agency of other ignorant people, and by the help of a man like Paul—who, to Mr. Moore, represents a pathological subject—yet lay the beginnings of a great religious movement. The novel has been long enough used in the interests of religion; it is something to find it being used in the interests of Freethought. We hope Mr. Moore will have many successors.

\* \* \*

#### A Sign of the Times.

The second consideration of importance lies in the way this "blasphemous" book has been received. Naturally, most of the reviewers have told Mr. Moore that he really ought not to have done it. But with many one can detect a smile behind the reproof. Some have gravely lectured the author on his need of a more critical apparatus, when the only valid objection should have been on artistic shortcomings. But none of them have been greatly shocked—except Lord Alfred Douglas. The papers—even the religious papers—have not called out for the suppression of the book, and a magistrate has said that it does not come within the law of blasphemy; although it depicts the origin of Christianity as due to the passing mental obsession of an ignorant peasant, and Jesus and Paul secretly pitying each other as more or less harmless lunatics. Fifty years ago such a work—even if it could have found a publisher—would have been received with howls of execration; it would almost certainly have been made the subject of a prosecution. To-day a reputable firm gives it to the world, and "respectable" papers review it as a matter of course. It is illustrative of the distance we have travelled in so short a time. One hopes, too, that it is symptomatic of the end.

CHAPMAN COHEN.

The preaching of the gospel of poverty is a very lucrative profession, so far as the bishops are concerned. Thirty-nine of these lordly followers of the poor Carpenter of Nazareth who died between 1856 and 1885 left fortunes amounting in the aggregate to more than two million pounds sterling. These modest figures do credit to the honesty of the bishops who remind working people of the blessings of poverty.

## Religion and Science.

ON the occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle-on-Tyne last week, the Rev. David Fyffe, a well-known Presbyterian minister, extended to it a hearty welcome to their city, observing that although there had been times when science and religion looked askance upon each other, they might now be described as closest friends. Then, according to a brief report in the *Christian World* for September 7, he added, "On the one hand, science was slowly admitting the reality of those spiritual forces for which religion contended, and religion had learned to welcome every fresh increase of knowledge. The antagonism which had existed was unreal, and had now, happily, almost disappeared." We do not believe that Mr. Fyffe wilfully misled his hearers, for we regard him as a highly honourable man; but we are obliged to characterize his utterance as almost entirely false. Has the reverend gentleman forgotten the howls of execration with which Darwin's *Origin of Species* was greeted when it appeared in 1859, and how for many years the leading theologians angrily denounced the theory of evolution as wickedly subversive of the Christian religion? What they maintained was, that the establishment of Darwinism would be inevitably accompanied by the disestablishment of Christianity, and they solemnly resolved to bend all their energies to the task of killing the impious heresy as quickly as possible. From pulpits, platforms, and the press there flowed incessant torrents of violent abuse and stinging invective. It is difficult now to realize with what towering frenzy the "drum ecclesiastic" was beaten in wild arraignment of the hideous monster. Cardinal Manning indignantly dubbed it "a brutal philosophy—to wit, there is no God, and the ape is our Adam." Bishop Wilberforce insolently depicted it as "an utterly rotten fabric of guess and speculation," "a mode of dealing with Nature utterly dishonourable to natural science," "this flimsy speculation." Thus Catholics and Protestants were fully agreed that Darwinism was "an attempt to dethrone God," "a huge imposture," the object of which was to "turn the Creator out of doors." While all this was a hitting below the belt with a vengeance, being sheer abuse with no trace of argument, it must be frankly admitted that the divines were quite right in declaring "the principle of Natural Selection to be absolutely incompatible with the Word of God."

We beg to remind Mr. Fyffe that science stands to-day just exactly where it stood sixty years ago. It has made numerous experiments in biology since then, but they have all tended to confirm the evolutionary hypothesis. Science has not changed in the least, but theologians of Mr. Fyffe's order have undergone a complete transformation in their attitude to science. They calmly accept what their fathers violently rejected, and they have discarded several doctrines which their predecessors regarded as of vital importance and would have died in their defence. Science knows nothing of "those spiritual forces for which religion contends," and therefore neither recognizes nor denies their existence. With only two or three noted exceptions, scientists generally are non-religious, while a few are actively anti-religious. Even in their treatment of the subject of ethics they derive no help whatever from religious sources; and it is highly gratifying to learn that philosophy is now so imbued with the scientific spirit that it either ignores or is antagonistic to supernatural religion. Take, as an example, a recent work, entitled *Natural and Social Morals*, by Carveth Read, M.A., Grote Professor of Philosophy in the University of London. It is a large



volume of upwards of 300 pages (published at 7s. 6d., but to be had from the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, for 3s.), the fundamental position of which is that "morality is natural to man in this sense that nowhere, even in the lowest grade of savagery, do men exist without manners and customs, in relation to which some of them may be well, others ill-disposed." Professor Read maintains that, however sublime religious ideas may seem to be, they have not, as such, exerted any ennobling influence upon the moral life of mankind.

It would be impossible, I think, to show that within Christendom the acknowledgement of one God, to whom all equally owe allegiance, has done anything (for example) to mitigate international animosities. It has often been the interest of the Church to keep alive jealousies and to aggravate quarrels, and its own interest has been relentlessly pursued. Moreover, each nation has always regarded Jehovah as its own God.....When Christian nations have united, it has not always been in a wise or righteous cause. No one looks back upon the Crusades or the Holy Alliance as honourable to Christendom. But the hatred of Christians against unbelievers, a trait which they have in common with Mohammedans, if sometimes artificially inflamed, follows in a barbarous mind from the theory of a World-religion; since its adherents must regard the whole World as God's lawful realm, and therefore all its inhabitants who do not acknowledge his authority as infidels and rebels (pp. 241-2).

To Professor Read the Ages of Faith were barbarous times when the moral life of the people was of necessity at a painfully low ebb. The Church dominated all departments of life, but did so in its own interests, not at all in those of the social life of the people. Philosophy and heresy were ruthlessly suppressed:—

Still, philosophy and heresy are natural growths of the human mind not easy to extirpate: they appeared again from time to time, provoking all the devilry of the priesthood, and the blood of their martyrs splashed the face of Rome with scarlet stains that can never be purged or forgotten. At last the conspiracy of ages broke down, and spiritual originality and rational reflection were again emancipated. This has been attended by a conspicuous improvement in the morality of a large part of Europe: an improvement in which the clergy have shared not less than other sections of the community; for, in general, an official religion takes the colour of the Society it lives upon (p. 243).

Professor Read discusses the question of what effect upon morality the general disappearance of religious beliefs would likely occasion. He quotes from Bacon's *Essay on Superstition* to the effect that "Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all of which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not," a sentiment of which he fully approves, though he objects to the use of the word "outward," which "erroneously implies that belief in God is necessary to the sustentation of conscience." Then occurs the following profound and far-reaching expression: "Conscience is now a permanent acquisition of the human mind, and may even be the purer for having no witness." If this is true, any form of Theism, to say nothing of Christianity, must be looked upon as more injurious than helpful. "Judged by the records of the Middle Ages, the Ages of Faith, the power of Hell and other eschatological motives over the healthy was then very small." Consequently:—

If Theism accepts the scientific postulates of conservation, continuity, and uniformity, the belief in a particular providence and in the objective efficacy of prayer can hardly be maintained. In fact, the numerous adaptations of religion to human weakness become greatly diminished. But if we cannot by prayer obtain protection for others against the evils of the world, we can be more careful of their breeding and nurture; if they fall,

and it is useless to beg the forgiveness of God, we can be more wisely considerate of them ourselves, and not persist in the barbarity of retribution; if our friends are not to be shielded from disaster by metaphysical aid, or to be met again when they lay down this life, is it not possible to be more helpful and more affectionate whilst we have them? And perhaps greater fortitude may be necessary. None of these things will impoverish our nature. And for himself a man may say with Matthew Arnold:—

Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high (p. 247).

Professor Read cherishes no brilliant hope of the future of the human race, though he published this valuable book some years before the War began. He says that "there has never been good ground for contentment with any nation that ever existed"; but no schemes of improvement, however excellent, will do much to restore a declining people, or to raise those who have not yet declined. He affirms that "education is the beginning of all culture and of the higher human life," but he is forced to add that, "in the opinion of most biologists, it does nothing to improve the breed," and "that, if this be true, it does some harm by enabling many to live who would otherwise have been eliminated." Benevolent social reforms, while undoubtedly greatly needed, often fail; and it must be borne in mind that "if any cause needs encouragement it is not very likely to thrive." Liberty is another remedy for human maladies; "but our faith in liberty is failing us; and except by faith liberty cannot live." All such schemes do not succeed chiefly because "the great mass of men will have its own way and will listen to none who does not utter its own desires." At present, what most of us need is scientific knowledge, a secular philosophy of conduct in which supernaturalism has no place, a naturally trained intellect which will show us the true path of life, and a heart surcharged with brotherly love blossoming into a passion for vicarious service.

J. T. LLOYD.

## The First Freethought Editor.

Hail to the steadfast soul,  
Which, unflinching and keen,  
Wrought to erase from its depth  
Mist, and illusion, and fear.

—Matthew Arnold.

O comrade, lustrous with silver face in the night.

—Walt Whitman.

For proud and fiery and swift and bold—  
Wine of life from heart of gold,  
The blood of his heathen manhood rolled  
Full-billowed through his veins.

—James Thomson.

THE approaching jubilee of the National Secular Society lends interest to the record of the men and women who helped to pave the way for the formation of a properly organized army of Freethought. Foremost among them is the notable personality of Charles Southwell, the first editor of the first definitely Freethought paper in the English-speaking world. During the period prior to the birth of an organized Freethought party in England, Southwell stood in the forefront of the movement. His eloquence, ability, and courage attracted the "intellectuals," and drew on him the resentment of the Christians. Living when he did, he performed a high and useful task. His keen, bright sword played havoc with superstition and imposture.

Charles Southwell's life is as interesting as a romance. Born in 1814, the year before the battle of Waterloo, he was the youngest of a large family of thirty-three children. His father was a militant Freethinker at a time when heresy was dangerous, and, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a handsome lass of twenty.



Charles was the offspring of this marriage of May and December. In his schooldays young Southwell was chiefly remarkable for playing truant and for possessing a wonderful memory. When he left school at the age of twelve, he had, to use his own words, "knowledge enough to puzzle pedants, and ignorance enough to disgrace a Hottentot." His subsequent life was a great adventure. During his short career he was orator, soldier, actor, Socialist, Freethought advocate, writer, editor, and prisoner for liberty of speech. At one time he joined the Spanish legion formed for the purpose of assisting Queen Isabella to maintain her throne against Don Carlos. For two years he consorted with this ragged regiment, and, in spite of loathsome surroundings, chronic starvation, and attacks of fever, he came through without serious damage.

On his return to England he made a big reputation with his oratory, and he made history with the publication, in 1841, of the *Oracle of Reason*, which will always be remembered as the first periodical devoted to Freethought propaganda. The literary tone of the paper may be estimated by the fact that it contained articles on "Symbol Worship," "The Theory of Regular Gradation," and "Is there a God?"

The clergy were at once alarmed at this bold challenge, and threatened Southwell with all the rigors of the law; and the intrepid editor, his fine fighting spirit aroused, replied by carrying the war into the enemy's camp. Threatened with imprisonment for publishing literary and philosophical articles, Southwell met force with force, and the pages of the *Oracle* were laden with plain-spoken criticism of the Christian superstition. On the appearance of the fourth number, Southwell was arrested, tried before Sir Charles Wetherell, and, in spite of an eloquent defence, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with a fine of £100. The indictment was comprehensive, and included paragraphs from the various articles in the four numbers of the paper.

During the trial, Southwell's colleague, William Chilton, adopted a very ingenious method of outwitting the authorities who had seized the entire stock of the *Oracle*. He printed and sold at a halfpenny copies of the warrant, a document that set out all the indicated passages from the articles. The Freethinkers made a very brave stand against the enemy. During Southwell's imprisonment, George Jacob Holyoake edited the paper, and when he, in turn, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, Thomas Paterson took his place. "Bulldog" Paterson, as he was affectionately called, was also sent to gaol, and George Adams and his wife, Harriet, stepped into the breach, each to be sent to prison. William Chilton succeeded them, and kept the flag flying until the end, which was hastened by the formidable debts incurred in the continuous law-cases and the heavy fines imposed.

The *Oracle of Reason* lasted just over two years; but during its short but stormy career it created a profound impression, which, in due time, led to the formation of a properly organized Freethought Party. After his release from prison, Southwell carried on a Freethought mission in many places, and ultimately settled in New Zealand, where he edited the *Auckland Examiner*. He died in 1860 at the early age of forty-six.

Southwell wrote much, but most of his work was simply journalism. His principal publications were *The Apology for Atheism*, *The Difficulties of Christianity*, *Superstition Unveiled*, and a number of pamphlets. Perhaps the most interesting of his works is *The Confessions of a Freethinker*, published in 1845, a candid and fascinating piece of autobiography.

There is an elusive character in his life-story. So

much is vague that whole chapters of his life are blank. The few photographs of him have been described as being unsatisfactory, and a biographer is reduced to inference. To present-day Freethinkers, Charles Southwell is little more than a name; but those of an older generation recognized in this gifted and wayward man one of the most remarkable figures that has appeared in the Freethought movement. A brilliant and unfortunate man, he fought well and suffered so much in the cause of liberty. Looking at the heavy and lowering storm-clouds that are looming on our horizon, it may be that a glance at such an heroic figure of other times will be acceptable and timely. Around the camp-fires, in the pauses of the battle, the soldiers of the Army of Liberty may well hear a stirring story of the brave days of old.

MIMNERMUS.

## The Religion of Beethoven.

(Continued from p. 581.)

V.

BEETHOVEN'S attitude towards the God-idea is not easily determined. The speculations of Kant, the master-mind of the period, apparently had an attraction for him, but evidently he was not sufficiently conversant with the philosopher who insisted on the distinction between *nomena* and *phenomena*, to be appreciably influenced. Indeed, Beethoven does not seem to have gone beyond the normal position which the apostles of the *aufklärung* maintained. This, as we know from Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, was nothing more than a vague Deism built upon a very sentimental structure known as the "religion of nature." This sort of deified sentimentality appears to have been eminently suitable to Beethoven, who, like Rousseau and young Werther, were sad with the world, and sought Nature for consolation. We have Schindler's testimony that Beethoven "inclined to Deism, in so far as that term may be understood to imply natural religion." In this he was possibly influenced by "the great Pagan"—Goethe.<sup>1</sup> Both Dannreuther<sup>2</sup> and Professor Edward Dickinson<sup>3</sup> recognize a leaning to Pantheism in Beethoven. His diary certainly reveals evidence of this. At any rate, the idea of a personal God, he did not accept. He says, "God is immaterial, and for this reason transcends every conception" (Diary, 1816). Beethoven was naturally too pre-occupied with his art to probe any such specific question as a first cause, but he writes in his diary (1816): "It was not the fortuitous meeting of chordal atoms that made the world; if order and beauty are reflected in the constitution of the universe, then there is a God." Of course, Beethoven can be made to answer himself on this point of a design argument. His letter to Carl Amenda (1800) reads: "Your Beethoven is.....at strife with Nature and with Creator. The latter I have often cursed for exposing his creatures to the smallest chance, so that frequently the richest buds are thereby crushed and destroyed." Indeed, Beethoven approved of Schiller's lines in the *Bride of Messina*, which he marked in his copy of the poet's works, that "life is not the greatest of blessings."

Sometimes Beethoven thinks himself a Fatalist. His diary (1812-18) says: "Show your power, Fate! We are not our own masters; what is decided must be—and so be it!" Again, he will say: "I accept the

<sup>1</sup> Goethe's poem *Prometheus*, which led Lessing to confess his Pantheism, shows the influence of "natural religion." The legend of *Prometheus* attracted a number of philosophic rebels as a theme for their genius, including Beethoven and Shelley.

<sup>2</sup> *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1876.

<sup>3</sup> *Music in the History of the Western Church*.



decreed of Fate." Yet really he was too much of a rebel to be a Fatalist, and assures Wegeler that he will "defy Fate," that he will "grapple with Fate," rather than it should "bear him down." In calmer moments we see him properly as a Determinist, when he says to Brauchle (1815): "There are reasons for the conduct of men which one is not always willing to explain, but which, nevertheless, are based on ineradicable necessity."

Beethoven's affliction of deafness, which cut him off from intercourse with the outer world, must have brought about a certain introspective view of things. His mind was thrown inwardly upon itself as it were. Thus we find him sometimes outwardly a Rationalist, and inwardly a Religionist. Yet almost every instance of Beethoven's "religiosity" is distinctly a personal, private affair. In his letters it is never made as a confession or argument, except in his correspondence with the clerical Archduke Rudolphe, which was prompted perhaps by the "atmosphere" of his patron. However, so far as the Church, Christianity, the Bible, or the God-idea was concerned, Beethoven was a complete Rationalist, but the emotional impulses of his nature, which were fostered by his enforced introspective view of things, were too strong for him to abandon prayer or invocation to Deity, however unreal and vague they may have been to him.

The numerous instances of Beethoven's appeals to Deity ought not therefore to lead the unwary to attach a conventional interpretation to them. And, moreover, we must understand that Beethoven was brought up to conventional religion, and in a person of his abnormal psychology, it was not unnatural that he should "break out" occasionally in this fashion. Yet when we consider that he just as frequently invokes "the Gods," "the Fates," "Apollo," "the Muses," etc., with equal fervour, we get a closer view of Beethoven's mental structure.

VI.

Pious biographers have made considerable traffic with what they are pleased to call "Beethoven's creed." It was a few lines copied out of Champollion's *Paintings of Egypt*, which he had affixed to his writing-table. It read as follows:—

I am that which is. I am all that was, that is, and that shall be. No mortal man has ever lifted the veil of me. He is solely of himself, and to this Only One all things owe their existence.

Ruskin would probably have included this specimen of "an infinite deal of nothing" among the forms which he termed "the pathetic fallacy." It has raised the ire of Ernest Newman,<sup>1</sup> who says he "cannot, with any justice, think very highly of the intelligence of the man who made a fetish (Schindler says 'it was a great treasure in his eyes') of such stuff." Yet I am inclined to think that Dannreuther is more patient and more pertinent when he suggests that these little commonplaces merely served Beethoven as themes for his mystic musings, just as Diabelli's harmless little valse served as a starting point for his wondrous excursions in thirty-four variations.

VII.

In spite of all his vague invocations to Deity and Nature, Beethoven was too much appassioned for his art to give allegiance or worship elsewhere. To him "music was not only a manifestation of the beautiful, an art, it was akin to religion."<sup>2</sup> He appeals to his art more than once as his "great goddess" and "religion." "I despise the world," he says, "which does not feel intuitively that music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy." It is not to God, nor Christ,

<sup>1</sup> *A Study of Wagner.*

<sup>2</sup> Krehbier, *Music and Manners.*

nor the Church, that he looks for help or sanctuary, but always Art! He rings out her praises in times of despair. To his youthful admirer, Emilie M., he says: "Art and science alone can raise man to Godhead." To Xaver Schnyder he advises: "Translate yourself to the heaven of art, there is no more undisturbed, unalloyed, purer happiness than may be thus attained." Again, he refers to "God-like art" and "divine art" as "the only lever." By his own confession it was his art that prevented him from laying violent hands on himself. "*Art! art alone deterred me.*"

Superior people may look contemptuously at Beethoven's primitive, and sometimes incoherent or contradictory ideas of religion and philosophy. In truth he is very much a mixture of Stoic and Epicurean, Free-thinker and Pietist, Anarchist and Courtier. But one can scarcely expect, in such a highly wrought nervous organism as Beethoven's, a coherent system in any direction, not even in his conception of his own art. His intense pre-occupation with his art was alone sufficient to bring about a certain atrophy of his ratiocinative powers. But *revenons a nos moutons*. We set out to arrive at some sort of common denominator by which we can label Beethoven in his attitude towards religion. From the foregoing I think it will be generally admitted that he was utterly unorthodox, and even if Haydn went too far in calling him an Atheist, we may safely accept Sir George Macfarren's designation of Beethoven under the very elastic name of—a Freethinker.<sup>1</sup>

H. GEORGE FARMER.

(To be continued.)

The Present Position of Evolution.

V.

(Continued from p. 583.)

THE innumerable facts which demonstrate the verity of evolution are now acknowledged by all. But wide differences of opinion prevail among experts concerning the physiological and other processes involved in the transformations of organic Nature. There are at least four schools of evolutionists, whose principles differ in one detail or another. There is the neo-Darwinian school, which, broadly considered, claims that the agency of Natural Selection, supplemented by Darwin's factor of Sexual Selection, are together sufficient to cover the ascertained facts. With this group may be joined those who accept the Darwinian principle, but also admit the validity of the Lamarckian factors.

Then there is the distinguished neo-Lamarckian party of naturalists, who regard the influences wielded by the environment and the inheritance of functionally wrought modifications as the prime factors in progressive development.

Then we have the disciples of the celebrated Amsterdam botanist, Professor Hugo de Vries. These biologists form the Mutationist group, whose leading principle may be viewed as a modification of the hypothesis of Selection as propounded by Darwin and Wallace. To this group is closely allied the Mendelian school, whose able leader is Professor Bateson.

Finally, we must note the advocates of Orthogenesis, a theory which postulates predetermined paths of evolutionary advance.

With the views entertained by these several schools we must now briefly deal. The story of the development of these various evolutionary hypotheses is too long to relate, fascinating as the story is from the standpoint of scientific and philosophical speculation. But,

<sup>1</sup> *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.*



just as in the charming tradition of Shakespeare and the lady, William the Conqueror was before Richard III., so, in historical order, the brilliant, if much-maligned, Lamarck appeared before Darwin. Ridiculed, when not ignored, at the time he presented his thoughts to the world, the French philosopher propounded an evolutionary scheme which, in its leading outlines, is still championed by many biologists of repute.

Lamarck stated his position in his *Philosophie Zoologique* as follows:—

All that has been acquired, commenced, or transformed in the structure of individuals during life, is conserved in reproduction, and transmitted to the new individuals which arise from those that have inherited the change.

The crown of every reformer, as Carlyle so bitterly said, is a crown of thorns. But some, at least, remember that Lamarck recognized that the sum total of animal life is made up of "a series of groups forming a true chain." This series he rightly regarded as one which branched off in irregular gradations. Time and favourable circumstances, he contended, constitute the main means by which Nature fashions her products. Lamarck was disinclined to assign any limits to time. He saw the implications of geological succession, and understood something of the influences of soil, climate, and the forces of Nature in general. He fully realized the responsiveness to stimuli manifested everywhere in the living realm as a potent factor in development. The bodily organs, he argued, are strengthened by use and weakened through disuse; they ultimately acquire new functions, and all modifications thus arising are conserved and transmitted from sire to son. It is true that Lamarck underrated the powers of adaptability possessed by plants and inferior animal forms, but this in no way detracts from the general soundness of his contention.

Among the exponents and adherents of the leading Lamarckian principles are to be included the veteran botanist, Professor Henslow; the evolutionary philosopher, Herbert Spencer; and the celebrated naturalists, Professors Haeckel, Eimer, Naegeli, Gadow, Packard, Hyatt, Osborn, and Cope. Nor is this list exhaustive, as many other famous names could be added.

Henslow has accumulated an imposing array of facts in his works, *The Origin of Floral Structures* and *The Origin of Plant Structures*, which powerfully support the theory that vegetable organs are fashioned by the influences of environmental phenomena. The evidences assembled by Henslow are remarkably striking, and to the above volumes the student may be referred. Professors Cope, Osborn, Packard, and their colleagues have advanced numerous zoological arguments and illustrations which point to similar conclusions to those of Henslow, while Spencer has applied the Lamarckian principle to both kingdoms of life.

Spencer accepted the theory of Selection, but he maintained that this is in itself insufficient to explain all the phenomena of evolution. The transmission of the changes wrought by the use or disuse of organs he has made a central principle of his philosophy. The ceaseless play of the environment on the organism, and the progressive adaptation of living things to their surroundings were, he claimed, the causes of those all-important variations that are manifested by plants and animals, apart from which Natural Selection is quite impotent. The variations must exist before the selective agency can operate. And it is indispensable to this view that the modifications set up by the circumstances of existence are transmitted to the next generation. The senses of sight, taste, smell, and hearing are all modifications of the primordial sense of touch. Nerves and brain masses have both been developed through the

action and reaction between the organism and its medium. In his *Psychology*, Spencer traces the evolution of mind; in his *Ethics*, the rise and progress of morality; while in his monumental *Biology* the leading phenomena of floral and faunal life are treated from the same neo-Lamarckian standpoint.

The two main theories advanced by Darwin to explain the phenomena of organic Nature were those of Natural and Sexual Selection. The greatest of the world's naturalists has himself told us that the concept of Selection arose in his mind as a result of his meditations over the methods utilized by scientific breeders and agriculturalists in the development of domesticated animals and cultivated plants. All the multitudinous varieties of pigeons—the fantail, pouter, carriers, tumblers, etc.—have been evolved by artificial selection from the primitive wild rock pigeon. When breeding a particular type of bird, the breeder selects those of his pigeons which most fully display the desired characters, and then mates them. Generation after generation, the fancier rejects those birds that fail to reach his standard, and breeds from the selected few. As a result of this artificial selection, birds have been developed so utterly unlike their wild blue rock ancestors that a visitor from another planet would unhesitatingly describe them as so many distinctly different species.

The modern horses, the numerous races of dogs, the various breeds of sheep, cattle, goats, and other animals depart widely from the undomesticated stocks from which they have descended. The garden roses, tulips, lilies, and other floral ornaments are as unlike their uncultivated progenitors as are the choice orchard and hot-house fruits to their uneatable ancestors. What man has achieved in the artificial evolution of floral and faunal forms on a small scale, in the course of a few thousand years, Nature, labouring through geological æons, has exceeded on a titanic scale in every department of the organic domain.

Man seeks to preserve the products of his ingenious handiwork. His domesticated animals and cultivated vegetation he has produced to please his fancy or to minister to his needs. But in the realms of dispassionate Nature no such providence reigns. There, only those organisms that best adapt themselves to their surroundings prove the fittest to survive in the battle of existence. The struggle for life is an ever-present reality. As Darwin realized through reading Malthus, the plant and animal populations of the globe increase faster than their means of subsistence. Many more organisms are begotten than can survive. "Even slow-breeding man," writes Darwin,—

has doubled in twenty-five years. At this rate, in less than a thousand years there literally would not be standing room for his progeny. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all animals. It begins breeding when thirty years old, and goes on breeding until ninety years old, bringing forth six young in the interval, and surviving to be a hundred years old. If this be so, after about 800 years there should be 19,000,000 elephants alive descended from the first pair.

Yet, at this comparatively slow rate of multiplication, a few more centuries would suffice to stock every available foot of soil on earth with elephants. As we shall see, this reproductive rate is a fleabite compared with that of the average organic form.

T. F. PALMER.

(To be continued.)

Commenting on the Bishop of London's fondness for social crusading, a witty journalist suggests that the Bishop should have a brass plate at Fulham Palace, "Caretaker of Morals to the Nobility and Gentry."



### Acid Drops.

It is not the first time that a President of the British Association has raised a bitter protest against the apathy of the British people and Government in matters of education. In the Cabinet, almost anyone appears to be suited to the office of Minister of Education; and when economy was necessary in consequence of the War, local bodies throughout the country showed the greatest alacrity in cutting down expenses on education. There is justice, therefore, in Sir Arthur Evans, the British Association's new President, saying that the attitude of the higher powers towards education was shown in the closing of the British Museum for the sake of saving a sum of money which represented the cost of *three minutes* of the War. And this in face of the fact that our hope for the future lies neither in Army nor Navy, but in the trained intelligence of our people.

Sir Arthur Evans pointed out that not only were we not doing all we ought to do, but we were doing less than other Western nations. He said:—

It is a lamentable fact that beyond any nation of the West the bulk of our people remains sunk not in comparative ignorance only—for that is less difficult to overcome—but in intellectual apathy. The dull inertia of the parents is reflected in the children, and the desire for the acquirement of knowledge in our schools and colleges is appreciably less than elsewhere. So, too, with the scientific side of education; it is not so much the actual amount of science taught that is in question, insufficient as that is, as the installation of the scientific spirit itself, the perception of method, the sacred thirst for investigation.

It is useless for reactionists to take advantage of the prejudice against everything German to raise the cry that we do not want to Germanize our schools. The very people who raise this cry have advocated the worst form of Germanization by championing the teaching of military drill in the schools. We do want to imitate the German attention to education, and that can surely be done without following Germany in bending that educational efficiency to an aggressive and brutal militarism.

Writing in an evening paper, Mr. Arthur Machen says: "There is an entertaining opinion, which I have encountered, to the effect that the story told in the Gospels has no kind of foundation in fact." Mr. Machen finds it "entertaining"; but he forgets that the men who first ventured to criticize the "old, old story" were murdered for their pains by the gentlemen who professed to love their enemies.

Because he patronizes Christianity, Sir Oliver Lodge is hailed by the press as a very great and good man. Yet this accomplished scientist lays himself open to criticism. Writing in a Sunday paper, he says, "A nation cannot sell its soul to the Devil with impunity any more than can an individual." Why does Sir Oliver use the same language as a coloured revivalist in the Western states of America?

The Birmingham Trade Union Congress had before it the following resolution, moved by Mr. Ben Tillet:—

This Congress regrets the unfair privilege which has been given by the Government to members of the clerical profession, by granting them exemption from the operations of the Military Service Act. We view with regret that a large class of able-bodied men, who are engaged in unproductive employment, should not be used to better purpose during this critical period. We call upon the Parliamentary Committee to at once approach the Government with a view to removing this anomaly.

Mr. Tillet said:—

He had seen enough of the good sort of cleric across the Channel, but he honestly believed that the best place to convert a parson to Christianity was to send him to the front. (Laughter.) The ecclesiastical authorities called for conscription, while other members of their profession went round libelling the workers and making out that their women were drunkards and little better than profligates. The workers had to fight. There was no option, yet able-bodied parsons and

ministers were exempted. Theological students at Bangor evidently thought it better to be a live parson than a dead soldier. (Laughter.) Great lawyers had done something in the war. They had created the "Devil's Own." (Laughter.) Would it not be well for the parsons to follow the example, and create a "God's Own"? (Hear, hear.) He denied the right of the Government to exempt any body of men or members of any profession. (Cheers.)

In spite of the plea that the clergy remained at home to "producce morals"—whatever that may mean—the Congress carried the resolution by a majority of 178,000 votes. Still, we do not anticipate that it will become law.

The *Daily Chronicle* observes that Mr. Tillet's resolution was carried by "a narrow majority." The exact figures were, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, 1,200,000 to 1,378,000. "Narrow" seems not quite a suitable word, except so far as it is acceptable to the clergy and their supporters.

The cruellest defence of the clergy against the Trade Union Vote was made by the *Evening News*. In a leading article that journal took the Congress to task for, as it said, wasting time. The writer did not desire the controversy because it was "not concerned with the winning of the War." This reminds one of the man who defended his friend against the imputation of not being fit to black someone's boots by indignantly declaring his suitability for the job. The help of everyone is necessary to the winning of the War—except the clergy. The Lord save us from our friends.

A sum of two thousand rupees was recently demanded by the Madras Government as security for Mrs. Besant's paper, *New India*. A Renter's message states that this money has now been forfeited on account of articles calculated to bring the Government of India into contempt. Perhaps the best way for any Government to guard against contempt is not to deserve it.

Preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archdeacon of London, the Venerable E. E. Holmes, said there were five great crosses that had contributed to the history of Christendom—the cross of Calvary, the cross of Constantine, the cross of Canterbury, the cross of the Crusaders, and Charing Cross, which witnessed the going of our soldiers. Such a nonsensical recital was sufficient to make the congregation "cross," too.

In the *Christian World* for September 7, the Rev. Dr. Jowett, of New York, has an article in praise of the Puritans. In his estimation, they were ideal characters, whose outstanding characteristics were "spiritual vision and moral dynamic." He informs us that "the fear of God was the fountain of their life," and that "they feared nothing else." We agree that God was all in all to them; "they saw him, they heard him, they tasted him, they felt him." Of their piety or godliness there could have been absolutely no doubt. But Dr. Jowett adds that "wherever they saw iniquity enthroned they sought to undermine the foundations of its sovereignty." This is the very opposite of true. It was not iniquity in the moral sense that the Puritans hated and ruthlessly destroyed, but what they regarded as lack of proper respect for God and his truth. The Barebone's Parliament resolved to admit into the public service men who showed "signs of real godliness," which, according to Macaulay, were "sad-coloured dress, sour look, straight hair, nasal whine, speech interspersed with quaint texts, abhorrence of comedies, cards, and hawking." As soon as the Puritans came to power, they cruelly persecuted all who refused to exchange with them "the signs and passwords of spiritual fraternity." Public amusements, theatrical diversions, rope-dancing, puppet shows, bowls, horseracing, and bearbaiting were proscribed, not because of their bad effect upon character, but because they gave pleasure to those who indulged in them, and pleasure was condemned simply because it was incompatible with the fear of God. Nobody had a right to be happy in this wicked world.

At first, no doubt, the Puritans were morally superior to their contemporaries. They loved virtue, which alone is free,



but as soon as they got the reins of government into their hands, their superiority began to crumble, and the baser tendencies of their nature came to the forefront. In the name of God they committed the most odious crimes, thereby becoming hateful to the generality of the people. For daring to disagree with them on the subject of Sabbath observance, a London Baptist minister "was hanged, drawn, and quartered, his heart torn out and burned, his quarters affixed to the gates of the city, and his head stuck up on the top of a pole and set up opposite his meeting-house in Whitechapel." During the Commonwealth more witches were put to death than during any period before or since. And for every crime committed these saints gave God the glory. Yet these are the people whom Dr. Jowett urges modern Britishers to imitate. Would the reverend gentleman really like to see England once more dominated by a pious party which would prohibit little children from walking or playing on Sunday, and punish men and women for strolling in the fields for recreation on that day by a fine or an hour in the stocks? Dr. Jowett ignores the vile deeds of the men whose godliness he praises with such eloquent zeal.

The clergy are always insisting on the restraining value of the Christian religion. Like so many other clerical vaunts, it is a gross exaggeration. Sir Malcolm Morris, the distinguished physician, says that the Royal Commission on Venereal Disease found that more than twenty per cent. of the populations of the large towns were infected, and that the victims crowd the Poor Law infirmaries, reformatories, and charitable institutions. What do the clergy say to this indictment of Christian purity?

The late Rev. Alfred Curzon, Baron Scarsdale, left the modest sum of £454,694. His relations have the pious consolation that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven.

There have been many amusing instances of the unreasoning opposition to things German since the War commenced, as witness the refusal to listen to Wagner's music or Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The most amazing instance we have come across is that furnished by Dr. Armstrong Jones, Superintendent and resident physician at Claybury Asylum. Dr. Jones, in an interview published in the *Observer*, told a representative of that paper that the method of Freud and Jung—of Berlin and Zurich—was one that "is absolutely unsuitable to the English mind." After which we shall not be surprised to learn that Erlich's famous preparation, being a German discovery, is "absolutely unsuitable" to the English constitution.

Those who are familiar with the subject know that the Freudian method is no more than a method of mental analysis, which has been found exceedingly helpful by a large number of medical men in dealing with mental disorders, while in America and on the Continent it has a large literature devoted to its exposition. It is beginning to appear in England—late, as usual. Now, psycho-analysis, as it is called, may be a sound or a faulty method. Freud may have been right or wrong. But a method of analysing mental states must be either sound or unsound for the whole human race, and Dr. Jones would have been within his right in saying it was either the one or the other. But to condemn it because it was propounded by a German, as being unsuited to the English mind, is unmitigated nonsense. And when men of education stoop to such twaddle, there is excuse for the man in the street following suit. Perhaps the best excuse for Dr. Jones is that he has been twenty-five years in charge of a lunatic asylum. All the same, he might have remembered that Germany did not invent the nervous system, and there is no nervous system peculiar to the English or the German peoples.

Mr. William Archer has a pretty wit of his own. Writing on Treitschke, he says that the Polish writer's theology "is precisely that of the little Glasgow girl who could not understand how Christ could be a Jew, seeing that God was a Presbyterian."

At a Sunday picture show the pianist was inexperienced, and when a film of the twelve disciples was thrown on the screen, he struck up "The Boys of the Old Brigade" with an enthusiasm which was infectious.

Sensitive persons say that women ought not to work at Billingsgate on account of the language used by the porters. Yet we allow them to read the Bible!

Le Dieu was the name of a conscientious objector fined at Marlborough Street Court. All the other "gods" are jingoos.

Father Bernard Vaughan says that "chaplains have done fine work for country as well as for religion." Most of the chaplains conduct services at the back of the fighting lines. Their tens of thousands of colleagues at home are "too proud to fight."

Two archbishops and thirty-seven bishops receive among them an annual income of nearly £190,000. That is not so bad for war-time, or for men who preach "Blessed be ye poor."

Owing to the shortage of petrol, the Bishop of Worcester is unable to use his motor-car, and has had to cancel his distant engagements. "Blessed be ye poor."

A cutting from the *Glasgow Daily Bulletin* contains the following:—

An illustration comes from Rothesay of the "extent" of prayer daily engaged in by our workers on holiday. In these times it is assumed that many, touched in their finer feelings by the world-tragedy or bereaved of near relations, would be willing to take advantage of opportunity for private prayer in church at other times than the regular services. While the "Madeira" was crowded recently with its gay thousands, it was thought to be a good idea—and the idea was really good—that the office-bearers of a particular church should take turns of attending in the afternoon to welcome visitors and see that they were accommodated as they desired, and that they would be undisturbed in their devotions. The arrangement was intimated by poster and newspaper advertisement. I have inquired as to the number of people who took advantage of this opportunity, and have received the reply:—Not one.

A case of many are called but few there be that cometh.

General Sir Alfred Turner, writing on survival after death in a Sunday paper, says he is convinced that life after death is continuous because a voice at a seance called him "uncle." Merely that, and nothing more! Perhaps there was a parrot in the next room.

The Archdeacon of London is a firm believer in the immense spiritual benefit derived from wayside crosses, and he zealously advocates their adoption in this country. He tells us that a society has just been formed, called "The Society for Raising Wayside Crosses." We have no objection to their being put up; but if the Archdeacon imagines that they will bring about a religious revival he is radically mistaken. There have always been plenty of all sorts of crucifixes in France, and yet France has renounced the Christian Church.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley says he started the idea of women curates, and "now the Church has taken it up." What Church is he referring to? The Churches of England and Rome are both against taking such a step. They are so very conservative that we doubt if they would take Mr. Bottomley as a curate.

A German newspaper publishes a list of "Heroes endowed by God," which begins with Moses and ends with Count Zeppelin. Presumably this is a further proof that the Germans are "Atheists."

Until present times it was thought nothing was so contradictory as woman. But what about the clergy's opinions concerning ladies?



C. Cohen's Lecture Engagements.

September 24, Queen's Hall, London; October 1, Abertillery; October 8, Birmingham; October 22, Sheffield; October 29, Barrow-in-Furness.

To Correspondents.

J. T. LLOYD'S LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.—September 17, Queen's Hall; September 24, Queen's Hall; October 1, Failsworth; October 8, Leicester; October 29, Sheffield.

H. J. OWEN.—We are continually writing notes on the subject of affirmation, so that it cannot be said *Freethinker* readers are lacking information. The right to affirm is guaranteed by the Oaths Act of 1888, and affirmation may be made either on the ground of having no religious belief or on the ground of the oath being contrary to one's religion. Further than this no official has the right to inquire; and usually the mere request to affirm is enough. Affirmation is adequate in every case where an oath is legally required.

J. G. H.—Glad to welcome you as a member of the N. S. S. We hope to see some work being done in Manchester before the winter is over.

JOHANNES.—We are familiar with the religious apology that woman was placed in a higher position by Christianity because a woman was the mother of Jesus. But it would have been straining credulity to breaking point to have selected a man for that purpose, and the absence of a known father is all that is possible in the case of a birth.

H. JACKSON.—Quite right to insist on affirming on entering the Army. Firmness and courtesy are all that are necessary to get one's own way in this matter.

J. STIRLING.—Pleased to hear from one of our old Paisley friends. Be good enough to give our regards to others. Perhaps it will be possible to do some propaganda work in the near future. There need be no fear as to the future of the *Freethinker*. Nothing short of a German occupancy of London is likely to stop its appearance.

J. G. BARRAM.—We remember Mrs. Dixon quite well, and regret very much to hear of her death. Please convey our deepest sympathy to all her relatives. It will be a great blow to her parents. Hope you will continue to get good news of your son in France.

J. BREESE.—We quite appreciate your indignation, but it does not do to take Lord Alfred Douglas too seriously. Perhaps we may say more on the matter later.

C. KAY ROBERTSON.—Thanks for cutting. It is, as you say, quite mediæval in tone, but it is very pious. Will be of use later.

T. J. DAVIES.—We have been greatly interested in the account of your friend, while much regretting the circumstances under which you write. When Mr. Cohen visits Abertillery, he will be pleased to do anything he can. Pleased your own health is on the mend.

J. W. LEIPER.—Thanks for cutting. When such things appear in a Scotch paper, one looks for something to happen.

A. MACLEAN.—Magazine to hand, but want of space prevents our dealing with it this week.

H. ALLUN.—We are encouraged by the knowledge that our efforts met with such warm appreciation.

NORTH LONDON.—Pleased to learn the Parliament Hill Freethinkers knew how to protect their platform.

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, giving as long notice as possible.

The Secular Society, Limited, office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The National Secular Society's office is at 62 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Lecture Notices must reach 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. by first post Tuesday, or they will not be inserted.

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

Letters for the Editor of the "Freethinker" should be addressed to 61 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Orders for literature should be sent to the Business Manager of the Pioneer Press, 61 Farringdon Street, London, 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.

There was a fine meeting at the Queen's (Minor) Hall on Sunday last for Mr. Cohen's lecture on "Woman, the Bible, and the Bishops." The audience was kept in the best humour throughout, and although the address was a little longer than usual, the lecturer appeared to be the only one who thought enough had been said. The chair was very ably filled by Mr. Murphy, of whom we hope to hear more in the near future. A meeting such as last Sunday's is full of promise for the future of the Movement.

To-day (Sept. 17) the same platform will be filled by Mr. Lloyd. His subject, "Self-Reliance versus Trust in God," will no doubt prove as interesting as Mr. Lloyd's lectures usually are; and when that is said, all is said. We hope that Freethinkers will induce their Christian friends to attend this lecture, and also that every endeavour will be made to personally advertise the meeting. There is nothing like it to ensure success.

On September 24 there will be a public demonstration at the Queen's Hall to celebrate the Jubilee of the N. S. S. and the birthday of Charles Bradlaugh, its first President. The present President of the Society, Mr. Cohen, will take the Chair, and he will be "supported" by Mr. Lloyd, Mrs. Bradlaugh Bonner—Bradlaugh's only surviving daughter—Messrs. Moss and Heaford—two of the veterans in the Society's work—and Mr. Harry Snell, whom we suppose we must not call a veteran, but who was closely associated with the N. S. S. in the earlier Bradlaugh days. There should be a crowded hall on that occasion. Jubilees are not common occurrences. Slips advertising both this and Mr. Lloyd's meeting may be had on application to the General Secretary, Miss E. M. Vance, 62 Farringdon Street, E.C., or at the *Freethinker* Office.

The National Secular Society has received a very gratifying accession of new members during the past two or three months, but there is still room, and need, for many more. Pleasing as it is to contemplate the total of these newcomers, they represent but a fraction of those who ought to join, and the sooner their names are sent up the better. The process of organization—or reorganization—is not an easy one, but it will be made easier by a larger membership roll. The fact of the approaching Jubilee of the N. S. S. should also act as a spur to those whose natural tendency is to put off things until the last moment.

The Pioneer Press has just issued two new pamphlets by Mr. Cohen—*War and Civilization* and *Religion and the Child*. Both of these pamphlets deal with subjects of first-rate importance, and they should have a large circulation. The published price of each is One Penny, postage one halfpenny extra, and in order to secure as large a sale as possible, those who wish to distribute copies on their own account may procure them at the rate of 6s. per 100. This will enable all who wish to do a little quiet and inexpensive propaganda to indulge in that very laudable ambition.

We have not said anything lately about the London County Council and its decision to stop the sale of publications in the public parks, for the reason that there has been nothing new to report. The Council, after receiving a deputation on the matter, adjourned until about the middle of October, when its decision will be announced. But between that date and September 30 there lies three Sundays, and attempts are being made to get the Council to come to a decision before the announced date of its meeting. It is only by this means that friction between the Council and the public can be avoided. The Joint Committee, formed on the initiative of the N. S. S., is determined to fight this matter, and at its last meeting a number of fresh societies sent in their adherence. The Committee now consists of quite a large number of Trades Unions, as well as of the London Trades Council, besides other organizations, and all are quite determined to defeat this latest attempt to limit the right of popular propaganda. The Council has,



in fact, stirred up a hornet's nest, and we hope it will be wise to recognize that a mistake has been made. And what we said before, we now repeat—the sale of literature will go on—we hope with the consent of the Council, but it will go on.

It appears that the paper trouble is almost as keen in the United States as it is here, which would seem to be an ironic comment on the independence of nations. We see that papers in the States are reducing their size or increasing their price, while with books either fewer pages are printed to the volume, or the issue is held over until the War is concluded. The American Bible Society has even suspended the issuing of some Bibles until paper is cheaper. That is a calamity which most readers will bear with equanimity, but the paper question is really a serious one for all concerned in the publishing business.

We are pleased to see from the *Grimsby News* that Mr. G. L. Alward, J.P., a very old friend of the Freethought Movement, has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, and is still "going strong." The occasion was marked by a gathering of children, grandchildren, and friends. Mr. Alward promised to stay on a little longer "to trouble his relatives," and we hope he will be as good as his word. Mr. and Mrs. Alward have been married over fifty-two years. Our best wishes to them both.

All Freethinkers, particularly those who are unattached, are cordially invited to attend a meeting called by the North London Branch of the National Secular Society, on Thursday evening next, September 21, at the St. Pancras Reform Club, 15 Victoria Road, off Kentish Town Road, N.W., at 8 p.m. The object of the meeting is to discuss winter quarters and future propaganda. Local Freethinkers should make a point of attending.

A special meeting of the Glasgow Branch of the N. S. S. will be held in the Good Templar's Hall, 122 Ingram Street, to-day (September 17), at 12 noon. There is important business for transaction, and all members should make a point of being present.

We are glad to see that the Birmingham Branch of the N. S. S. is launching out on some open-air propaganda. This is a step in the right direction, and if the Branch receives sufficient encouragement, it will continue this form of work. We hope that Birmingham Freethinkers will see to it that this support is not wanting.

The *Buddhist Review*, a well got up quarterly devoted to the study of Buddhism, contains in its July issue an interesting article on "Buddhism and Christianity," by the editor, Mr. A. D. Howell Smith. Mr. Howell Smith's article is an extremely suggestive one, and its very temperate tone will serve to impress the more those who read it. The philosophy of Buddhism appeals with peculiar force to many educated minds, and to all who feel interested in the teachings of the great Eastern Freethinker, the *Buddhist Review* will prove very acceptable. It is published at One Shilling.

### The Poet.

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate.  
—Gray, "The Progress of Poesy."

PROVE it ye poets! no, but these the poets prove:  
Immortal music, love, and deathless art,  
The unquerable mind:  
These replenishment will find  
From springs eternal in the human heart,  
As streams amid earth's chaos find their willowed  
groove.  
Let us read and mark and learn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn:  
These will triumph o'er the urn.

A MILLAR.

### The Life to Come.

WE met again on the summit of a hill overlooking a large part of the suburbs of South London, one evening in August, I and my old friends who had discussed some of the aspects of the Christian teaching on "Heaven and Hell," which I described recently in the columns of this journal. We were all present except the sour-faced Christian with hard features, who had such a strong antipathy to everyone who expressed disbelief in his narrow views, all of whom he regarded as "blaspheming infidels" and "children of the Devil."

"Shall we continue our discussion," I said, after we had made sundry observations on the weather, "at the point at which we left it on the last occasion?"

"Certainly," said the bright-eyed little seaman; "we shall be able to get on just as well without our pious brother, who put me in mind of one of the characters in *Pickwick*."

"You mean Stiggins," I replied, "that pious chap who upset the temper of dear old Weller, and who Sammy said he would get rid of 'by dropping him in the water-butt and putting the lid on'; and if he found he was insensible to kindness, would try 'the other persuasion.'"

"Yes, I remember that incident," said the man with military experience. "Dickens was awfully down on Christian humbugs, wasn't he? Yet I suppose you'd call him a Christian, wouldn't you?"

"Well, he believed in a kind of Christianity of his own," I observed, "but he eliminated all the obnoxious parts of the old creed, as every sensible man does who uses his reason. But let us return to the Christian's heaven—or, rather, the Christian's idea of it, when viewed by the light of reason and common sense. And what do we find? Christians tell us that when we get to heaven we shall have a spiritual, and not a material, body. And yet, unless we have a material body, with a brain and nervous organization, we shall neither be able to experience pleasure nor pain."

"They tell us that there will be no pain in heaven," said the engine-driver, who had a practical turn of mind; "all joy and happiness, and all that sort of thing; but I fancy that would become very monotonous after a time—it would be like all sunshine and no shower."

"Or all smooth sea and no storm," chimed in the ready-witted seaman.

"But that is not all," I retorted. "What is the good of being promised a life of everlasting happiness if you are deprived of the very faculties by which you experience happiness? For example, I am only known by my bodily form. Destroy that, and what becomes of me? If I am not the same person in any other world as I am here, I shall have lost my individuality, and I might as well not live again."

"Look at that!" exclaimed the military man. "Jones has got to be Jones, and Brown has got to be Brown in heaven; of course they have, or how shall we know them? I've never thought of that before. Then, I suppose, a man who loses an arm or leg will have to go to heaven *minus* a leg or an arm, or else we shan't know him?"

"Certainly. And what about a man who loses his head?"

"Oh, he'll be off his head entirely," chimed in the little seaman, with a chuckle.

"To listen to some Christian ministers, one would think," I continued, "that they knew all about heaven—where it was situated, what was the climate, and everything about it; in fact, as the late Austin Holyoake used to say, they spoke as though the whole 'celestial



regions' had been surveyed and mapped out like a tract of country, and their boundaries placed beyond the possibility of dispute."

"Yes, and I used to know an old lady who was constantly talking about the 'mansions in the sky,' and she used to think that apartments were being reserved for her because she attended church regularly and put a few coppers in the plate," said the retired signalman, who managed to get in a remark or two occasionally.

"Exactly; and I daresay she thought heaven was composed largely of a sort of celestial model dwellings, and the rich would get the mansions and the poor the slums, as usual," I added, to round off the sentence.

"I reckon, myself," said the engine-driver, "that when we're dead we're done for. Once we get into the grave, and the worms get at us, there won't be much left for heaven, or hell either. Why, take this case. I was driving the 6.30 up from — several years ago, and a man threw himself on the line. Well, we went over him, and I heard afterwards that when he was picked up, his head was found in one place half a mile up the line, his body in another, and his legs—well, they picked them up in pieces somewhere. Well, what I want to know is, How could they ever get a body like that together again—in a fit condition to go to heaven or anywhere else?"

"My belief is that this world is the only heaven," said the sailor.

"And the only hell, too," I replied. "The Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, was about right when he said that heaven and hell were within us, which clearly showed that he understood that man had a good deal of the wild beast in him, and had come up from the lower animals. And what about hell? Christians are in the same fix as to where that is, and what it is. When I was a boy they knew all about it. They knew that it was a lake of fire, and that all infidels and a large proportion of Christians were going to be burned in it for ever and for ever. Yes, and they used to rejoice over it, and think it was a glorious thing for those they thought were going to be saved to think of their brothers and sisters burning away in perpetual torment while they were singing the Hallelujah Chorus in heaven."

"Christians were awfully cruel in those days," remarked the good-natured signalman, with a stern look of indignation.

"And all the sky-pilots became agents for the Hell-fire Insurance Co.," responded the seaman, with a chuckle.

"And when some liberal-minded Christians," I continued, "said that they didn't believe that God would be so unkind as to burn his children for ever and ever, the more orthodox replied with a long list of texts taken from the New Testament to show that the Scriptures taught eternal torments. And Catholic societies issued works like *Hell Open to Christians*, which gave descriptions of the torture suffered by young children too horrible for words; and even the great Spurgeon, the great Nonconformist orator, likened the sufferings of hell to burning oil being poured down one's throat."

"And that's what they call the love of God," said the seaman; "well, if it is, I don't want any of it. I never did believe much in the old bogies of superstition; but I believe in being kind and true to your shipmates and your friends, and all that, and that's about the only religion I believe in."

"They used to have what a good old friend of mine calls 'a red-hot poker department' in hell, and the Devil used to act as a pantomime clown, coming up behind, and taking you unawares, and giving you a taste of its quality on a very tender portion of your anatomy. Old Nick was a good all-round comedian, very versatile and very active."

"Yes, and the priests and parsons used to frighten poor old women with stories of what would happen to them in the next world," said the engine-driver. "But I never would have any of those fellows calling at my house. I told my wife to tell them to come when I was at home; but somehow or other, they never seemed to like to tackle me."

"And the worst of it is," I went on, "that hypocrites and scoundrels went to heaven, and brave thinkers and reformers like Voltaire, Thomas Paine, Bradlaugh, Ingersoll, Foote, and many others who had done something to remove the shackles of superstition from the minds of people, went to the other place."

"Do you say that there is no life hereafter for any of us?" asked the signalman.

"No, I don't. I merely say I don't know whether there is or not. There is no evidence. But let me read from this little book I have brought. It is the Bijou edition of *What Must We Do to Be Saved?* by Colonel Ingersoll. This expresses my view entirely. Listen:—

And suppose that death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being for ever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that, is to be wrapt in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no waves. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the burning touch of tears. Lips touched by the eternal silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits, and in the rayless gloom is crouched no shuddering fear."

"Good God! what fine language," exclaimed the old soldier.

"Yes, it is superb; almost equal to Shakespeare in its way. But listen again:—

I had rather think of those I had loved and lost, as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds, I would rather think of them as the lost visions of a forgotten night, than to have even the faintest fear that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God."

"My God! that's good," again exclaimed the old soldier.

"I have not quite finished. Listen to these last lines:—

But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them. Whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish, and I will give it breath of sighs and rain of tears. But I cannot believe that there is any being in the Universe who has created a human soul for eternal pain. I would rather that every God would destroy himself; I would rather that we all should go to eternal chaos, to black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony."

"That's grand," cried all my old friends, in chorus.

"Thank you so much for reading those grand sentiments from a noble teacher," said the signalman, in wishing me good evening. "We've had a glorious time."

The sun was sinking fast, but the glorious trees of the park looked grand in the silvery moonlight. As we were wandering through the paths down to the gates, my friends expressed the hope that we might meet again before the close of the summer.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

The Young Men's Christian Association uses a red triangle as a trade-mark on its canteens. Perhaps it is meant as a delicate compliment to the Trinity.



## Talks With Young Listeners.

### XV.—A House Divided.

"REBELS! My father ruled you with a whip of thongs, but I will rule you with stinging scorpions."

A growl of wrath rose up from the multitude. Solomon was dead, and the Hebrews had hoped for ease from the heavy taxes and the unpaid labour of working at the erection of temples and palaces; and they had begged Solomon's son for relief. This was his haughty reply.

"Down with the house of David!" they shouted. "To your tents, O Israel! We will have no more kings of the tribe of Judah."

The chief tax-master was sent to threaten the rioters and scare them into order. They hurled stones at him and slew him; and the king, whose foolish speech had lost him more than half his kingdom, leaped into his chariot and fled like wildfire to safety behind the walls of Jerusalem.

The Hebrew house was now divided against itself, two tribes forming the kingdom of Judah in the south, and ten forming the kingdom of Israel; and the two kingdoms, sometimes friendly, sometimes jealous, remained divided for two hundred years.

A young man, Jeroboam, once an officer in charge of the walls and towers of Jerusalem, was made king of Israel. He had two images of calves moulded out of gold. These, he told the ten tribes, were images of Yahweh, who had brought their fathers out of Egypt. He placed one calf in the south, at Bethel; the other in the north, at Dan; and the folk worshipped at Bethel and Dan instead of going to Solomon's Temple. The Yahweh men—priests and prophets—never forgave Jeroboam, and the history-book of the "Kings" often names him, as with a hiss and a groan, as "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin."

On a rocky height was built the city of Samaria, which became the chief city of Israel. A terrible time the citizens went through when the Syrians from the north-east (the land of Damascus) laid siege to Samaria. The people starved. An ass's head was sold for a big handful of silver, and it was said that babes were devoured by their own mothers. Elisha, a man of Yahweh, startled the town by crying:

"To-morrow wheat and barley will be sold cheap in the Gate Market!"

"No doubt," sneered a courtier, "if Yahweh opens his windows for the stuff to come down."

In the dusk of that day four living skeletons crouched outside the city gate. They were lepers, starving like the rest of the people, but obliged to dwell apart. They resolved to approach the camp of the Syrians, hardly caring whether they lived or died. To their intense surprise they found the camp deserted; tables laid for supper, but nobody eating. The four lepers ate and drank, and packed a pile of silver, gold, and raiment as their special booty and hid it. Then they hurried to the city to tell the news.

Of course, the affair was due to Yahweh. He had sounded an alarm like the roll of chariots and the war-cries of a host attacking, and the Syrians had run as if mad.

Crowds rushed out from Samaria, and ate and drank, and collected spoil, and wheat and barley were sold cheap. The mocking courtier was carried away in the rush of the mob and trodden to death. Thus Yahweh punished the unbeliever.

The last siege of Samaria took place in 723 B.C. For three years the bearded Assyrians, in scarlet coats, girdled the doomed city with their troops and war-machines. At

one time they had been allies of Israel, but when they discovered that Egypt was seeking to protect the little Hebrew land, they decided to wipe the kingdom out altogether. They captured Samaria, and deported about thirty thousand of the people of the country. These unhappy Jews were led away in long caravans, guarded by Assyrians in pointed hats, and were settled in far-away villages and cities in the region of the river Tigris. A colony of Gentiles (folk not Jews) was brought into Israel, and their descendants were called Samaritans. Nobody knows just what became of the Hebrews who were borne away to Assyria; and right up to the twentieth century, people were to be met who spent time in wondering what was the fate of the "Lost Ten Tribes."

As you may suppose, the two tribes left in Judah feared the same doom. This small land, not so big as our Devonshire, trembled between such giant neighbours as Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt.

Not long after Samaria fell a strange scene was witnessed in Jerusalem. Men were tearing gold from the walls and pillars of Yahweh's Temple, and packing up the silver vessels. The treasure was hastily sent to the camp of the King of Assyria, who was uttering dire threats against Judah. The gift did not stop his marching an army into the Jewish kingdom, seizing many cities, and laying siege to Jerusalem. King Hezekiah rent his royal robes, dressed in coarse, dark sackcloth, and knelt in the temple to beg the aid of Yahweh. That night the angel of Yahweh went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians 185,000 men; and when the men of Jerusalem looked from the ramparts in the early dawn, they saw the vast army of the dead.

Some years later a priest, searching in a corner of the temple, found an old roll of parchment, and took the manuscript to the king. All who heard it read in the palace agreed that it was the book of the law of Yahweh, long hidden and now brought to light.<sup>1</sup> King, priests, and people were now as busy as bees, trying as quickly as possible to do all the things commanded in this newly discovered roll. They routed out all the chapels where folk worshipped stars, sun, or moon; hewed down an Asherah, or pillar, which some people adored; drove sacred horses from the temple; and frightened "witches" out of the country, or killed them. Then they kept the spring festival, eating unleavened cakes (bread made without sour dough, which caused it to "rise"); and this holiday came to be known as the Passover,

The pious king just spoken of was Josiah. He was slain in battle with the Egyptians, who terrified the Jews for several years. Then a new horror arose from the east. The army of the Babylonians came down upon the land of David, broke the gates of Jerusalem, burned the temple, put out the eyes of the king, massacred the nobles or aristocrats, and dragged away to the land of Babylon a multitude of wretched and weeping prisoners. Some of the children, who looked back at the smoking ruins on Mount Zion, would return as aged men and women seventy years later. These seventy years, beginning 586 B.C., are known as the time of the Exile, or the Captivity.

\* \* \* \*

You will think that Israel, the Chosen People, had not a very happy history, in spite of Yahweh's love and care for them. Indeed, a Hebrew poet made a Grief-Song about the sufferings of Israel:—

He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows  
and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our

<sup>1</sup> This book is supposed to be Deuteronomy, chapters v. to xxviii. inclusive; and the critical theory is that it was written by contemporaries and placed in the temple on purpose to be dramatically "found."



faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.<sup>1</sup>

Assyria and Babylon despised the Jews.

The Passover feast is said, in one of the legends, to have begun at the time when the Hebrew slaves escaped from Egypt, and the angel of Yahweh "passed over" the Hebrews, but slew the first-born children of the Egyptians. But for a long time the feast was very likely only a merry holiday of the spring season, when the firstlings (first-born lambs, and so on) of the flocks and herds were offered to the gods. Then the priests changed the feast into a temple festival, and said that the bread must be unleavened, in memory of the unleavened cakes baked by the slaves leaving Egypt; for they, in their haste, had no time to leaven the bread with the usual sour dough.<sup>2</sup> Afterwards, the story of the Passover angel was invented. Thus legends grow.

The story of the Assyrian army being entirely destroyed in one night may have arisen (or some people think so) from a legend told by the "Father of History," Herodotus the Greek. He relates that King Sennacherib the Assyrian marched to Egypt with an immense army and encamped. But there came in the night a multitude of field-mice, which devoured the quivers and bowstrings of his warriors, and ate the leather thongs which fastened the shields to their arms. Next morning the soldiers found their bows and shields useless, and great numbers were slain by the Egyptians.

Lord Byron did not, of course, believe the Bible tale of the destruction of Sennacherib, but he used the legend for a splendid poem, beginning:—

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

And then he pictures their death after the setting of the sun—

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

So we see that the same tale is "history" (real fact) to some people, legend to other people, and poetry to Lord Byron.

F. J. GOULD.

### Prevention or Cure?

There is nothing more calculated to afford philosophical people food for thought than the bounce we hear so often from Christians about the number of hospitals and infirmaries in our midst. To anyone who ponders carefully the conditions of modern life, the existence of a great many hospitals is not a necessary cause of gratification. Prevention is better than cure, and while it may be inevitable, owing to the insane and irrational way in which people generally are taught to live just now, that we should have a considerable number of hospitals; and while the tending of the maimed and sick is a commendable thing—which, by the way, Freethinkers as well as others take their share in supporting—it is well to keep in view that a country which requires the fewest hospitals is the happiest country, with the most servicable and healthy population.

The fact is that in this matter of the treatment of those suffering from bodily ailments, religious people allow their sentimentality to run riot. The arrant rubbish and cant that one hears about the "noble" and "munificent" gifts of millionaires to hospital funds are

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah liii. 3. This poem was, by an absurd mistake, thought by Christians to mean Jesus, the suffering Christ.

<sup>2</sup> This reason is given in Deut. xvi. 2.

really all of a piece with the adoration—and adulation—which the modern gushing religionist pays to earthly riches in every shape and form. And yet it is as necessary that the big capitalist should pay so much periodically for the support of such institutions as that he should annually expend very considerable amounts in advertising his business to keep his wares before the public eye and in insurance premiums. The "widow's mite" is prettily sentimental, but it is an unconsidered trifle in reality nowadays. The seamstress widow who works all day and half the night to keep herself in crusts, or the ragged widow who may be found in the gutter proffering matches for sale, is quite common. The widow who has £20,000 well invested is a favoured object of Christian and clerical attention; but the charwoman with two or three sickly children is allowed to furnish us with another example of the pathos and heroism which human nature can display. It is so soothing after one has dined well at the Ritz to contemplate the noble struggles of the poor.

And when the poor fall by the way in these interesting struggles of theirs, we put them in big, bare wards, and send budding Bob Sawyers to talk familiarly to them and experiment upon them—for we must have clinical material—and we send young fledglings and parsons to talk to them, and raucous Bible-readers to croak about the old verities, and flippant young ladies of Vere de Vere mien, who bring half-withered flowers, and such dear little tracts for the patients to read. And then the Sundays! Ah, that is unspeakable bliss!

A large number of hospitals in any land is no more creditable to that land than a large number of lunatic asylums or prisons or workhouses. Religion has, no doubt, had much to do in furnishing inmates for these institutions. But Christians seldom think of this: that if the people as a whole had sufficient knowledge to enable them to lead sane and rational lives in obedience to the great laws of Nature, there would soon be a very material reduction in the number of our hospitals, prisons, lunatic asylums, and workhouses. The saving to the community that could be effected thereby is incalculable.

Of course, it is now realized that infectious disease in particular is such a menace to the wellbeing of the community generally that it is really a national duty to combat it and grapple with the root causes that produce infectious disease. But what part has religion played to bring about this state of feeling in the country? None whatever. The scientific advance of 100 years has done much to heal what religion, by 2,000 years of pain, has stricken; and science is marching onwards to greater triumphs, and every year discrediting some one of the most cherished articles of the Christian faith.

IGNOTUS.

### Obituary.

Tyneside friends will sadly grieve to learn of the death, after a lingering illness, of Mrs. Violet Dixon, late of Gateshead, at Alltycham, South Wales, on September 7. Mrs. Dixon, the beloved wife of our recent President of the Newcastle Branch N. S. S., was one of the brave, intellectual women the Freethought Party can ill afford to lose. Being an active member of our Branch, her home offered an ever-welcome hospitality to all workers in the cause of Freethought. Memories of this quiet, unassuming, yet interesting lady will ever be remembered by those who were fortunate in the pleasure of her acquaintance. This being the fourth recent death in the family of Mrs. Dixon's surviving parents (two of whom were killed in action), we tender them and Mr. Dixon our sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavements, and the consolation that the revered memory of living friends is at least something to have lived for.—J. G. BARTRAM.



## 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.

## INDOOR.

QUEEN'S (MINOR) HALL (Langham Place, W.): 6.30, J. T. Lloyd, "Self-Reliance *versus* Trust in God."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (St. Pancras Reform Club, 15 Victoria Road, off Kentish Town Road, N.W.): Thursday, Sept. 21, at 8, Social Meeting.

## LONDON.

## OUTDOOR.

BETHNAL GREEN BRANCH N. S. S. (Victoria Park, near the Fountain): 3.30, E. Burke, a Lecture.

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

FINSBURY PARK N. S. S.: 11.15, Stephen Hooper, a Lecture.

HYDE PARK: 11.30, Messrs. Saphin and Shaller; 3.15, Messrs. Beale and Hall, Debate; 6.30, Messrs. Hyatt, Dales, and Saphin.

KINGSLAND BRANCH N. S. S. (corner of Ridley Road): 7, J. T. Thurlow, "Bradlaugh, the Patriot."

NORTH LONDON BRANCH N. S. S. (Parliament Hill): 3.15, Miss Kough, a Lecture.

REGENT'S PARK N. S. S.: 3.15, Stephen Hooper, a Lecture.

WEST HAM BRANCH N. S. S. (outside Maryland Point Station): 6.45, E. Burke, a Lecture.

## COUNTRY.

## INDOOR.

GLASGOW BRANCH N. S. S. (Good Templars' Hall, 122 Ingram Street): 12 noon, Important Business Meeting.

## OUTDOOR.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH N. S. S. (near Public Library, Erdington): Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 7, Messrs. E. C. Williams and F. E. Willis, "Secularism the True Philosophy of Life."

GLASGOW (Jail Square): 3.30, R. Ogilvie, a Lecture.

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