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THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON CIVILIZATION.

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XIII.

THE Church is a conventional standard of "respectability," and it offers certain social advantages not elsewhere to be found in our present transitional stage of belief. This consideration, with many minds long since freed from the trammels of theology, makes them give their influence, more or less, to sustain church organizations. And this will continue until Liberals, by organization, show their strength and offer as many social advantages as the Church possesses. In time, I have no doubt, the churches will drop their creeds and their senseless ceremonies, and be still sustained with all the good features that they now possess. There is to-day, perhaps, about as much infidelity in the Church as outside. Many orthodox clergy keep their theology to themselves, knowing that the people are tired of it. But comparatively few believe now all that the Bible plainly teaches. The most revolting portions of the Christian theology have been generally abandoned.

Liberal views have assumed a variety of phases. In the past, Universalism, an inconsistent though amiable form of Christianity, has been to thousands a stepping-stone from the evangelical theology to the position of the infidel. With such representatives as Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, it has, however, ceased to be a Liberalizing agency. The orthodox denominations are progressive; Universalism has become ossified, and its growth and development are no longer possible. Unitarianism is a "mild type of infidelity," and its talent and culture are all on the side of the army of progress. Modern Spiritualism has contributed to destroy confidence in the old theology. Its teachings have gone into the pulpit and pews alike, and thousands who do not cherish the name have, in reality, accepted the thing. The Free Religious Movement, led on by cultivated and earnest minds, like Frothingham, Abbot, and Higginson, is gaining strength rapidly, and shows how dissatisfied the people are with the creeds of the churches, and how ready they are to accept more advanced religious views. Materialism, which recognizes no other god but nature, no better worship than work, no better religion than morality, no "other life" than this, is the belief of no small number in this country as well as in Europe, and it is making

its influence felt among thoughtful minds of every class. It has among its friends some of the most profound and cultivated minds of the age. The masses, although they can give but scanty attention to scientific and philosophical questions, have caught the spirit of the age, and are thinking less about God and more about themselves, inquiring less as to what they shall do to be "saved" in another world, and asking more how they can add to their comfort and prosperity in this world.

Our literature is comparatively Liberal. Indeed, its infidel tendencies are the lament of the pulpit and religious press. The best magazines in the country are objects of frequent attack by the evangelical press for the heterodox character of many of their contributions and editorials. The secular press is chiefly in the hands and under the control of men who have outgrown the whole Christian theology. If they show it respect it is not because they have any love or sympathy for it, but because it has been sanctioned by the faith and piety of millions, and because it is yet nominally the religion of the people for whom they write. The great majority of professional men are undoubtedly Freethinkers. Rev. Theodore Cuyler, some time ago, raised the query, "Why is a lawyer rarely seen at a prayer-meeting?" Physicians, as a class, are infidels. And as the Scotch minister Gilfillan says, "When a scientific man is at the same time a babe at the feet of Christ, he is judged an exception to the general rule, and stared at as a prodigy." The public advocates of Freethought now speak in the best halls, and to larger audiences in the West than the clergy can get to hear their sermons. And the Liberal cause is gaining strength every day.

A few years ago the *N. Y. Evangelist* had the frankness and candor to admit that, "among all the earnest-minded young men who are at this moment leading in thought and action in America, we venture to say that four-fifths are sceptical of the great historical facts of Christianity. What is told as Christian doctrine by the Churches claims none of their consideration, and there is among them a general distrust of the clergy, as a class, and an utter disgust with the very aspect of modern Christianity and of church worship. This scepticism is not flippant; little is said about it. It is not a peculiarity alone of Radicals and fanatics; most of them are men of calm and even balance of mind, and belong to no class of ultraists. It is not worldly and selfish. Nay, the doubters lead in the bravest and most self-denying enterprises of the day."

Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington, in a recent address, reported in a secular paper, said: "Within the next decade, ay, within the next five years, Christianity will be tried as it has never been tried before. There are men in England and America to-day, who will bring to the assault a ripeness of scholarship, a power of intellect, and a breadth of view unequalled by the past, and there are men and women before me to-night who are destined to have their faith terribly shaken."

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of which is so frequently mentioned to prove that Christianity and progress go hand in hand, are the very nations in which Christianity has suffered the greatest decline, and in which unbelief is now the most widely diffused.

XIV.

THE friends of Infidelity have reason to feel proud of the influence which their principles have exerted. "The first nation of Europe," says W. T. Higginson very justly, "that abolished slavery in the colonies (France in 1793) did in the same session abolish Christianity, and when Christianity was restored slavery came back also." Freethinkers generally supported the anti-slavery movement in this country long before it became popular, and when the clergy and Bible believers were quoting Scripture in its favor. When no pulpit in Boston was open to Garrison for an anti-slavery speech, and when he had tried in vain to get a hall, Abner Kneeland, the honored founder of the brave old *Boston Investigator*, opened his hall to the distinguished abolitionist and told him to occupy the desk. The cause of Women's Rights was "cradled in Infidelity." Those who are now interested in this just and noble movement, and who are encouraged by the indications of its ultimate success, should not forget the names of Mary Woolstonecraft, Francis Wright, and Ernestine L. Rose, the fearless pioneers of the cause, who with a few others were pointing out the disadvantages and disabilities under which women labored when the clergy were everywhere quoting St. Paul to show that submission is woman's first duty, and that the measures which were advocated by the persons named were Infidel in their character and degrading in their tendency.

Nearly twenty years ago the N. Y. *Independent* said: "To the shame of the Church it must be confessed that the foremost in all our philanthropic movements, in the interpretation of the spirit of the age, in the practical application of genuine Christianity, in the reformation of abuses in high and in low places, in the vindication of the rights of man, and in practically redressing his wrongs in the intellectual and moral regeneration of the race, are the so-called Infidels in our land. The Church has pusillanimously left, not only the working oar, but the very reins of salutary reform in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are practically doing with all their might for humanity's sake what the Church ought to be doing for Christ's sake; and if they succeed, as succeed they will, in abolishing slavery, banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuses, and elevating the masses, then must the recoil on Christianity be disastrous. Woe, woe, woe to Christianity when infidels by the force of nature, or the tendency of the age, get ahead of the Church in morals, and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are already far in advance. In the vindication of truth, righteousness, and liberty, they are the pioneers, beckoning to a sluggish Church to follow in the rear."

Rev. J. W. Carter, vicar of All Saints, Stratford, England, says, in a recent number of *Lloyds' Newspaper*: "The Republican and infidel walk hand in hand, sowing broadcast the seeds of their pernicious doctrines. . . . Some in high places openly advocate Republican principles and sneer at the theory of a constitutional monarchy in this liberal, enlightened nineteenth century, as an anachronism. Privileged classes, they advise, should be abolished, and the power of government delegated to the people. Faith is to give place to intellect, God to man. Is it a matter of surprise that many of our lower classes, imitating the fashion of their betters, should be deeply imbued with this false teaching, and inclined to scepticism of stronger flavor? When some in authority hear with approving ears Rationalism delivered from the pulpit, and read with pleased attention, of science subverting all gospel truths, can we wonder at the uneducated cordially embracing the socialistic tenets of communism."

Gilfillan, from whom we have before quoted, confesses that "for a wise and moderate extension of the right of voting, or any other boons to the lower orders, she (the Church) never asked, and probably never will." "All this," he continues, "shows the weakness of our present Christianity; its want of vital force; its incapacity to cope with the age; and the uncertainty of its prospects as to the future if not favored by supernatural aid." While this is true of the Church, the Freethinkers of England and other European countries have been untiring in their efforts to extend the right of suffrage and to better the condition of the masses. Their reward has been, not unfrequently, in the old world, imprisonment, fine, or exile. Some of them have lived to witness the triumph of the reform which they originated, or for which they labored and suffered, and to hear the clergy claim them as an outgrowth of the Christian religion.

"If you insist," says Higginson, "in giving the name of Christianity to the whole progress of modern civilization, you may claim these reforms as Christian, but in no mere technical sense. And the reason is plain. It is not that there were worse men inside the Church, but they were preoccupied with saving the souls of men by some doctrine or ritual, and so left it to unbelievers and secular men to look after the bodies."

On the whole I think it is clear that infidelity, as much and as violently as it has been denounced by the clergy, and dreaded by religious people generally, has encouraged reform and exerted a good influence on the world.

It is a piece of strategy on the part of the defenders of the Christian religion to represent that the evils, which Freethinkers ascribe to their faith, are the result of a perversion of Christianity, and not of the system itself as taught by Christ and his apostles. It was a corruption of our holy religion, they say, that prevailed during the Dark Ages. That religion which exists in Catholic countries, and those forms of Christianity which oppose the reformatory and progressive movements of the

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age, should not, it is said, be confounded with the religion of the New Testament. If we ask for a definition of Christianity, the best moral precepts of the Bible are quoted, and we are asked how such teachings, if reduced to practice, could lead to bad results.

But it does not require much logical discrimination to see that a few rules of morality, or even a complete code of moral ethics, do not constitute Christianity. Confucius, Socrates, Plato, and Epictetus taught the most beautiful sentiments contained in the New Testament, and they were men of pure and noble lives, but surely nobody will claim that they were Christians. Do any of the orthodox churches admit to membership all who accept for their moral guide the Golden Rule? Do they not make inquiries respecting the religious opinions of the applicant? Do they not require a declaration of belief in certain doctrines? The fact is the Golden Rule and other moral precepts are affirmed to be Christianity by orthodox Christians only when in discussion with Freethinkers they find it convenient to ignore those dogmas to which can be traced undeniably bad results. Another class of minds, those that have mostly outgrown the Christian religion, but that dread to give up the name, find it more agreeable to repeat a few of the universally accepted precepts of morality, claim them as their religion, and say they are Christians as they understand the word, than to put themselves in opposition to a name for which the remains of their old superstition make them yet reverent, and which with so many is still the synonym of truth and virtue.

But the least reflection will convince any intelligent mind that Christianity is really a system of religion, and demands belief in dogmas that have no necessary connection with morals. Belief in a God, in a future state of existence, in the resurrection of the body, in the fall of man, in the incarnation, in salvation through Christ, in a personal devil, in angels and demons, in the merit of faith and the sinfulness of unbelief, in the divine origin and authoritative character of the Bible, the Old and the New Testaments—these are some of the prominent beliefs necessary to constitute an individual a Christian. He who accepts them is a Christian, just as he who believes in Mohammed and the Koran is a Mohammedan. These doctrines were all accepted during the Dark Ages, and had every chance to exert their legitimate influence. To say that the Christianity of those times was a corruption of the pure article, because it was accompanied by great ignorance and moral darkness, when, in truth, its characteristic teachings never had greater prominence, is to take a most absurd position, and which, it seems to me, implies a want of logical acumen or offers evidence of actual disingenuousness. Equally weak is the assumption that Catholic countries are not Christian countries, since the Catholic accepts all the essential doctrines of the Christian system, all the dogmas which make up the creeds of the orthodox Protestant denominations.

XV.

I WILL endeavor to indicate how the doctrines and teachings of Christianity, the system itself, and not a perversion of it, have been injurious to the progress of civilization.

Christianity gives such prominence to a future life, regards the secular affairs of this world as of so little account, and attaches so much importance to a religious preparation for death, that in proportion to the intensity with which it is believed and realized, it must divert attention from the real concerns of life, and destroy all relish for the physical sciences and useful arts. He who, regarding this world as of but little importance, is almost constantly contemplating the real or imaginary glories of another, or is perplexed and harassed with doubts as to whether he and his friends will be saved or damned, is not the man to give us great discoveries or inventions, or to take a lively interest in the affairs of this world. Fortunately, they who profess Christianity in this practical and comparatively unreligious age, have no deep and realizing conviction of the truth of its teachings respecting the future. Hence its influence in turning the mind from the proper pursuits of life is very small in comparison with the influence in this direction which it exerted when it was fully believed. The Christian, the energies of whose mind are absorbed chiefly in trying to save souls, is alone a true and consistent Christian, and it is impossible that such a frame of mind can be otherwise than unfriendly to intellectual pursuits or practical reforms.

Another of the teachings of Christianity which is hostile to intellectual and moral progress is, that religious scepticism and unbelief are of a criminal nature, or that they imply moral demerit. It deters the mind from investigation. It makes man a moral slave. And it supports and perpetuates old systems of error, which a little fearless investigation would expose, but which, continued from generation to generation, produce the most disastrous results to the cause of human progress. The doctrine that religious scepticism is a crime leads to the belief that scepticism respecting any established time-honored and cherished institution or opinion is criminal. Religious persecution, too, is a legitimate result of the doctrine that certain opinions involve merit, and other opinions involve guilt. Religious persecution is undeniably one of the greatest foes to intellectual advancement as well as to the general happiness of man. The best men are generally its victims. "Who can pretend to say," says Darwin, "why the Spanish nation, so dominant at one time, has been distanced in the race? The awakening of the nations of Europe from the dark ages is a still more perplexing problem. At this early period, as Mr. Galton has remarked, almost all the men of gentle nature, those given to meditation or culture of the mind, had no refuge except in the bosom of the Church, which demanded celibacy, and this could hardly have failed to have a deteriorating influence on each successive generation. During this same period the Holy Inquisition

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selected with extreme care the freest and boldest men in order to burn and imprison them. In Spain alone some of the best men, those who doubted and questioned, and without doubting and questioning there can be no progress, were eliminated during three centuries at the rate of a thousand a year" (Descent of Man, vol. 1, pp. 171-2).

It is true that many of the precepts of the New Testament enjoin submission and love; but a moral precept is powerless to counteract the effects of an erroneous principle, conscientiously entertained. Thousands of benevolent men, regarding unbelief or heresy as a crime of which the effect is the damnation of the soul, and desiring naturally enough to avert so terrible a calamity, have imprisoned and otherwise punished their fellow-men to arrest the progress of their opinions. Any good man, seeing thousands liable to be ruined by a false doctrine, and believing the man disseminating it the enemy of his Creator, will, if he has the power, confine and, if necessary to deter others, punish with severity that man to prevent the injurious influence of his blasphemous teachings. What is the imprisonment, or even the death, of a few individuals, he argues, compared with the eternal torture of thousands which will result if the heresy is not checked? It is easy to see why some of the most conscientious and benevolent men and women have been among the most bitter persecutors. It is easy to believe Llorente when he says that the founders of the Spanish Inquisition were men whose characters were unstained by vice, and who acted from an earnest desire to save the souls of men.

Christianity teaches that men are "saved" through Christ. Moral goodness will not do. The thief, the robber and the murderer may go straight to heaven by repentance at the last moment. The noblest minds must suffer eternally if they believe not in Jesus. This doctrine certainly gives a license to crime. It makes Jesus a scapegoat for raciality and wickedness. It depreciates the value and the importance of moral goodness. Indeed, the "plan of salvation" has all the worst features of a bankrupt law. In the past, especially, Christendom has been filled with men who have not tried to live pure and good lives, because they believed that moral goodness would not save them. There are still those who intend to get all the advantages, or the supposed advantages, of a sinful life, and at last to "cheat the devil out of his dues" by availing themselves of the great bankrupt scheme of redemption. It is true that Christianity tells men to live morally. So the laws require men to pay their honest debts. Give men an opportunity to do wrong and to escape its consequences, and in spite of all injunctions to virtue, many will put off doing right as long as they think it prudent or possible to do so and yet escape hell. The degraded beings in the slums and purlieus of vice in our large cities are among those who expect to be saved from the effects of their immoralities by the great scheme of salvation. They believe that repentance in the last moments of earthly existence will save them; and under the influence of this belief they

continue in their career of vice and crime until the approach of death, or some great calamity, frightens them into sudden compliance with the requirements of the great "plan." Every murderer, almost, who is hanged, confesses his belief in Christ and looks to Calvary for salvation. In the Middle Ages, especially, this doctrine promoted every kind of vice and villainy. To some extent—in proportion as it is believed—it does the same to-day. When men come to have less faith in Christ, and more faith in moral rectitude, they will attach less importance to their creed, and feel more concerned in giving full weight and measure, keeping their word, and paying their honest debts.

The belief in satanic agency and divine judgments has greatly injured the cause of human progress. It has turned men's attention from the real to the imaginary causes of their misfortunes. Afflicted with pestilence, and regarding it as a visitation of God to punish the people for some neglect of religious duties, men have commenced fasting and praying when they should have applied their minds to the study of physiology and hygiene, when they should have been at work, cleaning their streets, draining their marshes, and ventilating and fumigating their dwellings. Multitudes have been on their knees praying to God for the removal of plagues and other evils, because the Bible teaches that prayer and supplication are the proper means by which to effect their removal, when they should have been improving their physical condition. In proportion as men have outgrown the notion that evils are destroyed by such methods they have made progress in bettering their condition. Nowadays they trust to natural agencies. Even when a church is built and has been dedicated to God, the congregation has more faith in lightning rods than in the efficacy of prayer. Having dedicated the building to God, do they trust to his discrimination when he hurls his thunderbolts? By no means. They have no faith that the purpose for which the house was built will exempt it from the liability of accident, else they would use the money which is expended for lightning rods in publishing and distributing tracts, or in sustaining missionaries in heathen lands. When Frederick Douglass, after praying fifteen years in the usual way, came to the conclusion that a prayer with his legs was the only prayer that would reach his case, and accomplish his purpose, he represented the actual belief, and acted in accordance with the general practice of this utilitarian age.

Christianity, by making the Bible an authoritative standard of truth, has naturally perpetuated the errors and abuses which the book sanctions, while it has suppressed or discouraged the announcement of discoveries, and the dissemination of truths in conflict with those errors.

In our own country, and within the memory of men who are yet young, human slavery has been defended by the Bible, even when the best sentiment of the nation has been against it. That the Bible sanctions slavery is not a matter of doubt. See Lev. 25 : 44, 45 ; Exodus, 21 : 20 ; 1 Tim. 6 : 1, 2 ; Titus, 2 : 9.

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XVI.

WOMAN'S advancement has been retarded by the teachings of the New Testament respecting her position and her duties. It endorses and confirms the doctrine contained in the old Hebrew declaration, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." It teaches that man was made for himself and the glory of God, while woman's existence is of a secondary character, since she was simply made for man. It enjoins that, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything (Eph. 5:22, 24). According to the New Testament, as Christ is head of the Church, so is the husband head of the wife. Women are not to speak in public, but to be under obedience, as also saith the law; they are not permitted to teach, but to learn in silence with all subjection, for the reason that "Adam was first formed, then Eve, and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression" (1 Tim. 2:11, 15). These notions are not, when accepted, calculated to elevate the character or better the condition of woman. To-day even, St. Paul, because of some of his false and foolish teachings regarding woman, and the authority attached by many to his writings, is the most powerful foe that the advocates of the rights of woman have to contend against. Several years ago, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, of Brooklyn, was brought before an ecclesiastical body, tried, convicted, and censured for permitting a lady to occupy his pulpit in disobedience of Paul's explicit instructions. It matters not that the New Testament tells husbands to love their wives. So long as it assigns to woman a subordinate position, and makes her the agent through which sin entered the world, and requires submission on her part to the will and authority of man, it must retard her advancement just in proportion as it is believed.

Immense multitudes have been put to death for the imaginary crime of witchcraft, because the Old Testament says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." This monstrous delusion has been encouraged and perpetuated by the New Testament. It not only accepts as authoritative the teachings of the Jewish Scriptures, except when some few laws are specially revoked, but it gives prominence to the doctrine of diabolical possession, and encourages the superstition that madness and many diseases result from the agency of demons. If the Bible were believed now as it was once believed, and its friends had the power to carry out their wishes, spiritual mediums, it is likely, would be treated very much as supposed witches were treated in the days of the pious New England Puritans.

The divine right of kings has been strengthened from age to age by the teachings of St. Paul. What kind of a principle and requirement is that contained in the thirteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans? "Let every soul," he says, "be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God;

whosoever, therefore, resisteth the ordinances of God shall receive to themselves damnation." These words, unqualified by any others restricting their meaning, are just what any tyrant would want. And they have been quoted whenever a brave soul has attempted to urge his countrymen to rise in their might and relieve themselves of the tyranny of a selfish and cruel ruler, or from the burden of unjust and oppressive laws. And with the multitude, these words have proved a greater protection to despotism than all the armies it could muster and all the physical power it could command. Believing it to be their religious duty to submit to "the powers that be," the people in past times have yielded to almost every conceivable form of oppression and outrage.

By speaking of the speedy end of the world, the New Testament has led thousands to abandon their pursuits, to give away all their possessions, and even to become hopelessly insane. The early Christians lived in daily expectation that the end of the world was near at hand. Now it is said by apologists for the Bible that Jesus and Paul did not mean what they seemed to say, and what those who listened to them understood them to say. Even granting this apology to be well founded, the system is responsible for all the misery that has resulted from the ambiguity of its teachings.

Christianity is responsible for all the dissensions that have resulted among its adherents from the contradictory character of the doctrines and teachings of the New Testament. To-day there are irreconcilable differences in Christendom among men equally honest and learned as to what the Bible really teaches. This diversity of opinion is the cause of much acrimonious controversy, sectarian strife, and social discord. If the Bible were regarded simply as a human production, differences of opinion respecting its teachings would be as harmless as those prevailing among scholars as to the meaning of certain passages in Plato or Lucretius; but, invested with divine authority, every portion of the Bible must be considered as of the greatest importance, and so long as it is believed to be a revelation from God, given by him to be read and understood by men, it is natural that believers in the infallibility and perfection of the book should look upon what they deem false and dangerous interpretations as the result of perversity and wickedness on the part of those who differ from them as to the meaning of certain texts. Hence sectarian bitterness and hate. Luther's disposition and conduct towards his brother reformers in the Protestant cause, simply because they could not see with him that transubstantiation was taught in the Bible, afford a good illustration of the natural result of the vagueness, obscurity, and contradictory character of portions of the book on minds that are pious, earnest, and convinced of the divine origin and infallibility of the Scriptures.

Christianity has opposed and hindered scientific discoveries by making the crude speculations of man in early ages "the authoritative standard of fact and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions" in modern

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times. Men refused to accept the Copernican theory because it was in conflict with the Bible. The great Protestant reformer, Martin Luther, was one of the most bitter opponents of Copernicus. He called him an "old fool," said he was trying to "upset the whole art of astronomy," and in refutation of his theory appealed to the teachings of the Bible. "The Holy Scriptures show," said he, "that Joshua commanded the sun, and not the earth, to stand still" ("Table Talk"). The antiquity of the earth, now established to the satisfaction of all intelligent men, was violently opposed by the theologians, because it was not in harmony with the notions current among the Jews a few thousand years ago. We cannot estimate to what extent geology has been kept back by the fable of a universal deluge, as recorded in the seventh chapter of Genesis. Geologists themselves, under the influence of Bible teachings, thought the facts disproving such deluge must be illusive. Long after the falsity of the story was absolutely demonstrated, theologians continued to use it to prevent the acceptance by the people of the facts of geological science. Even now, the great mass of the clergy are accustomed to refer to that fable as though it were an actual event, while the more advanced theologians maintain that the flood was confined to Asia Minor, and the animals carried into the ark were simply a few domestic animals, claiming that the Bible can be interpreted to harmonize with this view. They are shameless enough to get a new lease of life for their system by such a statement as this, when the language of the Bible is so clear, so unmistakable, so unequivocal, that no honest man can read the story of the Flood and doubt that the author meant a deluge extending over the whole earth, and destroying all animals not saved in the ark.

As Christianity, by accepting as authoritative the statements of the Bible pertaining to scientific matters, has opposed geology, so has it proscribed and arrested the progress of almost every other science.

"Who," says Huxley, "shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives have been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party?"

"It is true that, if philosophers have suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled snakes beside that of Hercules; and history records that, whenever science and orthodoxy have been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated; scotched, if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget; and though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the

end of sound science, and to visit with such petty thunderbolts as its half-paralyzed hands can hurl those who refuse to degrade nature to the level of primitive Judaism" (Huxley, "Lay Sermons," p. 278).

In opposing science Christianity has unwittingly opposed the best and noblest friend of man. Science has raised man from a savage to a civilized and educated being. "Modern civilization," says the author from whom we have just quoted, "rests upon physical science; take away her gifts to our country, and our position among the leading nations of the world is gone to-morrow; for it is physical science that makes intelligence and moral energy stronger than brute force. The whole of moral thought is steeped in science; it has made its way into the works of our best poets, and even the mere man of letters who affects to ignore and despise science is unconsciously impregnated with her spirit, and indebted for his best products to her methods. . . . She is teaching the world that the ultimate court of appeal is observation and experience, and not authority; she is creating a firm and living faith in the existence of immutable moral and physical laws, perfect obedience to which is the highest possible aim of an intelligent being" ("Lay Sermons," p. 117).

It is science that has lessened the hours of toil, given men better food, better clothing, and better homes; diminished the ravages of pestilence and famine; destroyed those horrible superstitions which tortured the mind in the past, and instigated men to destroy by thousands their fellow-men; that has enabled man to make the forces of nature servants of his will and ministers to his enjoyment. In whatever direction we look we cannot fail to see our indebtedness to science. How much do we not owe to the mariner's compass, the art of printing, the steam engine and the telegraph, not to speak of other great inventions and discoveries? What a revolution they have effected! How they have expanded the mind and enlarged the vision and broadened the sympathies of man, promoting and extending sentiments of fraternity and brotherhood over the world, and diminishing and destroying those obstacles to advancement which religion for ages had exerted its authority and power to strengthen and perpetuate. Science has been the real civilizer; it is destined to be recognized as the true "savior" of man. And the real injury done to the race by the Christian superstition in opposing the study of science, keeping back its discoveries and inventions, and preventing the diffusion of its influence among the people, can never be estimated.

That some good has resulted, incidentally, from Christianity, no one, I presume, doubts or denies. The same may be said of any existing evil. No error or wrong can exist without producing results in which some good may be detected. Great good, in some respects, resulted from the slave trade. The superstition started by Joe Smith led to the early settlement of Utah and hastened the construction of the Pacific Railway, from which such magnificent results have already followed. Will it, therefore, be claimed by the Christian that the tendency of the slave

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trade and the Mormon delusion is to improve and elevate the race? By no means. Their general influence has been bad. In like manner, when we consider the influence of Christianity comprehensively, the conclusion seems irresistible that it has retarded civilization. Had it not appeared and acquired an ascendancy when it did, another superstition as bad, or worse, might have grown out of the decaying polytheism of pagan Rome; but the fact remains unchanged that Christianity has been one of the great evils which the human mind, in its development, has had to encounter, and from the bad consequences of which mankind is yet suffering.

The future, however, is full of promise. Christianity is in a condition now similar to that of the pagan superstition when the former was struggling for ascendancy. Like the paganism of Rome, Christianity is destined to become an obsolete faith—a worn-out superstition. And in this age of science and popular intelligence it is improbable that any system of religious belief will be constructed upon the ruin of the decaying faith not vastly superior to Christianity. Nor is it possible, whatever system decays, or whatever may be the future religious belief of the masses, that the civilization of the nineteenth century can be destroyed as was the civilization of the Roman Empire. Barbarians cannot again overrun the world, and it is some satisfaction to know that one of the inventions of modern times, the great art of printing, renders imperishable to future ages all that has descended to us from the rich harvest-fields of the past, and all that has been added thereto in later times.

THE END.

RELIGION.

How terrorless the triumph of the grave!
 How powerless the mightiest monarch's arm!
 Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown.
 How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar!
 The weight of his exterminating curse
 How light! and his affected charity,
 To suit the pressure of the changing times,
 What palpable deceit!—but for thy aid,
 Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,
 Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,
 And heaven with slaves!
 Thou taintest all thou look'st upon.

—SHELLEY, in *Queen Mab*.

DESPAIR.

A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

BY THE LATE LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

I.

Is it you, that preached in the chapel there, looking over the sand ?
Follow'd us, too, that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land ?

II.

What did I feel that night ? You are curious. How should I tell ?
Does it matter so much what I felt ? You rescued me—yes—was it well
That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom
Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom
Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight
In anything here upon earth ? But, ah, God ! that night, that night,
When the rolling eyes of the lighthouse there on the fatal neck
Of land running out into rock—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—
Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought as we passed
Does it matter how many they saved ? we are all of us wreck'd at last—
"Do you fear ?" and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a breath—
"Fear ? Am I not with you ? I am frightened at life, not death."

III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, and we knew that their light was a lie—
Bright as deathless with hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

IV.

See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of your fatalist creed,
And we turn'd to the growing dawn,—we had hoped for a dawn indeed,
When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the Past,
And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last.
And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
For he spoke, or it seemed that he spoke, of a Hell without help, without end.

V.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away ;
We had passed from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day ;
He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire —

Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
Of a dying worm in a world all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore !
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—
Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold,
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart and the Age.

VIII.

But Pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be !
Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower :
Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
And pity for our own selves till we longed for eternal sleep

IX.

" Lightly step over the sands ! the waters—you hear them call !
Life, with its anguish, and horrors, and errors—away with it all ! "
And she laid her hand in my own—she was always loyal and sweet—
Till the points of the foam in the dusk came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.
" Ah, God ! "—though I felt, as I spoke, I was taking the name in vain—
" Ah, God ! "—and we turn'd to each other, we kissed, we embraced, she and I,
Knowing the Love we used to believe everlasting would die :
We had read their know-nothing books, and we lean'd to the darker side—
Ah, God, should we find him ? Perhaps, perhaps—if we died, if we died !
We never had found him on earth : this earth is a fatherless Hell—
" Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell ! "
Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began !
Never a kiss so sad—no, not since the coming of man !

X.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life.
Not a grain of gratitude mine ! You have parted the man from the wife.
I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea,
If a curse meant aught, I would curse you for not having let me be.

XI.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems :
I had passed into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams ;
And the transient trouble of drowning—what was it when matched with the pains
Of the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back through the veins ?

XII.

Why should I live? One son had forged on his father and fled,
 And if I believed in a God, I would thank him the other is dead;
 And there was a baby-girl, that had never looked on the light:
 Happiest she of us all, for she passed from the night to the night.

XIII.

But the crime if a crime—of her eldest born, her glory, her boast,
 Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost;
 Though, name and fame dying out for ever in endless time,
 Does it matter much whether crowned for a virtue or hanged for a crime?

XIV.

And, ruined by *him*—by HIM—I stood there naked, amazed,
 In a world of arrogant opulence—fear'd myself turning crazed;
 And I would not be mocked in a madhouse! And she, the delicate wife,
 With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife,—

XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
 If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
 And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd through the silence of space,
 Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
 When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its brother-worm shall have fled
 From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? Oh, yes,
 For these are the new Dark Ages, you see, of the popular press,
 When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are hooting at noon,
 And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill, and crows to the sun and the moon,
 Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turned into blood,
 And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good;
 For their knowing and know-nothing books are scattered from hand to hand—
 We have knelt in your know-all chapel, too, looking over the sand.

XVII.

What! I should call on that infinite Love that has served us so well?
 Infinite Wickedness rather, that made everlasting Hell,
 Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own:
 Better our dead brute mother, who never has heard us groan!

XVIII.

Hell! If the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
 The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
 And so there were Hell for ever! But were there a God, as you say,
 His Love would have power over Hell, till it utterly vanish'd away.

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XIX.

Ah, yes—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
 Of a God behind all—after all—the Great God for aught that I know ;
 But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought.
 If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to naught !

XX.

Blasphemy ! Whose is the fault ? Is it mine ? For why would you save
 A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave ?
 Blasphemy ! Ay, why not, being damn'd beyond hope of grace ?
 Oh, would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face !
 Blasphemy ! True, I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
 But, to my mind, the blasphemy lies all in the way that you walk.

XXI.

Hence ! She is gone ! Can I stay ? Can I breathe divorced from the Past ?
 You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last.
 Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a *felo-de-se*,
 And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will : does it matter to me ?

AN ATHEIST ON TENNYSON'S "DESPAIR."

BY DR. EDWARD B. AVELING.

ALL Freethinkers owe a debt of gratitude to Alfred Tennyson. His latest poem is an invaluable aid to the cause that they hold dear. To study "Despair" will repay them not only from the literary side. They will derive from its study so much encouragement, so much new strength for their battle. The dramatic monologue named "Despair" is headed thus: "A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man is rescued by a member of the sect he had abandoned." At first, as we read these words, we are tempted to imagine that Tennyson wholly misunderstands Freethinkers, after the fashion of the many. And, indeed, there is no doubt that he does not fully understand the beauty and the joy of Atheism. The man and woman have lost faith in a god. They have lost, also, the terrible idea of an individual immortality, with all its inevitable confusions, contradictions, irreconcilabilities, unhappinesses. Thus far they represent Atheism, and may be taken as types. But when our poet represents them as utterly miserable in this

life, we know, and we half suspect he knows, that here they cease to be types. This circumstance is chosen for dramatic effect, but is, of course, no consequence of the loss of religious belief. For the Atheist is not inclined to be miserable in this his only life. He loves it, joys in it, revels in it. He is not blind to its pains and sorrows. Bearing these cheerfully as he may, he concentrates his attention on the pleasures and sweetnesses of life, and on the task that ranks foremost amongst those pleasures—the task of lessening the aggregate of the world's misery. The man and woman of "Despair" have in truth no little reason for sadness. Their eldest born has forged his father's name. Another son is dead. The girl that might have been the solace of their saddened age had never looked upon the sun. In a line of surprising strength we are told she "had passed from the night to the night." He is ruined, and the wife has a horror of bodily disease upon her. But sorrows even such as these should not—nay, actually do not—drive the Atheist to suicide. Rarely or never do we encounter instances of those who are without God taking their own lives. The suicides are amongst the possessors of a religious belief. In truth, they are often in consequence of such a belief. Yet further evidence is furnished by the poem in favor of my view that the two central figures are not Atheists to the heart's core. The man uses the name of God. Four times the cry, "Ah, God!" breaks from his lips. He that has wholly abandoned the older creeds is always very careful to use no phrase that in any sense, however remote, implies them. He studiously avoids to-day the use of the word "religion." I am not ignorant of the fact that Thomas Paine, *a hundred years ago*, wrote: "To do good is my religion"; but at this hour the conscientious Atheist should strive to employ none of those words and phrases that through long usage have acquired a stereotyped meaning, and have become, as Wendell Holmes puts it, "polarized." Hence, even under strong emotion, when most likelihood exists of a reversion to the old habits of thought and expression of the earlier times of the individual or of the race, even then the man who has struggled out of ordinary beliefs should not use even interjectional phrases that would imply, however indirectly, recognition of deity.

And, again, in the lines that speak of

"A life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight
In anything here upon earth,"

There is proof that these two unhappy ones have not grasped the fulness of the comfort of Atheism. Had their faith in man been stronger, their eyes had pierced the gloom surrounding their individual lives, and had seen the brightness of the face of man that is to be. "Without health," alas! men may be. "Without hope" man has no right to be. Because my little fragment of life is a failure, because my attempted contribution to the world-building is only some small modicum of dust, blown away by the breath of time and not a portion of enduring stone or marble, am I to despair of all? Nay, truly, let me rather behold the

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effective life-work of my stronger, better brothers, and, taking heart of grace, struggle on again. "Without any delight in anything here upon earth." Each had still that other dear one left, and there is always for all, unless the mind fail, the delight of old memories. Was she not "always loyal and sweet?" And whilst loyalty and sweetness shine out in the one life most dear to us, who shall say that all delight is fled? "A world without sun." I answer Mr. Tennyson in the words of our Atheist poet Algernon Swinburne, singing to Nature under the old name Apollo:—

"For *thy* kingdom is passed not away,
 Nor thy power from the place thereof hurled;
 Out of heaven they shall cast not the day—
 They shall cast not out song from the world,
 Is the sun yet cast out of heaven?—
 Is the song yet cast out of man?"

In one other passage also, the speaker of the monologue shows himself as one who fails to grasp the rich significance of Evolution. "Come from the brute, poor souls!—no souls, and to die with the brute." Come from the brute assuredly, we hope. If "soul" retain its old meaning, and is the immortal something supposed to exist when the body has returned to the mineral kingdom in the form of salts and gases—"No souls!" we cry with rejoicing. But "to die with the brute?" No, a thousand times, no! Man no more dies with the brute than he lives with the brute. As his life is far nobler, more manifold, more rich than that of the lower forms of animals, so his death is more full of pathos, of instruction, of hope. For even when face to face with that mystery of death, and beholding it through our tears, we comfort our hearts with the knowledge that the life thus ended is still at work. The gentle words, the kindly acts, the high thoughts of that life, are yet busy in the world through the lives they touched directly, and they will be busy this many a day, and all days through the unborn lives to be moulded in their turn by these. For each human thought, or phrase or deed is as the proverbial stone dropped into the proverbial water. The ripples spread more widely, and ever more widely, and are doomed, perhaps, to strike upon the shores of continents yet to be. The brute form at best leaves its record in the rocks, or haply in some foot-print deciphered by the eagle eye of man æons after it was made. But the human life leaves its record upon human life, and even when it is ended the impress of it is visible on the family, or on the society, party, sect—perhaps on the history of the country, it may be of the world.

But as Atheists we must be forever thankful to Alfred Tennyson in that he has stated some part, at least, of our creed clearly and strongly. The first four lines of stanza iv., and even part of the last two lines, will make plainer to some who misunderstand us what we think and hope:

"See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of your fatalist creed,
 And we turned to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed,
 When the light of the sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the Past,
 And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the people would vanish at last.
 And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
 For He spoke, or it seemed that He spoke, of Hell without help, without end."

For "had hoped" in the second line read "do hope," and you have the heart's desire of the Atheist. Nay, we have passed beyond the stage of hoping for the dawn. The dawn, and something more than dawn, our very eyes have seen. Our hope is for the more and more perfect day. As Mr. Mallock has written, there must occur, "the sort of break which takes place when a man wakes from a dream and finds all that he most prized vanished from him." Man is awakening from a dream centuries long. He is even now finding that all that he most prized is vanishing from him. But that which thus vanishes is that which was most prized *in a dream*. In the brighter, workful, real day that is past its dawn even now, he will smile tenderly, pitifully, at the strange fancies that were his in the dim, slumbrous night fast fading away before the coming of the better time.

In stanza vii., moreover, and in its last line, we have a fine summing up of man's resources when the gods have failed him: "Till you flung us back on ourselves and the human heart and the Age." These are the only rocks whereon man may find secure foothold. Too long has he had preached to him that reliance on God that is in greater or less degree fatal to reliance on self. And that this latter is the more necessary is shown by the fact that in emergency it is upon self we have to rely, as no aid comes from without, or from the supernatural powers. Hence it is that to us the utterances of those who may have escaped some great peril that has engulfed others, their fellows, seem so very terrible. In the narratives by survivors from some great disaster of the sea, as that of the clan Macduff, nothing is more common than to hear that those who are saved ascribe their better fortune to God! But in thus doing, these men and women, by implication, are ascribing the worse fortune of their companions to God!! For it is inconceivable that those whose lives are lost are not as anxious for life as those that are saved. Without doubt they supplicated in as great an agony of earnestness as those that escaped. And yet the deity to whom the survivors ascribe their safety so willed it that these should perish!

We are willing to be "flung back on the human heart and the Age." In man, and in man alone, do we find comfort. When all else fails us, we find in the history of man in the past, and in his growing strength to-day, hope for the future such as no other creed gives. To this age, and the spirit of it, we cling. We are unwilling to be drawn back once more to the thought of dead and gone times. That has had its day, and done its work right well. But we should have

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a stronger objection to casting aside the thought of this nineteenth century and embracing that of the first than to discarding railway travelling for any of the older methods of locomotion.

In stanza xix. is expressed, although in words hardly possible for our use, one consciousness of the Atheist :—

“ Ah, yet I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know.”

It does seem that, on the whole, in the process of evolution, evil is slowly eliminated, and good grows more predominant. There is “a tendency that maketh for righteousness.” The whole of this deeply interesting question has been of late dealt with by Herbert Spencer, and in the *Nineteenth Century* (October, 1881) James Sully has put, with admirable clearness, the optimistic view of Spencer, that would be, I take it, shared by all Atheists. But it must be clearly understood that, while we believe that we recognize this gradual elimination of the bad, and gradual strengthening of the good, we have no conception of a being who is in any sense the personification of this principle.

Very strongly, also, in words to whose intensity no comment of mine could add, does he place one aspect of our case before those who ask us to worship the God of Christianity. I quote stanzas xvii. and xviii :

XVII.

“ What ! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well ?
Infinite Wickedness, rather, that made everlasting Hell ;
Made us—foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with his own ;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan !

XVIII.

“ Hell ? If the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were Hell forever ! But was there a God, as you say,
His love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanished away.”

Perhaps some cause for a tinge of regret is to be found in the lines where this present time is stigmatized as “the new dark ages of the popular press.” It might almost seem ungrateful for one thus to write who owes to that very press so much of his own fame, and so much of that which he values far more highly—the power of doing good by making music in many homes. But the words occur in a dramatic monologue, and in dramatic writing the author is merged in the character he portrays. Therefore we may, without much exercise of charity, believe that the diatribes against the press, and that very “honest doubt” which he himself has told us is “the noblest kind of faith,” are of purpose placed in the mouth of one who names himself as madman, and who has very clearly not fought the good fight of enquiry right through to the restful issue that always awaits the victor in that conflict.

It would be ungracious, it would be unjust, to pass from the consideration of this notable poem without paying tribute to its remarkable power. Once granted the central idea of the blackness of despair that Alfred Tennyson seems to think may seize upon the Atheist mind—once grant this, and no words are too strong in praise of the vigor wherewith the sombre tone of the poem is maintained throughout. Especially one notices his power of producing great effects by very simple means. In the very first stanza, observe the second line as instance of that to which I refer :

“Follow'd us, too, that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land !”

“That night !” The horror of it, and the shudder that runs through the words ! And consider the tremendous story told by the use of the two pronouns. You dogg'd us. You brought to land *me alone*.

Or, in stanza ix, line 5, the force of the first word is another illustration :—

“There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.”

Or yet, again, the pathos of the lines :

“Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began !

Never a kiss so sad—no, not since the coming of man !”

and of the phrase, “She is all alone in the sea.”

I repeat that to Alfred Tennyson we that are Atheists are in some measure indebted. He has possibly misunderstood us, and if he really thinks that our creed can lead only despairwards it is assured that we are not comprehended by him. But I am inclined to consider that he has here put into most musical language the conception of the man who is still a Theist, but who strives to picture the universe without God. The stage of negation is here portrayed ; but that is only a transition stage leading to the positive aspect of Atheism. This aspect Tennyson has in no sense understood. Be his thought in this respect what it may, he has placed in the mouth of his semi-suicide, in language very memorable and musical, many of those terrific arguments against supernatural religion, answers to which have never yet been forthcoming. Those who read these arguments in this his latest poem, despite that which I must venture to call the misrepresentation by which Atheists are portrayed as loathing life and light, will begin to understand something of the reasons why so many men and women of pure conduct, high thinking, and keen intellectual life, have rejected all beliefs founded upon the supernatural, and find a peace that very literally passes the understanding of many, in that creed that deals only with this earth, and with the great brotherhood of man.

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MARUCCHI'S GRAFFITI.

BY D. MACASKY.

THE alleged discovery of early Christian relics at Rome has ended in smoke, like all other similar assertions. Signor Marucchi professed to have found an original drawing of the Crucifixion executed by the bodyguard of Pontius Pilate. The copies of this graffito, printed in the English illustrated papers, prove the absurdity of such an idea. It is merely the representation of an acrobatic performance; and the Latin inscription accompanying it is simply an amatory composition which cannot be translated in any respectable periodical. If this be the class of design which early Christians scratched upon vacant walls, the orthodoxy is welcome to it. At the top of the composition is the common Roman name CRESCENS; but as this was partly obliterated, the imaginative professor read it as CRESTUS, and supposed it to be a variant of CHRISTUS. One of the figures had FILETUS written over his head; and this the ingenious Italian read as "Pilatus." There were no other reasons whatever for supposing that the graffito had any reference to Jesus Christ or Pontius Pilate.

Besides this, Prof. Marucchi professed to have discovered another design scratched upon the plaster of an ancient wall; which, he asserted, was the lower part of a crucifix, accompanied by Greek words meaning "The Lord is thy God." Prof. Lanciani and other Roman archaeologists, however, deny that the alleged inscription can be read at all, as it is almost obliterated; and say that the alleged crucifix is merely a number of fortuitous scratches, conveying no meaning at all.

Signor Marucchi has mistaken his vocation. A person of such brilliant and original imagination should confine himself to the writing of novels, and not meddle with archaeology, which demands rigid accuracy in observation, and some regard for the ordinary canons of truth and honesty. Even the Roman Catholic journals which first announced the "discovery" have abandoned it; and Professor Marucchi, after first boasting of his intention of writing a book upon the graffiti which should establish his interpretation of them, has now admitted that he was entirely mistaken.

The whole field of Christian antiquities is full of instances of the same character. The Roman catacombs have had similar nonsense talked about them. Whenever the Roman Catholic explorers came across any old tool accidentally left behind by some ancient workman, they immediately seized upon it as an instrument of martyrdom. A broken slab was found with the letters VIAT still legible upon it, and a St. Viatus was immediately added to the Calendar; but some years afterwards the rest of the slab was recovered, and the whole inscription was found to relate to the repairing of the Roman roads. Boldetti figures a slab bearing the name "Alexander," accompanied by a pair of

pincers and a square object, and religious enthusiasts waxed eloquent over the sufferings of the blessed martyr Alexander. A better executed piece of sculpture was, however, discovered in the present century, bearing a similar pair of pincers and a *tooth*, with the further information that the occupant of the tomb was a *dentist*. So it became evident that Alexander was a dentist also. There are dozens of similar instances where the implements of a man's trade or profession, inscribed upon his tombstone, have been converted into instruments of his martyrdom by a heated imagination. In a cathedral in the State of New York is a waxen figure of a Roman martyr, life-size, whose gaping wounds excite the pity of the faithful. The tombstone of this "martyr" is placed alongside him, to show that it is all genuine, but to those conversant with Latin inscriptions the stone conveys the information that the deceased was an infant eight days old, whereas the figure shown is that of an adult. Small glass bottles containing remains of some red substance were highly prized by the pious, as enshrining the blood of the martyrs; but this faith was rudely disturbed by profane analysts, who declared the stains to be the lees of wine.

The Roman catacombs themselves were at one time confidently asserted to be the refuges of the poor persecuted Christians, who hid their dead there from the Pagan gaze. The researches of the Roman Catholic Chevalier de Rossi have quite disproved all this. He has shown that they were really excavated with the knowledge of the authorities and under the full protection of the law. They could never have been refuges for anybody, for the simple reason that human beings could only live in them for a few days. In many cases the stone-cutters have coolly appropriated earlier Pagan tombstones, and cut fresh inscriptions upon the backs of them to serve their new owners; or have even occupied abandoned grave-plots of some of the proscribed patrician families. These early Christians seem to have helped themselves pretty freely to everything that came in their way.

Signor Marucchi now attempts to deprecate his first statements, and complains that the newspapers made a great deal more of his first suggestions than they were entitled to, but of course he is the only person to blame. He is but the living representative of a long line of Christian romancists who have made wild assertions for the glory of the faith, only nowadays we hear both sides of the question, and can see that the religious side is invariably the wrong one. In the early ages of the Church the other side was invariably ignored; and inconvenient questioners came to a sudden end. Eusebius tells a long rigmarole to the effect that the woman with the issue of blood, mentioned by the Evangelists, was a native of his own city; and on her return home she erected a statue to commemorate the miracle, which he had frequently seen. Unbelieving antiquarians, however, have pointed out that representations exactly similar to the description of Eusebius occur upon the coins of Hadrian; and they suggest with great probability that the group he refers to really commemorated the visit of that emperor to the city.

But it is useless to pursue this subject further. The Church which "invented" the true cross, and which filled mediæval churches with the relics of spurious saints and martyrs, has not ceased its work or its pretensions; although it must be badly off for advertisement to publish idle and improper scratchings upon old walls as witnesses to the Faith.—*The Reformer*.

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THE RELATION OF SOCIOLOGY TO COSMOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR WARD.

This is not a "chance" world, but a world of law. Both science and philosophy teach that every fact and every phenomenon is indissolubly linked to every other, and that every change is the result of some antecedent change and the occasion of some subsequent change. Any conceivable fact or thing may, therefore, be regarded as a term in the series which is infinite in both directions. In science this is called the law of causation, in philosophy it is called the law of the sufficient reason.

A feeble and imperfect recognition of this law has led many minds to a very erroneous conclusion, a conclusion which is, if possible, worse in its practical effect upon human thought and action than would have been the belief in a purely chance world. It has led to a false idea of the relation of man to the universe. Indeed, it is responsible for the two false theories which have most retarded the true progress of mankind, *viz.*, optimism and pessimism.

Man is correctly to be regarded as simply one of the terms in the great cosmical series, the product of antecedent causes and the cause of subsequent effects, and until he is so understood, the true relation either of man to the universe or of sociology to cosmology, cannot be correctly known. The first important fact to be noted is, that to his slowly developing intellect the universe has ever been a great enigma. To solve this enigma has been the universal problem of the human mind. But man has been put into possession of no key to this solution, and has attacked the problem wildly and at random, utterly unqualified to make the least impression upon it. The book of nature which was open to him was but a collection of Sibylline leaves that had been first stirred by the wind. Not only were things not always as they seemed, but outside of the very simplest phenomena, everything was utterly different from what it seemed to be. Almost everything was really just the reverse of what it appeared to be, and the universe was a vast paradox. The sky seemed to be a great vault of solid matter, which he called for this reason a "firmament." The heavenly bodies seemed to move across this vault at varying rates, and their reappearance led to the notion that they revolved around the great level cake of earth and water on which he dwelt. The invisible air and other gases were likened to mind or spirit. All natural causes were explained after the analogy of human effort in the intentional production of effects, and the earth and air were peopled with invisible and often malignant spirits as the only recognized agents. and thus were built up great systems of magic, superstition, and mythology. The errors thus forced into man's mind came to receive the sanction of religion, which rendered it vastly more difficult to dislodge them. This herculean task has been the mission of science, for the

truth lies deeply buried under this mass of error at the surface, and can only be brought to light by the most prolonged and patient research in the face of this time-honored prejudice. The progress of man and society has been strictly proportioned to the degree to which hidden realities have thus been substituted for false appearances.

As a somewhat anomalous but very important example of the erroneous ideas which the human race must needs acquire and reluctantly surrenders, may next be considered the optimistic habit of thought. Optimism can scarcely be called a doctrine. It does not result, like most erroneous beliefs, from a false interpretation of the facts which nature presents to the untrained faculties. It is rather the original, unreflective state of the pre-social mind. It is the survival of the most useful of all instincts—that of self-preservation. It was well adapted to that state, because to the animal it mattered not whether it was true or false. It is still a useful attitude to the swarming millions of human beings who do not reflect. But for it the realization of their unhappy lot, which it prevents, would multiply their misery and render life intolerable. But we are here considering its effect upon society, and it is easy to show that it is bad. It breeds stagnation and stifles progress. It yields contentment, and contentment means inaction. Strange as it may sound, just as the only healthy state of the intellect is doubt, so the only healthy state of the feelings is discontent. This, of course, assumes that there is something to doubt and something to improve; but there has never been an age when error did not stalk abroad or when misery was not the lot of the greater part of mankind.

The phase of optimism which most concerns the question of the relation of society to the universe is that unreasoned belief which I have called the "anthropocentric theory."* The idea that man is in any sense a favorite of nature is false and highly prejudicial to the progress of correct conceptions in social science. It may be called collective optimism, and results in social stagnation, just as personal optimism results in individual stagnation.

The extreme opposite of optimism is pessimism. It differs from it as much in its origin and nature as it does in its character as a belief. While optimism is wholly unreasoned and springs from the feelings, pessimism is exclusively a product of reason and resides in the intellect. Optimism is that hope that "springs eternal in the human breast" and defies the hard facts of existence. Pessimism recognizes the facts, and coldly chokes every hope at its birth. But pessimism is also false, first, because many hopes are realized, and secondly, because the representation in the present of the good anticipated in the future is itself a good at least of secondary order.

What, then, is man's true relation to the universe? Is there a true

* Transactions of the Anthropological Society of Washington. Vol. I., Washington, 1882, pp. 93-103; "Dynamic Sociology," Vol. II., New York, 1883, pp. 50-73.

mental attitude that lies between these two false attitudes? Certainly there is. It is not a belief or a creed; it is the simple recognition of the truth. The truth is, that nature is neither friendly nor hostile to man; neither favors him nor discriminates against him. Nature is not endowed with any moral attributes. It is, as I said at the outset, a domain of rigid law. Man is a product of that law, but he has reached a stage on which he can comprehend the law. Now, just because nature is a domain of rigid law, and just because man can comprehend that law, his destiny is in his own hands. Any law that he can comprehend he can control. He cannot increase or diminish the powers of nature, but he can direct them. He can increase or diminish the amount of power that is to be exerted at any given point. He can focalize the rays of the sun; he can divert the courses of the rivers; he can direct the currents of the air; he can vary temperatures; he can change water to steam and set the steam to work in propelling machinery or ships or railroad trains; he can utilize electricity. His power over nature is unlimited. He can make it his servant, and appropriate to his own use all the mighty forces of the universe.

Both optimism and pessimism are passive states of mind. The true state is an active one. Optimism and pessimism assume nature to be in an active state toward man. The true attitude makes nature passive and man active. To the developed intellect nature is as clay in the potter's hands. It is neither best nor worst. It is what man makes it, and rational man always seeks to make it better. The true doctrine, then, is *meliorism*—the perpetual bettering of man's estate. This will be possible in precise proportion to man's knowledge of nature, so that the condition of the race ultimately depends upon the degree of intelligence that it shall attain.

Optimism may be said to be the thesis, pessimism the antithesis, and meliorism the synthesis of man's relation to the universe. The optimist says: Do nothing, because there is nothing to do. The pessimist says: Do nothing, because nothing can be done. The meliorist says: Do something, because there is much to do, and it can be done.

Man alone can block the wheels of his own progress. Neither optimism nor pessimism can be justified in a state of society where free play is allowed to all the human faculties. For a race whose intellect is fully matured, these mental attitudes are only adapted to a condition of profound ignorance of the laws of nature, or of complete subjugation of the masses to the power of the few. Now, it is a historical fact that these two habits of thought have, in the *elite* of mankind, only prevailed under one or the other or both of these conditions. Optimism is pre-eminently the child of ignorance. By ignorance I mean solely the absence of knowledge relative to natural things, processes, and laws, and not lack of capacity to know those things and profit by such knowledge. Pessimism is more especially a product of social oppression. It results from an abandonment of all hope of relief from the power of a superior

caste of men to keep the mass in physical subjection. In a word, pessimism is the product of a hostile social state.

It is impossible to separate this aspect of the question from the great fact that the world has always been swayed by religion. The foregoing considerations furnish an excellent basis for comparing the great religions that have embraced the greater part of the human race. Religion is reason applied to life. Those who flippantly contend that a religious condition argues feeble intellectual powers make an immense mistake. But this view is by no means confined to the opponents of religion. It is clearly implied or openly expressed by many who strongly defend it. The latest of this class of philosophers is perhaps Mr. Benjamin Kidd. In his "Social Evolution" he makes religion the mainspring of human progress, and charges the reason with anti-social and anti-progressive tendencies. Whatever there may be true in his book, and its tone is generally healthy, it is not true, as he maintains, that religion and reason are opposed, or that religion proceeds from an unreasoning or, as he expresses it, an "ultra-rational" sanction. Religion is rational through and through. It is not to be compared to an instinct, such as both animals and men possess, adapted to produce such automatic activities as result in the safety and healthy development of races. On the contrary, it often and usually impels man to do just those things which his instincts and his natural propensities would never dictate. It counteracts the animal nature of man, and is one of those things which distinctively mark him off from the animal world. It could be easily shown that this is precisely the role that reason plays everywhere, and it is the failure to perceive this that has led many political economists and others into the gravest of errors in philosophizing about man.

Religion has its very origin in reason. No animal has developed even the rudiments of a religion. It is an exclusively human institution, much more so than society. It is the product of thought; an attempt to explain the universe. In this, its primary quality, it does not differ in the least from science, and no true philosopher can doubt that these two great human movements, starting out from the same base, will eventually arrive at the same goal.

Now, of the two great religions of the world, using the term in its broadest sense and ignoring entirely the subdivision into sects, that of the East and that of the West, in the modern use of those terms, the former is pessimistic; the latter optimistic. This is because, while both were perhaps equally ignorant of the laws of nature, the inhabitants of India exercised their intellectual powers far more than did the peoples of western Asia and southern Europe. It is also probably true that the conditions of existence for the masses of India under a system of caste were much less favorable than those of western peoples. For these and other reasons religion in the East resulted in pessimism while in the West it took the form of optimism. The Orientals sought to escape the evils of life in Nirvana, which, however much scholars may dispute about

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its exact meaning, is certainly a wholly negative state. Christians and Mohammedans, on the other hand, espoused the doctrine of immortality, which is a doctrine of hope and promises a state which is intensely positive. With their belief in an ultimate righteous retribution they were able to bear their temporal ills with fortitude and to enjoy whatever good this world had in store for them. Yet, because it is in the West that the great civilization of the world at last came forth, it will not do to argue that this was the result of an optimistic religion. Scarcely a sign of this was perceptible during the first fourteen centuries of the Christian era, and the whole of it has been the product of the last five centuries. Civilization, as we now understand it, is altogether due to an abandonment of the optimistic attitude which prevailed before the Protestant Reformation, and the adoption of the spirit of meliorism, to which Protestantism was more favorable. In fact, the Reformation is rather the product than the cause of a growing meliorism, and as soon as liberty of opinion and freedom to investigate the laws of nature were achieved the march of civilization had already begun.

We were now prepared to consider the true relation that developed man in the social state bears to the great cosmos of which he is a part. That cosmos, as we have seen, must be contemplated as wholly unintelligent and wholly passive. Man must regard himself as in full possession of the authority to subjugate it and to appropriate it, to reduce all the powers of nature to his service and to apply all the materials of the universe to his own personal use. Notwithstanding the rigid law to which all things are subject, he is to look upon the universe as in a certain sense fortuitous. While there is a cause for all things, there is no intelligent reason why anything should be as it is. That this little planet of ours happens to be peopled with life is merely an accident, or rather the convergence of a number of accidents. So far as can be judged from what we know of the essential conditions to life, the earth is highly favored among the planets of our system, and it may well be that this is the only one out of them all in which the conditions to a high development exist. It seems impossible that the great planets Jupiter and Saturn can be inhabited by any such beings as have been developed on our globe; and careful studies of temperatures that must prevail in Venus and Mercury seem to negative such an assumption for either of them. If Mars possesses life, it must be inured to somewhat severer conditions than generally prevail with us, but it is admitted that these do not exclude the idea. If Jupiter radiate his own internal heat, he may render some of the swift-flying moons habitable, but most of the satellites of the solar system are doubtless as dead as our moon, which has neither water nor air. The sun is an enormous mass of matter 1,400,000 times as large as the earth and containing 90.866 per cent. of the matter of the whole solar system. Yet it is known to be in such a state of intense heat, that some of the metals which it requires great heat even to melt are not only melted, but volatilized. No one,

therefore, conceives that there can be any life or intelligence on the sun. Think of the optimism that is required to make out a favorable case from such facts! Even if all parts of all the planets were inhabited, they would together make only 1-47 part of the area of the sun's surface, while that of the earth alone is only 1-12,552. But our sun is only one of the lesser fixed stars, and it may be assumed that similar conditions prevail throughout the universe.

(To be concluded.)

THE EDUCATION OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN—A.D. 141.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER, EDITOR "COSMOPOLITAN."

THE Romans seem to have begun their consideration of education from the standpoint of usefulness. How shall we become capable and efficient in discharging the obligations of life? How can we remain happy? Such were the queries they put to themselves, and the system of education which they devised was intended to serve as an answer to these questions. There are many who contend that, instead, they should have asked: "How can we put youth through a course of mental gymnastics, so that the tricks then learned will enable the student to acquire all needed knowledge and wisdom after he has left college?"

Perhaps the best example of Roman thought on education that has been left to us, is to be found in the notes of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Doubtless the reader is already familiar with what is here quoted, but he may discover a new interest, when considering it from the educational side. It was while in a camp, that Marcus Aurelius found time to review his youth and the influences which had operated to form his character.

First of acquisitions he ranks good morals and the ability to control his temper, and for these he gives credit to his grandfather, Verus. Next, the love of truth and justice, for which he is indebted to his brother Severus; and after that, modesty and manliness of character; to his father he returns thanks for these. To his mother's influence he is indebted for abstinence and simplicity in the way of living, "far removed from the habits of the rich." It is worth the while of the young man at Yale, or Harvard, or Oxford, who is vulgarly spending five thousand or ten thousand a year, to bear in mind that this is an emperor, and one of the first of Roman gentlemen who is writing. From his governor he first acquired endurance at labor; to want little; to work with his own hands, and not to be ready to listen to slander.

As his education progressed, it began to cover the widest fields. "From Diogne-

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tus," he writes, "I learned not to busy myself about trifling things, and not to give credit to what was said by miracle workers and jugglers, about incantations and the doing away of demons, and also not to give myself up to such foolishness as the breeding of fighting cocks."

But chief of all the teachings of Diognetus was this, that he should "endure freedom of speech" upon the part of others, and it was to this teacher that he ascribes that turn in his mental constitution which made him an ardent seeker after philosophical truths. While under Diognetus he became a writer of dialogues, under discipline like that pursued by Flaubert, who tore up a thousand compositions for de Maupassant before declaring one fit for publication.

When Marcus passed under the teaching of Rusticus, he was made aware of the many respects in which his character required change and improvement. The tutor of a modern Cræsus would beware how he spoke too freely on this subject. "From him," he writes "I learned not to be led astray to sophistic emulation, nor to writing on speculative matters, nor to delivering little hortatory orations, nor to showing myself off as a man who practises much discipline, or does benevolent acts in order to make a display; and to abstain from rhetoric and poetry and fine writing; and not walk about in the house in my outdoor dress, nor to do other things of the kind; and to write my letters with simplicity, like the letter Rusticus wrote from Sinuessa to my mother; and with respect to those who have offended me by words, or done me wrong, to be easily disposed to be pacified and reconciled; and to read carefully, and not to be satisfied with a superficial understanding of a book; nor hastily to give my assent to those who talk overmuch."

In his psychical studies he had as a tutor Apollonius, who taught freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose, and to be guided not by prejudice or previous teaching, but only by the reason of things. To bear patiently sharp pains and long illness, and to appear the same whether in good fortune or adversity. Apollonius was a living example that the same man can be both most resolute and yielding at the proper times. The same master afforded him the example of sweetness of disposition, having never a hint of peevishness in his speech while giving instruction. "In him also" Marcus "beheld that perfection of good manners which enables the possessor to receive from friends what are esteemed favors, without being either humbled by them or yet failing to give them proper appreciation."

His instructor Sextus taught him the importance of living in conformity to the laws of nature; to be grave without affectation; to look carefully after the interests of friends; to tolerate ignorant persons, and those who form opinions without consideration. Sextus had the power of quickly grasping the point of view taken, so that intercourse with him was more agreeable than any flattery. This teacher had the faculty of both discovering and ordering, in an in-

telligent and methodical way, the principles necessary for life. He had trained himself through long years never to exhibit signs of anger or of passion of any kind

Another tutor of Marcus Aurelius was Alexander, the grammarian, who seems to have considered speech as the merest adjunct to wisdom, for his pupil has recorded that his chief teaching was to refrain from fault-finding. If one should have occasion to criticize those who utter barbarous, solecistic or strong-sounding expressions, it must be done with great tact—the proper expression being dextrously introduced, so as not to hurt the feelings of the person concerned.

From Fronto, who was a rhetorician with whom Marcus Aurelius corresponded, he learned what envy, duplicity and hypocrisy might do in destroying everything that is noble in the human character. Alexander, the Platonist, was a friend who left as a legacy this important teaching, that even the busiest men have leisure for all things, and that to be continually excusing one's self on the ground of urgent occupation is sign of weakness. Cinna Catulus was a stoic philosopher to whom Antoninus was indebted for a willingness to overlook the imperfections of friends and to forgive that friend who might find fault without reason.

It is impossible, in a brief space, to give any very full idea of the subjects to which this Roman gentleman attached importance as pertaining to a proper education. Perhaps it may be best to quote* a few paragraphs as they appear from his own hand. Alluding to his brother Severus, he wrote :

"From him I received the idea of a polity in which there is the same law for all ; a polity administered with regard to equal rights and equal freedom of speech, and the idea of a kingly government which respects most of all the freedom of the governed ; I learned from him also consistency and undeviating steadiness in my regard for philosophy ; and a disposition to do good, and to give to others readily, and to cherish good hopes, and to believe that I am loved by my friends ; and in him I observed no concealment of his opinions with respect to those whom he condemned, and that his friends had no need to conjecture what he wished or did not wish, but it was quite plain."

No man seems to have been more fortunate in his teachers than Marcus Aurelius. Claudius Maximus, a Stoic philosopher, was one of the unusually perfect characters. To him acknowledgment was made as follows :

"From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything ; and cheerfulness in all circumstances, as well as in illness ; and a just admixture in the moral character of sweetness and dignity ; and to do what was set before me without complaining. I observed that everybody believed that he

* The extracts here quoted are from the translation, by George Long, of "Thoughts of Aurelius Antoninus," published by Putnam's Sons.

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thought as he spoke, and that in all that he did he never had any bad intention ; and he never showed amazement and surprise, and was never in a hurry, and never put off doing a thing, nor was perplexed nor dejected, nor did he ever laugh to disguise his vexation, nor, on the other hand, was he ever passionate or suspicious. He was accustomed to do acts of beneficence, and was ready to forgive, and was free from all falsehood ; and he presented the appearance of a man who could not be diverted from right rather than of a man who had been improved. I observed, too, that no man could ever think that he was despised by Maximus, or ever venture to think himself a better man. He had also the art of being humorous in an agreeable way."

Of his adoptive father, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, he wrote :

"In my father I observed mildness of temper, and unchangeable resolution in the things which he had determined after due deliberation, and no vainglory in those things which men call honors, and a love of labor and perseverance, and a readiness to listen to those who had anything to propose for the common weal, and undeviating firmness in giving to every man according to his deserts, and a knowledge derived from experience of the occasions for vigorous action and for remission. And I observed that he considered himself no more than any other citizen, and he released his friends from all obligation to sup with him or to attend him of necessity when he went abroad, and those who had failed to accompany him, by reason of any great circumstances, always found him the same. I observed, too, his habits of careful inquiry in all matters of deliberation, and his persistency, and that he never stopped his investigation through being satisfied with appearances which first present themselves ; and that his disposition was to keep his friends, and not to be soon tired of them, nor yet to be extravagant in his affection ; and to be satisfied on all occasions, and cheerful ; and to foresee things a long way off, and to provide for the smallest without display ; and to check immediately popular applause and all flattery ; and to be ever watchful over the things which were necessary for the administration of the empire, and to be a good manager of the expenditure, and patiently to endure the blame which he got for such conduct ; and he was neither superstitious with respect to the Gods, nor did he court men by gifts or by trying to please them, or by flattering the populace ; but he showed sobriety in all things and firmness, and never any mean thoughts or action, nor love of novelty. And the things which conduce in any way to the commodity of life, and of which fortune gives an abundant supply, he used without arrogance and without excusing himself, so that, when he had them, he enjoyed them without affectation, and, when he had them not, he did not want them. No one could ever say of him that he was either a sophist, or a [home-bred] flippant slave, or a pedant ; but every one acknowledged him to be a man ripe, perfect, above flattery, able to manage his own and other men's affairs. Besides this, he honored those who were true

philosophers, and he did not reproach those who pretended to be philosophers, nor yet was he easily led by them. He was also easy in conversation, and he made himself agreeable without any offensive affectation. He took a reasonable care of his body's health, not as one who was greatly attached to life, nor out of regard to personal appearance, nor yet in a careless way, but so that through his own attention he very seldom stood in need of the physician's art or of medicine or external applications. He was most ready to give way without envy to those who possessed any particular faculty, such as that of eloquence or knowledge of the law or of morals, or of anything else; and he gave them his help, that each might enjoy reputation according to his deserts; and he always acted conformably to the institutions of his country, without showing any affectation of doing so. Further, he was not fond of change, nor unsteady, but he loved to stay in the same places, and to employ himself about the same things; and after his paroxysms of headache he came immediately fresh and vigorous to his usual occupations. His secrets were not many, but very few and very rare, and these only about public matters; and he showed prudence and economy in the exhibition of the public spectacles and the construction of public buildings, his donations to the people, and in such things, for he was a man who looked to what ought to be done, not to the reputation which is got by a man's acts. He did not take the bath at unreasonable hours; he was not fond of building houses, nor curious about what he ate, nor about the texture and color of his clothes, nor about the beauty of his slaves. His dress came from Lorium, his villa on the coast, and from Lanuvium generally. We know how he behaved to the toll-collector at Tusculum who asked his pardon; and such was all his behavior. There was in him nothing harsh, nor implacable, nor violent, nor, as one may say, anything carried to the sweating point; but he examined all things severally, as if he had abundance of time, and without confusion, in an orderly way, vigorously and consistently. And that might be applied to him which is recorded of Socrates, that he was able both to abstain from and enjoy those things which many are too weak to abstain from and cannot enjoy without excess. But to be strong enough both to bear the one and to be sober in the other is the mark of a man who has a perfect and invincible soul, such as he showed in the illness of Maximus."



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ZOLA'S TRIAL.

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER."

ONE of the greatest judicial farces on record has come to an end, and Zola has been found guilty of libel. The jury's verdict was unanimous, and the judge sentenced the defendant to twelve months' imprisonment—the maximum allowed by the law—besides ordering him to pay a considerable fine and the costs of the prosecution. This lovely judgment was fiercely acclaimed by the mob in court, as well as by the vast mob outside. The Army was vindicated, and the man of letters taught his proper place. The said man of letters, however, by no means bows to the decision. "They must be cannibals!" he exclaimed at the verdict of "Guilty" was delivered. It is not quite clear whether he referred to the jury or to the howling mob. At any rate, the exclamation recalls Voltaire's *mot* about the Paris mob—half tiger and half ape.

We have called Zola's trial a farce, although it has a tragic aspect. He was prosecuted for libel, and mainly for insulting the Army; and day after day his virtual prosecutors swore to their own innocence, while he was not allowed to ask them a single question that might prove their guilt. They were also allowed to harangue the jury about "the traitor Dreyfus," but when it came to details they pleaded reasons of State for their silence. Esterhazy himself turned his back to Zola's counsel for an hour and a half while questions were put to him, declining to give a single answer, and the judge supported him in this contumacy. General de Boisdeffre plainly told the jury that the safety of France depended on their finding Zola guilty; if they did not, he intimated that the General Staff would resign, and as war might come very soon, much sooner than many people suspected, Frenchmen would be led like sheep to the slaughter. This miserable, this infamous appeal to the craven instincts of the crowd was allowed to pass and the glamor of his many victories; but the latest phase of militarism in France is simply and utterly contemptible.

In the background of all this sorry performance stands the sinister figure of the Church. The leaders of the anti-Jewish agitation in France are Catholics, and the length to which it has been carried may be seen in the general belief that if Zola had been acquitted there would have been something like a massacre of Jews in Paris. The Catholic Church has always hated the Jews. They will not have more than one God, which is a standing affront to those who have three; they persist in rejecting Jesus Christ; and on the top of all this obstinacy they persist in being a little more, instead of less, moral than their Christian fellow-citizens. For centuries the Catholic Church compelled Jews to traffic and lend money. Everything else was forbidden them. And now, when a Gentile is after a bargain, and finds a Jew in front of him, instead of cursing the bigotry

of his forefathers, he cries : " Down with the Jews ! " After Zola's trial this grew into " Death to the Jews ! " A sinister sound ! It makes one tremble with apprehension of murder ; it makes one blush for one's species. Eighteen hundred years of Christianity has left Europe only half civilized.

Zola will appeal against his sentence, and it remains to see whether the judges will connive at the flagrant irregularities of his trial. If they do, the best friends of France must admit that she is in a very parlous condition. The only thing that saves the Republic is the absence of the military chief strong enough to deal it the fatal blow.

Meanwhile the Government is showing itself the creature of the mob and the tool of the Army. Colonel Picquart, who gave evidence in Zola's favor, is cashiered. He committed the unpardonable crime of thinking honor should stand before mere *esprit de corps*. M. Leblois is dismissed from his post of Sub-Mayor of the Seventh Arrondissement. Professor Grimaux is dismissed from the Ecole Polytechnique, although his brother professors have almost unanimously testified to their high appreciation of his character and courage. Professor Grimaux was summoned as a witness, he told the truth according to his conscience, and for this crime he is punished. This sort of thing went on freely enough under the Empire ; one did not expect it under the Republic.

One thing came out clearly enough in Zola's trial. It is beyond question that Dreyfus was condemned illegally. It appears, too, that the evidence against him was of a most fantastic character. Even the foreman of the jury, M. Drestrieux, told a *Temps* interviewer : " I believe the defenders of the ex-Captain may succeed, and, in fact, they will now succeed. Allow me to confess that I wish they may."

General Mercier gave his case away in an unguarded moment. Being asked whether he presented to the Court Martial a document against Dreyfus behind the prisoner's back, and behind that of his counsel, General Mercier denied it with indignation. M. Labori saw his opportunity and used it. He asked this witness whether such a document was presented to the Court Martial by anyone. General Mercier, recovering his presence of mind, declined to answer the question. But he did not see, after all, that silence was an answer under the circumstances, and that to every man of common sense only one conclusion was possible.

As for the *bordereau* which Dreyfus is supposed to have written, the trial has resulted in its complete extinction as evidence against him. This is a clear gain, and Zola may be congratulated on his success so far in his campaign on behalf of a man whom he holds to be a martyr of anti-Semitism.

Zola himself comes out of this trial with flying colors. The verdict of a terrorized jury and the sentence of a partial judge are nothing. He has earned the admiration of the civilized world. Mr. Gosse, who was once a budding poet, and is now a respectable critic, deplors the spectacle of a man of letters turning a man of action ; but Zola is made of other metal than Mr. Gosse ; he believes, like Voltaire, that the pen should become a sword in the vindication of justice and humanity.

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THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

XI.

FERCE and terrible was the thirst for blood among the British soldiers before Delhi at this time. Many of them on their march thither had seen evidences of the Sepoys' barbarity. Sometimes they came across mutilated bodies of men; sometimes it was a cluster of long fair hair sticking to a wall against which some poor woman's skull had been dashed; sometimes they picked up tiny shoes in which tiny feet were still hidden. And these atrocities, talked over and magnified, maddened the men. And more than once, when some brutal murderer had been caught, the wretch, knowing that it was useless to plead for life, boasted of what he had done. He and his comrades had ravished white women in such a place; had tortured men to death; had butchered children before their mothers' eyes. If he begged for life it was only that he might commit more such fiendish deeds. Some of the Sepoys actually laughed in the face of their captors, and taunted them with being able to kill the men only; but could not wreak their vengeance on native women and children! No wonder British soldiers panted for the fray.

Before sunrise on the 8th June the British army crossed the canal near Alipore and began its march to Delhi, about ten miles distant. The Sepoys had chosen a strong position near a building called the Badlee Serai. A serai is another name for a travellers' bungalow; a caravansary of the kind so oft mentioned in the "Arabian Nights." The more pretentious are square court-yards, surrounded by loop-holed walls. Small rooms and stables, facing inwards, are built against these walls. Sometimes a tower adorns each corner. The Badlee Serai was of this kind; and lay a little to the west of the main road. On a hillock in front the Sepoys had constructed a sandbag battery; four guns and a howitzer for grape. The adjacent land was marshy; and the Delhi canal, crossed by many bridges, flanked the position on the left. A five-mile march brought the British force up to this stronghold. Sir Henry Barnard was to march along the high road and make the attack in front with the main body of his small army. Hope Grant had orders to turn the left flank of the enemy. The fire from the Sepoy battery was galling; the light field cannon of the British were unable to cope with such heavy guns. Sir Henry Barnard, although he started later than the other divisions, had better ground to march over. Grant, with his 9th Lancers under Colonel Yule, and his Jheend Horse commanded by Hodson, and other troops, was not yet in sight. The left brigade had not arrived. To stand still and bear the enemy's heavy fire seemed folly. Sir Henry gave an order which the men were ardently hoping would come from his lips. The 75th men were

to storm the battery. With a ringing cheer the 75th started on their mission. The marshy ground they had to traverse forced them to move slowly; the enemy's fire was well directed; more than a hundred British soldiers fell disabled. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers were near; together the two regiments stormed the serai and, in spite of a stubborn resistance, carried it. The rest of the British force coming up, the mutineers, who had resolved on making another effort to retrieve their laurels, felt disheartened and retreated behind the walls of Delhi. And now Delhi lay before the small British army; the Delhi that on the 10th May would have been captured by the European troops had a Nicholson or a Hodson commanded at Meerut in the room of a Hewitt. The incapacity of Hewitt caused torrents of British blood to flow. The Delhi siege, begun with a victory, lasted three months.

On the morning of the 9th of June a strange scene was enacted in the British camp; so strange and perplexing to on-lookers that an alarm was about to be sounded. A solitary officer was riding quietly along when suddenly he was surrounded by a crowd of men, some mounted, some on foot. This dusky crew shouted, yelled, and leapt about like men demented. They seized the officer, nearly tore him from his saddle, and fairly shrieked—not in rage, but in joy. Hodson was the officer, and the men surrounding him were soldiers—the Guides whom he had formerly commanded. These men kissed Hodson's hands and his feet, and hailed him as the "One Great in Battle!" A blundering Government had deprived Hodson some months before of the command of men who idolized him. For three weeks had these faithful fellows marched to join the army before Delhi, and this is how they greeted their former beloved commander. Three hours later these same fellows were fiercely charging the Sepoys; and so keenly contested was the fight that every officer in the Guides was wounded, one being killed.

It has been said that the British Government was cursed with Red-Tape; that the British army was a martyr to Pipeclay. A stiff, suffocating uniform that impeded the free use of the limbs; a thick leather cravat that nearly choked the wearer, the British soldier, buttoned and belted, was a pitiful object to contemplate. Such a dress, even in the milder climate of Europe, was bad enough, but to compel men to wear it under the blazing sun of India was murderous madness. Sir Henry Lawrence saw the folly of it, and, bidding defiance to the decrees of Red Tape and Pipeclay, he organized the Guides. The protective turban of many folds, the loose pijama, and the easy-fitting native blouse, replaced the hideous, stifling uniform. And, in lieu of high-caste Sepoys, he chose for soldiers the best men he could find, giving preference, perhaps, to *Shikarees*. And the accoutrements were as few and as light as was compatible with the requirements of the service. The present native army is more or less built on these lines.

On May 17th, Brigadier Johnstone assumed command of the forces at Jullun-

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dhur, in the room of Colonel Hartley; a Hewitt succeeded one of the Nicholson type. And this brigadier believed in the judgment of the European officers in native regiments, and those believed in the fidelity of the Sepoys. Wiser heads besought the brigadier to disarm the Sepoys while yet there was time. The brigadier promised to consult the officers belonging to the suspected troops. He consulted, and they proved conclusively, no matter how other Sepoys behaved, that the Jullundhur Sepoys would never break faith. The far-famed 4th Sikhs and the 2nd Punjab Cavalry were on the march; they halted to help in the disarming of the 36th and 61st B.N.I. and the 6th B. Cavalry. The brigadier saw no necessity for such a step; the friendly troops could not wait; they continued their march. On June 7th the brigadier began to have doubts; he decided upon disarming the Sepoys. But the Sepoys decided otherwise; they set fire to public buildings and shot a few officers. They then called upon the native gunners to follow their example. The invitation was answered by a volley of grape. But up rode the brigadier; shoot Sepoys! who ever heard of such barbarity? The gunners were ordered to desist. The European troops (the 8th Queen's and a troop of horse artillery) were kept in hand, and the mutineers had free permission to do as they listed. For a while they murdered and pillaged, and then decamped. About two companies of Sepoys remained faithful; one of these guarding successfully the treasury where \$50,000 in silver was deposited. One body of mutineers marched towards Loodiana, the rest making for a ferry higher up the Sutlej. These found a lion in the path; the lion was Mr. Ricketts. Mr. Ricketts heard from Umballa of the outbreak; the Jullundhur brigadier considered the matter too trivial to be reported. At Philour the 3rd B.N.I. joined the mutineers marching to the ferry. Ricketts hastily collected a small body of Sikhs; the Nabha Rajah helping with the loan of a 9-pounder, a 6-pounder, a few cavalry and a few infantry. The mutineers were at Philour when Ricketts came up to them. Crossing the river, he proceeded all alone to reconnoitre. He discovered that the Sepoys intended to seize an unguarded ferry near by and cross. He at once ordered his small force to march to the ferry; but, the roads being nearly impassable, night fell before he reached the place. The Sepoys evidently expected to be pursued; no fire, no noise was in their camp. All undaunted, Ricketts pushed on with his force; then sentries challenged, fired, and fell back on their supports. The two guns were unlimbered; but the horses attached to the smaller one became restive, and bolted right into the midst of the Sepoy camp. Unfortunately, tumbrel and ammunition went with them. The 9-pounder, worked by Mr. Ricketts, sent a round of grape into what, in the dim light, seemed to be a body of mutineers. The compliment was returned by a discharge of musketry; the brave men sent by the Nabha Rajah didn't approve of such behavior; they returned at once to their master, leaving Ricketts and the Sikhs, and their own commander, to fight it out with the rebels. The mutineers,

nearly 2,000 in number, little knew how small was the opposing force. Ricketts worked away with his 9-pounder; the Sikhs, spread out in skirmishing order, fired briskly, and the officer that had commanded the Rajah's cavalry helped as best he could, though dangerously wounded. At last the mutineers found out how few were fighting against them; they charged. They were repulsed; but, ammunition failing, Ricketts fell back towards Loodiana. The Jullundhur brigadier had made a move; his European force had marched to a spot near Philour. The brigadier and his men heard the firing around the ferry; for two hours at least that firing lasted; but the brigadier, tender-hearted man that he was, considered his soldiers too fatigued to fight. So he waited for the morning. But the mutineers did not wait for the brigadier; they pushed on to Loodiana, burnt some buildings, opened the gaol, did some other damage, and continued their flight towards Delhi.

(To be continued.)

A COLLEGE TRAINING.

HOME from college came the stripling, calm and cool and debonair,
 With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair,
 With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate of work,
 And a cigarette devotion that would shame the turbaned Turk;
 And he called his father "Guv'nor," with a cheek serene and rude,
 While that raging, wrathful rustic called his son "a blasted dude,"
 And in dark and direful language muttered threats of coming harm
 To the "idle, shif'less critter," from his father's good right arm.

And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the shed—
 "Now, I'm goin' ter lick yer, sonny," so the sturdy parent said;
 "An' I'll knock the college nonsense from yer noddle, mighty quick."
 Then he lit upon that chappie like a waggon-load of brick;
 But the youth serenely murmured, as he gripped his angry dad:
 "You're a clever rusher, Guv'nor, but you tackle very bad;"
 And he rushed him through the centre, and he tripped him for a fall,
 And he scored a goal and touch-down with his papa as the ball.

Then a cigarette he lighted, as he slowly strolled away,
 Saying: "That was jolly, Guv'nor; now we'll practise every day;"
 While his father, from the puddle, where he wallowed in disgrace,
 Smiled upon his offspring, proudly, from a bruised and battered face,
 And with difficulty rising, quick he hobbled to the house;
 "Henry's all right, Ma," he shouted to his anxious, waiting spouse;
 "He just licked me good and solid, an' I tell yer, Mary Ann.
 When a chap kin lick your husband, he's a mighty able man."