

was appointed orderly clerk. His daughter states a curious instance showing how at heart a man was a gentleman, and although he behaved very ill, yet honestly told the truth against himself. "One day a newly arrived officer" (who probably was not a teatotaller) "came into the orderly room and gave him a discourteous order. He took no notice. The order was repeated with an oath. Still no movement. Then it came again with some foul words added. Bradlaugh walked up to him and bade him leave the room or he would throw him out. The officer left but shortly returned with the colonel and a guard. The officer made his accusation and Bradlaugh was directed to explain. He asked the officer to state the exact words that he had used, and the latter honestly repeated word for word what he had said without concealing anything. Readers must know many who, in such humiliating circumstances, would have slurred the facts. Bradlaugh then said to the colonel that the officer's memory must surely be at fault in the whole matter, as he could not have used words so unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman." The colonel turned to the officer and drily remarked, "I think Private Bradlaugh is right, there must be some mistake," and he left the room. *Noblesse oblige.*

The following occurrence at Waterloo is an instance of the exact opposite and shows the sort of men that the French Revolution occasionally brought to the surface. Of course it was a very rare case, but could not possibly have happened in the British service.

During one of the charges an English officer was taken prisoner. A wounded French general was being carried to the rear on a litter by four men. Observing the prisoner he ordered him to be brought to him, and directed his bearers to move him so that he could kick the helpless prisoner, which, to the great disgust of the men, he actually did.

Bradlaugh gives an amusing instance of summary justice. Some poor men had been entrapped into building a hall on freehold ground without first getting any lease or conveyance. The free-holder—a party to the fraud—asserted his legal right to the building and refused to accept an annual rent of £20. The victims consulted Bradlaugh, then a lawyer's clerk. Finding that they had no remedy, he, assisted by 100 others—without any breach of the peace—took away every brick, etc., of the building and divided the materials among the owners.

Whenever there was a chance of a contest in the political or religious world—excluding physical force—Bradlaugh was to the front. He ostentatiously sided with those who publicly justified murdering monarchs who had done wrong. He acted as adviser to some of the leading Fenians, who were afterwards indicted. Lawabiding priests contend that there has been an informal alliance between such men and the ultra foes of all Christianity. Bradlaugh's confession shows that this was so.

FRENCH REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

He confesses his ultimate disbelief in Louis Blanc, Ledm Rollin, Victor Hugo, etc., as possible statesmen. "I write this with much sadness as 1870 to 1873 have dispelled some of my illusions." The older we get the further away is the millennium.

Combating some person or some belief was a necessary of life to him. The poets words, slightly varied, apply: "Quiet to such bosoms is as hell."

ATHEISM IN PARLIAMENT.

Bradlaugh will always be remembered as the man who succeeded in introducing avowed atheists into the House of Commons. Considering the direct and indirect evils resulting from militant atheism, the writer believes that Parliament would have acted more wisely by standing firm. But this is the age of sham-Liberalism.

His first attempt in 1880 failed. The House would not admit him unless he took the usual oaths. Afterwards he offered to swear but having said that he did not consider oaths as binding they very properly refused to admit him. The struggle lasted for years, but ultimately the House gave way and he was admitted.

In several instances men opposed to him grossly misrepresented facts. This caused great litigation and consequent expense. But it is difficult to understand how he could have been happy if everything had been serene. Froissart said of the English of the fifteenth century that they took their pleasure sadly; but of Bradlaugh he would have said

that he took his pleasures litigiously. He was always at law with some one.

CHARACTER.

Apart from his religious views and craving for antagonism he was generally respected. He was intelligent, truthful, courageous and honest. An old phrase of anti-slavery advocates was, "Is he not a man and a brother?" Bradlaugh's practical leaning was, "Is he not a man and as such one to contend with?" In private life he appears to have been a worthy man. But I am inclined to think that what the Duke of Wellington said of his eminent brother the Marquis of Wellesley applied, "He was a very nice man to get along with if you always let him have his own way."

RESULT OF HIS LABOURS.

His atheistical journal was a failure and caused him great loss. The visible falling off of adherents and financial troubles, partly caused by his fondness for litigation, embittered his last years. He did not found a school of thought. Atheism is an ancient ill-weed and flourished long before his time. Thus—looking at the subject from all points of view—with great gifts and many opportunities he probably did more harm than good. It is easy to destroy, but higher gifts are required to build. He lacked constructive ability. The Free Thought organization in Toronto has died a natural death.

Our next issue will contain a criticism by "Fairplay Radical" of Mr. Goldwin Smith's article in the March number of the *Contemporary*.

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

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Canada From an Artist's Point of View.

LEAVING Ancaster with its fine views of the valley, its pretty winding roads, its picturesque water-fall and ancient lime-kilns, and recrossing the valley to Dundas, one can choose either to rush to the west with aid of the Grand Trunk or, if in search of sketching, to saunter along by the little river and across the fields past Webster's Falls, or, supposing one wishes to lose sight of the last quarter of a century with its telephones and signs of progress, to take the old fashioned stage, and winding slowly up the hilly roads proceed in a dreamy jog trot from village to village stopping at each little cluster of houses to deliver and receive Her Majesty's mail and gossip with the idlers congregated (under the shallow pretense of expecting letters) at the village store.

You shall not travel for an hour nor assist at more than one of these functions before you will have ceased to believe in the necessity for steam cars, electric cars, telegraph lines, *et hoc genus omne*. Life will seem like a season of calm contemplation with no hurry or worry in it. The one subject worthy of consideration will be the question of rain with half the back fifty lying just cut and the click of the mowing machine, the only sign of moving life. The very names of the villages take you back fifty years at a bound. "Bullock's Corners"—there is a homely not to say a limited sound in such nomenclature as this. The mind reverts to Bullock sitting out on his corners in front of his little log house in the summer evenings, delighted to meet and talk to the passing traveller, a very rare bird in that day, and not very plentiful in this day of grace when the stage is constructed to carry three people beside the driver.

A tavern, a store, a blacksmith's shop, and a mill—these are the constituents of the back country village, and what more is required to constitute society? The blacksmith mends and makes waggons, shoes horses, and repairs mowers and reapers with more or less success, and the clink of his hammer, harmonizing so delightfully with the water falling over the mill weir, is the most suitable accompaniment in the world to the gossip going on at the store. And during the process of delivering and receiving the mail with the aid of the big leather bag that carries all, both letters and papers for six or seven such villages, there is just time to pass the time of day and say a word or two about rain, and to wonder who live in the four cottages built in a row by the road, and, as the mail carrier jumps up after squeezing the great leather bag beneath the seat, the happy thought strikes you that the four cottages would naturally form the homes of the superannuated representatives of the four great business interests above mentioned, and, as the old black horse