# TO-DAY.

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## Russian Political Prisons.

ON the banks of the Neva, just facing the Imperial Palace, stands our Bastille—the Fortress of Peter and Paul. An immense building, wide and flat, surmounted by a meagre, tapering, attenuated spire that reminds one of the end of a syringe. Situated between the two quarters of the town, the public may, during the day, pass through the fortress, entering by a narrow defile of sombre and tortuous vaults, occupied by sentinels, with the images of saints holding burning tapers in the niches. But at sunset all is closed, and when night falls upon the capital and thousands of lights illumine the quays of the Neva, the fortress alone remains in darkness, like a huge black maw ever open to swallow up all the noblest and most generous of the unhappy country that it rules. No living sound comes to break the grim silence that hangs over this place of desolation. And yet, the lugubrious edifice has a voice that vibrates far beyond this vast tomb of unknown martyrs, hurried by night into these dungeons, far beyond these *oubliettes*, where lie those whose turn is to come next. Every quarter of an hour the prison clock repeats a tedious irritating air, always the same, a psalm in praise of God and the Tzar.

Here indeed is the altar of despotism. Since its foundation the Fortress of Peter and Paul has been the principal political prison of the Empire. There has, however, been great variety in the nature of the sad inhabitants, who against their will, have come to people it. In past centuries the chief sojourners were court-conspirators on their way to Siberia or the scaffold. One of the first was the unhappy Prince Alexis, son of Peter the Great, presumptive heir to the Crown. They still show you the cell where the poor wretch was put to the torture, and then strangled by order of his father. Then came generals, senators, princes and princesses; among others the celebrated Tarakanova, drowned during the floods that inundated the subterranean cells of the fortress. Since the definite establishment of the present dynasty at the end of the last century, palace conspiracies and *coups d'état* have ceased. The fortress remained empty till in 1825 it received the élite of the Russian nobility and army—the Decembrists, who had not sought to overthrow one man in order to put another in his place, but to destroy the principle of autocracy itself.

Two generations pass—and again the picture is changed. Discontent with the present régime has deepened and spread among all classes. It is no longer the army, but the flower of the Russian people that is rising against despotism; it is no longer an isolated attack, but an implacable war, without truce or intermission between the Russian nation and its government. The fortress is crowded with prisoners. For twenty years thousands have passed through it, followed by more thousands, without pause or let.

But until lately the fortress was a "preventive" rather than a penitentiary prison; those accused of political crimes were kept here pending their trial, after which they were usually sent to the bagnios of Siberia. There have, however, at all times been a certain number of prisoners—and these the most wretched and most rigorously guarded—sent here without the formality of any trial, simply on a

personal order of the Tzar and kept in prison for years together, often for life.

In the ravelin of Alexis during the night one may hear the cries and laughter, the frightful shrieks of a prisoner gone mad after ten years of confinement. He is an ex-officer of the Imperial guard, one Chevitch. It is said that the late Emperor—who had a weakness for women—made the sister of Chevitch his mistress, and that the young officer unable to bear this outrage, stepped out of the ranks at a review, and cried to the despot, like Victor Hugo's Saint Vallier, "Sire, you have done ill." For this he has been condemned to life-long imprisonment in the Alexis ravelin. In another ravelin, dying of consumption, there is a mysterious prisoner, a woman of whom no one—neither gaolers nor political prisoners—knows the crime or even the name, and who in the prison registers is spoken of by the number of the cell she occupies.

For two reasons it is necessary to isolate the prisoners as much as possible—on the one hand in order that the victims of despotism may not reveal their dark secrets, and on the other that the persons accused of political crimes may have no communication with each other, nor come to an understanding before the preliminary inquiry. The fortress is therefore an absolutely cellular prison. It is composed of bastions, curtains, ravelins, like all fortresses built on the Vauban system. Each of these divisions forms a separate prison, with its own director, its body of gaolers and gendarmes, who are lodged separately and rarely communicate one with another. Each of these prisons consists of a certain number of cells, distributed over two floors, large enough to accommodate several hundreds of prisoners. The most minute watch is kept to prevent these prisoners from communicating. They never meet, never speak to one another, and if they see each other it is only at a distance. Neighbours had however been able to communicate by means of knocks against the partition walls, thus establishing a kind of

telegraphic alphabet. This mode of communicating is inexorably suppressed, any sort of knocking against the walls being forbidden, and any infraction of this rule being punished by imprisonment in the penal cells. The walls were hung with felt in order to deaden all sounds, but as this was expensive, and moreover rendered the prisoners a real service by making their cells less damp and cold, another expedient was tried at once safer and costing nothing. The cells of the prisoners were alternated with empty ones, or were occupied by gendarmes, who intercepted every sound. But the greatest danger always lies in the connivance of the warders themselves, who, corrupted by money, or "seduced by perverse ideas" may serve as intermediaries not only between the prisoners, but between the prisoners and their friends outside. No trouble is therefore spared by the administration of the fortress to make this impossible: rigorous choice of the "*personnel*," terrible punishments inflicted according to martial law under the same rules as refer to "treason in front of the enemy;" finally, the absolute prohibition to warders from entering the cell of a political prisoner, or from approaching one, under any pretext, save together with another warder, in order that these may keep mutual watch upon each other. For greater safety it is prohibited to answer the questions of any prisoner, no matter how innocent. A question about the weather, the day of the week, receives no answer from the gaolers. Silently they approach the grating of your door, silently they bring the bread and soup. At the hour for exercise they silently open your cell, and without a word lead you to the court yard, or rather a small compartment of the yard, a kind of roofless cell, where you walk up and down, seeing only the four walls, and a small piece of sky overhead. Then you are led back to your sad cell as silently as you were brought out. There is then absolute isolation, the isolation of death, in this place full of human beings, all suffering alike.

But it is not only the isolating of the prisoners from their

comrades and the whole world, that the Government wishes. All these men and women are no ordinary criminals, but the enemies of the Government, enemies that the Government fears. It therefore wants their revelations both concerning themselves and the largest possible number of their companions. During the middle ages under such circumstances recourse was had to the torture. But this—at least in the antique form—the 19th century will not suffer. It is necessary therefore to make the imprisonment in itself a means to "faire chanter" (get information from) the prisoner. And the Russian régime lends itself admirably to this end. "You will confess nothing," says the procureur, "well, I will let you rot in prison." This is the stereotyped phrase that every accused person has heard a hundred times, and that admirably characterises Russian political proceedings. The prisoner quite understands that this is no vain threat, and on his side the procureur knows equally well that there is nothing to prevent his having recourse to such means in order to make his victim speak. And why then should he care?

But the mere prolonging of captivity, though so painful, is not enough to unbend such determined characters, without counting that this is always too long and troublesome a process. It is necessary therefore to intensify the miseries of imprisonment, and thus a régime of privation and rigor is applied to *accused* persons, who, according to the generally recognised axiom of all civilised nations, until they are *condemned* should enjoy all rights and privileges, save that of personal freedom or escape from judicial inquiry.

In Russia the accused as well as the condemned, are entirely subject to the administration of the fortress. The Government, in the persons of its procureur, director, etc., etc., considers them from the outset as enemies, and is in no wise disposed to safeguard their interests. The complaints of an accused person as to ill-usage, insults, blows from the gaolers, are never listened to by the superiors.

The story of the flogging of Bogoliuboff, by order of

Trèpoff, is well known. It gave rise to that summary execution during which all the prisoners (of whom four-fifths were simply untried prisoners) were beaten, kicked, pulled by the hair, without the governors of the "preventive" prison incurring even the unpleasantness of a rebuke.

In the fortress things are even worse. Destined for the most compromised among the suspects, there are more reasons for hating them, as well as for keeping them in solitary confinement. Without confidence, even in its own *employés*, the Government admits no one, and the doors of the ravelins are never opened to inspectors.

The various directors are absolute masters. They can ill-use the prisoners, insult them, throw them into penal dungeons as it suits their caprice, certain, as they are, to receive nothing but praise for such proofs of patriotism; and what is of greater advantage to them, they may pilfer the prisoners as much as they choose.

The rations assigned by Government for the prisoners are naturally not over munificent. Still, it might suffice to feed them more or less well, and to keep them more or less warm, but this is one of the chief sources of income for the administration, and hence the prisoners must content themselves with very little. And the worst is, that this "economy" is exercised as much with regard to the quality as the quantity of the food. In order to make a profit on the flour it is bought spoilt, the meat—when a few shreds are given—is putrid, the butter is rancid, the bread black, and in order to add to its weight, so ill baked, that one can hardly eat the crust, and thrown against the wall will stick to it like paste. A piece of bread in the morning, another in the evening, with a little soup, and "potage" of spoilt Indian corn, with a few grammes of meat on Sundays—such is the food of the prisoners of the fortress.

An even more impudent embezzlement is perpetrated in the matter of heating, which is a considerable expense in a climate of 60° of latitude. The Government allows a

certain number of cubic feet for each of the several hundred stoves in the fortress. But in the compartments of the prisoners only the third part of the stoves are heated, and those not every day. The cells are therefore always damp. Water streams down from the walls, and gathers into pools on the floor. And the cold is so intense that the director when he inspects his domains never takes off his fur cloak. The prisoners, who have no fur cloaks, nor even sufficiently warm covering on their beds, shiver even in these, and feel their limbs freezing in winter in the intense cold of 25°, 30°, and 35° below freezing-point.

The warm, or more temperate season, lasting but a few months brings but little relief to the prisoners. It is during these very months that St. Petersburg, built upon miasmatic marshes, develops all its unhealthy qualities, and the hygienic conditions of the fortress, the constant dampness of the cells which no ray of sunlight comes to cheer, the small loop-holes that do duty for windows opening upon the walls of the dungeons, the food even more detestable in summer than in winter—are calculated to make all these influences even more fatal.

Thus the very nature of this inhospitable climate, seconded by the efforts of a rapacious sbirri, transforms imprisonment in the fortress from a "means for preventing suspects from escaping trial," into a slow frightful torture which even the most robust natures cannot resist. The words "I will let you rot in prison" have therefore a very real, and very terrible significance.

And as regards the moral condition? This absolute isolation is maintained with incredible rigor, extended far beyond all necessity when the examinations are concluded, and some of the most ingenious methods for extorting revelations are no longer needful. But everything is done to make this isolation positive torture. No occupation to fill up the dreary emptiness of this miserable existence. All manual labour strictly prohibited. Anatole Serdukoff could not even obtain

permission to buy an india-rubber ball to play with in his cell, in order to give some exercise to his body, worn out with inaction. Distraction of any kind is a theft from the gaoler, who demands of his victim every suffering that he is able to inflict. Another prisoner, Zoubuovsky, having made some cubes with the crumb of his bread, in order to amuse himself with constructing geometrical figures, the gendarmes seized upon them, remarking that prisoners were not allowed to divert themselves. Reading would be an invaluable resource, but it is on this very point that the gaolers are most severe. Admission of books from without is absolutely forbidden, and the prisoners are bound to content themselves with the library of the fortress, consisting of a few hundred old volumes. Even these are only obtained after much trouble, sometimes infamous and sometimes rather comical, on account of the ignorance of the superintendent. One prisoner, Kovalevsky, who was studying the German language, asked for the German-Russian dictionary (in two volumes) by Pawlovsky. One volume was brought him, and he was told he might have the second when he had read the first.

At other times it is the name of the author, or of the most innocent book that gives umbrage to the gaoler, and then the prisoner is left for at least a week without anything to read, till a new demand for a book on the one hand, and authorization on the other have been made. But most frequently a total deprivation of books is inflicted as a means for forcing the prisoner to make revelations. Kovalevski, Myckine, and hundreds of others only to make them more amenable at their examinations were left without books—often even without any light, for months at a time—surely the worst of torture for an intellectual man. Generally the treatment of the prisoner depends on the degree of his "frankness" with the *juge d'instruction*. Any latitude shown is reserved for traitors, in whose favour the régime of seclusion is infringed—as was lately the case at Odessa—two of these men being placed in one cell. And for the "undecile," the "obstinate" is reserved

every form of rigor, of worry, privation of books, of tobacco, the prohibition from writing letters or receiving visits from relations, no exercise, insults, the penal cells. Let me add that the system of examining prisoners in Russia consists in extorting from them—at any price—confessions, the authorities stopping short at neither menaces, lies, nor fraud. Thus it is a well authenticated fact that Strelnikoff, the great Inquisitor of the South, in 1882 drew up false protocols, pretended confessions, in order to force the prisoner he examined "no longer to persist in ruining himself by denying facts the authorities were perfectly familiar with," the usual Jesuitical phrase of the Third Section! A man who is not very clever, more especially if he is still young, may easily fall into one of these traps so perfidiously laid, and let a word, a detail, more than he intended, escape him. The mistake once recognised becomes a burning remorse. It may be a mere bagatelle, a nothing. But that matters not. The over-excited imagination, with its monstrous exaggerations, and fantastic deductions of possible consequences are there; before the mind of the unhappy prisoner rises the conviction of having betrayed his cause and ruined his friends. One must read the autobiography of Khudiakoff, the pure and honest man, who behaved with the greatest firmness in the process of Karakosoff, in order to understand what a hell an upright and devoted man may make for himself after the least "faux pas" in this respect. And this horrible suffering, this atrocious self-torture may last for months, because of the complete isolation of the prisoner, who can hear no consoling voice, no word to tell him how insignificant his involuntary mistake has been.

It may be affirmed without exaggeration that the infamous system of Russian judicial procedure contributes as much as, if not more, than the régime of the prisons already described to transform these into mere slaughter-houses, where the prisoners, for the most part young people full of hope, and often entirely innocent, are immolated by hundreds, and die of the various prison maladies, commit suicide, or go mad.

Within this hell, called the Fortress of Peter and Paul, they have recently found means to create a more hideous one still—the ravelin Troubetzkoi. This is not a "preventive," but a penitentiary prison where prisoners condemned for life or long terms of imprisonment are confined. It is a kind of bagnio established within the very heart of the capital, a few steps from the Imperial Palace, whither are sent those for whom the prisons of Siberia are not considered sufficiently severe. The prisoners of the "Troubetzkoi" are "convicts," and not, like most of those confined in the fortress merely accused persons. Legally the difference between them is immense. The former are deprived of all civil rights, the latter, at least *de jure*, retain them. We have seen that *de facto* they are far from being observed. Nevertheless the accused have two advantages which preserve them from the worst outrages. They are still wanted for the future; they are a little cared for, because their death or suicide would be a blow to the procureur himself, whose case without them would be incomplete. Then too, they are a little feared, as they have to appear before a tribunal, and might protest more or less publicly against acts of exceptional violence. The trial once over these two guarantees disappear. The condemned are completely at the mercy of their gaolers, who may permit themselves anything, absolutely anything, getting only praise and promotion when they give proofs of monarchical zeal. General Ganezky, the actual governor of the fortress, in his reception speech indeed said, "The life of an enemy of the Tzar cannot be too dear to one of his faithful subjects." And Draconian rules smooth over all difficulties beforehand, in order that these ferocious words may be put into practice. Some extracts from the prison regulations will suffice: "Prisoners of the Troubetzkoi ravelin are subject to the administration of the fortress, which condemns them to the rules in force in ordinary bagnios. For not serious offences the administration may condemn persons to imprisonment in penal cells on bread and water for one to six days, or to corporal punishment, that

is to say to not more than twenty stripes of the knout, or one hundred blows from a whip. For more serious offences (attempted escapes, resistance to authority, conspiracy, etc.) the military tribunal is appealed to, which may order the infliction of 100 stripes of the knout, 400 with a whip, or as many as 8,000 blows with a stick."

Thus the political prisoners, educated men, often belonging to the "upper" classes of society are subjected to corporal punishment. "We have every reason to believe that this is no vain threat," write the prisoners themselves in an authentic letter that is one cry of anguish: "Zlatopolsky was flogged for carrying on a secret correspondence with the help of a gendarme. Can you remain quiet, can you live while the menace of such an outrage is suspended, like a sword of Damocles, above your head, when every cry, every groan you hear makes you think one of your friends is being lashed by your side."

"No mercy is shown even to the mad, and you may imagine how many such there are in our Golgotha," says another letter. "They are not sent to any infirmary, they are kept shut up in their cells, and to manage them recourse is had to whip and lash. Very often you hear below you, or at your side, cries, shrieks, groans, that are heart-breaking. It is the wretched lunatics, tied to their beds, and being flogged into obedience." And yet this is not the acme of horror.

"What is most frightful is the position of the women condemned like ourselves. Like us, they are at the mercy of their gaolers' caprices. No consideration is shown their sex. Their beds, like ours are searched every day by men. The linen which they have just taken off is examined, at all times, by a number of gendarmes. Nor is this all. Gendarmes may enter their cells day or night, just as they please. It is true that a rule forbids one gendarme to enter the women's cells save in the company of another gendarme. But who cares for the infraction of such a rule? The relation between the various gaolers is of the most cordial nature, and nothing is

easier than their coming to an understanding between themselves. Cases of rape are therefore very possible. At any rate attempts of this sort are common enough. Quite recently a young girl in the Odessa trial, L. Terentieva, has died most mysteriously. It is said that she died poisoned by a venomous substance, administered by mistake in some medicine. There was a rumour that this unhappy young girl had been violated, and poisoned in order to prevent her from exposing the crime. It is, at any rate, certain that her death was for a long time kept secret from the superior police and *gendarmerie*, that no inquiry has been instituted, and that the doctors have retained their posts.

In the face of such facts is it necessary to speak of the general régime of the ravelin, of the food, the cells? If the rations of the prisoners of the fortress are insufficient, owing to the peculation of the administrators, here the prisoners are literally famished. If the cells of the accused are cold and always damp, those of the convicted are dens in which a human being must perish. Imagine a cage a few feet in length and breadth, with a small opening looking out upon a high wall of the fortification, that shuts out the sun, even in the summer. The opaque window-panes, covered as they are with a thick crust of dirt, give so little light that at the first it is difficult to distinguish objects inside the cell. When the eye has grown accustomed to the darkness you see in one corner a bed with a piece of felt for a mattress, and a thin covering of coarse cloth, a pail which, not being emptied every day, poisons the air with its stench, an iron table fastened to the wall, and on this a jug of water, and nothing else—absolutely nothing. The accused retains the few things that are indispensable, such as a comb and brush, a piece of soap, a little tea and sugar, a few of his own books. But as soon as the condemned man is removed to Troubetzkoi all this is taken from him. He remains for months without a comb, eaten up with vermin, covered with disgusting filth, and unable to wash; his nails growing into his flesh, for he is allowed no scissors wherewith to cut them.

And these are the ordinary cells, those of the first floor. In the ground floors of the edifice, below the level of the Neva, there are many other cells far worse, real subterranean vaults. Here are placed the prisoners most hated of the government. Those words are enough to make clear who it is that enjoys this privilege. The small windows are on a level with the river which overflows them when the Neva rises. The thick iron bars of the grating covered with dirt shut out most of the little light that else might filter through these holes. If the rays of the sun never enter the cells of the upper floor, it will easily be understood what darkness reigns here below. The walls are mouldering, and dirty water continually drops from them. But most terrible are the rats. In the brick floors *large holes have been left open for the rats to pass through.* I express myself thus intentionally. Nothing would be easier than to block up these holes, and yet the reiterated demands of the prisoners have always been passed by unnoticed, so that the rats enter by scores, try to climb upon the beds and to bite the prisoners. It is in these hideous dungeons that the condemned to death spend their last hours. Kviakovsky, Presniakoff, Soukanoff passed their last nights here. At the present moment, among others, there is a woman, with a little child at her breast. This is Takimova. Night and day she watches over her babe lest he should be devoured by the rats.

And what occupations have the unhappy beings shut up in these fearful cells? None. No manual labour is allowed, no intellectual work. Not a book, not even the Gospels are allowed them. The rules expressly forbid giving the convicts of the Troubetzkoi books of any kind. There are no distractions, not even a visit from the *galonné* tyrant, the procureur who formerly came to tear from them some ruinous confession. Shut out from all the world, surrounded by cruel and insolent gaolers who never speak, and who answer any question with an insult, they at last become absolutely silent, living in this dreary hole without a thought, without a future, without

a hope. If the prisoner has no secret communications with his friends he frequently loses count of the days, then of the weeks and months. If he is sick and unable to go out for exercise he cannot even recognise the season, for his cell is always cold and damp, and he goes on living in this chaos that knows no end but death.

Ill fed, breathing nothing but the fetid air of the casemates, vegetating in a state of physical and moral inanition, the prisoners waste away. While their bodies grow thin, their faces swell immoderately; the extremities, especially the hands, are seized with a nervous trembling. It might be supposed that the eyes would be preserved by the darkness—but they become inflamed, the lids swelling so that they can only be opened and shut with difficulty. But the maladies that make the greatest ravages are scrofula and dysentery—both results of the unwholesome food. And yet no difference is made in the treatment of the sick, who get the same food, the "*Kashia*," and the sour *shchi* that is a poison for them. Under such conditions the strength of the sick soon gives way; he loses the use of his legs and can no longer rise to satisfy any wants. But here are no nurses, and the patient remains to rot in his excrements till a gaoler thinks fit to change his straw. Strong young men in a year become old, bent, decrepid, unable to stand on their legs. Many can no longer rise, and living emit an odour as of a corpse.

Such is the position of the prisoners in the Troubetzkoi ravelin. If the fortress is, as in general all political preventive prisons in Russia are in their *régime*, a reproduction of the barbarous judicial tortures of the middle ages, the political penitentiaries are the original creation of the cowardice and ferocity of the Russian Government. It is simply the substitution for public execution of a slower, more clandestine, but no less sure and much more convenient mode of death. Nor is this hidden from the prisoners. A sick man asks for the doctor, "You want some medicine," says he. "Very well, but what is the use of putting off your death for a few days?"

The prisoners moreover have no illusions as to the meaning of long terms of imprisonment. They know it is equivalent to a sentence of death, only a more painful one than that of the scaffold.

When after the trial of "the sixteen" the procureur Akcharoumoff came to tell those condemned to death that they had been "pardoned" by the Emperor, he was received with such unmistakeable manifestations that he retired in confusion, observing that unfortunately he could not change the decrees of the Sovereign. And the presentiments of these prisoners had not deceived them. Of all these strong men the greater part have died or gone mad within from one to two years. Isaieff is mad, Schiraeff dead, Okladsky mad, Tichonoff dying, Zuckermann and Martynovsky mad. Those condemned to relatively short periods,—Paul Orloff, Sudzilovsky, Velochenko, as well as Tatiana Lebedeva—after being a few months in the Troubetzkoi ravelin before they were sent to Siberia, had to be carried out of the fortress on litters. They gave forth a smell as of corpses. Madame Ivanovskaya and Madame Korba after only two and a half weeks in this infernal bagnio contracted serious illnesses. Korba almost starved herself in order to get some books; Ivanoskaya's brain has suffered.

In the face of such horrors the Government understood that they had gone a little too far. If things went on at the same rate in six months, a year at most, all the prisoners of the Ravelin, young and old, men and women would have been dead, have committed suicide or gone mad. It might have become known and moved the public against the Government. They resolved therefore to leave in the fortress only a small number of prisoners—those whom they decided to make away with. The rest were sent to other prisons.

Let us glance at these, reader, if the picture already drawn has not been too heart-rending. "STEPNIAK."

*(To be continued.)*

# A Few Words with Mr. Herbert Spencer.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, the English philosopher, of world-wide celebrity, has contributed to the April number of the *Contemporary Review* an article entitled "The Coming Slavery," which commends itself to the attention of English Socialists, because he predicates therein that the Social "changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged, are carrying us . . . . to the desired ideal of the Socialists;" that even the Liberals, the worst enemies of Socialists, "are diligently preparing the way for them," and that nationalisation of land, banks, railways, mines, factories, and other private instruments of production will be realised in the near future: and because this hopeful idea, entertained by so profound a philosopher, will put fresh courage into the hearts of militant Socialists, and will encourage them to pursue with renewed ardour their propaganda of Communistic theories. But the article has other claims to our attention. It professes to be a powerful and conclusive criticism of Socialism, while it is, in effect, a mere summary of all the common-place arguments habitually brought against Socialism. That so illustrious a man as Mr. Spencer should fail to find more serious arguments against it, is a very conclusive demonstration, if that were wanted, of the soundness of Socialism. That a thinker like Mr. Spencer, one of the lights of the *bourgeoisie*, should think it worth his while to bring forward such arguments, makes it incumbent on his opponents to refute them, how trivial and unworthy soever they may be.

I.

Mr. Spencer concludes his article by this wise axiom, intended to deal us a very ugly blow indeed: "No political alchemy will get golden conduct out of leaden instincts; . . . no well-working institution will be framed by an ill-working humanity"—hence mankind must abandon all hope of bettering our present system of society and of doing away with the wrongs and miseries of it.

It was generally presumed that Mr. Spencer had understood the Darwinian theory, of which he had volunteered to be the propounder. The anti-Socialist axiom cited above inclines us to think that the presumption was erroneous. For, according to the evolution theory, the organs of animals, their habits and their instincts are not spontaneous growths, but the necessary results of "the struggle for life under the conditions to which the animals have been exposed." The sharp teeth and ferocity of the tiger, the swiftness and timidity of the antelope have, no more than the wisdom of Mr. H. Spencer, sprung up spontaneously, but have been evolved more or less gradually by the actions and reactions of their *milieu*. Different conditions of life must consequently produce different instincts and habits in animals and men. For instance, one of the most powerful instincts met with in the whole animal kingdom, and without which the rearing of the young had been impossible, the maternal instinct, is utterly obliterated in certain insects living in communities: "the queen bees kill their daughter queens; the desire to destroy instead of loving their nearest relations having been of service to the community."*

Another instinct, perhaps still more important for the preservation of life, the instinct of self preservation, is deadened in animals living in troops; the males are always ready to face danger and to give their lives in defence of the females, the young and the weak of the collectivity. These unmotherly and unselfish instincts, so unnatural, are like Mr. H. Spencer's

* CHARLES DARWIN. *The Descent of Man.*

pessimism, produced by the conditions of life to which their bearers have been exposed.

A man, who in order to account for the creation of the world requires a God, maker of all things, may well believe that the cheating instincts of the shopkeepers, the lying habits of the diplomatist, the humbugging practices of the bubble company starters, the flunkeyism of the literary and philosophical defenders of the capitalist class are of divine origin; but for the Communist of the materialistic school of Karl Marx, these bourgeois qualities are the necessary products of the bourgeois social milieu. These precious instincts will, as mildew forms on organic matter in decomposition, continue to make part and parcel of the bourgeois nature, so long as the economical milieu which gave them birth is not transformed.

The history of mankind shows us that these bourgeois virtues have not always adorned human nature. In the early village communities of India where private property in land does not exist, we never meet with the parasitism which disgraces civilised England; good-for-nothing aristocrats and capitalists ministered to by a host of flunkeys and prostitutes do not live on the good-for-somethings; there every man is not the foe of his fellow-man; he does not lay financial traps, nor lie and cheat to come into another man's property. The private interests of every member of these village communities are merged in the general interest of the community; so much so that "a person aggrieved," writes H. S. Maine, "complains not of an individual wrong, but of the disturbance of the order of the entire little society." * This merging of private in public interest, evolved out of the communal form of property, leads the Indian villager to sacrifice his private welfare to the general good.

But under the system of private property the welfare of the community and of the individual are at war; and the instincts generated by the antagonism of interests leads every

* H. S. Maine. *Village Communities in the East and the West.*

bourgeois to sacrifice the common good to his private ends.

Mr. Holloway, the distinguished philanthropist and pill manufacturer, would have inflicted bowel complaints on the whole human race, not even excepting his own great philosopher, Herbert Spencer, with an eye to business. There is never a cotton spinner but would hail the fire that should burn to ashes all the factories of Lancashire and make him lord of the cotton market. There is never an English merchant who, in order to turn an honest penny, would not sell guns and powder to the Soudanese and Basutos fighting against his countrymen. There is not a financial man of the city who would not lend money to Russia—of course on good security and given large profits—for the organizing and arming of the soldiers that should invade India.

The ground out of which spring the leaden instincts of the *man bourgeois*, in England, as well as on the Continent and in America, is private property. Selfishness, deceit, hypocrisy, and quackery are the indispensable qualities of the bourgeois; it is they that make him flush of money, and it is money that gives him all the joys of the earth, fat meats, fruity wines, finery, and respectability, the smiles of the fair, the blessings of priests and the flattery of philosophers; hence he develops these qualities.

In savage tribes, courage, strength and stoicism under pain are developed because these qualities are required in the long and continuous fight which is their life. The habits and instincts of man are shaped by the social milieu in which he lives—private property perverts human nature. One of the most infamous of all crimes, branded by all mankind since it has come out of savagery, parricide, flourishes in countries wherein the system of peasant proprietary prevails. It is his fiendish love for land, his mad desire to inherit the small plot of ground of his parents, which arms the parricide's hands. Private property is the mother of the lowest and most sordid

instincts, which no amount of virtuous and tedious preaching and no amount of brutal penalties will avail to eradicate.

The leaden instincts deplored by—the too-evolutionist-by half—Mr. Spencer, are not the cause of the ill-working institutions which Socialists seek to change; but so long as the social institutions shall continue to work ill, the instincts of man will be leaden; so long as private property shall stand, the capitalist will go on being the narrow minded, selfish, and heartless brute he is.

Cellulary confinement, the tread-wheel and the lash patronised by the "great philosopher," and applied so largely under our system will never get golden conduct out of man's leaden instincts, so long as misery and insecurity remain the lot of the hard working masses, so long as they are surrounded and allured by the temptations of life and the luxuries of the good-for-nothing capitalists. Quetelet, one of the fathers of the science of statistics, has shown in his *Physique Sociale* that from 1826 to 1844 the number of criminals has varied in France with the price of wheat.

Because the great philosopher has overlooked the causes of the leaden instincts which he observes in the hearts of his fellow bourgeois and friends, because he misunderstands the evolution theory, he predicates that these instincts, the products of the private-property system will continue the same in the common-property system. The great philosopher is as logical as a man who should maintain, on seeing a field covered with weeds and thistles, that no corn would grow on it, once the ground was overturned and sown with wheat.

## II.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has been mistaken for an evolutionist because he is in the habit of classifying natural and social phenomena according to their external appearances and coarsest features, without analysing their internal properties and their external causes, without studying the action of the milieu on the phenomena and the reaction of the phenomena

on the milieu. The great philosopher piles up his facts in evolutive series, much like a shopkeeper piles up his goods upon the shelves of his shop, according to their most obvious qualities; he puts pants with pants, socks with socks, shirts with shirts, etc., never caring one straw to know what materials his goods are made of, and how and where they were manufactured.

In his "Coming Slavery" Mr. Spencer gives an excellent example of his shopkeeper-like evolutionism, which, let it be said in passing, is the only kind of evolutionism known and practised by a large number of Darwinian evolutionists.

Mr. Spencer says, Slavery, which is characterised by "how much the slave is compelled to labour for other benefit than his own and how much he can labour for his own benefit," has been on the decrease since the time when the prisoner of war was made a slave, was converted into a serf attached to the soil, paying a fixed amount of labour and produce and then allowed to detach himself from the soil, as in Russia, but nevertheless bound to give the *obrock* or a certain amount of money. Because the *obrock* does not exist in England, and because the labourer is not fastened to the soil, Mr. Spencer concludes triumphantly that slavery is abolished, and that no Englishman is compelled to labour for other benefit than his own.*

* Mr. Spencer's deplorable and inveterate habit of recording facts without studying them leads him to think that the *obrock* was an alleviation instead of an aggravation of serfdom. The *obrock* was not a constant feature of Russian bondage; it was introduced when the serf-holder could not profitably apply the labour of his serfs. Outside of the crown dominions it was principally in usage in unfertile countries and near industrial centres. The obrock was paid by men only from the age of 18 to the age of 55 and amounted to an average of from 20 to 50 shillings according to the skill of the serf. In order to satisfy this *direct tax* the peasant was, as a rule, obliged to leave his home for a part of the year, and often for years, in search of employment in the towns and thus had to condemn himself to the horrors of Russian factories. To the hardships of serfdom, then, the obrock superadded the miseries of proletarian life.

The interest of the English debt, called national, because paid by the nation, amounted in 1881 to £29,275,263; according to the census of 1881 the population numbered 34,788,814 souls; so that every English person, young or old, male or female was bound to pay under the name of taxes and imports, direct and indirect, an obrock of 17 shillings to support the Moneylords in idleness; the obrock for an English family of five persons

I cannot here stop to show how childish is this account of the evolution of compulsory labour, but I may say that the amount of labour extracted from the producing masses (slaves or serfs) does not depend upon the mode in which it is extracted, but upon the mode of production of the age and of the country under consideration. For instance, while the slave-holders and the feudal lords remained their life long on their lands, they claimed from their slaves and serfs a small amount of compulsory labour; but when instead of requiring agricultural and industrial produce for the maintenance of their families and retinue, they wanted marketable goods for bartering, the amount of compulsory labour increased considerably. This increase of compulsory labour marked, not the initial but the last stage of slavery. This method of connecting the social phenomena with their economical causes cannot commend itself to the metaphysical mind of Mr. Spencer, who prefers to soar above the clouds, pouncing upon whatever random facts come within his range of vision. His method has great advantages of its own; it is an easy one, does not necessitate much thinking, and allows a philosopher to prove anything he pleases. Thus, Mr. Spencer after having shown, to his own satisfaction, that slavery, characterized by compulsory labour, does not exist in our capitalist society, demonstrates with equal ease that it *will* exist in the communistic society of the future.

The capitalists are well advised in making a great philosopher of Mr. Herbert Spencer, for he is ready at any time to demonstrate by learnedly scientific and deeply philosophical reasonings, that if employers condemn men, women and children to hard labour in mines and factories, they do so not for the extorting of compulsory labour, but from mere philanthropy; it is to prevent the poor from being idle; for they

(parents and 3 children) amounted to 85 shillings. Thus the family of the free born Englishman paid a superior obrock to the capitalist classes than did the family of a Russian serf to his master. This is how—"slavery which is characterised by how much one labours for other benefit than his own"—has been on the decrease in Great Britain, "the land of the free."

know that idleness is the mother of vices, and that he who works prays. Of course this giving of labour to the poor means profit for the capitalists, but the millions of pounds they pocket annually are the reward of their "golden conduct." This Christian feeling impelled Mr. Bright and other leaders of the Liberal and Radical parties to oppose the ten hours' bill and impels Mr. Spencer to denounce the factory laws which protect women and children against the pitiless greed of their employers. These laws are compulsory laws, they prevent capitalists from extorting from their hands as much free labour as they would wish. These laws are a scandal and a shame; a blot on Liberal England; an outrage to capitalist liberty!

If slavery is characterised (on that point we are at one) by compulsory labour for the benefit of others; in no society whatever, or at any time, whether in the feudal ages or in times of slavery, has a greater amount of compulsory labour been extracted from the producing classes. The slave-holder, even in the worst time of slavery, did not overwork his slave when young, because the slave was valuable cattle to him, not to be used up too quickly; the pious Brights have no such fear; the enquiry on "Children's Employment," has shown that before passing the factory laws, it was customary with manufacturers to keep children of seven and eight years old, during twelve, fourteen and more hours at work, resorting to the lash, to dippings into cold water and other such amenities to prevent them from sleeping. These children being free-born Britons and not the property of any Bright or Cobden, it mattered little whether they lived or died.

Slavery is a very rude system of extorting compulsory labour, which ceases to pay, when great industry makes its appearance. Whether the slave be young or old, in or out of work, his master is compelled to feed him; the capitalist is under no such compulsion. When work is slack he sends his hands into the streets to beg and fill their bellies with staring at the ribs of beef and legs of mutton in the butchers' shops.

Although the philanthropists of our century have invented and applied the cellulary system of imprisonment, copied just now from civilised Europe by barbarous Russia: although great philosophers like Mr. Herbert Spencer, patronise the lash and tread wheels, nevertheless, we may boast of living in a humane age: working men, unlike slaves, are no longer compelled to work under the lash. This worn-out instrument of torture has been replaced by a more efficacious and refined one—by hunger, that cat-o'-nine-tails, which drives men, women, and children into the factories and mines. It is because Mr. Spencer belongs to the happy few who are not doomed to compulsory labour for the maintenance of the idle classes in luxury that he is so blind to the *present* slavery and so wide awake with regard to the "Coming Slavery."

Mr. Herbert Spencer denounces Communism not only as the future restorer of slavery but as the inventor and introducer of Bureaucracy. Is the great philosopher so hopelessly blind that when he cashes a cheque or takes a railway ticket he fails to catch sight of whole armies of clerks or bureaucrats? Does he believe that banks, railways and other commercial and industrial enterprises can dispense with clerks and officials any more than the post, the telegraph, the naval and military establishments, and other industrial enterprises already carried on by the State? As far as bureaucracy is concerned, what is the difference between the enterprises of the State and those of limited companies? In both, part of the work is done by clerks, officials, or bureaucrats (the name will not alter the function), they are salaried workers equally with the carpenters, postmen, engineers, skilled and unskilled labourers employed in them; no more than the manual workers do they reap all the fruits of their exertions; they have to divide the same with the State or with the shareholders, whose duty does not consist in working but in confiscating the produce of others' work.

What characterises capitalistic production, whether done under the control of the State or of private capitalists, is that

the producer (manual or intellectual, skilled or unskilled) has no interest in the prosperity of the enterprise in which he is employed. What interest has the engineer or ticket clerk of any railway that the expenses should be covered twice or thrice by the receipts? What benefit do the compositor and the penny-a-liner reap when the *Daily Telegraph* increases its sale from one to ten thousand? When their salaries are paid, the employer thinks that nothing more is due to the employé. The capitalist system leaves to the producer one only interest in the production,—his wages: so long as they are paid him he does not care whether the business thrives or barely makes a shift to live. But if all the shareholders, landlords and other drones of society were suppressed, then the producer would share the profits with no useless giver of work; no longer working as paid hands, but as joint-partners, they would have an interest in the success of the undertaking. Even a bourgeois philosopher will understand that any enterprise is more likely to succeed when it is worked by its owners than by wage-slaves. At present the producer works in a devil-may-care way and he is right in doing so; but in a communistic society, his own interest will make him do his best; self-interest, not to speak of nobler sentiments, ignored by bourgeois philosophers, will replace hunger and the lash employed till now for extorting compulsory labour. Self-interest is the alchemy that will get golden conduct out of the producing classes.

Mr. Spencer complains of the expensiveness of maintaining the necessary officials and clerks when land, banks, factories and other instruments of production shall be nationalised, but our present directors, managers and other officials of banks, railways, &c., are they not maintained by us notwithstanding that the instruments of production are not yet nationalised? But if the great philosopher is so bent on economy why does he not complain of the cost of the ever growing domestic class?

Karl Marx, in his great work, *Das Kapital*, called attention

to the importance of that class; analysing the figures given by the Census of 1861, he finds in Wales and in England, that

The domestic class numbered ... ... 1,208,648 individuals.
The agricultural class ... ... ... 1,098,261
Working men employed in textile factories 642,607 } 1,605,440.
,, ,, in mines ... ... 565,835 }
,, ,, in metal works ... 396,998 }

Thus in 1861 the domestic class in England and Wales, that is the class doing no productive work but maintained for ministering to the private wants of the capitalist classes was greater than the agricultural class and three fourths of the number of the workers employed in three of the most important industries.

Since 1861 the domestic class has been always on the increase. The following figures are for Great Britain.

| Classes. | 1861. | 1871. | 1881. | Rate of Increase & Decrease. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | In 10 years | In 20 years. |
| Domestic .. | 1,367,782 | 1,633,514 | 1,803,810 | +10.4 | +31.9 |
| Agricultural | 2,010,454 | 1,657,138 | 1,383,184 | —15.9 | —31.2 |
| Industrial .. | 5,184,201 | 5,940,028 | 6,373,367 | +7.3 | +22.9 |

In the twenty years from 1861 to 1881, the agricultural class decreased in the same ratio that the domestic class increased. This evil, the increase of the domestic class, is the magnificent result of the development of capitalist civilisation. These figures ought to reassure the "great philosopher," for no communistic society will have to maintain so numerous a body of officials as the present nonproducing domestic class.

In the mutual admiration society founded by the Darwinians, Mr. Herbert Spencer is lauded as a "great philosopher;" all things being relative, he may be such for the evolutionists. The Socialists neither purpose nor wish

to disturb them in their Pickwickian performances: but if Mr. Herbert Spencer desires to have his philosophical merits uncontested, let him keep from meddling with scientific Socialism and social questions, let him confine himself to the compiling of confused, ponderous and unreadable books, surcharged with unimportant facts, ill-studied and selected without discrimination. Socialists at all events, he may be sure, will not interfere with his *self-imposed labour*; on the contrary they owe him all thanks for the services he has rendered and renders to the world at large in cudgelling the dull heads of his addle-brained friends and admirers, the middle-class men.

PAUL LAFARGUE.

*Paris, April*, 1884.

# Controversial Charities.

IT has often been observed that the ages of faith are also the ages of peculiarly ferocious controversy; and that the various sects of an unpopular religion are most vigorous in launching anathemas at each other just when one might have expected them to unite against a common enemy ready to distribute the crown of martyrdom impartially to all. This characteristic of the early Christians and the early Protestants is shared to some extent by the various schools of continental Socialism and there is so much human nature about it that it may be worth while for all of us to be consciously on guard against the tendency.

Our strongest convictions are naturally those of which we are incessantly being reminded by the necessity of asserting them in the face of opposition; and at the same time, opposition to the views which we feel most strongly to be true appears most inexcusable, because, truth has a radiance of its own, and when that radiance is not obscured by inadequate expression (a danger against which we ourselves are of course careful to guard) obtuseness to the truth becomes more than commonly significant of wilful ignorance and perversity. But the instinct of fair play, the rough tolerance implied by fair fighting, prevents the ancient or the modern confessor from regarding his open and avowed adversaries with the true feeling of sectarian bitterness. The case is different with the rival heresiarchs, who act towards our cherished doctrines the part of false friends and insidious foes, giving the common enemy excuses for holding our true premises

responsible for their false inferences, or discrediting our true conclusions because they have reared a fabric of errors on the same foundation. It is quite true that the indifferent world will not trouble to distinguish different shades of what it regards as falsehood, and will seize with delight on every opportunity to discredit two heresies at once by ascribing to each the unattractive features of both; and let the poor heretics protest as they may, they will convince the orthodox world of nothing except that they add captiousness and ill-temper, not to say dishonesty, to all their other crimes.

Divisions in the camp follow unavoidably, when many minds are at work, more or less in the same spirit, upon the same object, but under conditions that do not allow all—or perhaps any—to grasp the whole truth in all its applications. This is in its measure a hindrance to the acceptance of whichever of the rival doctrines has in it most of the very and complete truth; and as such every would-be champion of the truth is justified in deploring it. But deploring is one thing and resenting is another, and there can be little doubt that self-loving human kind is tempted to feel more personal resentment at the promulgation of doctrines calculated to damage our own reputation for clear and cogent thinking than at a blunt denial or denunciation of first principles for which we can go gloriously to the stake. Sober Englishmen can hardly understand that so-called Communists and Collectivists should be unable to co-operate to upset a corrupt administration, because each thinks the others are worse foes to humanity than even the corrupt administrators; though their difference may be only as to the precise measures to be taken for the reorganisation of society *le lendemain de la révolution*. But we can understand very well the motives that impel members of Parliament who are strong upon the "reform of the land-laws" to take the earliest opportunity of explaining, in the press or on the platform, exactly how and wherein Mr. George is in the wrong

in opinions which must on no account be confounded with their own. It is hard upon supposed occupants of the *juste milieu* to find some of their converts frightened back into reaction and others lured forward into revolution, by doctrines that the uncandid or obtuse may mistake for theirs, and the first impulse of flesh and blood is to protest and to distinguish.

It requires a deliberate act of reflection, and a certain amount of self-denial to see the inexpediency of this course and to refrain accordingly from the easy and not wholly disagreeable work of criticism. We read the book that interests us by its subject and treatment, and of course we note what we take to be its errors or its incompletenesses, but why, apart from a morbid craving to show ourselves wiser than its author, should we select for criticism and condemnation parts of the work that has the merit of interesting us rather than any one of the innumerable publications of which we should disapprove still more strongly, were we condemned to read them, as the classes most in need of conversion do? Of course plausible reasons may be given for such manifestations of the controversial spirit, and one may always charitably hope that any particular controversialist is actuated by a disinterested zeal for truth, without any alloy of baser motives. But as a general rule, a counsel of perfection for the guidance of the average propagandist, it may be laid down, that destructive criticism should not be wasted either upon our friends or upon the enemies of our foes. The establishment of a positive truth is, in any case, the best way of excluding the opposite error, but if we are to wrestle destructively with error, let us choose the error that is established and endowed, not the one that has slipped in among truths as ill-famed and ill-favoured as any that claim our best allegiance; let us criticise the falsehood that goes in silver slippers and trust to the immortal Mr. By-Ends to look after error in rags.

Take the extreme case of Anarchists and Terrorists, as to

whose doctrine and discipline the widest difference of opinion prevails among what are regarded as "advanced" thinkers. Is it necessary to confirm the spontaneous judgment of the timid and indifferent masses, that these people are "dangerous," by proclaiming that they are so considered even by persons themselves "dangerously advanced?" Does not the real and imminent "danger" lie in the opposite direction? In the first struggles of civilisation every glimpse of law and order is welcomed as divine: how must the rulers of mankind have done their work, that after a few centuries of Government a sect should rise and contend for the abolition of all law and ordered government, because good government is so unknown as to be inconceivable; because all known government has been so bad that good Anarchists are persuaded they themselves would be forthwith corrupted if they agreed to govern? Here at least is consistency; and in the name of anarchy, or freedom from misrule, every individual is to be secured in the exercise of all his natural rights, subject to no limit but the co-extensive rights of others, any infringement of which will be a breach of the peace of anarchy and an attempt to re-establish the tyranny of evil government. Now it may be doubted whether this ideal state of law and order can be reached or maintained without any administrative or legislative organ in the state, but every liberal must admit that if it could, anarchy would be a degree more desirable than good government, giving the same results without the expense of even good and cheap machinery. Granted that it cannot, the amiable hallucination of those who think it can is surely not among the beliefs most dangerous to society which we need hasten to repudiate and confute. If we meddle with such beliefs let it be in the way of candid interpretation, and then perhaps we shall find that there is no new thing under the sun and that "anarchy" is only Mill on "Liberty" translated into Russ or the lingua franca of persecuted patriots. And as language is one of the lamps of history, the linguistic vagary of these anarchists is mainly memorable

as a record, that some established governments have been so predominantly opposed to the exercise of lawful individual rights and liberties, as to drive some of the champions of those rights into the belief, that their security was incompatible with the existence of any government at all.

To venture on still more hazardous ground. Supposing we deprecate and regret, either on grounds of principle or policy, the infliction of capital punishment by self-appointed tribunals, or think it wrong for a party to provoke the calamities of civil war when it is only strong enough to secure the massacre of its adherents: which feeling is it most important to express, when the crime or blunder has been committed under provocation which Englishmen turn savage to think of—our disapproval of all forms of irregular warfare, or our disapproval of the persistent and continuous abuse of the forms and powers of government and law,—of judicial murders and proscriptions and an iron tyranny strong enough even to demoralise its victims by crushing all attempts at open defiance? In England at least, in these days of peace, there is less, danger of our thinking too lightly of political assassinations than of our remaining too contentedly ignorant, and therefore tolerant, of the infinite bitterness of the oppression that provokes them. The general spread of liberalism notwithstanding, it may be doubted whether there is as much popular sympathy with the struggles and sufferings of Russian patriots at the present time as there was a generation ago with the Italians lingering in Austrian or Neapolitan dungeons. This reproach will not indeed touch the readers of "To-day;" but if popular liberalism is already disposed to be too coldly critical of the unfortunates whose constitutional liberties are still to seek, that is all the more reason why those who disapprove of despotism, * should dwell on its disadvantages as a form of government, rather than on the defects of political assassination as a means of

* No despotism is so disastrously irresponsible as that exercised by an official class in the name of a really impotent sovereign.

tempering it. To everything its time and place, and the time to express our sense of other people's mistakes is not necessarily the time when we are most likely to be accused of sharing them—nor even the time when such accusations are certain to be most damaging.

Apart from the promptings of cowardice, vanity or simple want of knowledge, it is not difficult for "moderate" people to be moderately tolerant of differences of opinion. It is the fanatics, the extremists of every kind who find it hardest to admit that is possible honestly to believe more or less or differently from themselves. So far as this is an error of our friends, we must in consistency forbear to assail it, but the practice of toleration has a strictly positive value to justify its advocacy.

The different sects of the same religion, the different sections of the same party, which waste none of their force upon internecine feuds, will have the more available for establishing the positive portion of the creed common to all; and, at the same time, as none of the sectaries will be blinded and embittered by the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of sectarian controversy, all will have a fairer chance of recognising those other positive truths, which are still struggling into view, as soon as their minds are capable of the advance. If one becomes more attached to truths because they need defending, why should we wonder that honest folk should become increasingly enamoured of their errors by a similar discipline? One cannot let established and oppressive error alone, out of regard for the spiritual welfare of the oppressors, though it is quite true that the assertion of privilege may be less oppressive when its existence is unchallenged than when the privileged classes are alarmed and on the defensive. But errors that are under the same ban as some of our favourite truths may be left to die a natural death, in the fuller light towards which the whole company of reformers should fight their way in charity.

This doctrine itself will be condemned as a latitudinarian

heresy by many reformers of admirable zeal and unimpeachable disinterestedness, and sometimes no doubt it does seem as if the worst injury to a cause came in practice from those who advocate it amiss. This opinion may be honestly held and a half truth honestly hated and conscientiously denounced as more dangerous than a full-fledged lie. A consistent application of the doctrine above advocated would forbid us to waste energy that might be spent in the advocacy of positive truths, in combating that particular opinion, even when it bears hardly on ourselves: it is more painful to be disapproved of by persons of whom we approve than by those whom we are reluctantly compelled to condemn, but at least we need not make the disapproval mutual: and, after all, if we have perfect faith in our own creed, we must feel assured that, sooner a later, it will commend itself to all honest souls—and what would it matter then that honest souls had thought meanly of our mind and morals in dark ages that were gone? *On prend son bien partout ou on le trouve*, and one may claim a property in the truths of good people whose chief pre-occupation is to disown any participation in our soul-destroying errors.

But the orbit of our tolerance must not turn out elliptical and embrace only the errors of those who have fallen on the side we lean to. Is it reasonable to show indulgence towards untimely faith in dynamite or daggers, and deal hardly with the loyal clinging to ancestral dogmas? What does it matter if some friends of humanity are burdened with beliefs that to us seem inconsistent with the widest truth? Quakers, Catholics, and Protestant Dissenters, as well as the Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels they pray for, may be agreed as to the supreme claims of human society to the service and allegiance of men and women in their life to-day. We may believe that this common faith, acted on continuously, will prove an Aaron's rod, devouring every other theological or atheological article of belief, but it is the presence of the one faith rather than the absence of the other

that concerns us. To deny Christ is no more an act of Socialism than to deny Mahomet: Moses and the prophets went in for Agrarian laws before the Gracchi, and it would be monotonous for every one to choose their patron saints from the same *Anno Mundi*. Sympathies are free as well as thought, and probably we might all be better employed than in speculating like the philosophic Sultan, which of all the obsolescent creeds of Christendom is likely to furnish the largest contingent of justifying works.

Besides, what judicious critic would accept a man's own account of his religion? Half the worshippers of Mammon call themselves Christians, and there are millions who are better as well as worse than their creed. The worst of giving a name or a surname of its own to any set of linked ideas is, that those who wish to be well received in the congregation of the faithful, have it made easy to them to know what "ism" they must profess, without waiting till their souls are saturated with the spirit of the creed. A man does not become a saint even by calling himself a Socialist, and many who cling to earlier nicknames may yet be working, consciously or unconsciously, towards the Social emancipation of the masses.

For example,—since if we deny ourselves criticism we are the more bound to indulge in construction—let us sketch imperfectly a few of the characteristics of the social state which men and women (in our judgment) would be best employed in seeking to attain. In this ideal none of the present achievements, intellectual, artistic or material, of the human race must be abandoned: "Let knowledge grow from more to more," and let every child of man who has an appetite for its fruits have access to the tree thereof; but let the quest for knowledge, or rather its application when attained, be directed and inspired by supreme political wisdom—the common and hereditary property of the whole people—embodied in laws and customs which shall make it permanently impossible for the favourites of nature, who have most power

of acquiring knowledge, to use their gains to the injury instead of the service of their kind. And so with every other phase of human faculty, let there be no limit, beyond those of physical necessity, to the development and exercise of the rarer as well as the commoner powers of our nature, but let unalterable law and custom forbid that one or a few should exercise their faculties at the expense, or to the damage, of even one—not to say of many. To put the finest possibilities within the reach of all, the worst life must have in it the elements of health and nobleness. The child of parents whose inaptitude has brought them to the lowest social grade, who rank, that is to say, among the least efficient factors of the well being of society, such a child must nevertheless grow up in subjection to the same social influences as the child of promise, cradled amid the glories of its ancestors' performance; and so though the children of unequal parentage may change places in maturity, the lowest level shall never be made intolerable to those who have earned a place at it, and none shall be imprisoned in the tread-mill of baser tasks than they are fit for. So costly an ideal has its price, and though maybe the sum of human labour now expended would suffice to pay it, yet the present earnings of the human race will not pay *both* the price of such complete emancipation and the wages what are paid now to successful competitors in the struggle to pocket the lion's share of the whole available wage-fund. There are many who would accept the first part of the programme gladly, but turn away exceeding sorrowful from the conditions of its realisation. Such a radical re-organisation of society, as is implied in giving the means of healthy and noble life to the family of the poorest lout amongst us, is frankly impossible, without relieving other portions of society from those hindrances to spiritual health and nobleness offered by the unlimited command of luxuries and opportunities for self-indulgence. We may believe honestly that the burden of the needful sacrifices will be much more equally distributed than the privileged fear or

than the disinherited allow themselves to hope. We may believe that the born lout will in our Utopia still enjoy all the simple animal pleasures of which lout nature is capable, and not enjoy them the less for having to earn them by hard work instead of costly play. But the lout who has been born to the purple will howl when it is proposed to take his play-things from him. And the pauperised descendant of a dozen louts will not see at once what our social revolution has done for him, since it has not turned the world into a casual ward with free rations of beer and tobacco.

In the ideal society the work done will be somewhat less and somewhat different from that of to-day, the wages may be somewhat more and very differently apportioned, but life can never be delightful for the generations to come, unless these generations grow into a complete and willing acceptance of their destiny and the portion of work and wages which it brings. It is conceivable that, as in the golden age men or gods rejoiced in the simple consciousness of life and love, in the keenness of sense, the exuberance of vigour, the natural gratification of impulse, appetite or passion, so in these latter days the human race may again bring itself into harmony with the conditions of its existence, and men may work gladly because it is in their power to work, and the indulgence of faculty is pleasurable; may accept gladly their share in the fruits of the common toil, because intelligent work has left an appetite for varied food for soul and body; and over and above all this, may have their minds set to endure boldly and not uncheerfully, whatever sacrifices of momentary inclination their varied tasks exact, because of the one dominant and overruling principle, which gives meaning and unity to the whole of life and radiance to its darkest passages, the belief, or rather the feeling, *the sensation*, if the gods let it go so far with us, the consciousness pervading the whole nature that, though it is well to love our work and well to enjoy our wages, the one thing needful is for the work to be good and serviceable, done freely and in love of those who use, not those who pay it.

No revolution could be more complete than this. No revolution stopping at externals can be so complete. No price would be too great to pay for a result that would be cheap at the cost of ten hundred million martyrdoms. But the goal is a long way off, and there are so many mountains, seas, rivers, swamps and jungles between us and it that the small bands which start upon the journey may well differ as to the quickest route. Moreover, in this Utopia there are "many mansions," and not a few hot disciples have chosen their reward in advance, and would think their labour lost unless they landed in Paradise at the very meridian of their choice. So that their faces are set that way and their feet help to make a beaten pathway, shall we stop them while we argue that Paradise is a wider continent than they imagine? In this matter we have a right to count as our allies every one who desires in its completeness the results that we do, however much he may differ as to the means of reaching them,—no honest reaching towards them can throw them further back; we may count also every one who desires any part of these results, though they may not guess that the whole and the parts are inseparable; and lastly, every one who without knowingly aiming at the remote result, yet sweeps a crossing, paves a swamp, or spans a streamlet, on the way to some harmless little post house which, all unbeknown to the good provincial, lies one stage further along the road to the true new world of equal rights and equal duties and equal satisfaction for unequal powers and cravings.

EDITH SIMCOX.

# On a certain Passage of Vergil.

IT is always a little dangerous to boast of the superiority of modern to ancient times. Some latter day prophet is ever at hand to point to our sins daily growing worse, and to the essential rottenness of our morality under the thin veneer of culture or taste. Carlyle long flourished amidst enthusiastic admirers principally on the strength of that one cry. "These sad times,"—in which cant, shoddy, unveracity, infidelity, and other screech-owl phantasms, made up the lives of ninety-nine in a hundred of us,—gave a never exhausted text to this prophet preaching in the wilderness. The student of literature perhaps may have comforted himself by the observation that the superiority of past ages had been a theme of every writer from Homer to Carlyle himself; and by the reflection that in no age of which he had ever studied the records did he find any sensible diminution of deeds of meanness, cruelty, lust and rapine. Nevertheless, the gospel of increasing depravity is generally popular. There is a certain pleasure in self-depreciation when it is not too personal; and a kind of sad satisfaction in noticing that other people are very wicked. It sets our own vices, which we regard with a gentle regret almost amounting to toleration, in a more favourable light; and our virtues, for which we have secretly an affectionate regard, in sharper relief.

There is one point, however, in which I feel some boldness in claiming for our century, or even for our generation, a sensible advance in the direction of good. In no age I believe has there been so much genuine feeling for animals. The feeling has been evinced in what some would hold to be fantastical excess by such bodies as the Vegetarians, and the Anti-vivisectionists. But it is neverthe-

less a true and fine feeling. There have been Vegetarians before, but they have principally grounded their teaching on economical or dietetic arguments, or, as the Pythagoreans, on mystic-religious assumptions. The modern Vegetarian appeals above all things to the duty of sparing dumb animals pain and terror; and it is on the horrors of the shambles that he rests his most moving appeals. The Anti-vivisectionists indeed insist on the uselessness of the torture inflicted; but, in the face of the assertions of science, that argument I fancy would avail with few. It is the feeling that we have no *right* to inflict the torture, or purchase the gain at such a price, that I believe has won such adherents as the cause has gained.

That animals have rights and moral claims upon us is an essentially modern idea. The author of the delightful "Rab and his Friends" struck a true cord, which vibrated in many hearts. His friends became the friends of thousands; and such union will outweigh mountains of argument. I think that we shall search antiquity with very little result for the trace of any such feeling. Animals have been regarded by some with superstitious reverence little akin to love, as by the Egyptians or Hindoos; or again as the mere tools and slaves of man, as by the mass of European nations; but a brotherhood, and a right to pity forbearance and equal justice has been nowhere conceded to them. Perhaps in all the writings of antiquity the nearest approach to this is the relation of the Eastern Shepherd and his sheep. In the vast solitudes bordering on the desert, the shepherd wandered many a lonely mile with no companion but his fleecy charge, he came to feel a union and a fellowship with them which the dweller in cities could not understand. And no words have come nearer to the hearts of millions than the references to the shepherd's life and his care of his flock scattered through the Psalms; or still more the imagery in the New Testament of the Good Shepherd, whose voice his sheep know; who knows his sheep, and is known of them;

who cares for his flock; who goes into the wilderness to find one straggler, and carries it in his arms; who, finally, lays down his life for his flock. But with this exception, (much modified by the reflection that after all a shepherd eats his sheep,) though the habits of animals are noted, there is not I think much trace in the Hebrew Scriptures of any close union between man and beast. Animals are chattels or food or victims, not friends or fellow creatures.

In the Iliad we have the horses that weep over the body of Patroclus; and in the Odyssey the touching picture of Ulysses' old hound, grown old and neglected in his absence, who is the first to recognise his old master, and 'wagged his tail to greet him, and drooped his ears.' Ulysses, indeed, let fall a tear, but passed on, and the old hound just dropped down and died with that one look at his master after twenty years. It would be hard to point out many more passages in Greek literature that indicated any strong feeling existing between man and beast, unless the fables of Æsop and such tales as that of Androcles and the lion, may count on that side. It may be worth speculation whether the practice of sacrifice, especially on a large scale, had not something to do with hardening man's hearts towards beasts, as assuredly the slaughter of beasts in the Roman Amphitheatres, and of bulls and horses in Spain, have had an effect of that kind. Cicero, in this as in many ways ahead of his generation in moral feeling, had hinted an opinion of the cruelty of these shows. But he is almost alone in his views: and the objections entertained by the early Christian teachers to them were rather on the ground of the persecution of which they were made the instrument, and of the immorality which the Theatre and Amphitheatre encouraged, than to the cruelty to the beasts. Just as in later times Macaulay affirms that the Puritans objected to bear-baiting not because it was painful to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator. I do not know any other signs in Latin literature of a kindly or noble feeling towards animals;

Catullus' lament over the sparrow's death has more feeling for the mistress than the bird. Indeed, the keeping of pet birds, pet dogs, and pet lambs is no more a sign of a true feeling for animals, than the taste for splendidly bound books as a proof of a love for literature, or the liking to have a well trimmed garden a sign of a love of nature.*

The poets of the early part of this century, especially Shelley and Wordsworth, in a manner inaugurated the modern feeling, preceded perhaps by Cowper. There has always seemed to me so nothing hollow and false in Pope's—

> "The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
> Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last he plucks the flowery food,
> And licks the hand upraised to shed his blood!

He sees the tragic situation without feeling it, and is thinking much more of illustrating his argument than of pitying the lamb. And even Tennyson sees in "Pity for a horse o'er driven, and love in which my hound has part," a feeling on a lower range. Byron exalted dogs that he might lower man; Landor wept for his Pomeranian spaniel as a badge of eccentricity; Kingsley loved animals deeply, but his instincts as a sportsman were as strong as his love, like the love of William the Conqueror for the tall deer which never made his arrow glance aside from its heart. But in Shelley and Wordsworth love and pity for animals were real passions, not centred on individual pets but embracing "the meanest thing that lives." And if men of science have countenanced some cruelty in vivisection, on the other hand the influence that scientific speculations, such as those of Darwin for instance, have had in interesting mankind in their humbler fellow creatures is beyond calculation.

* Plutarch seems to apologise for feeling roused by the distress of dumb animals. When the Athenians were evacuating Athens, "even the tame "domestic animals could not be seen without some pity running along the "shore and howling, as their masters were embarking, among which a "dog belonging to Xanthippus, would not endure to stay behind, but "leaped into the sea and swam along by the galley's side till he came to "the Island of Salamis, where he fainted away and died, and that spot in "the Island, which is still called the Dog's Grave, is said to be this dog's "burying place."—*Plutarch Them*, 10.

But it is time to come to our lines of Vergil, and to see whether he who dwelt lovingly on every aspect of nature known to him ever felt this brotherhood to beasts. No doubt consciously he felt little of it. It never occurred to him that there was any cruelty in the spectacle of an ox slaughtered at the altar in the presence of a holiday crowd, even when the blow was awkwardly given and the poor beast broke bellowing away. But nevertheless he felt the mute tragedy of their lives. He describes, as every one knows, a great cattle-plague in the third book of his Georgics in a passage of great power and singular minuteness. Among other incidents he tells how it frequently happened that as a pair of oxen was dragging the plough through the furrow one of them would suddenly drop drown and die. The ploughman sadly unyokes the survivor. The stricken beast lies uttering his last groans; no more can meadow land or pure stream touch his heart, his head lies heavily, and his eyes grow dim.

Quid labor aut benefacta juvant? quid vomere terras,
Invertisse gravis? at qui non Massica Bacchi
Munera non illis epulæ nocuere repostæ
Frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbæ
Pocula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita cursu,
Flumina, nec somnos abrumpit cura salubres.*

These lines have often struck me as conveying a quite unusual sense of sympathy for the animal itself, as opposed to human loss caused caused by its death. As he thinks of the poor beast lying helpless, the poet sees its glazing eye, and its mute, helpless appeal; he thinks of all he has done for man now so powerless to help him; he remembers the sweet naturalness and temperance of his life, and involuntarily compares it with with the intemperance and ambition which in the case of men bring their own punishment while they diminish the claim to pity. The fancy of the poet in

* Vergil G. iii. 525-530. What profit now his toil or his good services? What boots it to have turned the heavy soil with the ploughshare? And yet *they* got no harm from the Massic gifts of Bacchus, or banquets set out in State. Their cups are limpid fountains and streams that ever flow; and no anxious thought breaks their health-giving slumbers.

fact is concentrated on the sufferings of the animal as it might be were he describing a like death of a human creature. He feels for the moment not only the tragedy of the animal's death, but that of his life: the patient toil, the innocence and cleanness of diet, the freedom from remorse. We are in a higher atmosphere of thought in regard to him. Not as a chattel whose loss will touch our pocket, not as one useful drudge the less, but as a fellow-creature whose history we can know and feel, do we learn to regard this dying ox. We forget for the moment the price of cattle, and the stock for the farm; and think for a time only of the life and death of a breathing sentient being; and a real tragedy is for once presented to us without that human element which in our selfishness we usually assume to be necessary for the calling forth of genuine feeling. It is true that in the lines which follow this passage Vergil descants upon the failure of cattle for sacrifice, and the loss and distress entailed on men; but still the passage is complete in itself, and for the moment puts aside these considerations, and for a space concentrates our thoughts and sympathies on the animal. If this is the highest and purest reach of the poet's imagination in his dealings with brutes, we are glad to take him at his best, and believe that if he could so feel once he could do so often.

There is another suggestive phrase in the lines which I imagine must appeal to the mental experience of many. *Nec somnos abrumpit cura salubres*, "Nor does anxious thought break short their health-giving slumbers." I think many a man sick with anxious forboding, or tortured by remorseful memories, must often have watched animals active, eager and unconscious, and envied them for their clear enjoyment of vitality, their perfect naturalness, and, if one may use the phrase, their unclouded consciences. I do not say that this is a high or noble phase of thought, but it is one that many have passed through, and it is finely taught by the poet's unerring hand.

E. S. SHUCKBURGH.

# An Unsocial Socialist.

## Chapter V.

WHAT had passed between Smilash and Henrietta remained unknown except to themselves. Agatha's last glance as she left them had fallen upon Henrietta clasping his neck in her arms; but she had not waited to hear the exclamation of "Sidney, Sidney," which followed, nor to see him press her face to his breast in his anxiety to stifle her voice as he said, "My darling love, dont screech, I implore you. Confound it, we shall have the whole pack here in a moment. Hush!"

"Dont leave me again, Sidney," she cried with heartrending earnestness, clinging faster to him as his perplexed gaze, wandering towards the entrance to the shrubbery, seemed to forsake her. A din of voices in that direction precipitated his irresolution.

"We must run away, Hetty," he said. "Hold fast about my neck, and dont strangle me. Now then." He lifted her upon his shoulder, and ran swiftly through the grounds. When they were stopped by the wall, he placed her atop of it, scrambled over, and made her jump into his arms. Then he staggered off with her across the fields, gasping out, in reply to the inarticulate remonstrances which burst from her as he stumbled and reeled at every hillock, "Your weight is increasing at the rate of a stone a minute, my love. If you stoop you will break my back. Oh Lord, here's a ditch!"

"Let me down," screamed Henrietta in an ecstasy of de-

light and apprehension. "You will hurt yourself, and—Oh *do* take——"

He struggled through a dry ditch as she spoke, and emerged upon a grassy place which bordered the tow-path of the canal. Here he seated her on the bank of a hollow where the moss was dry and soft; threw himself down at full length before her; and said, panting,

"I hope Nessus, when he carried off Dejanira, had better wind than I. Whew! Well, my darling; are you glad to see me again?"

"But—"

"But me no buts, unless you wish me to vanish again and for ever. Wretch that I am, I have longed for you unspeakably more than once since I ran away from you. You didn't care, of course."

"I did. I did indeed. Why did you leave me, Sidney?"

"Lest a worse thing might befall. Come, dont let us waste the few minutes we have left in explanations. Give me a kiss."

"Then you are going to leave me again. Oh, Sidney —"

"Never mind to-morrow, Hetty. Be like the sun and the meadow, which are not in the least concerned about the coming winter. Why do you stare at that cursed canal, blindly dragging its load of filth from place to place until it pitches it into the sea—just as a crowded street pitches its load into the cemetery? Stare at me, and give me a kiss."

She gave it, and said coaxingly, with her arm still upon his shoulder, "You only talk that way to frighten me, Sidney: I know you do."

"You are the bright sun of my senses," he said, embracing her. "I feel my heart and brain wither in your smile; and I fling them to you for your prey with exultation. How happy I am to have a wife who does not despise me for doing so,—who rather loves me the more!"

"Dont be silly," said Henrietta, smiling vacantly. Then, stung by a half intuition of his meaning, she repulsed him and said angrily, "*You* despise *me*."

"Not more than I despise myself; nor so much: for many emotions that seem base from within, seem lovable from without."

"You intend to leave me again. I feel it. I know it."

"You think you know it because you feel it. Not a bad reason, either!"

"Then you are going to leave me?"

"Do you not feel it and know it? Yes, my cherished Hetty, I assuredly am."

She broke into wild exclamations of grief; and he drew her head down, and kissed her with a tender action which she could not resist, and a wry face which she did not see.

"I must explain myself in choice commonplaces, Hetty. I see that you dont understand me."

"I only understand that you hate me, and want to go away from me."

"That would be easy to understand. But the strangeness is that I love you and want to go away from you. Not for ever. Only for a time."

"But I dont want you to go away. I wont let you go away," she said, a trace of fierceness mingling with her tone of entreaty. "Why do you want to leave me if you love me?"

"How do I know? I can no more tell you the whys and wherefores of myself than I can lift myself up by the waistband and carry myself into the next county, as some one challenged a speculator in perpetual motion to do. I am too much a pessimist to believe in my own affections. Do you know what a pessimist is?"

"A man who thinks everybody as nasty as himself, and hates them for it."

"So, or thereabout. I have floated down the stream of my thoughts; sometimes holding the helm, keeping a watchful look out ahead, and steering carefully; sometimes making love to you and letting myself drift. Steering or drifting, I have been steadily gathering a conviction that the state of

things in which we live is a bad state of things, likely to become worse if it be left in the hands of the men who admire it because they profit by it. Such hopes as I have are in those who suffer by it. Modern English polite society, which is my native sphere, seems to me to be as corrupt as consciousness of culture and absence of honesty can make it. A canting, lie loving, fact hating, scribbling, chattering, wealth hunting, pleasure hunting, celebrity hunting mob; who, having lost the fear of hell, and not replaced it by the love of justice, care for nothing but the lion's share of the wealth extorted under threat of starvation from the hands of the classes who create it.—If you interrupt me with a silly speech, Hetty, I will pitch you into the canal, and die of sorrow for my lost love afterwards. You know what I am, according to the conventional description:—a gentleman with lots of money. Do you know the wicked origin of that money and that gentility?'

"Oh, Sidney, have you been doing anything?"

"No, my best beloved: I am a gentleman, and have been doing nothing. That a man can do so and not starve is not even a paradox now-a-days. Every halfpenny I possess is stolen money; but it has been stolen in a strictly legal fashion; and, what is of some practical importance to you, I have no means of restoring it to the rightful owners even if I felt inclined to. Do you know what my father was?"

"What difference can that make now? Don't be disagreeable and full of ridiculous fads, Sidney dear. I didn't marry your father."

"No; but you married—only incidentally, of course—my father's fortune. That necklace of yours was purchased with his money; and I can almost fancy stains of blood—"

"Stop, Sidney. I don't like this sort of romancing. It's all nonsense. *Do* be nice to me."

"There are stains of sweat on it, I know."

"You nasty wretch!"

"I am thinking, not of you, my dainty one, but of the un-

fortunate devils who slave that we may live idly. Let me explain to you why we are so rich. My father was a shrewd, energetic, and ambitious Manchester man, who understood an exchange of any sort as a transaction by which one man should lose and the other gain. He made it his object to make as many exchanges as possible, and to be always the gaining party in them. I do not know exactly what he was; for he was ashamed of his antecedents, and of his relatives; from which I can only infer that they were honest and therefore unsuccessful people. However, he acquired some knowledge of the cotton trade, saved some money, and, as he accurately told me afterwards, started *for himself*. He bought a factory and some raw cotton. Now you must know that a man, by labouring some time on a piece of raw cotton, can turn it into a piece of manufactured cotton fit for making into sheets and shifts and the like. The manufactured cotton is more valuable than the raw cotton, because the manufacture costs wear and tear of machinery, wear and tear of the factory and rent of the ground it is built on, and human labor, or wear and tear of live men, which has to be made good by food, shelter, and rest. Do you understand that?"

"We used to learn all about it at college. I dont see what it has to do with us, since you are not in the cotton trade."

"You learned as much as it was thought safe to teach you, no doubt; but not quite all, I should think. When my father started for himself, there were many men in Manchester who were willing to labour in this way; but they had no factory to work in, no machinery to work with, and no raw cotton to work on, because they had no money to buy these things with. They hadnt saved as he had, because they were unlucky and couldnt; or destitute of his relish for a bargain, and wouldnt; or uneducated and didnt know how; or perhaps too drunken or stupid; or, again, very possibly occupied with nobler aims and higher thoughts. At any rate they didnt; and so they found themselves with gaping stomachs,

shivering limbs, and hungry wives and children, in a place called their own country, and in which nevertheless every scrap of ground and every source of subsistence was tightly locked up in the hands of others and guarded by armed soldiers and policemen. In this helpless condition, they were ready to beg for access to a factory and to raw cotton on any conditions compatible with life. My father offered them the use of his factory, his machines, and his raw cotton, on the following conditions. They were to work long and hard, early and late, to add fresh value to the raw cotton by manufacturing it. Out of the value thus created by them, they were to recoup him for what he supplied them with, rent, shelter, gas, water, machinery, raw cotton—everything; and to pay him for his own services as superintendent, manager, and salesman. So far he asked nothing but just remuneration. But after this had been paid, a balance due solely to their own labour remained. 'Out of this,' said my father, 'you shall keep just enough to save you from starving; and the rest you shall make me a present of to reward me for my virtue in saving money. Such is the bargain I propose. It is, in my opinion, fair and calculated to encourage thrifty habits. If it does not strike you in that light, you can get a factory and raw cotton for yourselves: you shall not use mine.' In other words, they might go to the devil and starve—Hobson's choice! The Manchester men could not bear to starve or to see their children starve; and so they accepted his terms and went into the factory. They created great wealth by their labour, and lived on very little, so that the balance they gave for nothing to my father was large. He bought more cotton, and more machinery, and built more factories with it; employed more men to make wealth for him; and saw his fortune increase like a rolling snowball. He prospered enormously; but the workmen were no better off than at first, and they dared not rebel and demand more of the money they had made, for there were always plenty of starving wretches outside willing to take

their places on the old terms. Sometimes he met with a check; as when he made the men, in his eagerness to increase his store, manufacture more cotton than the public needed; or when he could not get enough of raw cotton, as happened during the civil war in America. Then he adapted himself to circumstances by turning away as many workmen as he could not find cotton or customers for; and they, of course, starved or subsisted on charity. During the war time a big subscription was got up for these poor wretches; and my father subscribed one hundred pounds, in spite, he said, of his own great losses. Then he bought new machines, and, as women and children could work these as well as men, and were less troublesome, he turned away about seventy out of every hundred of his *hands* (so he called the men), and replaced them by their wives and children, who made money for him faster than ever. By this time he had given up managing the factories, and paid clever fellows who had no money of their own a few hundreds a year to do it for him. He also purchased shares in other concerns conducted on the same principle; pocketed dividends made by men whom he had never seen in countries which he had never visited; bought a seat in Parliament from a poor and corrupt constituency, and helped to preserve the laws by which he had thriven. Afterwards, when his wealth grew famous, he had less need to bribe; for modern men worship the rich as gods, and will elect a man as one of their rulers for no other reason than that he is a millionaire. He studied gentility, lived in a palace at Kensington, and bought a part of Scotland to make a deer forest of. It is easy enough to make a deer forest, in which trees are not necessary. He simply drove off the peasants, destroyed their houses, and made a desert of the land. However, he did not shoot much himself: he generally let the forest out by the season to those who did. He purchased a wife of gentle blood too, with the unsatisfactory result now before you. That is how my father, a poor Manchester tradesman, contrived to become a plutocrat and

gentleman of landed estate. And also how I, who never did a stroke of work in my life, am overburdened with wealth; whilst the children of the men who made that wealth are slaving as their fathers slaved, or starving, or in the workhouse, or on the streets, or the deuce knows where. What do you think of that, my love?"

"What is the use of worrying about it, Sidney? It cannot be helped now. Besides, if your father saved money, and the others were improvident, he deserved to make a fortune."

"Granted; but he didn't make a fortune; he took a fortune that others had made. At Cambridge they taught me that his profits were the reward of abstinence—the abstinence which enabled him to save. That quieted my conscience until I began to wonder why one man should make another pay him for exercising one of the cardinal virtues. Then came the question—what did my father abstain from? The workmen abstained from meat, drink, fresh air, good clothes, decent lodging, holidays, money, the society of their families, and pretty nearly everything that makes life worth living. Yet no one rewarded them for their abstinence. The reward came to my father, who abstained from none of these things, but indulged in them all to his heart's content. Besides, if the money was the reward of abstinence, it seemed logical to infer that he must abstain ten times as much when he had a hundred thousand a-year as when he had only ten thousand. Here was a problem for my young mind. Required, something from which my father abstained and in which his workmen exceeded, and which he abstained from more and more as he grew richer and richer. The only thing that answered this description was hard work; and as I never met a sane man willing to pay another for idling, I began to think that abstinence was a polite name for unscrupulous greed. To do my father justice, he never boasted of abstinence. He considered himself a hard worked man, and claimed his fortune as the reward of his risks, his calculations, his anxieties, and

the journeys he had had to make at all seasons and at all hours. This comforted me somewhat until it occurred to me that if he had lived a century earlier, invested his money in a horse and a pair of pistols, and taken to the road; his object—that of extorting from others the fruits of their labour without rendering them an equivalent—would have been exactly the same, and his risk far greater; for it would have included risk of the gallows. Constant travelling, accelerated by the pursuit of the constable, would have been unavoidable; and calculations of the chances of robbing the Dover mail would hardly have been unattended with anxiety. On the whole, if John Trefusis, M.P., who died a millionaire in his palace at Kensington, had been a highwayman, I could not look with greater loathing on the social arrangements which rendered such a career as his not only possible, but eminently creditable to himself in popular estimation. Most men make it their business to imitate him, hoping to become rich and idle on the same terms. Therefore I turn my back on them. I cannot sit at their feasts knowing how much they cost in human misery, and seeing how little they produce of human happiness. What is your opinion, my treasure?"

Henrietta seemed a little troubled. She smiled faintly, and said caressingly, "It was not your fault, Sidney. I dont blame you."

"Immortal powers!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright, and appealing to the skies, "here is a woman who believes that the only concern all this causes me is whether she thinks any the worse of me personally on account of it!"

"No, no, Sidney. It is not I alone. Nobody thinks the worse of you for it."

"Quite so," he returned, in a sort of polite frenzy. "Nobody sees any harm in it. That is precisely the mischief of it."

"Besides," she urged, "your mother belonged to one of the oldest families in England."

"And what more can man desire than descent from a

county family! Could a man be happier than I ought to be: sprung as I am from monopolists of all the necessaries of life—of land on the one side, and of machinery on the other? This very land on which we are resting was the property of my mother's father. At least the law allowed him to use it as such. When he was a boy, there was a fairly prosperous race of peasants settled here, tilling the soil, paying him rent for permission to do so, and making enough out of it to satisfy his large wants and their own narrow needs without working themselves to death. But my grandfather was a shrewd man. He perceived that cows and sheep produced more money by their meat and wool than peasants by their husbandry. So he cleared the estate. That is, he drove the peasants from their homes, as my father did afterwards in his Scotch deer forest. Or, as his tombstone puts it, he developed the resources of his country. I don't know what became of the peasants: *he* didn't know, and, I presume, didn't care. I suppose the old ones went into the workhouse, and the young ones crowded the towns, and worked for men like my father in factories. Their places were taken by cattle, who paid for their food so well, that my grandfather, getting my father to take shares in the enterprise, hired labourers on the Manchester terms to cut that canal for him. So he took toll upon it, and his heirs still take toll; and the sons of the navvies who dug it and of the engineer who designed it pay the toll when they have occasion to travel by it, or to purchase goods which have been conveyed along it. I remember my grandfather well. He was a well-bred man, and a perfect gentleman in his manners; but, on the whole, I think he was a wickeder man than my father, who, after all, was caught in the wheels of a vicious system, and had either to spoil others or be spoiled by them. But my grandfather—the old rascal!—was in no such dilemma. Master as he was of his bit of merry England, no man could have enslaved him; and he might at least have lived and let live. My father followed his example in the matter

of the deer forest; but that was the climax of his wickedness, whereas it was only the beginning of my grandfather's. Howbeit, whichever bears the palm, there they were, landholder and slaveholder, the types after which we all strive."

"Not all, Sidney. Not we two. I hate tradespeople and country squires. We belong to the artistic and cultured classes; and we can keep aloof from shopkeepers."

"Living, meanwhile, at the rate of several thousand a year on rent and interest. No, my dear; that is the way of those people who insist that when they are in heaven they shall be spared the recollection of such a place as hell, but who are quite content that it shall exist outside their consciousness. And as to your friends the artists, they are the worst of all."

"Oh, Sidney, you are determined not to be pleased. Artists dont keep factories."

"No; but the factory is only part of the machinery of the system. Its basis is the tyranny of brain force, which has usurped the supremacy once probably held by brute force. The old social proposition was, 'I am stronger than you; therefore you shall pay me tribute.' The new is, 'I am cleverer than you; therefore you shall pay me tribute.' Such a state of things is bad enough in itself; but it becomes intolerable when the mediocre or foolish descendants of these clever men claim to have inherited their privileges. Now, no men are greater sticklers for the arbitrary privileges of genius and talent than your artists. The great painter is not satisfied with being sought after and admired because his hands can do more than ordinary hands, which they truly can; but he wants to be fed as if his stomach needed more food than ordinary stomachs, which it does not. A day's work is a day's work, neither more nor less; and the man who does it needs a day's sustenance, a night's repose, and due leisure, whether he be painter or ploughman. But the rascal of a painter, poet, novelist, or other voluptuary in labour, is

not content with the advantage which he has in popular esteem over the ploughman : he also wants an advantage in money, as if there were more hours in a day spent in the studio or library than in the field ; or as if he needed more food to enable him to do his work than the ploughman to enable him to do his. He talks of the higher quality of his work, as if the higher quality of it were of his own making! —as if it gave him a right to more than his share of his neighbour's toil!—as if the ploughman could not do better without him than he without the ploughman !—as if the value of the most celebrated pictures has not been questioned more than that of any straight furrow in the arable world!—as if it did not take an apprenticeship of as many years to train the hand and eye of a mason or ploughman as that of an artist!—as if, in short, the fellow were a god, as canting brain worshippers have for years past been assuring him he is. Artists are the high priests of the modern Moloch. The only quality of theirs which extorts my respect is a certain sublime selfishness which makes them willing to starve and to let their families starve, sooner than do anything they dont like.—But I am wasting time. It is useless and unjust to reproach men who cannot help themselves. I am myself a capitalist and landlord, and have absolutely no means of escape from that position except by giving away my slaves to fellows who will use them no better than I, and becoming a slave myself; which, if you please, you shall not catch me doing in a hurry. No, my beloved, I will keep it for your sake as well as for my own. But you do not care about all this economic stuff. I am consumed with remorse for having bored my darling. You want to know why I am living here like a hermit in a vulgar corduroy coat instead of tasting the delights of London society with my beautiful and devoted young wife."

"But you don't intend to stay here, Sidney."

"Yes, I do; and I will tell you why. I am helping to liberate those Manchester labourers who were my father's

slaves. In order to bring that about, it is necessary that their fellow slaves all over the world unite in a vast international association of men pledged to do no more than their fair share of work, and to accept nothing short of the just value of that share in return for it. This is a very difficult thing to accomplish; because working men, like the people called their betters, do not always understand their own interests; and will often actually help their oppressors to exterminate their saviours to the tune of "Rule Britannia," or some such lying doggrel. We must educate them out of that, and, meanwhile, push forward the international association of labourers diligently. I am at present occupied in propagating its principles. Brain force would very soon stop the association if it understood its aims; but it thinks that we are engaged in gunpowder plots and conspiracies to assassinate crowned heads; and whilst the police are blundering in search of evidence of these, our real work goes on unmolested. Whether I am really advancing the cause is more than I can say. I use a great many postage stamps; pay the expenses of a great many indifferent lecturers; defray the cost of publishing reams of pamphlets and handbills which hail the labourer flatteringly as the salt of the earth; write and edit a little socialist journal; and do what lies in my power generally. I had rather spend my ill-gotten wealth in this way than in an expensive house and a retinue of servants. And I prefer my corduroys and my two-roomed chalet to our pretty little house, and your pretty little ways, and my pretty little neglect of the work that my heart is set upon. I find that Jeff Smilash can do that work more thoroughly in his hermitage than Sidney Trefusis; and so I will remain Jeff Smilash. But some day I will take a holiday; and then we shall have a new honeymoon."

Henrietta looked for a moment as if she were going to cry. Suddenly she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I will stay with you, Sidney. I will share your work, whatever it may be. I will dress as a dairymaid, and have a little pail to carry

about. The world is nothing to me except when you are with me; and I would love to live here and sketch from nature."

He blenched, and, unable to conceal his dismay, partially rose. She, resolved not to be cast off, seized him and clung to him. It was this movement which excited the derision of Wickens's boy in the adjacent gravel pit. Trefusis was glad of the interruption; and when he gave the boy twopence, and bade him begone, he half hoped that he would insist on remaining. But, though an obdurate boy on most occasions, he proved amenable on this, and withdrew to the highroad, where he made over one of his pennies to an imaginary opponent, and tossed with him until recalled from his dual state by the appearance of Fairholme and his party.

In the meantime, Henrietta had returned to her proposition with increased urgency.

"We should be so happy," she said. "I would housekeep for you; and you could work as much as you pleased. Our life would be a long idyll."

"My love," he said, shaking his head as she looked beseechingly at him, "I have too much Manchester cotton in my constitution for long idylls. And the truth is, that the first condition of work with me is your absence. When you are with me I can do nothing but make love to you. You bewitch me. When I escape from you for a moment it is only to groan remorsefully over the hours you have tempted me to waste, and the energy you have futilized—so to speak, as Smilash would say."

"If you wont live with me, you had no right to marry me."

"True. But that is not your fault nor mine. We have found that we love each other too much—that our intercourse hinders everything that makes for righteousness in us; and we must therefore part. Not for ever, my dear; but until you have cares and business of your own to fill up your life and prevent you from wasting mine."

"I believe you are mad," she said petulantly.

"The world is mad nowadays, and is galloping to the deuce as fast as competition in greed can goad it. I merely stand out of the rush, not liking its destination. Here comes a barge, the commander of which is devoted to me because he believes that I am organizing a revolution for the abolition of lock dues and tolls. We will go aboard and float down to Lyvern, from whence you can return to London. You had better telegraph from the junction to the college:—there must be a hue and cry out after us by this time. You shall have my address; and we can write to one another or see one another whenever we please. Or you can divorce me for deserting you."

"You would like me to, I know," said Henrietta, sobbing.

"I should die of despair, my darling," he said complacently. "Ship aho-o-o-y! Stop crying, Hetty, for God's sake. You lacerate my very soul."

"Ah-o-o-o-o-o-o-oy, master," roared the bargee.

"Good arternoon, sir," said a man with a short whip in his hand, who trudged beside the white horse which towed the barge. "Come up, there," he added malevolently to the horse.

"I want to get on board, and go up to Lyvern with you," said Trefusis. "He seems a well fed brute, that."

"Better fed than I am," said the man. "You cant get the work out of a underfed horse that you can out of a underfed man or woman. I have been in parts of England where women pulls the barges. They come cheaper than horses because it dont cost anything to get new ones when the old ones is wore out."

"Then of course it is proper to employ them," said Trefusis, "as the principle of buying labour in the cheapest market and selling it in the dearest has done so much to make Englishmen—what they are. Nice women these barge haulers must be!"

"Rum ones," said the man, with a cunning laugh. "Summat of a cross betwixt a woman and a horse."

"This man is one of my converts," said Trefusis apart to Henrietta. "He told me the other day that, since I set him thinking, he never sees a gentleman without feeling inclined to heave a brick at him. I find that Socialism is often misunderstood by its least intelligent supporters and opponents to mean simply unlimited opportunities of indulging the propensity to heave bricks at respectable persons with impunity. Now I am going to carry you along this plank. If you keep quiet, we shall reach the barge. If not, we shall reach the bottom of the canal."

He carried her safely over, and exchanged some friendly words with the bargee. Then he took Henrietta forward, and stood watching the water as they were borne along noiselessly between the hilly pastures of the country.

"This would be a fairy journey," he said, "if one could forget the woman down below, cooking her husband's dinner in a stifling hole about as big as your wardrobe, and—"

"Oh, don't talk any more of these things," she said crossly: "I cannot help them. I have my own troubles to think of. *Her* husband lives with her."

"She will change places with you, my dear, if you make her the offer."

She had no answer ready. After a pause he began to speak poetically of the scenery, and to offer her lover-like speeches and compliments. But she turned away and sat down on a pile of bricks, only writhing angrily when he pressed her for a word. As they neared the end of her voyage, and her intense protest against his desertion remained, as she thought, only half expressed, her sense of injury grew almost unbearable.

They landed on a wharf, and went through an unswept, deeply rutted lane up to the main street of Lyvern. Here he became Smilash again, walking deferentially a little before her, as if she had hired him to point out the way. She then

saw that her last opportunity of appealing to him was gone by; and she nearly burst into tears at the thought. It occurred to her that she might prevail upon him by making a scene in public. But the street was a busy one; and she was a little afraid of him. Neither consideration would have checked her in one of her ungovernable moods; but now she was in an abject one. Her moods seemed to come only when they were likely to be harmful to her. She suffered herself to be put into the railway omnibus, which was on the point of starting from the innyard when they arrived there; and though he touched his hat, asked whether she had any message to give him, and wished her a safe journey in a tender whisper, she would not look at him nor speak to him. So they parted, and he returned alone to the chalet, which he reached at the same moment as the two policemen who subsequently brought him to the college.

## CHAPTER VI.

The year wore on; and the long winter evenings set in. The studious young ladies at Alton College, who lived for the most part with their elbows on the desk and their hands over their ears, put fur tippets on their shoulders, and shuddered chillily whilst they loaded their memories with the statements of writers on moral science, or, like those who swim upon corks, reasoned out mathematical problems upon postulates. Whence it sometimes happened that the more reasonable a student was in mathematics, the more unreasonable she was in the affairs of real life, concerning which no reliable postulates have yet been ascertained.

Agatha, who was not studious, and who was apt to shiver in winter, began to break Rule No. 17 with increasing frequency. Rule No. 17 strictly forbad the students to enter the kitchen, or in any way to disturb the servants in the discharge of their duties. Agatha broke it because she was fond of toffee, fond of making it, fond of a good fire, fond of

doing any forbidden thing, and fond of the hearty applause with which the servants received her ventriloquial and musical entertainments. Gertrude accompanied her because she too liked toffee, and because she plumed herself on her condescension to her inferiors. Jane went because her two friends went; and the spirit of adventure, the force of example, and the love of toffee often brought more volunteers to these expeditions than Agatha thought it safe to enlist. One evening, Miss Wilson, going downstairs alone to her private wine cellar, was arrested near the kitchen by sounds of revelry, and, stopping to listen, overheard the castanet dance (which reminded her of the emphasis with which Agatha had snapped her fingers at Mrs. Miller), the bee on the window pane, 'Robin Adair' (encored by the servants), and an imitation of herself in the act of appealing to Jane Carpenter's better nature to induce her to study for the Cambridge Local. She waited until cold, and the fear of being discovered in the position of a spy, forced her to creep upstairs; guilty and ashamed of listening, of enjoying a silly performance, and of conniving at a breach of the rules rather then face a fresh quarrel with Agatha.

There was one particular in which matters between Agatha and the college discipline did not go on exactly as before. Although she had formerly supplied a disproportionately large number of the confessions in the Fault Book, the entry which had nearly procured her expulsion was the last she ever made in it. Not that her conduct was better: it was rather the reverse. Miss Wilson never mentioned the matter; the Fault Book being sacred from all allusion on her part. But she saw that though Agatha would not confess her own sins, she still assisted others to unburden their consciences. The witticisms with which Jane unsuspectingly enlivened the pages of the Recording Angel were conclusive on this point.

Smilash had now adopted a profession. In the last days of autumn he had whitewashed the chalet; paint-

ed the doors, windows, and veranda; repaired the roof and interior; and improved the place so much that the landlord, remarking that he could not reasonably expect to get a pretty, raintight dwelling house for the same money as a hardly habitable ruin, had warned him that the rent would be raised at the expiration of his twelvemonth's tenancy. Smilash had immediately promised to dilapidate it to its former state at the end of the year. He had put up a board at the gate with an inscription which was copied on some printed cards which he presented to persons who happened to converse with him.

JEFFERSON SMILASH,

PAINTER, DECORATOR, GLAZIER, PLUMBER & GARDENER.

*Pianofortes tuned. Domestic Engineering in all its Branches. Families waited upon (at table or otherwise.)*

CHAMOUNIX VILLA,
LYVERN.

The business thus announced, comprehensive as it was, did not flourish. When asked by the curious for testimony to his competence and respectability, he recklessly referred them to Fairholme, to Josephs, and in particular to Miss Wilson, who, he said, had known him from his earliest childhood. Fairholme, glad of an opportunity to show that he was no mealy mouthed parson, declared, when applied to, that Smilash was the greatest rogue in the country. Josephs, partly from benevolence, and partly from a vague fear that Smilash might at any moment take an action against him for defamation of character, said he had no doubt that he was an excellent workman, and that it would be a charity to give him some little job to encourage him. Miss Wilson con-

firmed Fairholme's account; and the church organist, who had tuned all the pianofortes in the neighbourhood once a year for nearly quarter of a century, denounced the newcomer as Jack of all trades and master of none. The result of this was that the radicals of Lyvern, a small and disreputable party, began to assert that there was no harm in the man, and that the parsons and Miss Wilson, who lived in a fine house and did nothing but take in the daughters of rich swells as boarders, might employ their leisure better than in taking the bread out of a poor workman's mouth. But as none of this faction needed the services of a domestic engineer, he was none the richer for their support; and the only patron he obtained was a housemaid who was leaving her situation at a country house in the vicinity, and wanted her box repaired, the lid having fallen off. Smilash demanded half a crown for the job; but, on her demurring, immediately apologized and came down to a shilling. For this sum he repainted the box; traced her initials on it; and affixed new hinges, a Bramah lock, and brass handles, at a cost to himself of ten shillings and several hours labor. The housemaid found fault with the colour of the paint; made him take off the handles, which, she said, reminded her of a coffin; complained that a lock with such a small key couldnt be strong enough for a large box; but admitted that it was all her own fault for not employing a proper man. It got about that he had made a poor job of the box; and as he, when taxed with this, emphatically confirmed it, he got no other commission; and his signboard served thenceforth only for the amusement of pedestrian tourists, and of shepherd boys with a taste for stone throwing.

One night a great storm blew over Lyvern; and those of the young ladies at Alton College who were afraid of lightning said their prayers with some earnestness. At half past twelve the rain, wind, and thunder made such a din, that Agatha and Gertrude wrapped themselves in shawls; stole downstairs to the window on the landing outside Miss

Wilson's study; and stood watching the momentary view of the landscape which each flash revealed, and discussing in whispers whether it was dangerous to stand near a window, and whether the brass stair-rods could attract lightning. Agatha, who was usually as serious and friendly with a single companion as she was mischievous and satirical before a larger audience, enjoyed the scene quietly. The lightning did not terrify her: for she knew little of the value of life, and fancied much concerning the heroism of being indifferent to it. The tremors which the more startling flashes caused her only gave reality to her sense of her own courage, already enhanced by the uneasiness of Gertrude, who at last, shrinking from a forked zigzag of blue flame, said,

"Let us go back to bed, Agatha. I feel sure that we are not safe here."

"Quite as safe as in bed, where we cannot see anything. How the house shakes! I believe the rain will batter in the windows before—"

"Hush," whispered Gertrude, catching her arm in terror. "What was that?"

"What?"

"I am sure I heard the bell—the gate bell. Oh, do let us go back to bed."

"Nonsense! Who would be out on such a night as this? Perhaps the wind rang it."

They waited for a few moments: Gertrude trembling; and Agatha feeling, as she listened in the darkness, a sensation familiar to persons who are afraid of ghosts. Presently a veiled clangor mingled with the wind. A few snatches of it, sharp and urgent, came unmistakeably from the bell at the gate of the college grounds. It was a loud bell, used to summon a servant from the college to open the gates; for though there was a porter's lodge, it was uninhabited.

"Who on earth can it be?" said Agatha, her uncanny sensations dispelled by the material source of the sound. "Can't they find the wicket, the idiots!"

"Oh, I hope not! Do come upstairs, Agatha."

"No, I wont. Go you, if you like." But Gertrude was afraid to go alone. "I think I will go and waken Miss Wilson, and tell her," continued Agatha. "It seems awful to shut anybody out on such a night as this."

"But we dont know who it is."

"Well, I suppose you are not afraid of them, in any case," said Agatha, knowing the contrary, but recognizing the convenience of shaming Gertrude into silence.

They listened again. The storm was now very boisterous; and they could not hear the bell. Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the house door. Gertrude screamed; and her cry was echoed from the rooms above, where several girls had heard the knocking also, and had been driven by it into the state of mind which accompanies the climax of a nightmare. Then a candle flickered on the stairs; and Miss Wilson's voice, reassuringly firm, was heard.

"Who is that?"

"It is I, Miss Wilson, and Gertrude. We have been watching the storm; and there is some one knocking at the——" A tremendous battery with the knocker, followed by a sound, confused by the gale, as of a man shouting, interrupted her.

"They had better not open the door," said Miss Wilson, in some alarm. "You are very imprudent, Agatha, to stand here. You will catch your death of—— Dear me! What can be the matter?"

She hurried down, followed by Agatha, Gertrude, and some of the braver students, to the hall, where they found a few shivering servants watching the housekeeper, who was at the keyhole of the house door, querulously asking who was there. She was evidently not heard by those without, for the knocking recommenced whilst she was speaking, and she recoiled as if she had received a blow on the mouth. Miss Wilson then rattled the chain to attract attention; and demanded again who there.

"Let us in, Miss Wilson," was returned in a hollow shout through the keyhole. "There is a dying woman and three children here. Open the door."

Miss Wilson heard, but was unready. To gain time, she replied, "I—I cant hear you. What do you say?"

"Damnation!" said the voice, speaking this time to someone outside. "They can't hear." And the knocking recommenced with increased urgency. Agatha, excited, caught Miss Wilson's dressing gown, and repeated to her what the voice had said. Miss Wilson had heard distinctly enough; and she felt, without knowing clearly why, that the door must be opened; but she was almost overmastered by a vague dread of what was to fellow. She began to undo the chain; and Agatha helped with the bolts. Two of the servants exclaimed that they were all about to be murdered in their beds, and ran away. A few of students, who were present because their curiosity had got the better of their cowardice, seemed inclined to follow their example. At last the door, loosed, was blown wide open, flinging Miss Wilson and Agatha back, and admitting a whirlwind which tore round the hall; snatched at the women's draperies; and blew out the lights. Agatha, by a flash of lightning, saw for an instant two men straining at the door like sailors at a capstan. Then she knew by the cessation of the whirlwind, and of her anxiety lest the next flash should reveal her ancles, that they had shut it. Matches were struck, the candles relighted, and the new comers clearly perceived.

Smilash, bareheaded, without a coat, his corduroy vest and trousers heavy with rain. A rough looking middle-aged man, poorly dressed like a herd, wet as Smilash, with the expression, piteous, patient, and desperate, of one hard driven by ill-fortune, and at the end of his resources. Two little children, a boy and a girl, almost naked, cowering under an old sack which had served them as an umbrella. And, lying on the settee where the two men had laid it, a heap of wretched wearing apparel, sacking, and rotten matting,

with Smilash's coat and sou'wester; the whole covering a bundle which presently proved to be an exhausted woman with a tiny infant at her breast. Smilash's expression, as he looked at her, was ferocious.

"Sorry for to trouble you, lady," said the man, after glancing anxiously at Smilash as if he had expected him to act as spokesman; "but my roof and the side of my house has gone in the storm; and my missis has been having another little one; and I am sorry to ill-convenience you, Miss, but—but—"

"Inconvenience!" exclaimed Smilash. "It is the lady's privilege to relieve you—her highest privilege! The higher in proportion to its cost."

The little boy here began to cry from mere misery; and the woman roused herself to say, "For shame, Tom! before the lady," and then collapsed, too weak to care for what might happen next in the world. Smilash looked impatiently at Miss Wilson, who hesitated, and said to him,

"What do you expect me to do?"

"Your duty," he replied. Then, with an explosion of nervous energy, he added, "Do what your heart tells you to do; and be sorry that you need do so little. Give your bed and your clothes to the woman; and let your girls pitch their moral science to the devil for a few days, and make something for these poor little creatures to wear. The poor have worked hard enough to cloth them. Let them take their turn now and clothe the poor."

"No, no. Steady, master," said the man, stepping forward to propitiate Miss Wilson, and evidently much oppressed by a sense of unwelcomeness. "It aint any fault of the lady's. Might I make so bold as to ask you to put this woman of mine anywhere that may be convenient until morning. Any sort of a place will do: she's accustomed to rough it. Just to have a roof over her until I find a room in the village where we can shake down." Here, led by his own words to contemplate the future, he looked deso-

lately round the cornice of the hall, as if it were a shelf on which somebody might have left a suitable lodging for him.

Miss Wilson turned her back decisively and contemptuously on Smilash. "I will keep your wife here," she said to the man. "Every care shall be taken of her. The children can stay until to-morrow."

"Three cheers for moral science," "cried Smilash, ecstatically breaking out into the outrageous dialect which he had forgotten in his wrath. "Wot was my words to you, neighbor, when I said we should bring your missis to the college; and you said ironical-like, 'Aye, and bloomin' glad they'll be to see us there.' Did I not say to you that the lady had a noble 'art, and would shew it when put to the test by sech a calamity as this?"

"Why should you bring my hasty words up agen me now, master, when the lady has been so kind?" said the man with emotion. "I am humbly grateful to you, Miss; and so is Bess. We are sensible of the ill-convenience we——"

Miss Wilson, who had been conferring with the housekeeper, cut his speech short by ordering him to help to carry his wife to bed, which he did with the assistance of Smilash, now jubilant. Whilst they were away, one of the servants, on being bidden to bring some blankets to the woman's room, refused, saying that she was not going to wait on that sort of people. Miss Wilson gave her warning almost fiercely to quit the college next day. This excepted, no ill will was shewn to the refugees. The young ladies were then requested to return to bed.

Meanwhile, the man, having laid his wife in a chamber palatial in comparison with that which the storm had blown about her ears, was congratulating her on her luck, and threatening the children with the most violent chastisement if they failed to behave themselves with strict propriety whilst they remained in that house. Before leaving them, he kissed his wife; and she, reviving, asked him to look at the

baby. He did so, and pensively bestowed a shocking epithet on it in anticipation of the time when its appetite would have to be satisfied from the provision shop instead of from its mother's breast. She laughed and cried shame on him; and so they parted cheerfully. When he returned to the hall with Smilash, they found two mugs of beer waiting for them. The girls had retired, and only Miss Wilson and the housekeeper remained.

"Here's your health, mum," said the man, before drinking; "and may you find such another as yourself to help you when you're in trouble, which Lord send may never come."

"Is your house quite destroyed?" said Miss Wilson. "Where will you spend the night?"

"Dont you think of me, mum. Master Smilash here will kindly put me up till morning."

"His health!" said Smilash, touching the mug with his lips.

"The roof and south wall is blowed right away," continued the man, after pausing for a moment to puzzle over Smilash's meaning. "I doubt if there's a stone of it standing by this."

"But Sir John will build it for you again. You are one of his herds, are you not?"

"I am, Miss. But not he: he'll be glad it's down. He don't like people livin' on the land. I have told him time and again that the place was ready to fall; but he said I couldn't expect him to lay out money on a house that he got no rent for. You see, I didn't pay any rent, Miss: I took low wages; and the bit of a hut was a sort of set-off again' what I was paid short of the other men. I couldn't afford to have it repaired, though I did what I could to patch and prop it. And now most like I shall be blamed for letting it be blown down, and shall have to live in half a room in the town and pay two or three shillings a week, besides walking three miles to and from my work every day. A

gentleman like Sir John don't hardly know what the value of a penny is to us laborin' folk, nor how cruel hard his estate rules and the like comes on us."

"Sir John's health!" said Smilash, touching the mug as before. The man drank a mouthful humbly; and Smilash continued, "Here's to the glorious landed gentry of old England, bless 'em!"

"Master Smilash is only jokin'," said the man apologetically. "It's his way."

"You should not bring a family into the world if you are so poor," said Miss Wilson severely. "Can you not see that you impoverish yourself by doing so—to put the matter on no higher grounds."

"Reverend Mr. Malthus's health!" remarked Smilash, repeating his pantomime.

"Some say it's the children; and some say it's the drink, Miss," said the man submissively. "But from what I see, family or no family, drunk or sober, the poor gets poorer and the rich richer every day."

"Aint it disgustin' to hear a man so ignorant of political economy?" said Smilash, appealing to Miss Wilson.

"If you intend to take this man home with you," she said, turning sharply on him, "you had better do it at once?"

"I take it kind on your part that you ask me to do anythink, after your up and telling Mr. Wickens that I am the last person in Lyvern you would trust with a job."

"So you are—the very last. Why dont you drink your beer?"

"Not in scorn of your brewing, lady; but because, bein' a common man, water is good enough for me."

"I wish you good night, Miss," said the man; "and thank you kindly for Bess and the children."

"Goodnight," she replied, stepping aside to avoid any salutation from Smilash. But he went up to her and said in a low voice, and with the Trefusis manner and accent,

"Goodnight, Miss Wilson. If you should ever be in want

of the services of a dog, a man, or a domestic engineer, remind Smilash of Bess and the children, and he will act for you in any of those capacities."

They opened the door cautiously, and found that the wind, conquered by the rain, had abated. Miss Wilson's candle, though it flickered in the draught, was not extinguished this time; and she was presently left with the housekeeper, bolting and chaining the door, and listening to the crunching of feet on the gravel outside dying away through the steady pattering of the rain.

*(To be continued.)*

# "Nora" and "Breaking a Butterfly."

AT the new Prince's theatre a play in three Acts was recently produced called "Breaking a Butterfly." It was by the successful playwrights Jones and Herman; it was said to be founded on Ibsen's "Nora." A better description would have been "foundered on Ibsen's Nora." Rarely has an opportunity, at once literary and dramatic, been so unhappily thrown away. A great play, dealing with a stupendous question, was to be introduced to the English people by two men, whose previous good fortune ensured it a hearing for their work. And they presented the play to the public after excising its heart.

When they Englished the play Messrs. Jones and Herman had the possibility of grappling with a tremendous problem—the meaning of marriage. They were not under the necessity of approaching its partial solution unaided, double-handed as they were. Ibsen might have been their strength and stay. With this giant for companion in arms one, and surely therefore two, might dare greatly. But the adapters were afraid either of the greatness of the play they had to take in hand or of the English public or of themselves or of all these. They have feared to face the tragic question, and to deal with it in Ibsen's tragic way. They have shirked the difficulty. They have emasculated, they have, if I may coin a meaning for a familiar word, effeminated the drama. The Nora of Ibsen does not exist in "Breaking a Butterfly," and the authors of this conventional little play have succeeded in the Herculean labour of making Ibsen appear common-place.

It is difficult to say whether indignation or sorrow is the greater. That Ibsen should be thus misrepresented to the English people angers me. To this Ibsen himself would doubtless be serenely indifferent, were it not that the misrepresentation of him involves a caricature of his and our Nora. And a feeling of sorrow that is positive pain comes with the reflection that a magnificent dramatic opportunity, a chance of teaching our bourgeois audiences something of what life is and therefore of what a play should be, have been thoughtlessly, recklessly thrown away.

Ibsen, the Swedish dramatist, is 56 years old. He sees our lop-sided modern society suffering from too much man, and he has been born the woman's poet. He wants to aid in the revolutionising, with that revolution which is an evolution, the marriage relationship. He would have none of these women so dear to the common-place man of whom the poet of the common-place, Tennyson, has warbled. Where the Tennysonian woman would murmur, subject to the approval of her lord and master,

"I cannot understand, I love"

Ibsen's truer women are for saying decisively, "Without understanding, there can be no love."

The object of marriage should be, and very clearly to-day is not, to make both man and woman more free. More free, because with it two lives lie open, clear, transparent to each that had, until this, only the full knowledge of one. Those that wed should receive and give a complete new existence. Then the pathway of life becomes twice as wide as before, and commands a prospect bounded by an horizon far more distant. But neither mankind nor womankind will reach this desired haven so long as the former gives everything but confidence to her whom he, denying this, misnames his helpmeet. It is this withholding of full confidence, this half-heart to half-heart condition of things that makes women who think, learn early that what they had hoped would be a life-long happiness is doomed to be at best only a life-long merriment.

To many of them never comes a catastrophe that compels from their lips and hearts the solemn words that Nora late in the play speaks to her husband. "We have now been married eight years. Does it not strike you that to night for the first time, we two, you and I, husband and wife, are speaking together seriously?" To many of them never comes the moment that comes to Nora, making it clear to her that she has "been living all these years with a strange man and borne him three children." The impassive majority are always consciously or unconsciously echoing the momentary cry of Nora: "Only not to think . . . stroke one's muff smooth. Beautiful gloves, beautiful gloves."

Nor is it man only in his marital relation that is to blame. In the paternal, the fraternal, nay in his every relation to woman he is on this one great point, at least, wronging her and not less himself. The eye to eye confidence upon all life-matters that a man knows must be between himself and another man, if love is to be between them, he never offers to woman. Her he is willing to keep in the dark. When her husband wonders that Nora names him and her father as the two who have wronged her, the sad comment of the awakened woman is a voice for all her afflicted sisters. "You two have never loved me. You only thought it was pleasant to be in love with me."

In the play of Nora once again, therefore, Ibsen takes up his parable on behalf of the human race. For those who, like myself, do not read Swedish, German and English translations are forthcoming. The English is by Frances Lord, and, despite one or two weaknesses, such as the running too much upon the adverb "just," is excellent. For a shilling the student of literature generally or of the drama in particular, or of sociology, can obtain some hours of the purest enjoyment and of the loftiest teaching.*

Here is, in brief, the story of the drama. Torvald Helmer

* The publishers of Miss Lord's translation are Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard.

has been appointed Manager of the Joint-Stock Bank. To this post he has gradually risen, marrying, on the way, the daughter of the official whom he replaced. To him Nora is a beautiful mother to his children. Three years before the play begins Helmer is dangerously ill, and Nora's father is dying. A journey into Italy may save the life of the younger man. Money for this Nora borrows from Nils Krogstad, an old school-fellow of her husband, who has not been an unmitigated success in life. Krogstad will lend the money on the security of her father's name. Nora signs the name herself. Neither father or husband has ever explained anything to her, and the forgery is committed in pure ignorance.

Appointed manager, Helmer resolves to dismiss Krogstad. The clerk appeals to Nora to save him. He knows her secret. The date of the signature is October 2. The date of her father's death is September 29. She tries to have him reinstated. All her entreaties with all the world of strange passion in them fall dead upon the opinionated, senseless nature of Helmer. A letter from Krogstad telling her husband all the truth, lies to her knowledge, visible to her eyes through the wire-work of the locked letter-box, the key of which Torvald keeps, for thirty-two hours. It is Christmas time. With a champagne banquet at home, and the practising of her tarantella on the one night, and with a ball at which she dances the tarantella on the next, he is kept away from the fatal letter until the gaiety is ended, and they are alone at night.

She believes that great as the crash will be to him, he loves her enough to triumph over it. He has admitted the possibility of overlooking the moral fault even in a Krogstad. And this fault is his wife's. He has boasted that he is powerful enough to take everything on his shoulders. The very moment before she bade him read the letters, he has said, "I often wish some danger might threaten you, against which I could stake body and soul, all else, for your dear sake." More than once the thought has come that

he will take the blame upon himself, for she calls upon her friend Mrs. Linden in that case to bear witness against her if she is gone. She has half hoped, and even almost dreamed that she, in part, believes, he will be true to her, and to his own words. He comes from his room with the letter in his hand, and upbraids her. She is a miserable creature, a hypocrite, liar, criminal. Her words of agony are "silly excuses," or "fine phrases." Her despairing gestures are "actresses tricks." Even the memory of her dead father is not spared. And *now* she begins to understand what he is, and what she has been. In the very tempest and whirlwind of his base, ungenerous passion, comes a letter from Krogstad returning the forged paper. "I am saved," cries Helmer. "And I?" asks Nora, more of herself than of him. It is all over with him at once. It is all over with her in quite another sense. The day before he dismissed the lie she told him with his light airy, "And now we'll say no more about it." To night he is equally willing to dismiss all that has happened in the last few dread minutes. "And now we'll say no more about it."

Not so. *Now*, Nora understands. He, poor, blind, weak fellow, thinks her quietness and fixedness of face, are because she is not sure that *he* has forgiven *her*. She takes off her masquerade dress, commands him to a seat, lays bare to his eyes all that she has read of their past life in the year-moments that have passed since he came to her with the letter in his hand. She will leave his house that night. She loves him no longer. The miracle that she was convinced would happen has not come. She had held firm her faith that when the crisis came he would order Krogstad to make the affair known to all the world, and then have taken her place, saying "I am the guilty person." "No man sacrifices his honour to a person he loves," says Helmer. "That is what millions of women have done," she answers. Now, then, there must be perfect freedom on both sides. The rings they have worn more than eight years are interchanged. He

may not write, he may not send her money. The greatest miracle of all will have to happen if ever they are to become no longer strangers to each other. That will only be when both are so changed that their "living together will be a marriage." These with a still "good-bye," are her last words. The outer door is heard closing behind her as he stands alone repeating mechanically, "The greatest miracle."

From this poor outline may be gathered a hint of the strength and freshness and beauty of this marvellous play. He or she that reads it will best see what the English adapters wilfully or unwittingly have missed. But even those that have followed my sketch may see something of what has been done and left undone by the writers of "Breaking a Butterfly." Something of the marring that they have effected may be gathered from the following facts. The facts have, however, a larger interest than that which they possess in virtue of their connexion with an unsuccessful English play. For they are a sad reminder of the condition of our bourgeois morality generally.

Could men have finer material on which to work than this intricate problem, this powerful story? Yet our Englishmen, with an eye to their audiences rather than to posterity, have maltreated the story as follows. They introduce Helmer's mother and sister, who are not even so much as mentioned in Ibsen's drama. They pander to the thirst for low comedy. Ibsen's Dr. Rank, the professional epicure, dying of an incurable disease, and yet ready to mistake a pure woman's confidence in him for a declaration of love, is replaced by a comic lover of the interpolated Helmer's sister.

All this is bad enough. But worse remains behind. In Nora the end at once of Krogstad's machinations, and of Helmer's married life is brought about by a simple and novel device. Christina Linden, the friend of Nora, who is eliminated bodily from "Breaking a Butterfly," has years before cast Krogstad away as a lover, for the sake of a wealthy husband, now dead. The girl's mother was poverty

stricken, and Christina's main idea is the excellent one, so far as it goes, of self-sacrifice. Meeting Krogstad they determine to join hands. The two shattered lives glide into each other. They will be as happy as their nature permits. It is at Mrs. Linden's word that Krogstad sends back the I. O. U. What do our English Jones and our Anglicised Herman do? They invent another character, an old man whose income from the bank is promptly raised some £50 at a word from Nora. This fortunate official lodges in the same house as the character-sake (he is not the name-sake) of Krogstad in the English play. He unblushingly, and as if he were doing a highly moral act, steals the forged document, and beaming with delight and good nature, presents it to the family at large.

Again, the whole moral of the Norwegian play is lost in the English version by Helmer taking upon himself the crime supposed to have been committed. With this customary event in the transpontine melodrama vanishes at once the magnificent test of Nora and the wonderful clearing of her mental vision that Ibsen gives us. By making Helmer act thus our authors show that they have missed the very heart of the story.

It is, however, in the ending of the play that the dramatists have most deeply sinned. Whatever may be thought of Ibsen's ending, it is not conventional. It is dramatic, and perfectly in keeping with the nature of Torvald, and with that of Nora. But the ending is as unhappy as it is truthful, and British audiences require the last words of a play to be part of a chorus of general congratulations. Hence on the arrival of the elderly well-intentioned thief with the purloined paper, Helmer nobly destroys the incriminating document, and gracefully takes Nora in a general state of repentance to his Bank Manager bosom. Then the curtain falls upon everybody but the villain, more or less resplendent in "nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles."

The comparison of all this with Ibsen's closing scene is

"odorous" to the British dramatists. What strength of act and of word have they not missed! The home-quitting without a word, or even a sight of the children, that solemn closing of the hall door in the early morning, that lonely man on whom the truth dawns at last, and too late, all, all is lost. Nor have we at the end, or anywhere in the English play, such words and thoughts as those that Nora utters to the man that she had thought her husband in this their last hour together. "I must be thrown entirely upon myself if I am to come to any understanding as to what I am, and as to what the things around me are." "I think that before all else I am a human being just as you are. . . . I cannot be satisfied any longer with what most people say, and with what is in books. I must think over things for myself, and try to get clear about them." "I must make up my mind whether society is right, or whether I am."

EDWARD AVELING.

# The Things of Palermo.

THERE is no place in Italy of which so much nonsense is talked as of Palermo. Fever and brigandage; the Mafia —that dreadful social monster of which no one knows anything but which is spoken of as one would speak of a creature half mythical and wholly dangerous—a dragon lurking in a rocky cavern among the hills—a griffin hovering in the air above our heads; no safety in the town, and absolute certainty of robbery, assassination, or capture if you go outside those gates which people at home seem to imagine are stout barriers closed at night, and not merely undefended little wooden boxes where the dazio or octroi is levied; a society hopelessly immoral and an administration as hopelessly corrupt; brazen beggars demanding alms more in menace than supplication; prowling priests lying in wait for the conversion of your soul; ambushed brigands ready for a pot-shot at your body from over every hedge and from behind every wall; typhoid in the water and typhus in the drains, with the *bacillus malariæ*, swarming in the earth; these are the outlines of that fancy picture which those who have never been there draw of Sicily in general and of Palermo in particular; and they ask you to believe in the accuracy of their delineation.

Announce your intention of going to the Golden Shell for a time, and you have to bid your friends farewell with more or less solemnity in the parting; sure as they are that you will never reach the mainland alive again, or at least without loss of health, money, and perhaps some part of your person—your ears say—unless your people are quick about your

ransom. Kind souls put up for your benefit all manner of medicines to be taken when fever first assails you, and before you have time to send for the doctor; whose treatment by the way they assure you beforehand will be only one danger the more, and an extra push towards the grave. They give you their medicaments more in sorrow then in faith; for Sicilian fevers are terrible fellows to deal with, they tell you, and you will be under the sod before you have time to look about you. Other good souls give you all manner of good advice for your personal safety; of which the staple items are:—Never to take a carriage from the street, but only one from the hotel, with a man on the box, and your landlord's responsibility in pledge, seeing that every "Niore" in Palermo, is a Mafioso in league with all the brigands afoot; never to go out at night, nor beyond the gates without an armed escort; never to walk in the streets if you value your pocket, nor to wander about the Favorita, if you value your throat; if you must go out to follow the main lines only, and do no more than others: in fact to remember always that you carry your life in your hand, and that in your very hotel you are enveloped by the Mafia— that strange hungry beast which will devour you, body and bones, if it gets the chance.

That beautiful Palermo should be a city well-lighted, well-governed, quiet, orderly, respectable, where you are safer than in London, and where you see absolutely nothing of the vice, drunkenness, brutality, by which you are shocked and oppressed in England—that it should be pleasant to the senses and secure to the person, is a view of things apparently impossible for certain minds to take. And it really requires some moral courage to resist the melancholy influence of these friendly Jeremiads, and to believe that human nature must be much the same in Palermo as elsewhere; that Sicilian civilization is not different from Italian civilization on the whole; that the chances are you will not be taken by brigands, nor laid prostrate by fever, nor devoured

by the Mafia, nor be more troubled by man and things than you are anywhere else between the Pole and the Equator. If you have moral strength enough to resist these depressing influences, and to carry out your intention, you will add a new pleasure to your string of memories, and you will never have cause to repent the months you pass in the beautiful garden of La Conca d'Oro.

The first thing that strikes you on landing at Palermo is the abounding richness of colour to be seen everywhere—from the weather-stained dresses of the poor women to the surrounding range of purple mountains. The houses are generally pink or grey, primrose yellow or blue; sometimes they are of a deep orange-red, which glows with peculiar force in the setting sun. The doors and jalousies are bright green. From every window—save in the two principal streets, and the private palaces—poles are run out or lines are stretched, where the various articles of the family linen flutter like so many flags in the wind; and the balconies underscoring each window are draped with gorgeous crimson bed-quilts, lined with saffron-colour, airing in the sun. A little way beyond the immediate city the south walls of the houses are covered with scarlet or crimson bougainvillia. The fruit shops are bright with oranges and lemons piled in baskets full of gold of two hues: and shining pomi d'oro, their ruddy skins laced with gold, hang, intermingled with curling strips of orange-peel, as festoons about the doorway. The carts are painted with wonderful pictures at the sides of which the predominant colours are vermillion and bright yellow: the insides are also painted, as well as the spokes and shafts. The trappings of the horses belonging to these gorgeous vehicles are brilliant with red worsted embroidery and thickly studded with brass in clinking vanes and glittering bosses: they have also red plumes, and bits of looking-glass let into the leather, and are further ornamented with tinsel and brass-headed nails. The town's-women wear blue, pink, or white hoods, and they and the children are showily

dressed. If they are below the social status of a hood, they knot themselves in kerchiefs of their favourite combination of red and yellow. Through all the plains the gardens are golden with oranges, or the paler globes of fragrant lemons: and the roadways flame with the burning blossoms of the coral tree, or toss great floods of purple from the leafless branches of the judas trees. Turn where you will you have colour, which the deep blue of the sky and the grey green of the olive trees accumulate and intensify. And everywhere you have either the base-line of the purple sea or the background of the amethystine mountains.

No wonder, then, that with so much brilliancy of natural painting, the old builders and decorators of churches and palaces should have made them like so much jewel-work, rich in mosaics like parti-coloured gems, and encrusted all through with costly stones and rare marbles. Such places as the Cappella Palatina, the old rooms of the Royal Palace, the fragments still left of the Martorana chapel, and that world's wonder, Morreale, came as the logical artistic outgrowth of the natural conditions of the locale. Under such a sky as this, with such splendour of glory on sea and land, the cold grey hues and severe forms of England would have been impossible. Where nature is so radiant how can man be gloomy? Where the heavens and the earth fling abroad such prodigality of warmth and sunshine, of the beauty and delight of life, how should he praise God in architectural dirges, or pray between four bare walls where he could only feel foreboding and prepare for penance? This magnificence of mosaic work, this radiance of constructed jewellery, belongs to Sicily by right of architectual harmony and chromatic concordance. From the enamelled plain—where pheasants' eyes and crimson vetch are the burning rubies and the bright blue anagallis stars the ground like scattered sapphires, while the white and yellow chrysanthemums are as dazzling as so much gold and silver wrought in relief—to the many-coloured glory of the Capella

Palatina and the splendour of Morreale, the transition is as sequential as is that from the pine forests and larches of the North to the clustered columns and pointed arches of the Gothic Cathedral. Each is the offspring of foregone conditions; and architectural form is inherited from the sun all the same as black hair or golden, brown skins or white.

As well as in fine interiors, Palermo abounds in beautiful views and magnificent points. Go where you will, some fresh combination of outline and shadow—some new grouping of the surrounding hills seems to you the most beautiful thing you have yet seen; and the new love makes you unfaithful to the old. When you look from the broken heights that tower above Santa Maria di Gesù you think that nothing can surpass the bold beauty of Monte Pellegrino, the suggestive loveliness of that turn which leads to sweet Mondello, or the depression which contains the quaint Saracenic village of Sfericavallo. Go to Acqua Santa—and Monte Catalfano, with its outer spur of Zafferana and the Etna range far beyond, is like a dream of those purple hills beyond which lies Eden. At San Martino, at Boccadi Falco, at La Grazia, you envy the peasants who have to pass their lives where painters and poets would only fear to die too soon. At Solunto you understand what made the Greeks of old hollow out the first foundations and rear thereon the Temple of Zeus; while near at hand the gardens of the Villa Giulia are pleasant places in which to read and while away the sunny hours beneath the shade; and the tangled thickets of the Favorito are famous hunting grounds for the botanist. Sicily indeed is rich in wild flowers everywhere, and they say that a greater number of species grow between hill and plain here than anywhere in Europe. Certainly from sub-tropical to Alpine plants the range is wide. When we have a sea-shore scrub made up of myrtle, oleander, wild apple, and fragrant rosemary; where the lovely little iris sisyrinchium stars the white sand as gentian stars the fields of the Engadine; when rare orchids are to be had for the seeking, and laurustinus,

china roses, geraniums, aloes, the fragrant pepper tree, acacias, manna, and spiræa trees, purple judas trees, and many others grow wild in the woods; when the orange and scarlet amaryllis lifts up its spire of flame among the myrtles and tamarisks, and the purple gladiolus grows by the way side uncared for, untouched; when milky ornithogalums bloom like English daisies, and we can dress our rooms with flowers gathered in waste places and make them beautiful with weeds;—we have surely cause to say how great a charm Palermo has for those of us who love nature, and who care to both observe and cherish.

Besides all these, there are legends and superstitions, as well as customs, interesting to ethnological students. The Romish Church, wisely for itself, incorporated all it could not destroy, and transferred to its own ritual the salient features of the worship it dispossessed. Christ and the apostles share among them the festival days which once were sacred to Apollo and Adonis, to Dionysos and Hermes; and the symbolic adoration of the sun has been continued under the disguise of the commemorative epochs of Christianity. Among the *dii minores* the grand and grave personality of St. John the Baptist has always held a high place. The Church which founded itself on the Rock and took for its insignia the keys of Heaven and Hell, has never wearied of showing honour to the self-denying ascetic who, long before St. Peter's cowardly denial, announced the Light and disclaimed his own renown. In the summer solstice of the 24th June is celebrated, under the name of St. John, the highest point of the Life of the World and the moment when his retrogression begins. On the 25th of December is the lowest point and the birthday of the advancing solar year. On the 24th of June was celebrated among the Romans the festival of Fors Fortuna; and the charms, incantations, and sortes which belong to this day, everywhere in Christian Europe date from the time when the manner in which a fowl pecked its food and the amount of red blood or undigested grain in its

intestines settled the issue of battles and the fate of nations. All sorts of odd beliefs cling around this day. If to eat mince-pies on the 25th December brings you good luck, to eat beans on the 24th June brings you better, for each bean eaten then represents the release of the soul from one sin, and the merits of St. John extend even within the gates of Purgatory. On the eve of this day the water of certain holy wells ebbs and flows, stirred by the influence of the predominating saint; and he who drinks thereof or washes therein is cured of his disease, whatever it may be. Sprigs of pennyroyal planted on this night remain dead and leafless for six months:—on the night of Christmas they break into leaf and blossom into flower. All the sortes that we know of in Scotland and elsewhere, such as melting lead or wax for prophetic forms; listening for the first words spoken by the first passer-by as prophetic utterances; sowing seed for future fortune; drawing beans as signs of future good luck or bad—the whole bean promising good health and wealth, the one wanting its "eye" but a shabby kind of fate, the skinned one absolute poverty and distress; casting flowers on the highway for some one guided by a higher impulse than his own to pick up or leave; these and many more cognate observances link the present to the past, and make of Christ and Mithras one. So with the vaticinations in use on the 25th December; these two central points of the solar year having always had special influence on human affairs, which influence Christianity was careful not to contradict, but only to transfer. To go into this part of the subject however would be to overflow the allotted space. It is far too full and rich to be discussed in a "coda," and deserves an article to itself; and some day, guided by Dr. Giuseppe Petrè, the learned and devoted compiler of Sicilian folk-lore, superstitious customs, and the like, we may give a sketch of what still exists in Sicily, where the Church fosters ignorance and discredits knowledge—the one meaning its salvation and the other its destruction.

E. Lynn Linton.

# Record of the International Popular Movement.

## FRANCE.

The municipal elections have resulted in a great victory for Socialism. It is not only that in Paris the number of votes has more than doubled in three years. Far more significant is the success of the Socialists in the Provinces, where the movement is assuming quite "alarming" proportions—according to the reactionary press. On this subject a Parisian correspondent sends me the following: "The burning question of the day has been the municipal elections, and the number of votes recorded bears witness to the immense progress made by us. In 1881, when the party was only in embryo, (for no really organised Socialist Movement was possible till the amnesty question had been decided and the vanquished of the Commune were not amnestied till July 1880), it already gave some proof of its existence, our candidates receiving in Paris 17,895 votes. At this time there was but a single programme, accepted by all the newly founded groups. In 1884 the Socialist vote has risen to 38,729, having doubled in three years. But the union that existed in 1881 has disappeared, and at the present moment we may look upon the Socialists as divided into four groups. First, the Anarchists, who make up in sound and fury for the smallness of their numbers and their general paucity of ideas of any sort. The second group is that of the Possibilists, who are nothing more than Trades Unionists, *à la française*, that is, *à la phrase à tirades*. Then we have the Blanquists, active, devoted,

well-disciplined men, but giving too great importance to the political, as compared with the social question; and finally the Collectivists. These belong to the school of Marx, and believe that the emancipation of the working class can only be accomplished by the nationalization of the instruments of labour, and that this revolution will only be accomplished when the working class has possessed itself of the political powers of the nation.

"At Paris only two groups officially and actively took part in the municipal struggle—the Possibilists and Blanquists. For reasons of tactics the Collectivists only put forward 6 out of the 80 candidates, but their men made common cause with the Blanquists. This progress in the Paris election is analogous to what has happened in Berlin, where in 1871 the Social Democrats obtained only 1,135 votes; in 1874, 16,549; in 1877, 33,629; and in 1878, 56,712.

"But it is above all in the Provinces that the party has grown. At Lyons, Roubaix, Rheims, Alais, in all the chief industrial centres the Collectivists have obtained thousands of votes. At Denain six working men candidates have been elected. At Marseilles Socialism has three representatives. At Roanne, Fouilland was at the head of the poll. At Lavaley-aux-mines, out of 17 municipal councillors, 15 belong to the "Parti Ouvrier." At Anzin Basly, the director of the miners' strike and two of his companions have been returned. The result of these elections proves a general revival of the Socialist movement in France."

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Although the Socialists received nearly 39,000 votes in Paris, only two candidates have been returned—a working man, Chabert, and the ex-member of the Commune, Vaillant. The election of our friend Vaillant, whose erudition and devotion to the cause of the people are well-known, is especially satisfactory.

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Charles Fouilland, the working man who is returned at the

head of the poll at Roanne, has, by an almost incredible piece of infamy, been condemned to twelve months imprisonment. Fouilland, who had been sent as delegate to the Roubaix Conference by all the working men's groups and syndicates of his native town, Roanne, immediately after his return was arrested, by mistake, for assaulting a gendarme. It was pointed out that the real culprit was another person altogether, whose only connection with Charles Fouilland is that he happens to bear the same surname. But no notice was taken of this, and in order to get rid of Fouilland during the electioneering campaign the adjournment of the trial that was asked for, refused, and the innocent man condemned to 20 days' imprisonment. This is bad enough, but not all. Fouilland "appealed." On the 5th May the case was heard at Lyons. The court refused to hear witnesses, refused to adjourn at the request of the barrister, César Bouchage, retained at Paris, and augmented the penalty from 20 days to 12 months imprisonment. And so, this man, guilty of no crime, save that of being a well-known Socialist, and whose old father is entirely dependent upon him, will for 12 months have to bear the horrors of the 'Central prison,' for he is not even looked upon as a political prisoner. "We have no words," says Jules Guesde in the "Cri du Peuple," "to stigmatize this double judicial murder, a moral murder of the most estimable of workmen, condemned to the disgrace of the 'Central prison,' a physical murder of the poor old father, whom Charles Fouilland supports. Charles Fouilland has nothing, and can have nothing, to do with the act for which he is to be buried alive; it is only because he is a working man, a member of the 'Parti Ouvrier,' that he has been struck down by the magistrates." Many of even the French bourgeois radical papers have had the decency to protest against this iniquitous sentence. I have seen no allusion to the matter in any English paper.

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In an early number of To-Day I referred to the monument

which, with the consent of the Paris Municipal Council was about to be erected at the Pére Lachaise. in memory of the thousands of Communists buried there. The Prefect of the Seine has, however, taken upon himself to veto the vote of the Council, and an attempt to begin working at the monument was at once stopped. But the matter is not yet finally decided. It would be interesting to know if the Prefect would object to a monument in memory of Clement Thomas, or to one in honour of the murderer, Gallifet, who has "shed more blood and drunk more wine than any man in" Paris.

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There was a slight error in my notes last month. I spoke of a thousand francs having been *sent* by the Paris municipality to the Anzin miners, and of M. Yves Guyot as opposing this donation. I should have said that he spoke against the *proposition* to send this money, which was not voted. The Parisians have not forgotten M. Yves Guyot's conduct in this matter. He has been ignominiously beaten in the municipal elections, even his friends and supporters admitting that his defeat is due to his anti-Socialist, and not to his political views.

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## GERMANY.

The Anti-Socialist Law has been renewed, and not content with this, a sort of "Explosives Act" has also been passed. Just before the vote it began to hail dynamite plots, and the Reichstag seemed to think that after the great Chancellor had taken so much trouble, and produced plots quite regardless of expense and common sense, the least it could do was to vote for his bills. Germany is becoming more and more pleasant to live out of.

We are all mortal! The Almighty Chancellor has more than once of late come down to the Reichstag having apparently dined, not wisely but too well.

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The report of the Factory Inspectors for 1882, reveals a

horrible state of things in Germany. Everywhere the same story; women and children replacing the men of the family in factories; long hours and such starvation wages that as a last chance parents are forced into exploiting their own children; everywhere immorality, disease and death for the workers. Even such acts for the protection of women and children as exist are continually violated, not of course through any fault of the noble employer of "sated virtue, and solvent morals," but through the perversity of the employed. Thus the law that prohibits the employment of women in factories less than three weeks after confinement is infringed "through the fault of the women, who make false statements in order that they may return the sooner to work." The reason for these "false statements" is not far to seek. "These women," the Inspector says, "try to get back to work as soon after their confinement as possible in order to lessen the loss of wages, and also from fear that if they are absent from the factory too long their places will be lost."

In the same way children are represented as over school age, or when this cannot be done "the work of the factory, so far as possible, is continued in the home, and the children kept working till late into the night." Thus in Hesse children are employed in lace-making, even before they are old enough to go to school! The Inspectors also report that children are employed in labour altogether unfit for them—for instance where, as in match-making, they are exposed to the effects of phosphorus, or in carting away stone, where "little boys are almost exclusively employed," with the result that "the lads (under 14 years of age!) not unfrequently after a first campaign die of consumption." One Saxon manufacturer frankly says he employs young girls 11½ hours, and that he "is not ignorant of the law, but he does not obey it because he considers it is not in, but against the interests of the working class."* The picture

(*) These details I have taken from an interesting article in the "Neue Zeit."

given us in this report of the "family life" of the labourers is simply hideous. A beautiful system under which such conditions are possible!

## RUSSIA.

A Russian friend tells me that the latest piece of news is the suppression of the best known of the large Russian magazines, the "Annals of the Fatherland." The text of the ukase, which he has been lucky enough to procure, is signed by the four ministers of Public Instruction, of the Interior, of Public Worship, and of Justice, and has been issued under the new law of August 27th, 1882, by which ministers "have the right to suppress periodical publications not in accord with the general welfare of the country." The order says, "the liberty that was accorded to the press, has been misused by some of the organs which have dared to express theories quite contrary to the general principles of the social and political state." Referring to some revelations made by certain political prisoners that "members of the Executive Committee" contributed to Russian magazines, the governmental notice goes on to say that "the similarity of ideas, and even of the style of the 'underground,' and permitted press a long time ago, induced the government to think that the Russian magazines and contributors were in direct connection with the revolutionists. This supposition is now proved by facts. Investigations have shown that the secretary of one periodical held communications with persons belonging to the 'criminal party,' and that members of that party have contributed to this magazine. We are further aware that the "Annals of the Fatherland," was read by a number of persons connected with the revolutionary organisations. Last year, one of the leading men on the editorial staff was sent out of St. Petersburg for addressing the students of the High Schools in an incendiary speech." My friend tells me that the person here referred to is M. Michaelovsky, a very able populariser of the theory of Evolution, and

an opponent of the strange way in which warm admirers of the Manchester school, interpret the Darwinian "struggle for existence." He was sent first to Wyborg (Finland), and is now in a small village on the railway route between Moscow and St. Petersburg. In order to see his wife, who lives in the capital, he is obliged to get a special permission to go there, and this is only accorded when the Czar is at Gatchina. The ukase then continues: "the police have been obliged to arrest two other contributors to this magazine. . . . . That authors with criminal intentions wrote for it will strike no one who has observed the general tone adopted by this publication during the last two years, which has introduced among a considerable portion of society, a complete confusion of ideas. The government intends prosecuting only responsible persons, but it thinks that the continued appearance of a magazine which not only publishes articles expressing wrong and dangerous ideas, but even contributions from members of secret societies cannot be tolerated."

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I wish to call the attention of readers of *To-Day* to the very interesting article on the Russian revolutionary movement that appeared in the April number of the *Nouvelle Revue*. The writer is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and all the remarkable facts related are taken from the best and most trustworthy sources.

ELEANOR MARX.

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