TO-DAY.

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England's Ideal.

WHILE it seems to be admitted now on all hands that the Social condition of this country is about as bad as it possibly can be, and while many schemes, more or less philanthropic or revolutionary, are proposed for its regeneration, it just occurs to me to bring forward the importance of mere *personal* actions and ideals as in a sense preceding all schemes, and determining whether they are to ripen to any fruitful end or not. For as the nation is composed of individuals, so the forces which move the individual, the motives, the ideals which he has in his mind, are, it seems to me, the main factors in any nation's progress and the things which ultimately decide the direction of its movement.

Not that I wish for a moment to throw cold water on schemes; but that I think we are apt to forget that these are, properly speaking, only the expressions and results of things which lie deeper, and that these deep-seated ideals which lurk more or less hidden in the minds of all of us are in reality tremendous forces, of the very most practical importance, and not mere sentimental matters at all.

To take an instance of what I mean. While we are met

on all sides by descriptions of the desperate poverty of huge masses of the people in nearly every civilised (?) country of the world, and are inundated with recipes for their redemption, the simple fact remains and comes out clearer the more one looks into the matter that the cry is in the first place a cry for Justice and personal Honesty, and in the second place only, for Social Re-organisation. At the bottom, and behind all the elaborations of economic science, theories of social progress, the changing forms of production, and class warfare, lies the fact that the old ideals of society have become corrupt, and that this corruption has resulted in dishonesty of life. It is this dishonesty of personal life which is becoming the occasion of a new class war, from whose bloody parturition struggle will arise a new ideal—destined to sway human society for many a thousand years, and to give shape to the forms of its industrial scientific and artistic life.*

Say that to-day the gospel of mere personal honesty spread through society, so that it became disgraceful for a man to receive the gift of the labour of others without giving an equivalent amount of his own labour in return; say that only such an obvious and fundamental truth as this were—by some vivid contagion of feeling and influence, such as has marked great historical movements—to spread through all classes; in that instant, need I say it, Society would begin to undergo a magical transformation. Not many more Royal Commissions would be needed, nor bluebooks, nor Mansion House charity funds, nor recipes of benevolent capitalists and philanthropists; somehow the blackened walls of our fever-stricken city dens would crumble and convey themselves away, giving place to homes of cleanly, decent, cheerful life; the haggard sunken-eyed babes that now crawl uncared for

* What this new Ideal of Humanity will be I will not attempt here to foreshadow. Sufficient that *honesty*—the honest human relation—must obviously be essential to it. As the ideal of the Feudal Age was upheld and presented to the world in its great poetry, so the new ideal of the Democratic Age will be upheld and presented to the world in the great poetry of Democracy.

into the gutter would be exchanged for laughing ruddy-cheeked children, smiling an unconscious greeting upon the passer-by; and though this one matter might not cure *all* evils, yet I venture to say that if it were attended to this England of ours would, in a few years, be changed almost past recognition, and from being the sorrowing poverty-stricken country that it is, would claim once more to be called "Merry England" as of old. The new standard, in fact, of personal honesty of life would revolutionise the nation from within, and new forms and a new organisation of society would spring from it as naturally and infallibly as the systematic beauty of a plant springs from the single and undivided seed.

Let us go straight to the point, then. Let us seize at once the inward principles of national life and growth. The question of the condition of our country comes home to each of us ultimately as one from which we cannot escape by the mere elaboration of new laws and new schemes. The new laws and schemes truly must be elaborated, but the personal question must come first.

The feeling seems to be spreading that England stands to-day on the verge of a dangerous precipice. And so I believe she does; at any moment the door may open for her on a crisis more serious than any in her whole history. Rotten to the core, penetrated with falsehood from head to foot, her aristocracy emasculated of all manly life, her capitalist classes wrapped in selfishness luxury and self-satisfied philanthropy, her Government offices—army, navy and the rest—utterly effete, plethoric, gorged (in snake-like coma) with red tape,* her Church sleeping profoundly—snoring aloud, her trading classes steeped in deception and money greed, her labourers stupefied with overwork and beer, her poorest

* An intelligent officer of our own navy having lately had occasion to inspect one of the naval departments at Washington, tells me that in organisation, alertness, modern information and despatch of business it altogether surpasses our own corresponding Admiralty department, and leaves it far behind!

stupefied with despair, there is not a point which will bear examination, not a wheel in the whole machine which will not give way under pressure. The slightest disturbance now, and the wheels will actually cease to go round: the first serious strain—European or Eastern war—and the governing classes of England will probably succumb disgracefully. And then—with an exhausting foreign war upon us, our foreign supplies largely cut off, our own country (which might grow ample food for its present population) systematically laid waste and depopulated by landlords; with hopeless commercial depression, stagnation of trade, poverty, and growing furious anarchy—our position will easier be imagined than described, but perhaps easiest left unimagined.

India—with its "forty millions always on the verge of starvation"—the playground of the sons of English capitalists—must go. Ireland that has nobly struck the note of better things to all Europe, but who in her long and glorious battle for freedom has received no encouragement from the English people, will desert us. We shall call to her for help, but there shall be no answer—but derision. Egypt will curse the nation of Bondholders.

In the face of these considerations let us, as I have said, go straight to the heart of the matter. Let us, let all who care or hold ourselves in any way responsible for the fate of a great nation, redeem our lives, redeem the life of England, from this curse of dishonesty. The difficulty is that to many people—and to whole classes—mere honesty seems such a small matter. If it were only some great Benevolent Institution to recommend! But this is like Naaman's case in the bible: to merely bathe in the Jordan and make yourself clean—is really too undignified!

But the disease from which the nation is suffering is dishonesty; the more you look into it the clearer you will perceive that this is the source of all England's present weakness corruption and misery; and honesty and honesty alone will save her, or give her a chance of salvation. Let us confess it.

What we have all been trying to do is to live at the expense of other people's labour, without giving an equivalent of our own labour in return. Some succeed, others only try; but it comes to much the same thing.

Let a man pause just for once in this horrid scramble of modern life, and ask himself what he really consumes day by day of other people's labour—what in the way of food, of clothing, of washing, scrubbing, and the attentions of domestics, or even of his own wife and children—what money he spends in drink, dress, books, pictures, at the theatre, in travel. Let him sternly, and as well as he may, reckon up the sum total by which he has thus made himself indebted to his fellows, and then let him consider what he creates for their benefit in return. Let him strike the balance. Is he a benefactor of society?—is it quits between him and his countrymen and women?—or is he a dependent upon them, a vacuum and a minus quantity?—a beggar, alms-receiver, or thief.

And not only What is he? but What is he trying to be? For on the Ideal hangs the whole question. Here at last we come back to the root of national life. What the ideal cherished by the people at large is, that the nation will soon become. Each individual man is not always *able* to realize the state of life that he has in his mind, but in the nation it is soon realised; and if the current ideal of individuals is to *get* as much and *give* as little as they can, to be debtors of society and alms-receivers of the labour of others, then you have the spectacle of a nation, as England to-day, rushing on to bankruptcy and ruin, saddled with a huge national debt, and converted into one gigantic Workhouse and idle shareholders' Asylum. (Imagine a lot of people on an Island—all endeavouring to eat other people's dinners, but taking precious care not to provide any of their own—and you will have a picture of what the "well-to-do" on this island succeed in doing, and a lot of people not well-to-do are trying to arrive at).

For there is no question that this *is* the Ideal of England to-day—to live dependent on others, consuming much and creating next to nothing*—to occupy a spacious house, have servants ministering to you, dividends converging from various parts of the world towards you, workmen handing you the best part of their labour as profits, tenants obsequiously bowing as they disgorge their rent, and a good balance at the bank; to be a kind of human sink into which much flows but out of which nothing ever comes—except an occasional putrid whiff of Charity and Patronage—this, is it not the thing which we have before us? which if we have not been fortunate enough to attain to, we are doing our best to reach.

Sad that the words lady and gentleman—once nought but honourable—should now have become so soiled by all ignoble use. But I fear that nothing can save them. The modern Ideal of Gentility is hopelessly corrupt, and it must be our avowed object to destroy it.

Of course, among its falsities, the point which I have already alluded to is the most important. It is absolutely useless for the well-to-do of this country to talk of Charity while they are abstracting the vast sums they do from the labouring classes, or to pretend to alleviate by philanthropic nostrums the frightful poverty which they are *creating wholesale by their mode of life*. All the money given by the Church, by charity organisations, by societies, or individuals, or out of the rates, and all the value of the gratuitous work done by country gentlemen, philanthropists and others, is a mere drop in the ocean compared with the sums which these same people and their relatives abstract from the poor, under the various legal pretences of interest, dividends, rent, profits, and state-payments of many kinds. "They clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within they are full of *extortion* and *excess*."

If for every man who consumes more than he creates there

* By fine irony called "having an independence."

must of necessity be another man who has to consume less than he creates, what must be the state of affairs in that nation where a vast class—and ever vaster becoming—is living in the height of unproductive wastefulness? obviously another vast class—and ever vaster becoming—must be sinking down into the abyss of toil, penury and degradation. Look at Brighton and Scarborough and Hastings and the huge West End of London, and the polite villa residences which like unwholesome toadstools dot and disfigure the whole of this great land. On *what* are these "noble" mansions o organised idleness built except upon the bent back of poverty and lifelong hopeless unremitting toil. Think! you who live in them, *what* your life is, and upon what it is founded.

As far as the palaces of the rich stretch through Mayfair and Belgravia and South Kensington, so far (and farther) must the hovels of the poor inevitably stretch in the opposite direction. There is no escape. It is useless to talk about better housing of these unfortunates unless you strike at the root of their poverty; and if you want to see the origin and explanation of an East London rookery, you must open the door and walk in upon some fashionable dinner party at the West End; where elegance, wealth, ease, good grammar, politeness, and literary and sentimental conversation only serve to cover up and conceal a heartless mockery—the lie that it is a fine thing to live upon the labour of others. You may abolish the rookery, but if you do not abolish the other thing, the poor will only find some other place to die in; and one room in a sanitary and respectable neighbourhood will serve a family for that purpose, as well as a whole house in a dirtier locality. If this state of affairs were to go on long (which it won't do) England would be converted, as I have said, into one vast Workhouse and pauper Asylum, in which rows of polite paupers surrounded by luxuries and daintily fed, would be entirely served and supported by another class—of paupers unable to get bread enough to eat!

But the whole Gentility business is corrupt throughout and will not bear looking into for a moment. It is incompatible with Christianity; it gives a constant lie to the doctrine of human brotherhood.

The wretched man who has got into the toils of such a system must surrender that most precious of all things—the human relation to the mass of mankind. He feels a sentimental sympathy certainly for his "poorer brethren;" but he finds that he lives in a house into which it would be simply an insult to ask one of them; he wears clothes in which it is impossible for him to do any work of ordinary usefulness. If he sees an old woman borne down by her burden in the street he can run to the charity organisation perhaps and get an officer to enquire into her case—but he cannot go straight up to her like a *man*, and take it from her on to his own shoulders; for he is a *gentleman* and might soil his clothes! It is doubtful even whether—clothes or no clothes, old woman or no old woman—he could face the streets where he is known with a bundle on his shoulders; his dress is a barrier to all human relation with simple people, and his words of sympathy with the poor and suffering are wasted on the wide air while the flash of his jewellery is in their eyes.

He finds himself among people whose constipated manners and frozen speech are a continual denial of all natural affection—and a continual warning against offence; where to say 'onesty is passable, but to say 'ouse causes a positive congestion; where human dignity is at such a low ebb that to have an obvious patch upon your trousers would be considered fatal to it; where manners have reached (I think) the very lowest pitch of littleness and *niaiserie*; where human wants and the sacred facts, sexual and other, on which human life is founded, are systematically ignored; where to converse with a domestic at the dinner table would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette; where it is assumed as a matter of course that you do nothing for yourself—to lighten the

burden which your presence in the world necessarily casts upon others; where to be discovered washing your own linen, or cooking your dinner, or up to the elbows in dough on baking day, or helping to get the coals in, or scrubbing your own floor, or cleaning out your privy, would pass a sentence of lifelong banishment on you; where all dirty work, or at least such work as is considered dirty by the "educated" people in a household is thrust upon young and ignorant girls; where children are brought up to feel far more shame at any little breach of social decorum—at an "h" dropped,* or a knife used in the wrong place at dinner, or a wrong appellative given to a visitor—than at glaring acts of selfishness and uncharitableness.

In short the unfortunate man finds himself in a net of falsehoods; the whole system of life around him is founded on falsehood. The pure beautiful relation of Humanity, the most sacred thing in all this world, is betrayed at every step. Democracy with its magnificent conception of inward and sacramental human equality, can only be cherished by him in the hidden interior of his being; they can have no real abiding place in his outward life.

And when he turns to the sources from which his living is gained, he only flounders from the quagmire into the bog. The curse of dishonesty is upon him; he can find no bottom anywhere.

The interest of his money comes to him he knows not whence; it is wrung from the labour of someone—he knows

* The explanation, as far as I can discover, of this mysterious iniquity is as follows. It is a notorious tendency in language, as it progresses, to drop the aspiration. Thus the "h" though common in Latin is extinct in the derivative Italian and only feebly surviving in French. In English the singular phenomenon presents itself of there being two usages—the "h" being practically extinct among the mass of the people while it is clung to with tenacity by the more or less literary classes (and with exaggerated tenacity by those who ape these classes). The explanation seems to be that the natural progress of language has gone on among the people at large, but has been checked among the lettered classes by the conservative influence of the arts of printing and writing. And that it should be possible for one section of the community thus to slide past the other, and for two usages so to be established, only illustrates the completeness of class alienation that exists in this country.

not whom. His capital is in the hands of railway companies and his dividends are gained in due season—but how? He dares not enquire. What have companies, what have directors and secretaries and managers, to do with the question whether *justice* is done to the workmen, and when did a shareholder ever rise up and contend that dividends ought to be less and wages more? (I met with a case once in a report: but he was hissed down.)

His rents come to him from land and houses. Shall he go round and collect them himself? No, that is impossible. This farmer would show him such a desperate balance sheet, that widow would plead such a piteous tale, this house might be in too disgraceful a state, and entail untold repairs. No, it is impossible. He must employ an agent or steward, and go and live at Paris or Brighton, out of sight and hearing of those whose misfortunes might disturb his peace of mind;—or put his money affairs entirely in the hands of a solicitor. *That* is a good way to stifle conscience.

Money entails duties. How shall we get the money and forget the duties? Voilà the great problem! . . . But we cannot forget the duties. They cark unseen.

He has lent out his money on mortgage. Horrid word that, "mortgage!"—"foreclosure," too!—sounds like clutching somebody by the throat! Best not go and see the party who is mortgaged;—might be some sad tale come out. Do it through a solicitor, too, and it will be all right.

Thus the unfortunate man of whom I have spoken finds that turn where he may the whole of his life, his external life, rests on falsehood. And I would ask you, reader, especially well-to-do and dividend-drawing reader, *is* this—this picture of the ordinary life of English gentility—your Ideal of life? or is it not? For if it is do not be ashamed of it, but please look it straight in the face and understand *exactly* what it means: but if it is not, then come out of it! It may take you years to *get* out; certainly you will not shake yourself free in a week, or a month, or many months, but still,—Come out!

And surely the whole state of society which is founded on this Ideal, however wholesome or fruitful it may have once been, *has* in these latter days (whether we see it or not) become quite decayed and barren and corrupt. It is no good disguising the fact; surely much better is it that it should be exposed and acknowledged. Of those who are involved in this state of society we need think no evil. They are our brothers and sisters, as well as the rest; and oftentimes, consciously or unconsciously, are suffering, caught in its toils.

Why to-day are there thousands and thousands throughout these classes who are weary, depressed, miserable, who discern no object to live for; who keep wondering whether life is worth living, and writing weary dreary articles in magazines on that subject? Who keep wandering from the smoking room of the club into Piccadilly and the park, and from the park into picture galleries and theatres; who go and "stay" with friends in order to get away from their own surroundings, and seek "change of air," if by any means that may bring with it a change of interest in life? Why, indeed? Except because the human heart (to its eternal glory) *cannot* subsist on lies; because (whether they know it or not) the deepest truest instincts of their nature are belied, falsified at every turn of their actual lives: and therefore they are miserable, therefore they seek something else, they know not clearly what.

If looking on England I have thought that it is time this Thing should come to an end, because of the poverty-stricken despairing multitudes who are yearly sacrificed for the maintenance of it, and (as many a workman has said to me) are put to a *slow death* that it may be kept going, I have at other times thought that even more for the sake of those who ride in the Juggernauth car itself, to terminate the hydra-headed and manifold misery which lurks deep down behind their decorous exteriors and well-appointed surroundings, should it be finally abolished.

Anyhow it *must* go. The hour of its condemnation has struck. And not only the false Thing. I speak to you, working men and women of England, that you should no longer look to the ideal which creates this Thing—that you should no longer look forward to a day when you shall turn your back on your brothers and sisters, and smooth back white and faultless wrist-bands—living on their labour! but that you should look to the new Ideal, the ideal of social brotherhood, and of honesty, which as surely as the sun rises in the morning shall shortly rise on our suffering and sorrowing country.

But I think I hear some civilisee say, "Your theories are all very well, and all about honesty and that sort of thing, but it is all quite impracticable. Why, if I were only to consume an equal value to that which I create I should never get on at all. Let alone cigars and horses and the like, but how about my wife and family? I don't see how I could possibly keep up *appearances*, and if I were to let my position go, all my usefulness (details not given!) would go with it. Besides, I really don't see how a man *can* create enough for all his daily wants. Of course, as you say, there must be thousands and millions who are obliged to do so, and *more* (in order to support us), but how the deuce they live I cannot imagine—and they *must* have to work awfully hard. But I suppose it is their business to support us, and I don't see how civilisation would get on without them, and in return of course we keep them in order you know, and give them *lots* of good advice!"

To all which I reply "Doubtless there is something very appalling in the prospect of actually maintaining oneself—but I sincerely believe that it is possible. Besides would not you yourself think it very interesting just to try—if only to see what you would dispense with if you had to do the labour connected with it—or its equivalent? If you had to cook your own dinner for instance—"

"By Jove! I believe one would do without a lot of sauces and side dishes!"

"Or if you had to do a week's hard work merely to get a new coat—"

"Of course I should make the old one do—only it would become so beastly unfashionable."

That is about it. There are such a lot of things which we could do without—which we really don't want—only, and but . . . !

And rather than sacrifice these beloved onlies and buts, rather than snip off a few wants, or cut a sorry figure before friends, we rush on with the great crowd which jams and jostles through the gateway of Greed over the bodies of those who have fallen in the struggle. And we enjoy no rest, and our hours of Idleness when they come are not delightful as they should be. For they are not free and tuneful like the Idleness of a ploughboy or a lark, but they are clouded with the spectral undefined remembrance of those at the price of whose blood they have been bought.

As to the difficulty of maintaining oneself, listen to this, please; and read it slowly:—"For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labour of my hands; and I found that by working about six weeks in a year I could meet all the expenses of living."

Who was it wrote these extraordinary words?

It has for some time been one of the serious problems of Political Economy to know how much labour is really required to furnish a man with ordinary necessaries. The proportion between labour and its reward has been lost sight of amid the complexities of modern life; and we only know for certain that the ordinary wages of manual labour represent very much less than the value actually created.

Fortunately for us, however, about forty years ago a man thoroughly tired of wading through the bogs of modern social life had the pluck to land himself on the dry ground of actual necessity. He squatted on a small piece of land in New

England, built himself a little hut, produced the main articles of his own food, hired himself out now and then for a little ready money, and has recorded for us, as above, the results of his experience. Moreover, to leave no doubt as to his meaning, he adds: "The whole of my winters as well as most of my summers I had free and clear for study." (He was an author and naturalist.)

The name of this man was Henry Thoreau. Anyone who obtains his book "Walden"* will see for himself the details of the experiment by which he proved that a man can actually maintain himself and have abundant leisure besides! And this, too, even under circumstances of considerable disadvantage; for Thoreau isolated himself to a great extent from the co-operation of his fellows, and had to contend singlehanded with Nature in the midst of the woods where his crops were sadly at the mercy of wild creatures. It is true, as I have said, that he had built himself a hut and had 2 or 3 acres of land to start with—but what a margin does his 6 weeks in a year leave for critical subtractions!

If anyone however doubts the truth of the general statement contained in the last paragraph, his doubt must surely be removed by a study of the condition of life in England in the 15th century. At that time, between the fall of the feudal barons and the rise of the capitalists and landlords, there was an interval during which the workers actually got something like their due, and were not robbed to any great extent by the classes above them. A comparison of wages and prices shows that at that time an ordinary labourer would receive the value of from 100 to 150 eggs for an ordinary day's work, and the worth of a good fat sheep for about three day's toil. Now it is not probable that hens are more averse to laying now than they were then, nor is our country at present so overgrazed and cultivated as to increase the difficulty of raising beasts and crops (on the contrary it is half-deserted and *under*-cultivated); it is also certain that the labourer in

* James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1875.

the 15th century did not receive *more* than what he might be said to have created by his labour; yet the labourer to-day does not get anything like that reward. And the reason is obvious. His labour is as fruitful as ever; but the greater part of its produce—its reward—is taken from him.

As fruitful as ever?—far more fruitful than ever; for we have taken no account of the vast evolutions of machinery. What that reward would be, under our greatly increased powers of production—if it were only righteously distributed—we may leave to be imagined.

As to Thoreau the real truth about him is that he was a thorough economist. He reduced life to its simplest terms, and having, so to speak, labour in his right hand and its reward in his left, he had no difficulty in seeing what was worth labouring for, and what was not, and no hesitation in discarding things that he did not think *worth* the time or trouble of production.

And I believe myself that the reason why he could so easily bring himself to do without these things, and thus became free—"presented with the freedom" of nature and of life—was that he was a thoroughly educated man in the true sense of the word.

It seems to be an accepted idea nowadays that the better educated any one is the more he must require. "A ploughman can do on so much a year, but an educated man—O quite impossible!"

Allow me to say that I regard this idea as entirely false. First of all, if it *were* true, what a dismal prospect it would open out to us! The more educated we became the more we should require for our support, the worse bondage we should be in to material things. We should have to work continually harder and harder to keep pace with our wants, or else to trench more and more on the labour of others; at each step the more complicated would the problem of existence become.

But it is entirely untrue. Education does not turn a man

into a creature of blind wants, a prey to ever-fresh thirsts and desires—it brings him *into relation with the world around him*. It enables a man to derive pleasure and to draw sustenance from a thousand common things which bring neither joy nor nourishment to his more enclosed and imprisoned brother. The one can beguile an hour anywhere. In the field, in the street, in the workshop he sees a thousand things of interest. The other is bored, he must have a toy—a glass of beer or a box at the opera—but these things cost money.

Besides the educated man, if truly educated, has surely more resources of skilful labour to fall back upon—he need not fear about the future. The other may do well to accumulate a little fund against a rainy day.

It is only to education commonly so-called—the false education—that these libels apply. I admit that to the current education of the well-to-do they do apply, but that is only or mainly a cheap-jack education, an education in glib phrases, grammar, and the art of keeping up appearances—and has little to do with bringing anyone into relation with the real world around him—the real world of Humanity, of honest Daily Life, of the majesty of Nature, and the wonderful questions and answers of the soul which out of these are whispered on everyone who fairly faces them.

Let us then have courage. There is an Ideal before us, an ideal of Honest Life—which is attainable, not very difficult of attainment, and which true Education will help us to attain to, not lead us astray from.

A man may if he likes try the experiment of Thoreau, and restrict himself to the merest necessaries of life—so as to see how much labour it really requires to live. Starting from that zero-point he may add to his luxuries and to his labours as he thinks fit. How far he travels along that double line will of course depend upon temperament. Thoreau, as I have said, was a thorough economist. One day he picked up a curiosity and kept it on his shelf for a time; but soon finding that it required dusting he threw it out of the

window! It did not pay for its keep. Thoreau preferred leisure to ornaments; other people may prefer ornaments to leisure. There is of course no prejudice—all characters temperaments and idiosyncrasies are welcome and thrice welcome. The only condition is that you must not expect to have the ornaments and the idleness both. If you choose to live in a room full of ornaments no one can make the slightest possible objection, but you must not expect Society (in the form of your maidservant) to dust them for you; unless you do something useful for Society (or your maidservant) in return. (I need not at this time of day say that giving Money is not equivalent to "doing something useful"—unless you have fairly earned the money; then it is.)

Let us have courage. There is ample room within this ideal of Honest Life for all human talent, ingenuity, divergency of thought and temperament. It is not a narrow cramped ideal. How can it be?—for it *alone* contains in it the possibility of human brotherhood. But I warn you: it is *not* compatible with that other ideal of Worldly Gentility. I do not say this lightly. I know what it is for any one to have to abandon the forms in which he has been brought up; nor do I wish to throw discredit on any one class, for I know that this ideal permeates more or less the greater part of the nation to-day. But the hour demands absolute fidelity. There is no time now for temporising. England stands on the brink of a crisis in which no wealth, no armaments, no diplomacy will save her—only an awakening of the National Conscience. If this comes she will live—if it comes not * * * ?

The canker of effete gentility has eaten into the heart of this nation. Its noble Men and Women are turned into toy ladies and gentlemen; the eternal dignity of (voluntary) Poverty and Simplicity has been forgotten in an unworthy scramble for easy chairs; Justice and Honesty have got themselves melted away into a miowling and watery philanthropy; the rule of honour between master and servant, and

servant and master, between debtor and creditor, and buyer and seller, has been turned into a rule of dishonour, concealment, insincere patronage, and sharp bargains; and England lies done to death by her children who should have loved her.

As for you, Working men and Working women of England—in whom now, if anywhere, the hope of England lies—I appeal to you at any rate to cease from this ideal, I appeal to you to cease your part in this Gentility business—to cease respecting people because they wear fine clothes and ornaments, and because they live in grand houses. You know you do these things, or pretend to do them, and to do either is foolish. We have had ducking and forelock-pulling enough. It is time for *you* to assert the dignity of human labour. I do not object to a man saying "sir" to his equal, or to an elder, but I do object to his saying "sir" to broadcloth or to a balance at the bank. Why don't you say "yes" and have done with it? Remember that you too have to learn the lesson of Honesty. You know that in your heart of hearts you despise this nonsense; you know that when the "gentleman's" back is turned you take off his fancy airs, and mimic his incapable importances, or launch out into bitter abuse of one who you think has wronged you. Would it not be worthier, if you have these differences, not to conceal them, but for the sake o your own self-respect to face them out firmly and candidly?

The re-birth of England cannot come without sacrifices from you, too. On the contrary, whatever is done, you will have to do the greater part of it. You will often have to incur the charge of disrespect; you will have to risk, and to lose, situations; you will have to bear ridicule, and—perhaps—arms; Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, you will hear yourselves called. But what would you have? It is no good preaching Democracy with your mouths, if you are going to stand all the while and prop with your shoulders the rotten timbers of Feudalism—of which, riddled as they have been

during three centuries by the maggots of Usury, we need say no worse than that it is time they should fall.

I say from this day you must set to work yourselves in word thought and deed to root out this genteel dummy—this hairdresser's Ideal of Humanity—and to establish yourselves (where you stand) upon the broad and sacred ground of human labour. As long as you continue to send men to Parliament because they ride in carriages, or cannot have a meeting without asking a "squire," whom you secretly make fun of, to take the chair, or must have clergymen and baronets patrons of your benefit clubs—so long are you false to your natural instincts, and to your own great destinies.

Be arrogant rather than humble, rash rather than stupidly contented; but, best of all, be firm, helpful towards each other, forgetful of differences, scrupulously honest in yourselves, and charitable even to your enemies, but determined that *nothing* shall move you from the purpose you have set before you—the righteous distribution in society of the fruits of your own and other men's labour, the return to Honesty as the sole possible basis of national life and national safety, and the redemption of England from the curse which rests upon her.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

[The pages of TO-DAY are open to the expression of all phases of Socialistic thought. The prominent position which owing to unavoidable circumstances the above article occupies, however, renders it desirable to state that it is not to be taken as a representation of the Editors' views.]

An Indian Bureau Reminiscence.

AFTER the close of the Secession War in '65 I worked several months (until Mr. Harlan turned me out for writing "Leaves of Grass") in the Interior Department at Washington, in the Indian Bureau. Along this time there came to see their Great Father an unusual number of aboriginal visitors, delegations for treaties, settlement of lands, etc.—some young and middle-aged, but mainly old men, from the West, North, and occasionally from the South —several hundreds of them, in parties of from five to twenty each—the most wonderful proofs of what Nature can produce (the survival of the fittest, no doubt, all the frailer samples dropt, sorted out by death)—as if to show how the earth and woods, the attrition of storms and elements, and the exigencies of life at first hand, can train and fashion men, indeed *chiefs*, in heroic massiveness, imperturbability, muscle, and that last and highest beauty consisting of strength—the full exploitation and fruitage of a human identity, not from the culmination-point of "culture" and artificial civilisation, but tallying our race, as it were, with giant, vital, gnarled, enduring trees, or monoliths of separate hardiest rocks, and humanity holding its own with the best of the said trees or rocks, and outdoing them.

There were Omahas, Poncas, Winnebagoes, and many others. Let me give a running account of what I see and hear through one of these exhibitions at the Indian Bureau, going back to the present tense. Every head and face is impressive; Nature redeems herself out of her crudest re-

cesses. Most have red paint on their cheeks, however, or some other paint. ("Little Hill" makes the opening speech, while the interpreter translated by scraps.) Many wear head tires of gaudy-coloured braid, wound around thickly—some with circlets of eagles' feathers. Necklaces of bears' claws are plenty around their necks. Most of the chiefs are wrapt in large blankets of the brightest scarlet. Two or three have blue, and I see one black. (A wise man called "the Flesh" now makes a short speech, apparently asking something. Indian Commissioner Dole answers him, and the interpreter translates in scraps again.) All the principal chiefs have tomahawks or hatchets, some of them very richly ornamented and costly. Plaid shirts are to be observed—none too clean. Now a tall fellow, "Hole-in-the-Day," is speaking. He has a copious head-dress composed of feathers and narrow ribbon, under which appears a countenance painted all over a bilious yellow. Let us note this young chief however. For all his paint, "Hole-in-the-Day" is a handsome Indian, mild and calm, dressed in drab buckskin leggings, dark gray surtout, and a soft black hat. His costume will bear full observation, and even fashion would accept him. His apparel is worn loose and scant enough to show his superb physique, especially in neck, chest, and legs. ("The Apollo Belvedere!" was the involuntary exclamation of a famous European artist when he first saw a full-grown young Chocktaw).

One of the red visitors—a wild, lean-looking Indian, the one in the black woollen wrapper—has an empty buffalo head, with the horns on, for his personal surmounting. I see a markedly Bourbonish countenance among the chiefs—(it is not very uncommon among them, I am told). Most of them avoided resting on chairs during the hour of their "talk" in the Commissioner's office; they would sit around on the floor, leaning against something, or stand up by the walls, partially wrapt in their blankets. Though some of the young fellows were, as I have said, magnificent and beautiful animals, I think the palm of unique picturesqueness, in body,

limb, physiognomy, etc., was borne by the old or elderly chiefs, and the wise men.

My here-alluded-to experience in the Indian Bureau produced one very definite conviction, as follows: There is something about these aboriginal Americans, in their highest characteristic representations, essential traits, and the ensemble of their physique and physiognomy—something very remote, very lofty, arousing comparisons with our own civilised ideals—something that our literature, portrait painting, etc., have never caught, and that will almost certainly never be transmitted to the future, even as a reminiscence. No biographer, no historian, no artist, has grasped it—perhaps could not grasp it. It is so different, so far outside our standards of eminent humanity. Their feathers, paint—even the empty buffalo skull—did not, to say the least, seem any more ludicrous to me than many of the fashions I have seen in civilised society. I should not apply the word savage (at any rate, in the usual sense) as a leading word in the description of those great aboriginal specimens, of whom I certainly saw many of the best. There were moments, as I looked at them or studied them, when our own exemplification of personality, heroic presentation anyhow, seemed sickly, puny, inferior.

The interpreters, agents of the Indian Department, or other whites accompanying the bands, in positions of responsibility, were always interesting to me; I had many talks with them. Occasionally I would go to the hotels where the bands were quartered, and spend an hour or two informally. Of course we could not have much conversation—though (through the interpreters) more of this than might be supposed—sometimes quite animated and significant. I had the good luck to be invariably received and treated by all of them in their most cordial and accepted manner.

WALT WHITMAN.

An Unsocial Socialist.

Chapter IV.

SATURDAY at Alton College, nominally a half holiday, was really a whole one. Classes in gymnastics, dancing, elocution, and drawing were held in the morning. The afternoon was occupied by lawn tennis, and kindred social amusements, to which young ladies resident in the neighbourhood were freely invited, and even allowed to bring their brothers and fathers; Miss Wilson being anxious that her pupils should go forth into the world as free as possible from the uncouth stiffness of schoolgirls unaccustomed to society.

Late in October came a Saturday which promised to be anything but a holiday for Miss Wilson. At half-past one, luncheon being over, she went out of doors to a lawn which lay between the southern side of the college and a thick shrubbery. Here she found a group of girls watching Agatha and Jane, who were dragging a heavy roller over the grass to prepare it for the tennis net which lay close by. One of them, tossing a ball about with her racket, happened to drive it into the shrubbery, from whence, to the surprise of the company, Smilash presently emerged, carrying the ball, blinking, and observing that, though a common man, he had his feelings like another, and that his eye was neither a stick nor a stone. He was dressed as before, but his garments, soiled with clay and lime, no longer looked new.

"What brings you here, pray?" demanded Miss Wilson severely.

"I was led into the belïef that you sent for me, lady," he replied: "the baker's lad told me so as he passed my 'umble cot this morning. I thought he were incapable of deceit."

"That is quite right: I did send for you. But why did you not go round to the servants' hall?"

"I am at present in search of it, lady: I were looking for it when this ball cotch me here" (touching his eye). "A cruel blow on the hi nat'rally spiles its vision and hexpression, and makes a honest man look like a thief."

"Agatha," said Miss Wilson, "come here."

"My dooty to you, Miss," said Smilash, pulling his forelock.

"This is the man from whom I had the five shillings, which he said you had just given him. Did you do so?"

"Certainly not. I only gave him threepence."

"But I showed the money to your ladyship," said Smilash, twisting his hat agitatedly. "I gev it to you. Where would the like of me get five shillings except by the bounty of the rich and noble? If the young lady thinks I hadn't ort to have kep the tother 'arf crown, I would not object to its bein' stopped from my wages if I were given a job of work here. But—"

"But it's nonsense," said Agatha, "I never gave you three half-crowns."

"Perhaps you mout 'a made a mistake. Pence is very similar to 'arf crowns; and the day were very dark."

"I couldn't have," said Agatha. "Jane had my purse all the earlier part of the week, Miss Wilson, and she can tell you that there was only threepence in it. You know that I get my money on the first of every month. It never lasts longer than a week. The idea of my having seven-and-six-pence on the sixteenth is ridiculous!"

"But I put it to you, miss, aint it twice as ridiculous for me, a poor labourer, to give up money wot I never got?"

A vague alarm crept over Agatha as the evidence of her senses was contradicted. "All I know is," she protested,

"that I did not give it to you; so my pennies must have turned into half crowns in your pocket."

"Mebbe so," said Smilash gravely. "I've heard, and I know it for a fact, that money grows in the pockets of the rich. Why not in the pockets of the poor as well? Why should you be su'prised at what 'appens every day?"

"Had you any money of your own about you at the time?"

"Where could the like of me get money?—asking pardon for making so bold as to catechise your ladyship."

"I don't know where you could get it," said Miss Wilson testily. "I ask you, had you any?"

"Well, lady, I disremember. I will not impose upon you. I disremember."

"Then you have made a mistake," said Miss Wilson, handing him back his money. "Here. If it is not yours it is not ours; so you may keep it."

"Keep it! Oh, lady, but this is the heighth of nobility! And what shall I do to earn your bounty, lady?"

"It is not my bounty: I give it to you because it does not belong to me, and, I suppose, must belong to you. You must be a very simple man."

"I thank your ladyship: I hope I am. Respecting the day's work, now, lady; was you thinking of employing a poor man at all?"

"No, thank you, I have no occasion for your services. I have also to give you the shilling I promised you for getting the cabs. Here it is."

"Another shillin'!" cried Smilash, stupified.

"Yes," said Miss Wilson, beginning to feel very angry. "Let me hear no more about it, please. Don't you understand that you have earned it?"

"I am a common man, and understand next to nothing," he replied reverently; "but if your ladyship would give me a day's work to keep me goin', I could put up all this money in a little wooden savings bank I have at home, and keep it to spend when sickness or old age shall, in a manner of speaking,

lay their 'ands upon me. I could smooth that grass beautiful:—them young ladies 'll strain themselves with that heavy roller. If tennis is the word, I can put up nets fit to catch birds of paradise in. If the courts is to be chalked out in white, I can draw a line so straight that you could hardly keep yourself from erectin' an equilateral triangle on it. I am honest when well watched; and I can wait at table equal to the Lord Mayor o' London's butler."

"I cannot employ you without a character," said Miss Wilson, secretly wondering at him.

"I bear the best of characters, lady. The reverend rector has known me from a boy."

"I was speaking to him about you yesterday," said Miss Wilson, looking hard at him; "and he says you are a perfect stranger to him."

"Gentlemen is so forgetful," said Smilash sadly. "But I alluded to my native rector—meaning the rector of my native village, Auburn. 'Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,' as the gentleman called it."

"That was not the name you mentioned to Mr, Fairholme. I do not recollect what name you gave; but it was not Auburn, nor have I ever heard of any such place."

"Never read of sweet Auburn!"

"Not in any geography or gazetteer. Do you recollect telling me that you have been in prison?"

"Only six times," pleaded Smilash, his features working convulsively. "Don't bear too hard on a common man. Only six times, and all through drink. I have took the pledge, and kep' it for eighteen months past."

It was now plain to Miss Wilson that she had to deal with one of those keen half-witted fellows, contemptuously styled originals, who are to be met with in most rural populations; jested with by tourists; entrusted by charitable neighbours with small jobs, and underpaid for doing them; and who, as village idiots, unintentionally make themselves popular by flattering the sense of sanity in those whose faculties are better adapted to circumstances.

"You have a bad memory, Mr. Smilash," she said good-humouredly. "You never give the same account of yourself twice."

"I am well aware that I do not express myself with exactability. Ladies and gentlemen have that power over words that they can always say what they mean; but a common man like me can't. Words don't come natural to him. He has more thoughts than words; and what words he has don't fit his thoughts. Might I take a turn with the roller, and make myself useful about the place until nightfall, for ninepence?"

Miss Wilson considered the proposition, and at last assented. "And remember," she said, "that as you are a stranger here, your character in Lyvern depends upon the use you make of this opportunity."

"I am grateful to your noble ladyship. May your ladyship's goodness sew up the hole which is in the pocket where I carry my character, and which has caused me to lose it so frequent. It's a bad place for men to keep their characters in; but such is the fashion, and so hurray for the glorious nineteenth century!"

He took off his coat, seized the roller, and began to pull it with an energy quite different from the measured mill-horse manner of the accustomed labourer. Miss Wilson looked doubtfully at him, but, being in haste, went indoors without further comment. The girls, mistrusting the eccentricities of Smilash, kept away from him. Agatha determined to have another and better look at him. Racket in hand, she walked slowly across the grass, and came close to him just as he, unaware of her approach, uttered a groan of exhaustion, and sat down to rest.

"Tired already, Mr. Smilash?" she said mockingly.

He looked up deliberately; took off one of his washleather gloves; fanned himself with it, displaying a white and fine hand; and at last replied, in the tone and with the accent of a gentleman,

"Very."

Agatha recoiled. He fanned himself without the least concern.

"You—you are not a labourer," she said at last.

"Obviously not."

"I thought not."

He nodded.

"Suppose I tell on you," she said, growing bolder as she recollected that she was not alone with him.

"Suppose you do! I will get out of it just as I got out of the half crowns; and Miss Wilson will begin to think that you are mad."

"Then I really did not give you the seven and sixpence," she said, relieved at this confirmation of her sanity.

"What is your own opinion?" he answered. Then he took three pennies from his pocket, jingled them in his palm, and said, "What is your name?"

"I will not tell you," said Agatha with dignity.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you are right," he said. "I would not tell you mine if you asked me."

"I have not the slightest intention of asking you."

"No. Then Smilash shall do for you; and Agatha will do for me."

"You had better take care."

"Of what?"

"Of what you say, and—Are you not afraid of being found out?"

"I am found out already—by you; and I am none the worse."

"Suppose the police find you out!"

"Not they. Besides, I am not hiding from the police. I have a right to wear corduroy if I prefer it to broadcloth. Consider the advantages of it! It has procured me admission to Alton College, and the pleasure of your acquaintance. Will you excuse me if I go on with my rolling. just to keep up appearances. I can talk as I roll."

"You may, if you are fond of soliloquizing," she said, turning away as he rose.

"Seriously, Agatha, you must not tell the others about me."

"Do not call me Agatha," she said impetuously.

"What shall I call you, then?"

"You need not address me at all."

"I need, and will. Don't be ill natured."

"But I don't know you. I wonder at your——" She hesitated at the word which occurred to her, but, being unable to think of a better one, used it. "—at your cheek."

He laughed; and she watched him take a couple of turns with the roller. Then their glances met; and he smiled. His smile was commonplace in comparison with the one she gave him in return, in which her eyes, her teeth, and the peculiar golden grain in her complexion seemed to flash simultaneously. He stopped rolling immediately, and rested his chin on the handle of the roller.

"If you neglect your work," said she maliciously, "you won't have the grass ready when the people come."

"What people?" he said, taken aback.

"Oh, lots of people. Most likely some who know you. There are visitors coming from London; my guardian, my guardianess, their daughter, my mother, and about a hundred more."

"Four in all. *They* don't know me. What are they coming for? To see you?"

"To take me away," she replied, watching for signs of disappointment on his part.

They were at once forthcoming. "What the deuce are they going to take you away for?" he said. "Is your education finished?"

"No. I have behaved badly; and I am going to be expelled."

He laughed again. "Come!" he said, "you are beginning to invent in the Smilash manner. What have you done?"

"I don't see why I should tell you. What have *you* done?"

"I! Oh, I have done nothing. I am only an unromantic gentleman, hiding from a romantic lady who is in love with me."

"Poor thing!" said Agatha sarcastically. "Of course, she has proposed to you; and you have refused."

"On the contrary, *I* proposed, and she accepted. That is why I have to hide."

"You tell stories charmingly," said Agatha. "Good-bye. Here is Miss Carpenter coming to hear what we are talking about."

"Good-bye. That story of your being expelled beats—— Might a common man make so bold as to enquire where the whitening machine is, Miss?"

This was addressed to Jane, who had come up with some of the others. Agatha trembled lest Smilash should be discovered; for his disguise now seemed so transparent to her that she wondered how the rest could be imposed on by it. Two o'clock struck just then, reminding her of the impending interview with her guardian. A tremor shook her; and she felt a craving for some solitary hiding-place in which to await the summons. But it was a point of honour with her to appear to the girls perfectly indifferent to the trouble she had got into; so she stayed with them, laughing and chatting as they watched Smilash marking out the courts and setting up the nets. She made the others laugh too; for her suppressed excitement, sharpened by irrepressible shootings of dread, stimulated her. The romance of Smilash's disguise was an element in this excitement. She had already imagined a drama, with herself as heroine and Smilash as hero; though, with the reality before her, she could not indulge herself by attributing to him quite as much gloomy grandeur of character as to a wholly ideal personage. The plot was simple. One of them was to love the other, and to die broken-hearted because the loved one would not requite the passion. Agatha, prompt to ridicule sentimentality in her companions, and

gifted with a farcical spirit, and a power of infecting others with it, turned for imaginative luxury to visions of suffering, despair, and death; and often endured the mortification of the successful clown who believes, whilst the public roar with laughter at him, that he was born to be a tragedian. She felt that there was much in her nature which did not find expression in her popular representation of the soldier in the chimney.

When three o'clock came, the local visitors had arrived, and tennis had begun in four courts, rolled and prepared by Smilash. The two curates were there, with a few lay gentlemen. Mrs. Miller, the vicar, and some mothers and other chaperons looked on and consumed light refreshments, which were brought out upon trays by Smilash, who had borrowed and put on a cook's white apron, and was making himself officiously busy.

At a quarter past the hour, a message came from Miss Wilson, requesting Miss Wylie's attendance. The visitors were at a loss to account for the sudden distraction of the young ladies' attention which this produced. Jane almost burst into tears, and answered Josephs rudely when he innocently asked what the matter was. Agatha went away apparently unconcerned, though her hand shook as she put aside her racket.

In a spacious drawing-room at the north side of the college, she found her mother, a slight woman in widows' weeds, with faded brown hair, and a tearful expression. With her were Mrs. Jansenius and her daughter. The two elder ladies looked solemn as Agatha kissed them; and Mrs. Wylie sniffed. Henrietta embraced Agatha effusively.

"Where's Uncle John," said Agatha. "Hasn't he come?"

"He is in the next room with Miss Wilson," said Mrs. Jansenius coldly. "They want you in there."

"I thought somebody was dead," said Agatha, "you all look so funereal. Now mamma, put your handkerchief back again. If you cry, I will give Miss Wilson a piece of my mind for worrying you."

"No, no," said Mrs. Wylie, alarmed. "She has been so nice."

"So good!" said Henrietta.

"She has been perfectly reasonable and kind," said Mrs. Jansenius.

"She always is," said Agatha complacently. "You didn't expect to find her in hysterics, did you?"

"Agatha," pleaded Mrs. Wylie, "don't be headstrong and foolish."

"Oh, she wont: I know she wont," said Henrietta coaxingly. "Will you, dear Agatha?"

"You may do as you like, as far as I am concerned," said Mrs. Jansenius. "But I hope you have more sense than to throw away your education for nothing."

"Your aunt is quite right," said Mrs. Wylie. "And your uncle John is very angry with you. He will never speak to you again if you quarrel with Miss Wilson."

"He is not angry," said Henrietta; "but he is so anxious that you should get on well."

"He will naturally be disappointed if you persist in making a fool of yourself," said Mrs. Jansenius.

"All Miss Wilson wants is an apology for the dreadful things you wrote in her book," said Mrs. Wylie. "You'll apologise, dear, won't you?"

"Of course she will," said Henrietta.

"I think you had better," said Mrs. Jansenius.

"Perhaps I will," said Agatha.

"That's my own darling," said Mrs. Wylie, catching at her hand.

"And perhaps, again, I won't."

"You will, dear," urged Mrs. Wylie, trying to draw Agatha, who passively resisted, closer to her. "For my sake. To oblige your mother, Agatha. You won't refuse me, dearest?"

Agatha laughed indulgently at her mother, who employed this form of appeal whenever she had occasion to overcome her daughter's perverseness, and never suspected that its

efficacy had long since worn out. "How is your *caro sposo*, Henrietta?" she said. "I think it was hard that I was not a bridesmaid."

A brightening of the colour in Henrietta's cheeks was attributed by Agatha to a guilty consciousness of having purposely kept her away from the wedding. Mrs. Jansenius hastened to interpose a dry reminder that Miss Wilson was waiting.

"Oh, she does not mind waiting," said Agatha, "because she thinks you are all at work getting me into a proper frame of mind. That was the arrangement she made with you before she left the room. Mamma knows that I have a little bird that tells me these things. However, I will go." And she went out leisurely. But she looked in again to say in a low voice, "Prepare for something thrilling. I feel just in the humour to say the most awful things." She smiled mockingly at them; and presently they heard her tapping at the door of the next room.

Mr. Jansenius was awaiting the appearance of his ward with misgiving. He had discovered early in his career that the dignified person and fine voice which were natural to him, and which he supposed to be symptomatic of superior mental qualities which he did not trouble himself to define, caused people to move him into the chair at public meetings; and he had grown so accustomed to deference that any approach to familiarity or irreverence disconcerted him exceedingly. Agatha, on the other hand, having from her childhood heard Uncle John quoted as the incarnation of wisdom and authority, had begun in her tender years to scoff at him as a pompous and purseproud city merchant, whose sordid mind was unable to cope with her transcendental affairs. She had habitually terrified her mother by ridiculing him with a perfection of contempt of which only childhood and extreme ignorance are capable; had felt humiliated by the kindness he showed her (he was a generous giver of presents); and had made defiance of his authority a principle. The result was

that he was a little afraid of her without being quite conscious of it; and she not at all afraid of him, and a little too conscious of it.

When Agatha, with her brightest smile in full play, entered, Miss Wilson and Mr. Jansenius, seated at the table, looked somewhat like two culprits about to be indicted. Miss Wilson waited for him to speak, deferring to his imposing presence. But he was not ready; so she invited Agatha to sit down.

"Thank you," said Agatha sweetly. "Well, Uncle John, don't you know me?"

"I have heard with regret from Miss Wilson that you have been very troublesome here," he said gravely, ignoring her remark, though secretly put out by it.

"Yes," said Agatha plaintively. "I am so very sorry."

Mr. Jansenius, who had been led by Miss Wilson to expect the utmost contumacy, looked round at her in surprise.

"You seem to think," said Miss Wilson, conscious of Mr. Jansenius's movement, and annoyed by it, "that you may transgress over and over again, and then set yourself right with us" (Miss Wilson never spoke of offences as against her individual authority, but as against the school community) "by saying that you are sorry. You spoke in a very different tone at our last meeting."

"I was angry then, Miss Wilson. And I thought I had a grievance—everybody thinks they have the same one. Besides, we were quarrelling—at least I was; and I always behave badly when I quarrel. I am so *very* sorry."

"The book was a serious matter," said Miss Wilson gravely. "You do not seem to think so."

"I understand Agatha to say that she is now sensible of the folly of her conduct with regard to the book; and that she is sorry for it," said Mr. Jansenius, instinctively inclining to Agatha's party as the stronger one, and the least dependent on him in a pecuniary sense.

"Have you seen the book?" said Agatha eagerly.

"No. Miss Wilson has described what has occurred."

"Oh, *do* let me get it," she cried, rising. "It will make Uncle John scream with laughing. May I, Miss Wilson?"

"There!" said Miss Wilson, indignantly. "It is this incorrigible flippancy of which I have to complain. Miss Wylie only varies it by occasionally defying me."

Mr. Jansenius too was scandalised. His fine color had mounted at the idea of his screaming. "Tut, tut!" he said, "you must be serious, and more respectful to Miss Wilson. You are old enough to know better now, Agatha—quite old enough."

Agatha's mirth vanished. "What have I said? What have I done?" she asked, a faint purple spot appearing in her cheeks as she looked at them in suspense.

"You have spoken triflingly of—of the volume by which Miss Wilson sets great store, and properly so."

"If properly so, then why do you find fault with me?"

"Come, come," roared Mr. Jansenius, deliberately losing his temper as a last expedient to subdue her: "dont be impertinent, Miss."

Agatha's eyes dilated; evanescent flushes played upon her cheeks and neck; and she stamped with her heel. "Uncle John," she cried, "if you *dare* to address me like that, I will never look at you, never speak to you, nor ever enter your house again. What do you know about good manners, that you should call me impertinent? I will not submit to intentional rudeness—that was the beginning of my quarrel with Miss Wilson. She told me that I was impertinent; and I went away and told her that she was wrong by writing it in the fault book. She has been wrong all though; and I would have said so before, but that I wanted to be reconciled to her, and to let bygones be bygones. But if she insists on quarrelling, I cannot help it."

"I have already explained to you, Mr. Jansenius," said Miss Wilson, concentrating her resentment by an effort to suppress it, "that Miss Wylie has ignored all the oppor-

tunities that have been made for her to reinstate herself here. Mrs. Miller and I have waived merely personal considerations; and I have only required a simple acknowledgment of this offence against the college and its rules."

"I do not care *that* for Mrs. Miller," said Agatha, snapping her fingers. "And you are not half so good as I thought."

"Agatha," said Mr. Jansenius, "I desire you to hold your tongue."

Agatha drew a deep breath; sat down resignedly, and said, "There! I have done. I have lost my temper: so now we have all lost our tempers."

"You have no right to lose your temper, Miss," said Mr. Jansenius, following up a fancied advantage.

"I am the youngest, and the least to blame," she replied.

"There is nothing further to be said, Mr. Jansenius," said Miss Wilson, determinedly. "I am sorry that Miss Wylie has chosen to break with us."

"But I have not chosen to break with you: and I think it very hard that I am to be sent away. Nobody here has the least quarrel with me except you and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Miller is angry with me because she mistook me for her cat, as if that was my fault. And really, Miss Wilson, I dont know why you are so angry. All the girls will think that I have done something infamous if I am expelled. I ought to be let stay until the end of the term; and as to the Rec—the fault book, you told me most particularly when I first came that I might write in it or not just as I pleased; and that you never dictated or interfered with what was written. And yet the very first time I write a word you disapprove of, you expel me. Nobody will ever believe now that the entries are voluntary."

Miss Wilson's conscience, already smitten by the coarseness and absence of moral force in the echo of her own "You are impertinent," in the mouth of Mr. Jansenius, took fresh alarm. "The Fault Book," she said, "is for the

purpose of recording self-reproach alone, and is not a vehicle for accusations against others."

"I am quite sure that neither Jane, nor Gertrude, nor I reproached ourselves in the least for going downstairs as we did; and yet you did not blame us for entering that. Besides, the book represented moral force—at least you always said so; and when you gave up moral force, I thought an entry should be made of that. Of course I was in a rage at the time: but when I came to myself I thought that I had done right; and I think so still, though it would perhaps have been better to have passed it over."

"Why do you say that I gave up moral force?"

"Telling people to leave the room is not moral force. Calling them impertinent is not moral force."

"You think then that I am bound to listen patiently to whatever you choose to say to me, however unbecoming it may be from one in your position to one in mine?"

"But I said nothing unbecoming," said Agatha. Then, breaking off restlessly, and smiling again, she said, "Oh, don't let us argue. I am very sorry, and very troublesome, and very fond of you and of the college; and I wont come back next term unless you like."

"Agatha," said Miss Wilson, shaken, "these expressions of regard cost you so little; you repeat them so often; and, when they have effected their purpose, are so soon forgotten *by you*, that they have ceased to satisfy me. I am very reluctant to insist on your leaving us at once. But as your uncle has told you, you are old and sensible enough to know the difference between order and disorder. Hitherto you have been on the side of disorder, an element which was hardly known here until you came, as Mrs. Trefusis can tell you. Nevertheless, if you will promise to be more careful in future, I will waive all past cause for complaint, and at the end of the term I shall be able to judge as to your continuing among us."

Agatha rose, beaming. "Dear Miss Wilson," she cried,

"you are *so* good! I promise, of course. I will go and tell mamma."

Before they could add a word, she had turned with a pirouette to the door, and fled, presenting herself a moment afterwards to the three ladies in the drawing-room, whom she surveyed with a whimsical smile, in provoking silence.

"Well?" said Mrs. Jansenius peremptorily.

"Well, dear?" said Mrs. Trefusis, caressingly.

Mrs. Wylie stifled a sob and looked imploringly at her daughter.

"I had no end of trouble in bringing them to reason," said Agatha, after a leisurely pause. "They behaved like children; and I was like an angel. I am to stay, of course."

"Blessings on you, my darling," faltered Mrs. Wylie, attempting a kiss, which Agatha dexterously evaded.

"I have promised to be very good, and studious, and quiet, and decorous, in future. Do you remember my castanet song, Hetty?"

Tra! lalala, la! la! la!
Tra! lalala, la! la! la!
Tra! lalalalalalalalalalala!

And she danced about the room, snapping her fingers in lieu of castanets. This dance was very popular at the College, and was the only accomplishment Jane Capenter had ever earnestly striven to learn there.

"Don't be so reckless and wicked, my love," said Mrs. Wylie, piteously. "You will break your poor mother's heart."

Miss Wilson and Mr. Jansenius entered just then; and Agatha became motionless and gazed abstractedly at a vase of flowers. Miss Wilson invited her visitors, to join the tennis players. Mr. Jansenius looked sternly and disappointedly at Agatha, who elevated her left eyebrow and depressed her right simultaneously; but he, shaking his head to signify that he was not to be conciliated by facial feats, however difficult or contrary to nature, went out with Miss Wilson, who led

the way to the tennis ground, followed by Mrs. Jansenius and Mrs. Wylie.

"How is your hubby?" said Agatha brusquely.

Mrs. Trefusis's eyes filled with tears so quickly that, as she bent her head to hide them, they fell, sprinkling Agatha's hand.

"This is such a dear old place," she began. "The associations of my girlhood——"

"What is the matter between you and Hubby?" demanded Agatha, interrupting her. "You had better tell me, or I will ask him when I meet him."

"I was about to tell you, only you did not give me time."

"That is a most awful lie," said Agatha calmly. "But no matter. Go on."

"If you knew what has happened, you would not be so brutal."

"Most likely not. You had better tell me before I indulge in any further brutality. You may cry if you want to. Most of the girls here remember you, and they won't be surprised at anything you do. Reveal your tragedy."

Henrietta hesitated. Her dignity as a married woman, and the reality of her grief, revolted against the shallow acuteness of the immature schoolgirl. But she found herself no better able to resist Agatha's domineering than she had been in her childhood, and much more desirous of obtaining her sympathy. Besides, she had already learnt that it was better to tell the story herself than to leave the narration to others, whose accounts were unpleasantly accurate. So she told Agatha of her marriage, her wild love for her husband, his wild love for her, and his mysterious disappearance without leaving word or sign behind him. She did not mention the letter.

"I am almost distracted," she declared, in conclusion. "Can you suggest anything? any hope?"

"Have you had him searched for?" said Agatha, repressing an inclination to laugh.

"But where? Had I the remotest clue, I would follow him barefoot to the end of the world. But I have none. Where am I to search?"

"Well, really, I think you ought to search in the rivers and places of that sort:—you would have to do that barefoot. He must have fallen in somewhere, or fallen down some place."

"No, no. Do you think I would be here if I thought his life was in danger? I have reasons—I know that he is only gone away."

"Oh, indeed! He took his portmanteau with him, did he? Perhaps he has gone to Paris to buy you something nice, and give you a pleasant surprise."

"No," said Henrietta dejectedly. "He knew that I wanted nothing."

"Then I suppose he got tired of you and ran away."

Henrietta's peculiar scarlet blush flowed rapidly over her cheeks as she flung Agatha's arm away, exclaiming, "How dare you say so? You have no heart. He adored me."

"Bosh!" said Agatha. "People always grow tired of one another. I grow tired of myself if I am left alone for ten minutes; and I am certain that I am fonder of myself than anyone can be of another person."

"I know you are," said Henrietta, pained and spiteful. "You have always been particularly fond of yourself."

"Very likely he resembles me in that respect. In that case he will grow tired of himself and come back; and you two will be like turtle doves until he runs away again. Ugh! Serve you right for getting married. I wonder how people can be so mad as to do it, with the example of their married acquaintances all warning them against it."

"You don't know what it is to love," said Henrietta, plaintively, and yet patronisingly. "Besides, we were not like other couples."

"So it seems. But never mind: take my word for it, he will return to you as soon as he has had enough of his own

company. Don't worry thinking about him; but come and have a game at lawn tennis."

During this conversation they had left the drawing-room, and made a detour through the grounds. They were now approaching the tennis courts by a path which wound between two laurel hedges through the shrubbery.

Meanwhile, Smilash, waiting on the guests in his white apron and gloves (which he had positively refused to take off, alleging that he was a common man, with common hands such as born ladies and gentlemen could not be expected to take meat and drink from) had behaved himself irreproachably until the arrival of Miss Wilson and her visitors, which occurred as he was returning to the table with an empty tray, moving so swiftly that he nearly came into collision with Mrs. Jansenius, who did not deign to look upon him with any particular attention. Instead of apologising, he changed countenance, hastily held up the tray like a shield before his face, and began to walk backward from her, stumbling presently against Miss Lindsay, who was running to return a ball. Without heeding her angry look and curt rebuke, he half turned, and sidled away into the shrubbery, from whence the tray presently rose into the air, flew across the laurel hedge, and descended with a peal of stage thunder on the stooped shoulders of Josephs. Miss Wilson demanded of the housekeeper, with some asperity, why she had allowed that man to interfere in the attendance, and explained to the guests that he was the idiot of the countryside. Mr. Jansenius laughed, and said that he had not seen the man's face, but that his figure reminded him forcibly of some one—he could not just then recollect exactly whom.

Smilash, running through the shrubbery with the intention of leaving the precincts of the college as fast as possible, found the end of his path blocked by Agatha and a young lady whose appearance alarmed him more than had that of Mrs. Jansenius. He attempted to force his way through the hedge, but in vain: the laurel was impenetrable; and the

noise he made attracted the attention of the approaching couple. He made no further effort to escape, but threw his borrowed apron over his head, and stood bolt upright with his back against the bushes.

"What is that man doing there?" said Henrietta, stopping mistrustfully.

Agatha laughed, and said in a loud voice, so that he might hear, "It is only a harmless madman whom Miss Wilson employs. He is fond of disguising himself in some silly way, and trying to frighten us. Don't be afraid. Come on."

Henrietta hung back; but her arm was linked in Agatha's, and she was drawn along in spite of herself. Smilash did not move. Agatha strolled on coolly, and as she passed him, adroitly caught the apron between her finger and thumb, and twitched it from his face. Instantly Henrietta uttered a piercing scream, and Smilash caught her in his arms.

"Quick," he said to Agatha. "She is fainting. Run for some water. Run!" And he bent over Henrietta, who clung to him frantically. Agatha, bewildered by the effect of her practical joke, hesitated a moment, then ran to the tennis court, where she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of enquirers who had heard Henrietta scream.

"What is the matter?" said Fairholme.

"Nothing. I want some water—quick, please. Henrietta has fainted in the shrubbery, that is all."

"Please do not stir," said Miss Wilson authoritatively. "You will crowd the path, and delay useful assistance. Miss Ward, kindly get some water and bring it to us. Agatha, come with me, and shew me where Mrs. Trefusis is. You may come, too, Miss Carpenter, you are so strong. The rest will please remain where they are."

Followed by the two girls, she hurried into the shrubbery, where Mr. Jansenius was already looking anxiously for his daughter. He was the only person they found there. Smilash and Henrietta were gone.

At first the seekers, merely puzzled, did nothing but

question Agatha incredulously as to the exact spot on which Henrietta had fallen. But Mr. Jansenius soon made them understand that the position of a lady in the hands of a half-witted labourer was one of danger. His agitation, emphasised by its contrast with his normal gravity, infected them; and when Agatha endeavoured to calm them by declaring that Smilash was a disguised gentleman, Miss Wilson, supposing this to be a mere repetition of her former idle conjecture, told her sharply to hold her tongue, as the time was not one for talking nonsense. The news now spread through the whole company, and the excitement became intense. Fairholme shouted for volunteers to make up a searching party. The call was responded to by all the men present. Then it was pointed out that they should divide into several parties, in order that search might be made at once in different quarters. Ten minutes of confusion followed. Mr. Jansenius started off several times in quest of Henrietta, and, when he had gone a few steps, returned and begged that no more time should be wasted. Josephs, whose faith was simple, retired to pray, and did good, as far as it went, by withdrawing one voice from the din of plans, objections, and suggestions which the rest were making, each person trying to be heard above the others.

At last Miss Wilson quelled the prevailing anarchy. Servants were sent to alarm the police and the neighbours. Parties were despatched in various directions under the command of Fairholme and other energetic spirits. The girls formed parties among themselves, which were reinforced by male deserters from the previous levies. Miss Wilson then went indoors, and conducted a search through the interior of the college. Only two persons were left on the tennis ground Agatha and Mrs. Jansenius, who had been surprisingly calm throughout.

"You need not be anxious," said Agatha, who had been standing aloof since her rebuff by Miss Wilson. "I am sure there is no danger. It is most extraordinary that they have

gone away; but the man is no more mad than I am; and I know he is a gentleman. He told me so."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mrs. Jansenius, smoothly. "I think I will sit down—I feel so tired. Thanks." (Agatha had handed her a chair). "What did you say he told you?—this man."

Agatha related the circumstances of her acquaintance with Smilash; and, at Mrs. Jansenius's request, added a minute description of his personal appearance. When she had no more to tell, Mrs. Jansenius remarked that it was very singular, and that she was sure Henrietta was quite safe. She then partook of claret-cup and sandwiches. Agatha, though glad that someone was disposed to listen to her, was puzzled by her aunt's coolness, and was even goaded into pointing out that that though Smilash was not a labourer, it did not follow that he was an honest man. But Mrs. Jansenius only said, "Oh, she is quite safe—quite safe. At least, of course I can only hope so. We shall have news presently," and took another sandwich.

The searchers soon began to return, baffled. A few herds, the only persons to be met with in the vicinity, had been asked whether they had seen a young lady and a labourer. Some of them had seen a young woman with a basket of clothes, if that mout be her. Some thought that Phil Martin the carrier would see her if anybody would. None of them had any positive information to give.

As the afternoon wore on, and party after party returned, tired and unsuccessful, depression took the place of excitement; conversation, no longer tumultuous, was carried on in whispers; and some of the local visitors slipped away to their homes with a growing conviction that something unpleasant had happened, and that it would be as well not to be mixed up in it. Mr. Jansenius, though a few words from his wife had surprised and somewhat calmed him, was still pitiably restless and uneasy.

At last the police arrived. At sight of their uniforms,

excitement revived; and there was a general feeling that something effectual would be done now. But the constables were only mortal; and in a few moments a whisper spread that they were fools. They doubted everything which was told them, and expressed their contempt for amateur searching by entering on a fresh investigation, prying with the greatest care into the least probable places. Two of them went off to the chalet to look for Smilash. Then Fairholme, sunburnt, perspiring, dusty and jaded, but still energetic, brought back the exhausted remnant of his party, and a sullen boy, who scowled defiantly at the police, evidently believing that he was about to be delivered into their hands.

Fairholme had been everywhere, and, having seen nothing of the missing pair, had come to the conclusion that they were nowhere. He pooh-poohed the police for sending to the chalet: *he* had been there, and found it shut up and empty. He had asked everybody for information, and had let them know that he meant to have it too, if it was to be had. But it was not to be had. The sole result of his labour was the evidence of the boy, whom he didn't believe.

"Humph!" said the inspector, not quite pleased by Fairholme's zeal, and yet overborne by it. "You're Wickens's boy, aint you?"

"Yes I am Wickens's boy," said the witness, partly fierce, partly lachrymose; "and I say I seen him, and if anyone sez I didn't see him, he's a lie."

"Come," said the inspector sharply, "give us none of your cheek, but tell us what you saw, or you'll have to deal with me afterwards."

"I don't care who I deal with," said the boy, at bay: "I can't be took for seein' him becos there's no lor agin it. I was in the gravel pit in the canal meadow —"

"What business had you there?" said the inspector, interrupting.

"I got leave to be there," said the boy insolently, but reddening.

"Who gave you leave?" said the inspector, collaring him. "Ah," he added, as the captive burst into tears, "I told you you'd have to deal with me. Now hold your noise, and remember where you are and who you're speaking to, and perhaps I mayn't lock you up this time. Tell me what you saw when you were trespassing in the meadow."

"I sor a young 'oman, and a man. And I see her kissin' him; and the gentleman wont believe me."

"You mean you saw him kissing her, more likely."

"No I don't. I know wot it is to have a girl kiss you when you dont want. And I gev a screech to friken 'em. And he called me and gev me tuppence, and sez, 'You go to the devil,' he sez, 'and dont tell no one you seen me here, or else,' he sez, 'I might be tempted to drownd you,' he sez, 'and wot a shock that would be for your parents!' 'Oh yes, very likely,' I sez, jes' like that. Then I went away, becos he knows Mr. Wickens, and I was afeerd of his telling on me."

The boy being now subdued, questions were put to him from all sides. But his powers of observation and description went no further. As he was anxious to propitiate his captors, he answered as often as possible in the affirmative. Mr. Jansenius asked him whether the young woman he had seen was a lady; and he said yes. Was the man a labourer? Yes,—after a moment's hesitation. How was she dressed? He hadn't taken notice. Had she red flowers in her hat? Yes. Had she a green dress? Yes. Were the flowers in her hat yellow? (Agatha's question). Yes. Was her dress pink? Yes. Sure it wasn't black? No answer.

"I told you he was a liar," said Fairholme contemptuously.

"Well, I expect he's seen something," said the inspector; "but what it was, or who it was, is more than I can get out of him."

There was a pause, and Wickens's boy was looked upon with disfavor. His account of the kissing made it almost an insult to the Janseniuses to identify the unmaidenly person he

had seen as Henrietta. Jane suggested that the canal should be dragged, but was silenced by an indignant "sh-sh-sh," accompanied by apprehensive and sympathetic glances at the bereaved parents. She was displaced from her unpleasant position in the focus of attention by the appearance of the two policemen who had been sent to the chalet. Smilash was between them, apparently in custody. At a distance, he seemed to have suffered some frightful injury to his head; but when he was brought into the midst of the company, it appeared that he had twisted a red handkerchief about his face as if he had the toothache. He had a particularly hang-dog expression as he stood before the inspector with his head bowed and his countenance averted from Mr. Jansenius, who, attempting to scrutinize his features, could see nothing but a patch of red handkerchief.

One of the policemen briefly described what had passed. They had found Smilash in the act of entering his dwelling. On being questioned, he had refused to give any information or to go to the college, and had defied them to take him there against his will; but, on their proposing to send for the inspector and Mr. Jansenius, he had called them asses, and consented to accompany them to the college. The policeman concluded his account by declaring that the man was either drunk or designing, as he could not or would not speak sensibly.

"Look here, governor," began Smilash to the inspector, "I am a common man—no commoner goin', as you may see for—"

"That's 'im," cried Wickens's boy, suddenly struck with a sense of his own importance as a witness. "That's 'im that the lady kissed, and that gev me tuppence and threatened to drownd me."

"And with a humble and contrite 'art do I regret that I did not drownd you, you young rascal," said Smilash. "It aint manners to interrupt a man who, though common, might be your father for years and wisdom."

"Hold your tongue," said the inspector to the boy. "Now Smilash, do you wish to make any statement? Be careful; for whatever you say may be used against you hereafter."

"If you was to lead me straight away to the scaffold, colonel, I could tell you no more than the truth. If any man can say that he has heard Jeff Smilash tell a lie, let him stand forth."

"We don't want to hear about that," said the inspector. "As you are a stranger in these parts, nobody here knows any bad of you. No more do they know any good of you, though."

"Colonel," said Smilash, deeply impressed, "you have a penetrating mind; and you know a bad character at sight. Not to deceive you, I am that given to lying, and laziness, and self-indulgence of all sorts, that the only excuse I can find for myself is that it is the nature of the race so to be; for most men is just as bad as me, and some of 'em worser. I do not speak pers'nal to you, governer, nor to the honorable gentlemen here assembled. But then, you, colonel, are a hinspector of police, which I take to be more than merely human; and as to the gentlemen here assembled, a gentleman aint a man,—leastways not a common man: the common man bein' but the slave wot feeds and clothes the gentlemen beyond the common."

"Come," said the inspector, unable to follow these observations, "you are a clever dodger; but you can't dodge me. Have you any statement to make with reference to the lady that was last seen in your company?"

"Make a statement about a lady!" said Smilash indignantly. "Far be the thought from my mind!"

"What have you done with her?" said Agatha, impetuously. "Don't be silly."

"You're not bound to answer that, you know," said the inspector, a little put out by Agatha's taking advantage of her irresponsible unofficial position to come so directly to the point. "You may if you like, though. If you've done any

harm, you'd better hold your tongue. If not, you'd better say so."

"I will set the young lady's mind at rest respecting her honorable sister," said Smilash. "It is well beknown in the city of London, where I was born, that I have a heevil hi, just as the young lady, as I have mentioned to you, Miss Wilson—asking pardon for making so bold with your name—have a hexpressive one. When the young lady caught sight of me, she fainted. Bein' but a young man, and not used to ladies, I will not deny but that I were a bit scared, and that my mind were not open to the sensiblest considerations. When she unveils her orbs, so to speak, she ketches me round the neck, not knowin' me from Adam the father of us all, and sez, 'Bring me some water, and don't let the girls see me.' Through not 'avin' the intelligence to think for myself, I done just what she told me. I ups with her in my arms—she bein' a light weight and a slender figure—and makes for the canal as fast as I could. When I got there, I laid her on the bank, and went for the water. But what with factories, and pollutions, and high civilizations of one sort and another, English canal water aint fit to sprinkle on a lady, much less for her to drink. Just then, as luck would have it, a barge came along, and took her aboard; and—"

"No such a thing," said Wickens's boy stubbornly, emboldened by witnessing the effrontery of one apparently of his own class. "I sor you two standin' together, and her a kissin' of you. There worn't no barge."

"Is the maiden modesty of a born lady is to be disbelieved on the word of a common boy that only walks the earth by the sufferance of the landlords and moneylords he helps to feed?" cried Smilash indignantly. "Why, you young infidel, a lady aint made of common brick like you. She don't know what a kiss means; and, if she did, is it likely that she'd kiss me when a fine man like the inspector here would be only too happy to oblige her. Fie, for shame! The barge

were red and yellow, with a green dragon for a figurehead, and a white horse towin' of it. Perhaps you're colour-blind, and can't distinguish red and yellow. The bargee was moved to compassion by the sight of the poor faintin' lady and the hoffer of 'arf a crown; and he had a mother that acted as a mother should. There was a cabin in that barge about as big as the locker where your ladyship keeps your jam and pickles; and in that locker the bargee lives, quite domestic, with his wife and mother and five children. Them canal boats is what you may call the wooden walls of England."

"Come, get on with your story," said the inspector. "We know what barges is as well as you."

"I wish more knew of 'em," retorted Smilash: "perhaps it 'ud lighten your work a bit. However, as I was sayin', we went right down the canal to Lyvern, where we got off; and the lady she took the railway omnibus, and went away in it. With the noble open-handedness of her class she gave me sixpence; here it is, in proof that my words is true. And I wish her safe home; and if I was on the rack I could tell no more, except that when I got back I were laid hands on by these here bobbies, contrary to the British constitooshun; and if your ladyship will kindly go to where that constitooshun is wrote down, and find out wot it say about my rights and liberties—for I have been told that the working-man has his liberties, and have myself seen plenty took with him—you will oblige a common chap more than his education will enable him to express."

"Sir," cried Mr. Jansenius suddenly, "will you hold up your head, and look me in the face?"

Smilash did so, and immediately started theatrically, exclaiming, "Whom do I see?"

"You would hardly believe it," he continued, addressing the company at large, "but I am well beknown to this honourable gentleman. I see it upon your lips, governor, to ask after my wife, and I thank you for your condescending

interest. She is well, sir, and my residence here is fully agreed upon between us. What little cloud may have rose upon our domestic horizon has past away; and governor,"—here Smilash's voice fell with graver emphasis—"them as interferes betwixt man and wife now will incur a nevvy responsibility. Here I am, such as you see me; and here I mean to stay, likewise such as you see me. That is, if what you may call destiny permits. For destiny is a rum thing, governor. I came here thinking it was the last place in the world I should ever set eyes on you in; and blow me if you aint a'most the first person I pops on."

"I do not choose to be a party to this mummery of—"

"Asking your leave to take the word out of your mouth, governor, I make you a party to nothing. Respecting my past conduct you may out with it or you may keep it to yourself. All I say is that if you out with some of it I will out with the rest. All or none. You are free to tell the inspector here that I am a bad un. His penetrating mind have discovered that already. But if you go into names and particulars you will not only be acting against the wishes of my wife, but you will lead to my telling the whole story right out afore everyone here, and then goin' away where no one wont never find me."

"I think the less said the better," said Mrs. Jansenius, uneasily observant of the curiosity and surprise which this dialogue was causing. "But understand this, Mr.—"

"Smilash, dear lady, Jeff Smilash."

"—Mr. Smilash. Whatever arrangement you may have made with your wife, it has nothing to do with me. You have behaved most infamously; and I desire to have as little as possible to say to you for the future."

"I desire to have *nothing* to say to you—*nothing*!" said Mr. Jansenius. "I look on your conduct as an insult to me, personally. You may live in any fashion you please, and where you please. All England is open to you except one place—my house. Come, Ruth." He offered his arm to his wife

she took it, and they turned haughtily away, looking about for Agatha, who had suffered herself to be crowded into background, out of earshot of the conversation.

Miss Wilson looked from Smilash—who had watched Mr. Jansenius's explosion of wrath with friendly interest, as if it did not at all concern him, except as a curious spectator—to her two visitors, who were in the act of withdrawing. "Pray do you consider this man's statement satisfactory?" she said to them. "*I* do not."

"I am far too common a man to be able to make any statement that could satisfy a mind cultivated as yours has been," said Smilash; "but I would 'umbly pint out to you that there is a boy yonder with a telegram trying to shove hisself through the 'iborn throng."

"Miss Wilson!" cried the boy shrilly

"Here, boy!" She opened the telegram, read it, and frowned. "We have had all our trouble for nothing, ladies and gentlemen," she said with suppressed vexation. "Mrs. Trefusis says here that she has gone back to London. She has not considered it necessary to add any explanation."

There was a general murmur of disappointment.

"Don't lose heart, ladies," said Smilash. "She may be drowned or murdered for all we know. Anyone may send a telegram in a false name. Perhaps its a plant. Let's hope for your sakes that some little accident—on the railway, for instance—may happen yet."

Miss Wilson turned upon him, glad to find someone upon whom she could vent her anger. "*You* had better go about your business," she said. "And don't let me see you here again."

"This is 'ard," said Smilash plaintively. "My intentions was nothing but good. But I know wot it is. It's that young varmint a-saying that the young lady kissed me."

"Inspector," said Miss Wilson, "will you oblige me by seeing that he leaves the college as soon as possible."

"Where's my wages?" he retorted reproachfully. "Where's

my lawful wages? I am su'prised at a lady like you, chock full of moral science and political economy, wanting to put a poor man off. Where's your wages fund? Where's your remuneratory capital?"

"Don't you give him anything, ma'am," said the inspector. "The money he's had from the lady will pay him very well. Move on here, or we'll precious soon hurry you."

"Very well," grumbled Smilash. "I bargained for ninepence; and what with the roller, and opening the soda water, and shoving them heavy tables about, there was a decomposition of tissue in me to the tune of two shillings. But all I ask is the ninepence, and let the lady keep the one-and-threepence as the reward of abstinence. Exploitation of labour at the rate of a hundred and twenty-five per cent. that is. Come, give us ninepence, and I'll go straight off."

"Here is a shilling," said Miss Wilson, "now go."

"Threepence change," cried Smilash. "Honesty has ever been—"

"You may keep the change."

"You have a noble 'art, lady; but you're flying in the face of the law of supply and demand. If you keep payin' at this rate there'll be a rush of labourers to the college, and competition 'll soon bring you down from a shilling to ninepence."

He was about to continue, when the policeman took him by the arm, turned him towards the gate, and pointed expressively in that direction. Smilash looked vacantly at him for a moment. Then, with a wink at Fairholme, he walked gravely away, amid general staring and silence.

(To be continued.)

The United States of To-Day and the Future.

THE land question is not much discussed, yet, by American reformers. They are chiefly occupied with the money question, and, for the purpose of helping the European readers of To-Day to understand that question, I will briefly describe the kinds of currency now in circulation.

Firstly, we have the metallic currency, coined by the United States' mints, and this money is, of course, legal tender.

Next, we have "greenbacks." These are notes issued by the United States Government, in denominations of one, two, five, and ten dollars (and some greater denominations), and the inscription on the face of these notes reads as follows:—"Legal tender for —— dollars. The United States will pay to bearer —— dollars." On the back of the notes is this inscription:—"This note is a legal tender, at its face value, for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt." This money was issued by the Government without the intervention of the banks.

A third form of currency is, what is styled, "National Currency." This is issued solely by, what are called, "National Banks," but are really private corporations. It is in the form of bank notes, of denominations similar to the greenbacks. The inscription on the face of these notes reads thus:—"National Currency. This note is secured by bonds of the United States deposited with the U.S. treasurer at

Washington. The —— National Bank of —— will pay the bearer on demand —— dollars." The inscription on the back of the notes is as follows :— " This note is receivable, at par, in all parts of the United States in payment of all taxes and excises and all other dues to the United States except duties on imports, and also for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt."

The fourth kind of currency is that of Certificates o Deposit. These are issued by the Government to persons who deposit gold or silver in the treasury, and are of the same denominations as the greenbacks, but are *not* legal tender.

The " Greenbackers," or " National Labour Party," object to the method in which the " National Bank notes " are issued, and I will try to show that there are ample reasons for thus objecting. The notes are given to the banks on the following conditions :—The bankers deposit, in the U.S. treasury, a quantity of U.S. bonds, and receive, from the Government, National Bank notes of the value of nine-tenths of the par value of the bonds. The bankers continue to draw interest, from the Government, on the total amount of the deposited bonds. Thus if a bank deposits as security 100,000 dollars in bonds, it obtains 90,000 dollars in money, that it will lend at interest to its needy customers. It has thus increased its interest-bearing capital from 100,000 to 190,000 dollars—at the public expense.

None but bankers can obtain the " National " notes on these terms. The Government, in effect, says to the people, " We have appointed these money-lenders as our sole agents, and if *you* want money you must go to them and have it—on their terms. We will issue money to *them*, free of interest, but not to *you*."

The reformers claim that the Government—the peoples' servants—shall grant no exclusive privileges to any citizens.

(banker or other), and that if one citizen is allowed to have, from the Government, money free of all interest, any other should be allowed to have some on the same terms. If this right were conceded, then the industrialists who hold bonds of small denominations could get money when they needed it, without being compelled to go to the pawnbrokers ("bankers") to hire it on usury.

As the "national" bank notes are only payable in greenbacks, and are secured by a basis of bonds, it is evident that the greenbacks must be as good as the pawnbrokers' notes and the bonds be as good as either. Therefore the reformers are justified in claiming that greenbacks could safely be substituted for "national" notes; that the Government could call in and purchase its bonds, and use its credit, itself, as a basis for greenbacks; and thus could supply an ample amount of currency to the people without the usurious and disastrous intervention of the commercial pawnbrokers.

If the bonds had been issued honestly and wisely, they would have been issued in denominations similar to those of the greenbacks, and would have been made legal tender in payment of all (pecuniary) debts, *not* excluding duties on imports. They would then have borne no interest (as it would be a waste of time for the people to charge *themselves* with interest) they would have supplied a currency abundant enough for all honest needs; and the industrialists would have saved the thousands of millions of dollars that have been acquired by the usurers by means of the system *they* invented and have maintained.

The Greenbackers have a few representatives in nearly all the State legislative assemblies, and in Congress; and in several States they have been able to elect a Governor. The party is not exclusively, even if it is chiefly, composed of, what are called "the labouring classes," but it includes in its ranks many merchants, storekeepers, manufacturers and other labourers who do not get paid by the week. The members of the party are thoroughly in earnest, and are enthusiastic,

but the party is not yet powerful as an organisation. That it will become stronger and more cohesive each year, is certain, for each Greenbacker is an eloquent and a successful missionary, the party will steadily increase in numbers, and its increased chances of success at the elections will more and more tend to consolidate it. As yet, the orthodox editors notice the party only to ridicule it. They speak of the "greenback heresy" with assumed contempt; but neither they nor the platform orators of the dominant parties ever dare to meet their opponents in written or oral debate.

The "Knights of Labour" is a large and influential non-political society, consisting of workers in all branches of industry. Within this society there are formed lodges of councils of each trade. Its platform is not yet completed, and will doubtless become broader and broader each year. At present it includes nothing much more revolutionary than the advocacy of an increase of wages, decrease of working hours, and protests against some forms of monopoly. The society is greatly in advance of the British trades unions, and though it comes far short of realising or expressing the most important rights and needs of the workers, it is facing the right direction.

The society called the "Patrons of Husbandry" is composed, exclusively, of agriculturists. It has a large number of "granges," or lodges, throughout the States, and it occupies a substantial and influential position. Its chief work is co-operation in buying and selling, and political opposition to railroad and manufacturing monopolies.

The Trades Unions are numerous, and are more enlightened than those of Britain. Most of them are tinged with Socialism, and in Trades Union processions there are generally banners with such mottoes as these:—"Each Labourer should be a Capitalist, and each Capitalist should be a Labourer." "Labour, the Creator of Wealth, should own the wealth it creates."

The "Socialist Labour Party" is small in numbers, but

strong in conviction and utterance. It aims at national communism, and advocates none but measures of a direct communistic tendency.

There are a few scores, or hundreds, of "Anarchists," who fiercely denounce the State but denounce the State communists even more fiercely. They are doing good work by exposing political shams, usurpations, and tyrannies, and by forcing the people to think.

Whatever really great political and social reforms may be effected by means of organised societies in these States, will be due to *outgrowths* of those I have named, and to the practical example shown by the Shaker and similar communistic societies. There are other "reform" societies, but their aims and operations are too narrow and selfish to have much influence for good in the future.

There are millions of dissatisfied men who are tired of the political jobberies of the two dominant parties, and who will welcome a wholesome radical change. There are thousands of men who have the spinal idea respecting the social rights of humanity. The leaders will appear and combine the forces at hand, and *then* will come Revolution.

W. H. Smart, writing about "Free Competition," three years ago, said:—"Welcome the big monopolists, say I. Welcome the big corporations and combinations, and their wars with each other, and their overthrow of each other. If they keep on despoiling each other until, finally, one big thief has the whole of the spoil, is not my chance of reclaiming my property thereby improved?—especially as his victims will become more and more numerous and will have to join the ranks of the Disinherited." Wendell Phillips said:—"The tyrant was never known to let go his grip until blood flowed." The feeling here amongst social reformers is of the most desperate kind, and many of them see that if they have to fight capitalists who "own" ten thousand million dollars, the fight will be easier and the victory swifter if but one thousand men own them instead of a million.

When some men are known to have yearly incomes of from one to ten million dollars each, the people are forced to think. When they see thousands of workless, wageless, destitute people living in squalor, almost under the shadows of the millionaires' palaces, they feel urged to take action, more or less desperate. In this country, to-day, there are a million of unemployed, destitute workmen. They know that, somehow, they have been wronged, and the millionaires label themselves "*We are the chiefs of the thieves.*"

Whether or not the people who have been so cruelly wronged know of a perfect commercial and social system, they will, ere long, force the usurers to disgorge some of their spoil, and compel *them* to consider some systems under which there will be no person driven to desperation by undeserved poverty.

The legalised bandits have crammed all sorts of cant down the throats of the toilers, and none of their cant has been so easily swallowed as that respecting "the rights of '*their*' property." The time is at hand when the human workers will declare themselves to be infinitely more important than the looms, engines, stores, and buildings they have made.

Thousands of rich fops and dawdlers are pattering to-day about fashion and "hops" and—yea, even *here* in this "Republic"—about their armorial bearings. They are chattering and waltzing over fierce subterranean fires that must, ere long, burst forth and destroy them.

There will be riotings (of which those in Pittsburg, Cincinnati, &c., were but a prelude and sample). One portion of the people will be urged (mostly in vain) to come forth and subdue their neighbours. The usurers will feel terrified and unsafe, and will lower the dam that, by obstructing the flow of currency, causes disaster to every useful industry. Then will come a time of comparative peace, and the toilers, whose eyes will be opened, will destroy the most glaring forms of usury by means of their State and national votes.

The right Organisation of Labour and Credit will be subjects

of great popular interest during the next thirty years, and I think that here, as in Britain, there are some rich persons who will take a good part in the work of organisation; for there are many rich men to whom usury is as repugnant as it is to any good Socialist.

In conclusion, I say that Society is subject to natural law, and that after every defiance of natural law, a penalty and an adjustment are sure to follow.

WM. HARRISON RILEY.

Record of the International Popular Movement.

AMERICA.

The belief of so many persons that although there may be a great deal of poverty in the larger towns, the condition of working-men in America is, on the whole, very satisfactory, would be rudely disturbed by the reading of certain factory laws (those of Massachusetts, for example), or a perusal of the official factory reports. As a matter of fact, the bourgeois is, perhaps, nowhere so ferocious an exploiter of the "free" labourer as in this free republic. No wonder, then, that the Socialist movement is making such strides in the United States. The papers of the party grow in number daily, and report a daily growth of Socialistic organisations.*

At this moment there are several large strikes—that of the New York cigar makers has lasted for many weeks—but the most remarkable one, and the best deserving our careful attention, is that of the Chinamen in San Francisco. These despised Asiatics have formed a Union, and following the example of their New York brethren, 3,000 Chinese cigar makers are demanding higher wages. But this is not all.

* Since writing this I have learnt that the Editors of the San Francisco *Truth* have also started a Monthly organ. This is, I believe, the first Socialist magazine published in America. We bid it heartily welcome.

The masters hope to use against these poor "coolies" white workmen from the East! "Twenty-eight manufacturers," the New York *Volkszeitung* reports from San Francisco, "with a capital representing 5,000,000 dollars, yesterday held a meeting, at which it was resolved to send for 2,500 white workmen from New York and the Eastern States. For this purpose telegraphic messages were despatched, and it is said that in less than two weeks most of the white labourers will be here."

As an instance of tyranny upon which a European "employer of labour" would hardly venture, take this fact, recorded in a Philadelphian paper. The mine owners of Ohio had so systematically cheated the miners in the weighing of the coal that after a great deal of agitation the workmen obtained a law permitting them to control the weighing. But now the company cheats its labourers by ringing the bell that signals cessation from labour long after the regular hours, and in order to prevent the men from avoiding this new form of exploitation, the company has issued an edict forbidding the working men, on pain of dismissal, to take watches with them into the mines. So much for the individual freedom of workers in this freest of free bourgeois lands.

The following figures will help to explain why Henry George's land nationalisation movement is spreading so rapidly. "Sir E. J. Reed, M.P., owns (in America) 2,000,000 acres; the Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; the Earl of Dunmore, 100,000; the Earl of Dunraven, 60,000; Messrs. Philipps, Marshall, & Co., 1,300,000; the heirs of Col. Murphy, 1,100,000; H. Diston, 12,000,000; the Standard Oil Co., 1,000,000. Nine men own a territory equal to that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined. The railroads have got from Congress gifts of upwards of

200,000,000 acres. Eleven of these companies alone have received 120,000,000 acres." As the old song said, in the West "the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil"—only he must gather them for his landlord.

GERMANY.

There is nothing of special interest to report this month save the discussion in the Reichstag on the Anti-Socialist Law. Referring to this discussion the Emperor told the deputies who went to congratulate him on his 88th birthday, that like Hamlet's uncle, he was "much offended" that the renewal of the law had not been voted there and then. It was, he said, necessary for his personal safety. How pleasant to feel so beloved of one's people!

The speeches of the Socialist Deputies have been so grossly misrepresented that it is only fair readers of To-Day should know what they really did say. Bebel has been accused of "denouncing" the Austrian people, and of attacking the Anarchists with unnecessary bitterness. He did nothing of the kind, but as the German Government partly bases its demands for the prolongation of this Law on the supposed alliance between the German Socialists and the Viennese Anarchists (though no one knows better than the Government itself that no such alliance exists), it was Bebel's duty to speak out on the subject. He "denounced" not the Austrian people—with whom everyone must sympathise in their struggle with an infamous government—but those individuals who have acted only as *agents provocateurs*, and whose direct or indirect relations with the police are notorious. "My friends," Bebel said, "have already pointed out to you—and I consider it my duty to do so again—that if there are Anarchists in Germany, and I can assure you there are very few, they have been made possible by these exceptional laws, and so we are justified in saying that the fathers of the Anti-

Socialist law are also the fathers of Anarchism in Germany. . . . Anarchists, it must not be forgotten, are, with the exception of certain disreputable individuals, honestly convinced people (ueberzeugungstreue Leute), ... and Anarchism is, to a great extent, the expression of a hopelessness driven to desperation, of certain element in the working-class." Speaking of the "bargain" that the Government wanted to strike with the Socialists, Bebel said, "What the Government wants is our unconditional support of its 'social reforms.' What it really said is, 'if you are against the reforms of the Government, the Law will be renewed; if you are for them, the Law shall be repealed.' Gentlemen, we do not sell our principles, even though you renew the Law ten times over. To such a bargain we cannot be parties: of this you may rest assured. . . . We are to-day what we ever have been, we ever shall be what we are to-day." Liebknecht spoke in the same uncompromising tone. "As regards the suggestion," he said, "that if a commission (for considering the law) is appointed, Social Democrats should be elected to it, I declare in the name of our whole party that we refuse. We will never join a commission where we should be relegated to the part of accused. We will speak on this tribune as heretofore, not as accused, but as alone becomes us—your accusers. . . . And since physical force is spoken of, and Marx's word has been quoted that force is the midwife of all political and social reconstruction—was the new German Empire, or its predecessor the North German "Bund" brought about by use of lavender and rose water? Assuredly that was a "birth by aid of forceps," a reconstruction in which, in the fullest sense of the word, force was midwife, and the *régime* whose chief representative placed the policy of blood and iron on his programme, should in truth not be so nice nor so afraid of a word. . . . I and several of my friends have been accused of taking part in an International manifesto at Paris. Well, it was not exactly that, but it is perfectly true that

we wrote the letter from which extracts have been read here. We *are* in relationship with our French party friends; we look on them as brothers. We *are* International. . . . . The Honourable Deputy Dr. Windhorst on former occasions truly said to a National-Liberal, who spoke of German Science, that Science is no more German than it is French or Roman; that it is International, Cosmopolitan. And whosoever denies the International principle places himself beyond the pale of modern culture. We naturally reserve to ourselves the right to associate with our friends of other lands. . . . The Deputy Von Kardorff remarked that twelve years ago Bebel had in the Reichstag defended the Paris Commune, and said he had defended 'rabble who destroyed the holiest national traditions of French history.' What were these holy traditions of French history? The Vendôme column, this symbol of French history written in blood and iron that signified hatred of Germany, a policy of conquest; a government by force, in short the blood and iron system. With this policy of barbarism the French proletariat wished to break, and to emphasise this break, to give expression to this high civilising ideal, they pulled down the Vendôme column. The German Vendôme columns will also be overthrown."

Of course the law will be renewed, but no more than in the past, will it effect the spread of the "New Gospel."

FRANCE.

The great Anzin strike is over—but many such victories will be fatal to the mining companies. The strike lasted nearly two months, but despite the combined efforts of gendarmerie, *agents provocateurs* and military to provoke a riot the miners did not allow themselves to be misled into any "acts of violence." Though the strike has resulted in the defeat of the miners it has not been altogether vain. It has aroused a feeling of sympathy and solidarity among all workers

that cannot fail to help in the great struggle. The Municipal Council of Paris sent 10,000 francs to the miners, and it is worth noting that this was opposed by the notorious M. Yves Guyot, the same Yves Guyot who took the initiative in starting a subscription for raising a monument to the monster Thiers. In the Chamber M. Giard—supported by some of the deputies of the Extreme Left has brought forward a "projet de loi" by which the State would again possess itself of all French mines, remain their proprietor, and concede their working to various companies. It may be necessary to explain to English readers that this bill would not be one of confiscation but of restitution. Never—either in feudal nor bourgeois law have the riches of the mines, etc. (of the *sous-sol*) been the property of the landlord, but they have always been considered the property of the French nation. Before the Revolution and the law of 1810 the mines were temporarily ceded to companies for periods varying from 20 to 50 years. Since the law of 1810, however, these grants have been made absolute. The deputies of the Extreme Left therefore only demand a return to the old order of things. Of course the bourgeois chamber will reject this bill, but all this agitation is calling the attention of the people to the shameless confiscation—without compensation—of their property by the bourgeois lovers of property, order and religion.

"The Socialists are preparing" a correspondent writes me "for the municipal elections that are shortly to take place. It is a purely propagandist campaign, for the municipal councillors are not paid, and the masters in the provincial towns being in the habit of dismissing working men elected to the post, to elect these would be simply condemning them to starvation. Our greatest difficulty is therefore to find working men candidates. At Roanne out of five municipal councillors three were forced to resign. At Reims various political prisoners — Louise Michel among others—will be put forward for election."

The French Socialist Congress at Roubaix has been in all respects a great success, and cannot fail to strengthen the "international counter-organisation of labour against the cosmopolitan conspiracy of capital."

The German Socialists were unfortunately not able to send representatives, but they addressed a letter of adhesion to the Congress, which was read amid enthusiastic cries of "Vive l'Allemagne." Similar letters, received with like expressions of sympathy, were sent from Spain, Holland and Belgium. The presence of the English delegates "produced an excellent impression." French working men, were delighted to hear from H. Quelch—a "genuine" working man, and no "ouvrier pour rire"—how Socialism is spreading among the English people, and that Broadhurst is by no means our only wear. Ernest Belfort Bax was unanimously elected chairman at the first meeting, and his speech evoked loud cheers. He said:—

"Citoyens et Citoyennes—Votre invitation fraternelle de nous joindre à votre congrès nous a donné un grand plaisir, encore plus l'accueil cordiale que nous avons réçu de vous Cela prouve que quoique nos organisations sont, en ce moment, nationales, le Socialisme reste au fond internationale.

La loi bourgeoise peut défendre une organisation internationale mais aucune loi ne saura empêcher les sentiments fraternelles poursuivant (chacun à sa façon) le même but, et encore moins la marche de l'évolution sociale.

Dans la mythologie grecque au-dessous des dieux se trouvaient les Parques. Traduisons cette conception dans la langue scientifique d'aujourd'hui, et nous pouvons dire que au-dessous de nos dieux bourgeois, nos lois, nos gouvernements, nos réligions, se trouvent les forces économiques de la société.

Quant à notre mouvement en Angleterre, il est encore jeune mais néanmoins c'est un pouvoir politique. La Fédération Démocratique possède de nombreuses branches affiliées répandues en Angleterre et en Ecosse.

La classe ouvrière Anglaise que nous réprésentons ici n'a que de la sympathie pour le grand mouvement révolutionaire depuis l'Irlande jusqu'à la Russie et condamne sans mésure les marchands et les tripoteurs qui volent les races faibles en Afrique et en Asie. Vive la Révolution Sociale."

Many questions of the greatest interest were discussed, and on the suggestion of the English delegates London was the town chosen for holding an International Congress next year, for the purpose of "reviving" the International. But surely the reception by the French Socialists of the German address and of the English delegates and their hearty "Vive l'Allemagne et Vive l'Angleterre," must have convinced all present the International needs no "reviving."

"The fury of the bourgeoisie at this Congress" a French Socialist says "knows no bounds, and this fury has manifested itself in the arrest—for no reason whatever but the good will of our rulers—of several persons, who have been condemned to three months imprisonment."

ENGLAND.

The Socialist propaganda goes on vigorously among all sections of Society. On the 8th of April at the opening of Mr. Barnett's exhibition of pictures for the poor East enders, William Morris made a splendid speech. The room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen who had come there thoroughly satisfied with themselves and each other, and with a pleasing sense of virtuous superiority. It was amusing to note the astonishment not unmingled with irritation of these good people when the poet in very plain prose told them they were not so very superior after all. But William Morris's earnest words did more than make a few of his hearers feel uncomfortable and aggrieved. Many a one was set thinking of the horrible conditions of a society under which such men and women can exist as those for whom the exhibition is intended.

Among the Secularists good work is being done too, Dr. Edward Aveling—the only scientific man among the Freethought leaders—working hard for "the cause." He has given successful Socialist lectures in Manchester and Birmingham, and is shortly to visit Liverpool.

On Thursday, the 17th April, the long looked for debate on Socialism between H. M. Hyndman and Mr. Bradlaugh came off before an immense audience in St. James's Hall. As verbatim reports have been published in *Justice* and the *National Reformer*, I need only refer to it in passing.

To begin with, the greatest credit is due to both the debaters for their courage. To H. M. Hyndman for undertaking to plead our cause against one who has had thirty years' experience of platform oratory; and to Mr. Bradlaugh for endeavouring to discuss a subject of which he is so profoundly ignorant. Perhaps he had tried to read up for the occasion, but still he must have felt conscious—certainly those of his audience who were not as ignorant as himself did—that a few weeks of cramming could not give him even the most superficial comprehension of the very simplest principles of Scientific Socialism. There can be no doubt that in familiarity with all "stage business," and in the management of his powerful voice, Mr. Bradlaugh had a great advantage over H. M. Hyndman. But if Hyndman had not his voice quite under control, he had complete command over his temper, which is more than can be said for his opponent, who told one gentleman in the audience to "hold his tongue," called others "ignorant," and Socialists "quacks," and then almost pathetically complained that Socialists are not polite.

In his opening address Mr. Bradlaugh accused the Socialist speaker of having given no clear definition of Socialism, and proceeded to give one himself. It was not unlike that of the clergyman who said *he* could sum up Darwinism in one sentence—"man, according to Darwin, is descended not from God but an oyster." It is to be regretted that H. M. Hynd-

man did not demonstrate the absurdity of Mr. Bradlaugh's platitudes, but he was, not unnaturally, anxious to stick to the main point under discussion, from which his opponent, "like a knotless thread," kept slipping away.

Among his many remarkable discoveries perhaps Mr. Bradlaugh's most wonderful ones are that "the wage-earning class are largely property owners"; that the general condition of the same class in England is a very pleasant one (the speaker was almost moved to tears at the thought of the happy homes of the poor); and that the factory-labourers of the North, notwithstanding the till now undisputed fact that the physique of this factory population is rapidly deteriorating, are a "new race" of such happy men, so satisfied with their present condition that they will prevent the advent of Socialism. Mr. Bradlaugh told us that we Socialists could not succeed because the majority is against us. If the great "Iconoclast" really believes fighting a majority useless, one would like to know the object of his thirty years' fight against the religious belief of the large majority of his countrymen. Further, we were assured that without a chance of personal profit, we should have neither scientific men, nor poets, nor painters, nor musicians, nor actors. What blasphemy against the great men of the past, what blasphemy against all that is best and noblest in Nature! It is worse than the Christian dogma that there can be no good, no salvation save through an Almighty Fiend. Finally, the anti-Socialist maintained that he who would work for the good of all works for none, and that personal advantage and gain are the end-all and be-all of humanity. Thanks to the Science that has given us knowledge, thanks to the art and poetry that make life beautiful, thanks to the "Music that is divine," we Socialists have a nobler faith than this.

ELEANOR MARX.

*Attic Breezes.

AT last Modern Greece or rather the Modern Greeks (for Mr. Bizyenos is a native of Thrace, though an Academician of Athens which explains the title of his book) have given us a real poet. This we say without wishing to derogate from the merits of his predecessors and contemporaries. Rhegas and Solomas were ready versifiers but it is rather their patriotism than their poetry which extorts our admiration. Christopulos wrote charming lyrics but he was essentially an imitator of Anacreon. Zalacostas and Zamhelios in their highest flights are more or less stilted, bombastic and rhetorical, and the whole crowd of lesser Romaic bards are either servile copiers of French and Italian models or partly parodists and partly rhapsodists of the popular ballads of their country, which after all in their unsophisticated form have hitherto remained the most genuine homespun product of the Muse of Modern Greece. But kleplitic minstrelsy, beautiful as it is in its way, is hardly literature in the proper sense of the term. Oral and anonymous ballads bear the stamp of national, not of individual genius, they are the productions not of a poet, but of a practical people. They have a diffused and general, rather than a concentrated and special poetic character. There is a singular sameness running through them all. And of course they are rude, unfinished and uncouth, the improvisations of nature rather than the creations

* Ατθίδες Αὖραι. Συλλογὴ ποιημάτων ὑπὸ Γεωργίου Μ. Βιζυηνοῦ.—London: Trübner & Co.

of art, without a beginning, a middle, or an end, not to say without father, without mother, and without descent.

What we mean when we say that in Mr. Bizyenos we have at last found a real Modern Greek poet, is that we have found a man, who does not like most of his competitors appear to write to order or because his country expects it of him, but because he cannot help it. There is a spontaneity about his poems which we seek in vain elsewhere; and there is moreover a felicity of diction, and a melodious ring about his verse which to say the least of it, is rarely equalled and still more rarely excelled. As for the matter of his poems he has found abundant food for the meditation of his Muse in the popular legends of his country, many of which have an irresistible charm and interest of their own quite apart from his treatment of them. But many of his verses are also personal effusions in the same sense that many of Schiller's *Kleinere Gedichte*, and Tennyson's shorter pieces deserve this title. They have the same love of nature and mankind mingled with the same sense of loneliness and isolation, the same estrangement from the vulgar aims and infatuations of the common crowd, which tend to the works of our favourite Teutonic poets the plaintive and pathetic strain, without which no minstrelsy however musical can ever touch our hearts.

As to the language in which our poet writes he adopts for the most part the vernacular. A few very graceful pieces are written in the cultivated dialect of polite society. That the latter, under the handling of our author, who is a perfect master of either kind, is a very different thing from the High Hellenic of the Athenian newspaper, will be readily understood. But Mr. Bizyenos is deeply impressed with the fact that the existence side by side of two almost distinct languages, one the speech of the common people, the other that of the cultured, is to the degree in which it is found in Greece, an evil to be deplored, and above all he feels that the natural language of poetry is the language not of the learned, but of

simple folk. Therefore with a few exceptions—his earlier efforts we believe—he writes not the language of books but the language of the household and the home. He believes in the future of the vernacular, and therefore believes that any poet who aspires to immortality must adopt it.

Mr. Bizyenos writes for all sorts and conditions of men, for children as well as for adults. Some of his most charmingly naïve and beautifully imaginative pieces are addressed to the young. We despair of giving our readers any adequate conception in English of the rhythmic flow of these verses, but we will do our best. As a fair specimen of this class we select the following.

THE RAIN.

Maidens, Ocean's fairy daughters,
(Clouds we call them) mount on high
Bearing pitchers filled with water
To the wild and wildering sky.

Thinking there to find some flowers
Haply on a rose-tree fair;
Freshen them with cooling showers,
Bind the blossoms in their hair.

Right and left they peered around them,
Timid hearted, tender eyed,
Till the wanton breezes found them
Children of the mountain side.

When the sturdy striplings spied them
Pitcher-bearing maidens fair
After them in haste they hied them
As the hound will chase the hare.

Passing fair with streaming tresses,
One they sought above the rest,
Courting her with rude caresses
For a mad and merry jest.

Hither, thither they pursue them,
Timid maidens filled with fright,
Snatched their robes and roughly drew them,
Till at length they rent outright.

Hither, thither still they raced them,
With a wild tumultuous sound;
Broke their pitchers as they chased them,
Poured the water on the ground.

Down on fields and plains it rushes,
With a loud and hoarse refrain,
This is why the shower gushes:
This is what we call the rain.

In a similar view of fanciful mythology, founded for the most part on popular legend, Mr. Bizyenos informs his readers, young or old, that the bat got its wings as a reward for being a good and pious mouse, who finding a crumb of consecrated bread in a church with the cross stamped upon it, sacredly stored it in her hole, instead of greedily gobbling it up; that the ant has been metamorphosed from a lazy and thieving peasant who, instead of reaping with the rest, gleaned what was left for the poor. The mole is under a curse because he was once a burier of the dead upon a battle-field, and interred a Christian alive.

The hedgehog, the spider, the tortoise and the bee were once four children of a widowed mother. The mother fell ill and sent for the first. He was making a hedge about his vineyard, and had not time to come. As a punishment brambles grew out of his back and he became a hedgehog. The second, or daughter, excused herself on the ground that she was weaving fine silk. She was turned into a spider. The third was washing and changing her attire, and therefore refused to come. As a penalty her washing-trough was permanently fixed to her back, and she became a tortoise. The fourth came at once straight from her kneading-trough her fingers covered with flour. As a reward her trough was transformed to a hive, aud the flour on her fingers to pollen. She became a busy bee whose daily food was honey. The turtle-dove was a girl slain by a cruel step-mother on the false charge of having stolen a loaf from the oven. The number of loaves was eighteen, but the cruel step-mother insisted there had been nineteen. The despairing protest of the injured maiden, maintained until her last gasp, has become the cry of the turtle-dove, and forms the singularly plaintive refrain of each stanza in the pathetic little poem in which this legend is embodied.

The legend prevailing in Corcyra concerning the Milky Way is expounded as follows: The fine dust of distant stars composing it is there believed to have been formed by the

chaff which an ungrateful "godsip" had stolen from the stables of his host, and spilt behind him in his flight, thus enabling his outraged victim to track him to his home and slay him. In another poem we learn how the last of the Palæologi is believed by the Greeks to be, like Friedrich Rothbart among the Germans, not dead but sleeping, and destined to awake when the hour shall have struck upon the clock of fate for the resuscitation of the Byzantine Empire. Then the Turk is to be driven beyond the "Red Apple-tree," or in other words, "beyond the sun."

Another curious legend told by the poet is that of the building of Saint Sophia. When the architect was in despair of finding a design which should satisfy the demands of the king, a little bee is observed flying off with a crumb of consecrated bread. By royal proclamation all the hives in the city are searched. At last, in a hive belonging to the architect, whither the missing bee with its sacred burden had flown, the worthy model of the future church miraculously constructed is observed.

We will attempt to translate the graceful little poem entitled "The Child by the River."

Clear as crystal the rivulet's running,
And the child looks and laughs at the view:
Where's the reason the ripples for shunning
Or what harm can their clear waters do?

See, two lilies crosswise on the river
To and fro in the swift current sway:
And the child thinks they nod, when they quiver,
Just as though they had something to say.

To and fro they keep nodding and quaking
In the waters that hurry so wild:
Why, oh, why are their yellow heads shaking,
And what mean they to say to the child?

On the willow-bough listening in wonder
Ah! the little one leant over-bold!
On a sudden the branch snapt asunder,
And the child in the deep water rolled!

There's an instant of darkness, poor fellow,
There's a flash as of bright crimson dye,
Till at length the two lilies so yellow
Like a cross on his dead bosom lie!

Now what child who comes near to a river,
Does not see, if this story be true,
Plain enough to reflect with a shiver
How much harm the clear ripples may do ?

As a sample of the more personal lyrical effusions of our author, we give the following almost literal rendering :—

BY THE RIVER.

As I gazing stand and see
Waters rolling voluble :
Life's sad riddle seems to me
Even so insoluble.

Pure the fountain is at source.
Whence these waves' turbidity ?
Which from mountains downward course
With such fell rapidity.

On they rush : and seem to long
For some goal—not knowing it,
Where their channel, right or wrong,
Carries them they flow in it.

Striking stones upon the brink,
Over rough rocks stumble they,
And ere they have time to think,
Into chasms tumble they.

So we leave the unwitting womb,
Woes to come unreckoning,
And pursue from childhood's bloom
Phantoms idly beckoning.

From the heavens above our soul,
Has, they say, been given us,
But towards a nether goal
Downward fate has driven us.

Crosses sore our path beset
Midway in our wandering,
Swells our heart, our eyes are wet
With our pensive pondering.

But though like the streams we roam
Erring in our fretfulness,
We some time must trundle home
To the grave's forgetfulness.

Happy who on headlong way
Hasty dew-drops showering,
Has beheld one laurel spray
Thus besprinkled flowering!

It only remains to say that the present issue of Mr.

Bizyenos' poems is an *édition de luxe* adorned with a powerful etching by M. Alphonse Legros, of University College, London. The subject is the "Beggar Woman of Bizyé," M. Bizyenos' native town, and illustrates a pathetic scene described in one of his poems, a thrilling narrative of some of the miseries caused by the Russo-Turkish War.

E. M. GELDART.

Reviews.

THE LAND AND THE LABOURERS. By C. W. Stubbs, M.A. "Christ and Democracy," by the same author. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Whitehart Street.

We have received from Messrs. Sonnenschein two little books from the pen of the Vicar of Granborough. Christ in one, and co-operation in the other, are put forward as the only cures for our competitive society, and are championed by an earnest man, who evidently has the most thorough belief in the efficacy of his remedies. Yet the highest praise that we can allot to Mr. Stubbs is that he is a 'well-meaning' man, while if only the best intentions were needed in order to put a reformer on the right road, we should hail him as a modern saviour of society. Voluntary co-operation may do much for the 'aristocracy of labour,' and the colliers' cow-club which he describes is undoubtedly an excellent institution for its individual members, but something more than that is needed to raise the 'fringe of labour,' and to reinstate the vast army of the unemployed who are thrown upon the streets by the introduction of the last new machine. But for anything more we must look in vain in his pages, while he echoes the admiration, which periodically goes the round of the capitalist press, for "the practical good sense of the speakers at the Trades Union Congress, in contrast with the essentially political and revolutionary utterances of continental work-

men." The ideas of Mr. Stubbs with reference to the rights of labour evidently require revision and enlargement.

There is one passage, which we welcome as coming from a Christian clergyman, that is worth quotation here.

"Every fresh march of knowledge brings with it some phase of what men call atheism. But the sceptics of one age are not seldom found to be the most devout religionists of the next. Christ himself was an atheist and a free-thinker to the Pharisee. The disturbance of an inherited belief can never, I should suppose, be an agreeable experience to any one. And yet—as Mr. Mill, I think, once said—the history of religion, like the history of science, has been the history of exhausted error."

Let Mr. Stubbs be logical, and before long we shall welcome him among the band of thinkers who maintain to-day that their only religion is Socialism.

"A Guide to Modern Greek." By E. M. Geldart, M.A., &c., Trübner & Co. London, 1883.

This excellent little manual of the modern Greek language certainly contains all the desiderata of a good grammar and conversation book. It is much fuller and in many respects clearer than Messrs. Vincent and Dickson's "Handbook to Modern Greek."

Let us hope that the publication of this little book will do something to dispel the remains of the obsolete superstition still surviving in some quarters that Greek is a "dead" language in the same sense that Latin is "dead." It would be just as rational to characterise "English" as a dead language because that "well of English undefiled," Chaucer, differs from the Latinised English of our own day, as to deem the Greek language dead because modern Greek differs from the Greek of Xenophon.

We should like to know by what mysterious power the

crescents and horsetails of Mahomed II. are supposed to have suddenly killed off the Greek language. This theory of the "deadness" of Greek after the year 1453, is an instance of one of the stupidest of vulgar errors that one generation has ever handed down to another.

If anybody doubts what we say he will do well to study Mr. Geldart's "guide" which while it will furnish him with as easy an access to the Greek of to-day as it is possible for any book to afford, will demonstrate to him before he has studied many pages the essential identity of the modern and ancient language.