TO-DAY.

No. 14.—FEBRUARY, 1885.

Social Progress and Individual Effort.

THE Progress of Society is a subject which occupies much attention now-a-days. We hear the shouts and cries of reformers, and are inclined sometimes to be vexed at their noisy insistance and brandishing of panaceas; but when we come to look into the evils to which they draw our attention—under our very noses as it were—and see how serious they are; when we see the misery, the suffering all around us, and see too how directly in some cases this appears to be traceable to certain institutions, we can hardly be human if we do not make some effort to alter these institutions, and the state of society which goes with them; indeed at times we feel that it is our highest duty to agitate with the noisiest, and insist at all costs that justice should be done, the iniquity swept away.

And yet, on the other hand, when retiring from the heat and noise of conflict, we mount a little in thought and look out over the world, when we realise what indeed every day is becoming more abundantly clear—that Society is the gigantic growth of centuries, moving on in an irresistible and ordered march of its own, with the precision and fatality of an astronomic orb—how absurd seem all our demonstrations! what an idle beating of the air! The huge beast comes on with elephantine tread. The Liberal sits on his head, and the Conservative sits on his tail; but both are borne along whether they will or no, and both are shaken off before long, inevitably, into the dust. One reformer shouts, "This way," and another shouts "That," but the great foot comes down and crushes them both, indifferent, crushes the one who thought he was right and the one who found he was wrong, crushes him who would facilitate its progress and him who would stop it, alike.

I confess that I am continually borne about between these two

opposing views. On the one hand is Justice, here and now, which must and *shall* be done. On the other hand is Destiny, indifferent, coming down from eternity, which cannot be altered.

Where does the truth lie? Is there any attainable truth in the matter? Perhaps not. The more I think of it, the more am I persuaded that the true explanations, theories, of the social changes which we see around us, that the forces which produce them, that the purposes which they fulfil, lie deep deep down, unsuspected; that the profoundest hitherto Science (Buckle, Comte, Marx, Spencer, Morgan, and the rest) has hardly done more than touch the skirt of this great subject. The surface indications, currents, are elusive; the apparent purposes very different from the real ones; individuals, institutions, nations, more or less like puppets or pieces in a game;—the hand that moves them altogether unseen, screening itself effectually from observation.

Let me take an illustration. You see a young plant springing out of the ground. You are struck by the eager vital growth of it. What elasticity, energy! how it snatches contributions from the winds and sunlight, and the earth beneath, and rays itself out with hourly fresh adornment! You become interested to know what is the meaning of all this activity. You watch the plant. It unfolds. The leaf-bud breaks and discloses leaves. These, then, are what it has been aiming at.

But in the axils of the leaves are other leaf-buds, and from these more leaves! The young shoot branches and becomes a little tree or bush. The branching and budding go on, a repetition apparently of one formula. Presently, however, a flower-bud appears. Now we see the real object!

Have you then ever carefully examined a flower-bud? Take a rosebud for instance, or better still perhaps, a dahlia. When quite young the buds of these latter are mere green knobs. Cut one across with your pen-knife: you will see a green or whitish mass, apparently without organisation. Cut another open which is more advanced, and you will see traces of structural arrangement, even markings and lines faintly pencilled on its surface, like the markings that shoot thro' freezing water—sketches and outlines of what is to follow. Later, and your bud will disclose a distinct formation; beneath an outer husk or film—transparent in the case of the dahlia—the petals can already be distinguished, marked, though not actually separated from each other. Here they lie in block as it were, conceived yet not shapen, like the statue in the stone, or the thought in the brain of the sculptor. But they are growing momently and expanding. The outermost, or sepals, cohering form a husk, which for a time protects the young bud. But it also confines it. A struggle ensues, a strangulation, and then the husk gives way, falls off or passes into a secondary place, and the bud opens.

And now the petals uncurl and free themselves like living things to the light. But the process is not finished. Each petal expanding shows another beneath, and these younger ones as they open push the older ones outwards, and while these latter are fading there are still new ones appearing in the centre. Envelope after envelope exfoliated—such is the law of life.

At last however within the most intimate petals appears the central galaxy—the group of the sexual organs! And now the flower (the petal-flower) which just before in all its glory of form colour and fragrance seemed to be the culminating expression and purpose of the plant's life, appears as only a means, an introduction, a secondary thing—a mere advertisement and lure to wandering insects. Within it lies the golden circle of the stamens, the magic staff of the pistil, and the precious ark or *seed-vessel*.

Now then we know what it has all been for! But the appearance of the seed-vessel is not the end, it is only a beginning. The flower, the petals, now drop off withered and useless; their work is done. But the seed-vessel begins to swell, to take on structure and form—just as the formless bud did before—there is something at work within. And now it bursts, opens, and falls away. It too is a husk, and no longer of any importance—for within it appear the *seeds*, the objects of all this long toil!

Is the investigation finished? is the process at an end?—No.

Here within this tiny seed lies the promise, the purpose, the vital principle, the law, the inspiration—whatever you like to call it—of this plant's life. Can we find it?

The seed falls to the ground. It swells and takes on form and structure—just as the seed-vessel which enclosed it took on form and structure before—and as the flower-bud (which enclosed the seed-vessel) did before that—and as the leaf-bud (which enclosed the flower-bud) did before that. The seed falls to the ground; it throws off a *husk* (always husks thrown off!)—and discloses an embryo plant—radicle, plumule and cotyledons—root-shoot, stem-shoot and seed leaves—complete. And the circle begins again.*

We are baffled after all! We have followed this extraordinary process, we have seen each stage of the plant-growth appearing first as final, and then only as the envelope of a later stage. We have stripped off, so to speak, husk after husk, in our search for the inner secret of the plant-life—we have got down to the tiny seed. But the seed we have found turns out (like every other stage) to be itself only an envelope—to be thrown away in its turn—what we want lies still deeper down. The plant-life begins again—or rather it never ends—*but it does not repeat itself.* The young plant is not the same as the parent, and the next generation varies again from this. When the envelopes have been thrown off a thousand and a hundred thousand times more, a *new form will appear;* will this be a nearer and more perfect expression than before of that within-lying secret—or otherwise?

To return to Society: I began by noting the contrast, often drawn, between the stern inexorable march of this as a whole, and the equally imperious determination of the individual to interfere with its march—a determination excited by the contemplation of what is called evil, and shapen by an ideal of something better arising within him. Think what a commotion there must be within the bud when the petals of a rose are forming! Think what arguments, what divisions, what recriminations, even among the atoms. An organization has to be constructed and completed.

* Though not really a circle—any more than the paths of the planets are really ellipses

It is finished at last, and a petal is formed. It rays itself out in the sun, is beautiful and unimpeachable for a day; then it fades, is pushed off, its work is done—and another from within takes its place.

One social movement succeeds another, the completion of one is the signal for the commencement of the next. Hence there can be no stereotyping: *not* to change is to die—this is the rule of Life; because (and the reason is simple enough) *one* form is not enough to express the secret of life. To express *that* requires an infinite series of forms.

Even a crab cannot get on without changing its shell. It outgrows it. It feels very uncomfortable—pent, sullen and irritable (much as the bud did before the bursting of the husk, or as society does when dead forms and institutions—generally represented by a class in power—confine its growth)—anxious, too, and oppressed with fears. It—the crab—retires under a rock, out of harm's way, and presently crack! the shell scales off, and with quietude and patience from within another more suited to it forms. Yet this latter is not final. It is merely the prelude to another.

The Conservative may be wrong, but the Liberal is just as wrong who considers his reform as ultimate, both are right in so far as they look upon measures as transitory. Beware above all things of utopianism in *measures!* Beware, that is, of regarding any system or scheme of society whatever as final or permanent, whether it be the present, or one to come. The feudal arrangement of society succeeded the clannish and patriarchal, the commercial or competitive system succeeds the feudal, the socialistic succeeds the commercial, and the socialistic is succeeded in its turn by other stages; and each of these includes numerous minor developments. The politician or reformer who regards any of these stages or steps as containing the whole secret and redemption of society commits just the same mistake as the theologian who looks upon any one doctrine as necessary to salvation. He is betrayed into the most frightful harshness, narrow-mindedness, and intolerance—and if he has power will become a tyrant. Just the same danger has to be guarded against by every one of us in daily life. Who is there who (though his reason may contend against it) does not drop into the habit of regarding some one change in his life and surroundings as containing finally the secret of his happiness, and excited by this immense prospect does not do things which he afterwards regrets, and which end in disappointment? There is a millennium, but it does not belong to any system of society that can be named, nor to any doctrine, belief, circumstance or surrounding of individual life. The secret of the plant-life does not tarry in any one phase of its growth; it eludes from one phase to another, still lying within and within the latest. It is within the grain of mustard seed; it is so small. Yet it rules and is the purpose of every stage, and is like the little leaven which, invisible in three measures of meal, yet leavened the whole lump.

Of the tendency, of which I have spoken, of social forms to stereotype themselves, Law is the most important and in some sense the most pernicious instance. Social progress is a continual

fight against it. Popular customs get hardened into laws. Even thus they soon constitute evils. But in the more complex stages of society, when classes arise, the law-making is generally in the hands of a class, and the laws are hardened (often very hardened) class-practices. These shells have to be thrown off and got rid of at all costs—or rather they *will* inevitably be thrown off when the growing life of the people underneath forces this liberation. It is a bad sign when a patient 'law-abiding' people submit like sheep to old forms which are really long out-worn. "Where the men and women think lightly of the laws. . . . there the great city stands," says Walt Whitman.

I remember once meeting with a pamphlet written by an Italian, whose name I have forgotten, member of a Secularist society, to prove that the Devil was the author of all human progress. Of course that, in his sense, is true. The spirit of opposition to established order, the war against the continuance (as a finality) of any institution or order, however good it may be for the time, is a necessary element of social progress, is a condition of the very life of society. Without this it would die.

Law is a strangulation. Yet while it figures constantly as an evil in social life, it must not therefore be imagined to be bad or without use. On the contrary, its very appearance as an evil is part of its use. It is the husk which protects and strengthens the bud while it confines it. Possibly the very confinement and forcible repression which it exercises is one element in the more rapid organization of the bud within. It is the crab's shell which gives form and stability to the body of the creature, but which has to give way when a more extended form is wanted.

In the present day in modern society the strangulation of the growth of the people is effected by the capitalist class. This class together with its laws and institutions constitutes the husk which has to be thrown off just as itself threw off the husk of the feudal aristocracy in its time. The commercial and capitalist envelope has undoubtedly served to protect and give form to (and even nourish) the growing life of the people. But now its function in that respect is virtually at an end. It appears merely as an obstacle and an evil—and will inevitably be removed, either by a violent disruption or possibly by a gradual absorption into the socialised proletariat beneath.

At all times, and from whatever points of view, it should be borne in mind that laws are made by the people, not the people by the laws. Modern European Society is cumbered by such a huge and complicated overgrowth of law, that the notion actually gets abroad that such machinery is necessary to keep the people in order—that without it the mass of the people would not live an orderly life; whereas all observation of the habits of primitive and savage tribes, destitute of laws and almost destitute of any authoritative institutions—and all observation of the habits of civilised people when freed from law (as in gold-mining and other backwood communities)—show just the reverse. The instinct of man is to an orderly life, the law is but the result and expression of this. As well attribute the organization of a crab to the influence of its shell, as attribute the orderly life of a nation to the action of its

laws. Law *has* a purpose and an influence—but the idea that is to preserve order is elusive. All its machinery of police and prisons do not, cannot, do this. At best in this sense it only preserves an order advantageous to a certain class; it is the weapon of a slow and deliberate warfare. It springs from hatred and rouses opposition, and so has a healthy influence.

Fichte said: "The object of all government is to render government superfluous." And certainly if external authority of any kind has a final purpose it must be to establish and consolidate an internal authority. Whitman adds to his description of "the great city," that it stands "Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority." When this process is complete, government in the ordinary sense is already "rendered superfluous." Anyhow this external governmental power is obviously self-destructive. It has no permanence or finality about it, but in every period of history appears as a husk or shell preparing the force within which is to reject it.

Thus I have in a very fragmentary and imperfect way called attention to some general conditions of social progress, conditions by which the growth of Society is probably comparable with the growth of a plant or an animal or an astronomic organism, subject to laws and an order of its own, in face of which the individual would at first sight appear to count as nothing. But there is, as usual, a counter-truth which must not be overlooked. If Society moves by an ordered and irresistible march of its own, so also—as a part of Society, and beyond that as a part of Nature—does the individual. In his right place the individual is also irresistible.

Now then, when you have seized your life-inspiration, your absolute determination, *you* also are irresistible, the whole weight of this vast force is behind you. Huge as the institutions of Society are, vast as is the sweep of its traditions and customs, yet in face of it all, the word "I will" is not out of place.

Let us take the law of the competitive struggle for existence—which has been looked upon by political economists (perhaps with some justice) as the base of social life. It is often pointed out that this law of competition rules throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms as well as through the region of human society, and therefore, it is said, being evidently a universal law of Nature, it is useless and hopeless to expect that society can ever be founded on any other basis. Yet I say that granting this assumption—and in reality the same illusion underlies the application of the word "law" here, as we saw before in its social application—granting I say that competition has hitherto been the universal law, the last word, of Nature, still if only one man should stand up and say, "It shall be so no more,"—if he should say, "It is not the last word of *my* nature, and my acts and life declare that it is not,"—then that so-called law would be at an end. He being a part of Nature has as much right to speak as any other part, and as in the elementary law of hydrostatics a slender column of water can balance (being at the same height) against an ocean—so his Will (if he understand it aright) can balance all that can be arrayed against him. If only one man—with regard to social matters—speaking from the bottom of his heart says "This shall not be:

behold something better;" his word is stronger than all institutions, all traditions. And why?—because the bottom of his heart is also that of Society, of Man. Within himself, in quiet, he has beheld the secret, he has seen a fresh crown of petals, a golden circle of stamens, folded and slumbering in the bud. Man forms society, its laws and institutions, and Man can re-form them. Somewhere within yourself be assured, the secret of that authority lies.

The fatal words spoken by individuals—the words of progress—are provoked by what is called *evil*. Every human institution is good in its time, and then becomes evil—yet it may be doubted whether it is really evil in itself, but rather because if it remained it would hinder the next step. Each petal is pushed out by the next one. A new growth of the moral sense takes place first within the individual—and this gives birth to a new ideal, something to love better than anything seen before. Then in the light of this new love, this more perfect desire, what has gone before and the actually existing things appear wizened and *false* (*i.e.*, ready to *fall*—like the petals). They become something to hate, they are evil; and the perception of evil is already the promise of something better.

Do not be misled so as to suppose that science and the intellect are or can be the sources of social progress or change. It is the moral births and outgrowths that originate, science and the intellect only give form to these. It is a common notion and one apparently gaining ground that science may as it were take Society by the hand and become its high priest and guide to a glorious kingdom. And this to a certain extent is true. Science may become high-priest, but the result of its priestly offices will entirely depend on what kind of deity it represents—what kind of god Society worships. Science will doubtless become its guide, but whither it leads Society will entirely depend on whither Society desires to be led. If Society worships a god of selfish curiosity the holy rites and priesthood of science will consist in vivisection and the torture of the loving animals; if society believes above all things in material results, and desires material gains, science will before long provide these things — it will surround men with machinery and machine-made products, it will whirl them about (behind steam-kettles as Mr. Ruskin says) from one end of the world to the other, it will lap them in every luxury and debility, and give them fifty thousand toys to play with where before they had only one—but through all the whistling of the kettles and the rattling of the toys it will not make the still small voice of God sound any nearer. If Society, in short, worships the devil, science will lead it to the devil; and if Society worships God science will open up, and clear away much that encumbered the path to God. (And here I use these terms as lawyers say "without prejudice"). No mere scientific adjustments will bring about the millennium. Granted that the problem is Happiness, there must be certain moral elements in the mass of mankind before they will even *desire* that kind of happiness which is attainable, let alone their capacity of reaching it—when these moral elements are present the intellectual or scientific solution of the problem will be soon found, without them there will not really be any serious

attempt made to find it. That is—as I said at the head of this paragraph—science and the intellect are not, and never can be, the sources of social progress and change. It is the moral births and outgrowths that originate; the intellect stands in a secondary place as the tool and instrument of the moral faculty.

The commercial and competitive state of society indicates to my mind an upheaval from the feudal of a new (and perhaps grander) sentiment of human right and dignity. Arising simultaneously with Protestantism it meant—they both meant—individualism, the assertion of man's worth and dignity as man, and as against any feudal lordship or priestly hierarchy. It was an outburst of feeling first. It was the sense of equality spreading. It took the form of individualism—the equality of rights—protestantism in religion, competition in commerce. It resulted in the social emancipation of a large class, the *bourgeoisie*. Feudalism, now dwindled to a husk, was thrown off; and for a time the glory, the life of society was in the new order.

But to-day a wider morality, or at least a fresh impulse, asserts itself. Competition in setting itself up as the symbol of human equality, was (like all earthly representations of what is divine) only an imperfect symbol. It had the elements of mortality and dissolution in it. For while it destroyed the privilege of rank and emancipated a huge class, it ended after all by enslaving another class and creating the privilege of wealth. Competition in fact represented a portion of human equality but not the whole; insisting on individual rights all round, it overlooked the law of charity, turned sour with the acid of selfishness, and became as to-day the gospel of "the devil take the hindmost." Arising glorious as the representative of human equality and the opponent of iniquity in high places, it has ended by denying the very source from whence it sprung. It passes by, and like Moses in the rock we now behold the back parts of our divinity!

Competition is doomed. Once a good, it has now become an evil. But simultaneously (and probably as part of the same process) springs up, as I say, a new morality. Everywhere to-day signs of this may be seen, felt. It is *felt* that the relation which systematically allows the weaker to go to the wall is not *human*. Individualism, the mere separate pursuit, each of his own good, on the basis of equality, does not satisfy the heart. The *right* (undoubted though it may be) to take advantage of another's weakness or inferiority, does not please us any longer. Science and the intellect have nothing to say to this, for or against,—they can merely stand and look on—arguments may be brought on both sides. What I say is that as a fact a change is taking place in the general sentiment in this matter; some deeper feeling of human solidarity, brotherliness, charity, some more genuine and substantial apprehension of the meaning of the word equality, is arising—some broader and more determined sense of justice. Though making itself felt as yet only here and there, still there are indications that this new sentiment is spreading; and if it becomes anything like general, then inevitably (I say) it will bring a new state of society with it—will be in fact such new state of society.

Some years ago at Brighton I met with William Smith, the

author of "Thorndale" and other works—a man who had thought much about society and human life. He was then quite an invalid, and indeed died only a week or two later. Talking one day about the current Political Economy he said: "They assume self-interest as the one guiding principle of human nature and so make it the basis of their science"—"but," he added, "even if it is so now it may not always be so, and that would entirely re-model their science." I do not know whether he was aware that even then a new school of political economy was in existence, the school of Marx, Engels, Lassalle, and others—founded really on just this new basis, taking as its point of departure a stricter sense of justice and a new conception of human right and equality. At any rate, whether aware or not, I contend that this dying man—even if he had been alone in the world in his aspiration—*feeling within himself* a deeper, more intimate, principle of action than that expressed in the existing state of society, might have been confident that at some time or other—if not immediately—it would come to the surface and find its due interpretation and translation in a new order of things. And I contend that whoever to-day feels in himself that there is a better standard of life than the higgling of the market, and a juster scale of wages than "what A. or B. will *take*," and a more important question in any undertaking than "how much per cent. it will pay"—contains or conceals *in himself* the germs of a new social order.

Socialism, if that is to be the name of the next wave of social life, springs from and demands as its basis a new sentiment of humanity, a higher morality. That is the essential part of it. A science it is, but only secondarily; for we must remember that as the *bourgeois* political economy sprang from certain moral data, so the socialist political economy implies other moral data. Both are irrefragable on their own axioms. And when these axioms in course of time change again (as they infallibly will) another science of political economy, again irrefragable, will spring up, and socialist political economy will be false.

The morality being the essential part of the movement, it is important to keep that in view. If Socialism, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out, means merely a change of society without a change of its heart—if it merely means that those who grabbed all the good things before shall be displaced, and that those who were grabbed from shall now grab in their turn—it amounts to nothing, and is not in effect a change at all, except quite upon the surface. If it is to be a substantial movement, it must mean a changed ideal, a changed conception of daily life; it must mean some better conception of human dignity—such as shall scorn to claim anything for its own which has not been duly earned, and such as shall not find itself degraded by the doing of any work, however menial, which is useful to society; it must mean simplicity of life, defence of the weak, courage of one's own convictions, charity of the faults and failings of others. These things first, and a larger slice of pudding all round afterwards!

How can such morality be spread?—How does a plant grow?—*It grows.* There is some contagion of influence in these matters. Knowledge can be taught directly; but a new ideal, a new senti-

ment of life, can only pass by some indirect influence from one to another. Yet it does pass. There is no need to talk—perhaps the less said in any case about these matters the better—but if you have such new ideal within you, it is I believe your clearest duty, as well as your best interest, to act it out in your own life at all apparent costs. Then we must not forget that a wise order of society once established (by the strenuous action of a few) reacts on its members. To a certain extent it is true, perhaps, that men and women can be *grown*—like cabbages. And this is a case of the indirect influence of the strenuous few upon the many.

Thus—in this matter of society's change and progress—(though I feel that the subject as a whole is far too deep for me)—I do think that the birth of new moral conceptions in the individual is at least a very important factor. It may be in one individual or in a hundred thousand. As a rule probably when one man feels any such impulse strongly, the hundred thousand are nearer to him than he suspects. (When one leaf, or petal, or stamen begins to form on a tree, or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all around just ready to form.) Anyhow, whether he is alone or not, the new moral birth is sacred—as sacred as the child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the holy ghost to conceal it. And when I use the word "moral" here—or anywhere above—I do not, I hope, mean that dull stupid pinch-lipped conventionality of negations which often goes under that name. The deep-lying ineradicable desires, fountains of human action, the life-long aspirations, the lightning-like revelations of right and justice, the treasured hidden ideals, born in flame and in darkness, in joy and sorrow, in tears and in triumph, within the heart—are as a rule anything but conventional. They may be, and often are, thought *im*moral. I don't care, they are sacred just the same. If they underlie a man's life, and are nearest to himself—they will underlie humanity. "To your own self be true . . . ."

Anyhow courage is better than conventionality: take your stand and let the world come round to you. Do not think you are right and everybody else wrong. If you think you are wrong then you may be right; but if you think you are right then you are certainly wrong. Your deepest highest moral conceptions are only for a time. They have to give place. They are the envelopes of Freedom—that eternal Freedom which cannot be represented—that peace which passes understanding. Somewhere here is the invisible vital principle, the seed within the seed. It may be held but not thought, felt but not represented—except by Life and History. Every individual so far as he touches this stands at the source of social progress—behind the screen on which the phantasmagoria play.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

Ferdinand Freiligrath.

ALTHOUGH Freiligrath's poetical life began with the publication of his "Glaubensbekenntniss," yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the passing events of his time had left him untouched hitherto. Even in the first volume of his poems we meet with his "Geusenwacht" sympathizing with the cause of liberty; with his "Lieve Heere" defiantly scornful of Spanish oppression; and above all with the famous Terzines: "The Irish Widow," that indignant protest against and fierce denunciation of priest-craft. In the "Scheik on the Sinai" we see him following the events of the day with critical observation; again in "Audubon," he takes the part of the hunted Red Indian. In his splendid introdduction to Duller's "Phœnix" he talks of revolt, of the tottering of strong places, of clash of arms, and shouts and vows, and prophesies boldly that a young Germany will arise. While in his Bannerspruch for the third anniversary of the same paper he triumphantly sings:—

Ich fühl's an meines Herzens Pochen
Auch uns wird reifen eine Saat!
Es ist kein Traum was ich gesprochen,
Und jener Völkermorgen naht!
Ich seh' ihn leuchten durch die Jahre;
Ich glaube fest an seine Pracht;
Entbrennen wird der wunderbare,
Und nimmer kehren wird die Nacht."

Ex ungue leonem! Truly these are not the words of indifference! Later on, as oppression in Germany increased steadily, and free thought and word was restricted more and more, Freiligrath, although studiously keeping away from party faction, yet uttered some poems, in which the leaven of the times was working unconsciously and surely, if slowly. I have already alluded to the poem "Der Freistuhl zu Dortmund," where he sits as judge of the old Vehmgericht, and gathers round him the deliverers and champions of Germany, from Armin to Justus Möser. In his "Auch eine Rheinsage" he runs a tilt against priest and monkdom infesting the banks of the beautiful river. In "Ein Kindermärchen" he censures, in the happiest allegorical form the anti-constitutional deeds of Ernst August, of Hannover.

Fine, too, is the description in this poem, of the Brothers Grimm, two of the celebrated seven of Göttingen, who after a vain appeal to royal tyranny, turn back in dignified silence to the old mysterious and beautiful forest whence they have come. The forest

is the history of Germany, with all its wondrous lore of song and legend.

Still more pronounced is the fine poem "Vision" written at St. Goar, where the shade of Zinkgref, poet and patriot of the Thirty Years War, appears to him. The dead adminishes the living poet in significant words, words which show how deeply Freiligrath had pondered on the signs of the times.

But Freiligrath had not yet ranged himself under the banner of young Germany, ardent as were his own aspirations for a great and free fatherland. Already nearly all the best poets of the nation had turned their faces away from the thrones whence issued only disappointment; and Herwegh, Prutz, Dingelstedt, Hoffmann von Fallersleben and Anastasius Grün were among the first in the ranks of the opposition. In vain they admonished him to join them; Freiligrath had no wish to be a political poet, nay he even fought against a growing conviction that he could not remain an indifferent spectator much longer. At Darmstadt he uttered the memorable words, quoted before, "That the poet stands on a higher beacon than on the battlements of party." This winged word was received with great excitement, and Herwegh attacked him with the sharpest weapons of his arsenal. But Freiligrath remained unmoved, jokingly writing to Geibel that "By-and-bye they two would be quite rococo with the views they held."

Then came the stay at St. Goar, with its pleasant summer, lit up by love and friendship, which subsequently ever remained as a bright gleam of sunshine on the background of dark clouds, now ominously rolling up from all sides. Careless as he outwardly seemed, he gave much thought this very summer to the state of Germany, and conversed much with his friends. On the whole, however, and as usual when anything troubled him about which he did not feel clear, he kept silence, and did not publish the poems which were the result of the change to which he felt slowly but irresistibly impelled. In this time falls the beautiful poem, "Bei Koblentz," in which he visits Schenkendorf's grave. He laments that the freedom sung by the dead poet had not yet appeared, and that the Rhine still flowed on a shackled river; finally he praises him happy in that the grave concealed this from him. A little later is written, "A Spot on the Rhine," in which he takes leave for ever of Romance and proclaims his place among the ranks of those about to fight:

Thy empire, Lady, has departed long;
The world has changed; where, now, are thy dominions?
Another spirit than thine rules firm and strong,
It throbs in Life and flames out into song,
None e'er before it fluttered thus its pinions!
I also serve and wish it victory glad—
But why wage war with thee, thou exile sad!

Thou, whose proud banner but from mould'ring wall
Doth lonely float, thro' the dull air slow sailing;
Thou the Dethroned!—with agitated soul
Down at thy feet I humbly, sadly fall,
A solemn witness of thy widow's wailing;
A child, all feverish, of this Era new,
Yet for the Past piously mourning too.

Not as a boy! Only one hour, lo!
Stretched at thy feet, I'll join thee in thy sorrow!
The spirit fresh that thro' these times doth flow,
I've promised it, it has my word and vow,
My blade must flash yet in the fight to-morrow.
Only one hour! but that devoted quite
To thee alone, and to thy glory bright.

It is plain now on what side Freiligrath was going to range himself, but these poems, and most of those mentioned before, were not published, but kept back in his desk. He had undergone a change which he knew would affect his whole life, and he silently fought it out by himself, as was his wont. In the winter he personally experienced all the pressure of the existing galling censorship, which forbade—incredible as it seems to us to-day—his translation of Burns', "A man's a man for a' that," to appear. The silent revolution which had been going on for the last year, now found expression in the poet's ceasing to draw the royal pension from the new year, a deed which was necessary to his feelings of independence and honesty. In the spring of 1844 Freiligrath went with his wife to Asmannshausen, where in utter secrecy and solitude, he prepared his book for the press. That being completed, he went to Kronthal in the Taunus for his health, where he remained eleven weeks, going on to Ostend for the sea-baths. For the book was now out, and the poet foreseeing the storm which would be aroused, deemed it advisable to leave Germany for a while. While he was spending the summer and autumn thus, his "Glaubensbekenntniss" was spread in thousands of copies all over Germany. It was of course interdicted, the police made raids upon it, with the usual result of causing it to be read more than ever. Freiligrath prefaces his "Credo" with an introduction so characteristic and moreover so interesting, as illustrating the gradual change completed within him, that it must not be omitted. I therefore give it as it should be in the poet's own words:—

"The latest turn of affairs in my special fatherland, Prussia, has bitterly disappointed me, who was one of those who hoped and trusted; and it is especially this very turn to which most of the poems of the second part owe their existence. Not one of them I can confidently declare, has been made, each has been produced by events; or rather, they are as necessary and inevitable a result of the clash with my own sense of right and inmost conviction, as my resolution of returning my much talked-of small pension into the hands of the King; a resolution taken and executed in the same moment. On New Year's Day, 1842 I was surprised by its bestowal; since New Year's Day, 1844, I have ceased to receive it.

Whilst I thus, with word and deed, declare myself openly and decisively with the opposition, I also add to the second part the first part. That is to say, I add to the unequivocal poems of a developed and matured political opinion, those that are less sure, less conscious, those that are only growing and shaping themselves. I cannot help it! Whoso stands at the goal should not deny the roundabout way by which it has has been attained. This is my belief and the only reason which has decided me to republish those older poems now. Other motives, such as hate or envy, as was once supposed to be the case when I directed my poem against Herwegh, are as strange to me now as they were then, and I herewith entirely and utterly repudiate them. I principally wished to bring a period of my poetical and political growth, which now lies behind me, to be likewise visible to myself and to others.

Thus then I lay my collection of older and of newest songs confidingly into the hands of the German nation! The thoughtful and enquiring will, I hope, easily discover the many threads leading from the first part of the book to the second. They will, I trust, perceive that there can only be question here of progress and

evolution, not of a change of party or faction; certainly not of a wanton catching at anything so sacred as is the love and respect of a people. They will be able to do so perhaps the more easily, if they reflect that the course of training I have just gone through before the eyes of the nation, is after all but the same which that nation itself, in its struggle for political consciousness, has had, and in part still has, to struggle through. And the worst I can be charged with will be summed up in the fact that I have after all descended from that higher beacon to the battlements of party. And this I fully and freely admit. Firmly and immoveably I stand on the side of those who face the reaction with all their energy. No life for me further without liberty. However the fate of this book and my own may fall out:—as long as the oppression lasts, under which I see my fatherland groaning, my heart will bleed and revolt, and my lips and my arms shall not tire to do what may haply lie in their power to bring about better times. To do this, may the confidence of my nation help me, next God! My face is turned to the future!"

In looking over these poems to-day, it is difficult to believe that any government could have been so ill-advised as to have prohibited them. Let us look at them closer. Beginning with the poem, "Aus Spanien" in which occur the lines so often quoted, we find an address to Immermann, in fine contrast to the memorial verses in the first volume, addressed to his unfortunate and gifted countryman Grabbe. The poem, "Ein Flecken am Rheine," mentioned before succeeds to it, and is followed by "Ein Brief." his indignant rebuke to Herwegh. A short but characteristic poem, "Mit raschen Pferden jagt die Zeit," leads to a splendid translation of Cullen Bryant's "Winds." This finishes the first part.

The second part begins with "Guten Morgen," in which he shakes off, for the last time irresolution of mind and yearning after the "Sel'ge alte Märchenwelt," and finally declares:

To my nation, then, I bade "Good Morning?"
Next, God willing, shall I bid "Good Day."

So "Good Morning!" Free I choose my station
With the people, and their cause make mine.
"*Poet, march and labour with thy nation,*"
Thus, I read, to-day, my Schiller's line.*

It is not possible to mention all the poems specially in this little volume, nor is it necessary to do so. I particularly wish to show plainly how the poet's convictions ever grew stronger and deeper, and how he fearlessly uttered them, conscious that in doing so he exiled himself from his country. But I shall have to touch on the principal poems, which when published, were truly as a flash of lightning in a smoky and thunder-laden atmosphere. The next in importance is his spirited translation of Burns, "For a' that and a' that," which is entitled, "Trotz alledem," a rendering of the difficult Scottish title which was immediately accepted all over Germany, and always remained a favourite of my father's. And now we come to the already more outspoken poem, "Die Freiheit das Recht," of which I will give some verses in Bayard Taylor's fine rendering:

* Translated by J. R. Chorley.

Oh! think not she rests in the grave's chilly slumber
Nor sheds o'er the present her glorious light,
Since Tyranny's shackles the free soul encumber
And traitors accusing, deny to us Right!
No! whether to exile the faithful are wending,
Or, weary of power that crushed them unending,
In dungeons have perished, their veins madly rending,
Yet Freedom still liveth, and with her, the Right,
Freedom and Right!

* * * * * *

And this is a trust: never made, as at present,
The glad pair from battle to battle their flight;
Never breathed through the soul of the down-trodden peasant,
Their spirit so deeply its promptings of light!
They sweep o'er the earth with a tempest-like token;
From strand unto strand words of thunder are spoken;
Already the serf finds his manacles broken,
And those of the negro are falling from sight;
Freedom and Right!

Yes, everywhere wide is their war-banner waving,
On the armies of wrong their revenge to requite;
The strength of Oppression they boldly are braving
And at last they will conquer, resistless in Might!
Oh, God! what a glorious wreath then appearing,
Will blend every leaf in the banner they're wearing—
The olive of Greece and the shamrock of Erin,
And the oak-bough of Germany, greenest in light!
Freedom and Right!

How on earth any censor or government could cavil at the fervent and patriotic aspirations of the grand "Flowers crowd on flowers the undying human tree" passes one's understanding to-day, but so it was. Let me quote one verse of this poem, one of the finest amongst Freiligrath's many fine ones:

Thou, who the folded bloom expanding loosest,
Oh, breath of Spring! for us breathe hither, too!
Thou, who all nations' sacred germs unclosest,
Oh Freedom's breath, on ours benignly blow!
Oh, from her deepest, stillest sanctuary,
Kiss her awake, to scent, to shine, to bloom.
Lord God Almighty! what a flower of glory,
This Germany, for all, will yet become!*

In quick succession follow the poems "In Heaven" and the two legends of the "White Lady." The first is an indignant appeal of the Great Frederick, met by the quiet and grimly sarcastic answer of his old heroes, an answer far from complimentary to the powers that be. In the two other poems the same admonition and warning is uttered by the Banshee of the Hohenzollerns:

Es ist der Schrei, den um sein Recht
Das Volk-erhebt-annoch in Treuen!
Du schläfst sehr fest, o mein Geschlecht,
Zu überhören solch' ein Schreien!

In the poem "Vom Harze," Freiligrath handles the game laws of the time, and relates a fact; a simple fact, simply narrated, but the eye moistens indignantly. Still more pathetic is the cry of the starving

* Translated by J. R. Chorley.

Silesian Weaver's boy, who sorrowfully calls on "Rübezahl" to help him. More generally known is the finely ironical poem, "Hamlet," in which the key-note is struck at once.

Deutschland is Hamlet! solemn, slow
Within its gates walks every night,
Pale, buried Freedom, to-and-fro,
And fills the watchers with affright.

This has been translated by William Howitt. In "The Two Flags," to quote from Karl Blind's admirable essay on Freiligrath (Fraser's Magazine, 1876): "Freiligrath's German patriotism, his sympathy with French Liberal aspirations, as well as his watchful mistrust of a coming Gallic aggression that must be sternly met, are remarkably indicated." Next follow the "Flotten-Träume," and two other sonnets; in the last of which he declares that he "will have no more good monarchs! A tyrant gave England her great chart!" To "Hoffmann von Fallersleben" is a record of a memorable interview with that poet; in which much that was still unsettled in the younger poet found its final solution. That Fallersleben converted Freiligrath to the opposition in one night, as was often asserted afterwards, is on the surface of it a ludicrous impossibility. The last poem is: "Ihr kennt die Sitte wohl der Schotten," and Freiligrath finishes the volume with the defiant and strangely poetical lines:

Zu Assmaunshausen *in* der Kron,
Wo mancher Durst'ge schon gezecht,
Da macht ich *gegen* eine Kron
Dies Büchlein für den Druck-zurecht!
Ich schrieb es ab bei Rebenschein,
Weinlaub um's Haus und saft'ge Reiser,
Drum, wollt Ihr rechte Täufer sein,
Tauft's: vier und vierz'ger Assmaunshäuser!

While the book was read and discussed and praised and abused without end, Freiligrath with a load off his soul, and in order to avoid the persecution which he knew would be his inevitable fate, went from Ostend to Brussels, where he spent the winter, and where he made the acquaintance of Karl Marx, Bürgers, and Heinzen, all exiles like himself. But not caring for Belgian life he went early in the year to Switzerland, where his wife followed as soon as he had found a modest home in Rapperswyl on the banks of the Lake of Zürich. But here, too, to avoid banishment from the Ultra-Montane canton, St. Gallen, he went to spend the winter in Zürich itself where he met with Herwegh, Arnold Ruge, and Heinzen.

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEKER

(To be continued).

Ghosts.

ACT II.

(*The same room. The mist continues heavy over the whole landscape.* MR. MANDERS *and* MRS. ALVING *come out from the dining-room.*)

MRS. ALVING (*still in the doorway*). May your dinner do you good, Mr. Manders.* (*Speaks within the dining-room.*) Are n't you coming too, Oswald ?

OSWALD (*from within*). No, thank you. I think I shall go out a little.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, do. The weather seems brighter now. (*She shuts the dining-room door and goes out to the door into the hall and calls.*) Regina !

REGINA (*outside*). Yes, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Go down into the laundry and help with the garlands.

REGINA. I'll go directly, Mrs. Alving.

(MRS. ALVING *assures herself that* REGINA *goes ; then shuts the door.*)

MR. MANDERS. I suppose he can't hear anything we say in there ?

MRS. ALVING. He can't now the door is shut. Besides he is just going out.

MR. MANDERS. I am still as one bewildered. I can't think how I could get down a bit of dinner.

MRS. ALVING (*self-controlled, but disturbed, walking up and down*) Nor can I, either. But what is to be done now ?

MR. MANDERS. Yes ; what is to be done? Upon my honour, I don't know. I am so entirely inexperienced in matters of this sort.

MRS. ALVING. I am quite convinced that so far no mischief has been done.

MR. MANDERS. No ; heaven forbid ! But it is an unseemly state of things, nevertheless.

MRS. ALVING. The whole thing is an idle fancy of Oswald's. You may be sure of that.

MR. MANDERS. Well, I am, as I was saying, not familiar with affairs of the kind. But still, I should certainly think——

MRS. ALVING. Out of the house she must go, and that immediately. It is as clear as daylight.

* The old-fashioned custom of exchanging greetings after a meal still exists in Scandinavia.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, of course she must.

MRS. ALVING. But where to? We can't in that case protect——

MR. MANDERS. Where to? Home to her father, of course.

MRS. ALVING. To whom, did you say?

MR. MANDERS. To her—. No, but surely Engstrand is not—? But, good God, Mrs. Alving, how is that possible? You may be mistaken after all.

MRS. ALVING. Alas! I'm mistaken in nothing. Johanna had to acknowledge her doings to me, and Mr. Alving could not deny it. So that there was really nothing to be done except to keep the matter hushed up.

MR. MANDERS. No. That was all you could do.

MRS. ALVING. The girl left our service at once, and got rather a large sum of money to hold her tongue for the time being. The rest she managed for herself when she got into the town. She renewed her old acquaintance with Engstrand, the carpenter, circulated plenty of reports, I've no doubt, as to how much money she had got and told him some tale about a foreigner who put in here with a yacht in summer. So she and Engstrand got married in hot haste. Why! you married them yourself!

MR. MANDERS. But how can I account, then, for——? I recollect distinctly when Engstrand came to give notice of the marriage. He was so dreadfully depressed, and blamed himself so bitterly for the light behaviour he and his betrothed had been guilty of.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; of course he had to take the blame upon himself.

MR. MANDERS. But such a piece of dishonesty on his part! And towards me, too! I certainly never could have believed it of Jacob Engstrand. Ah! I shall not fail to give him a serious talking to; he may be sure of that. And then the immorality of such a connection! For money's sake! How large was the sum the girl had given her?

MRS. ALVING. It was fifty pounds.

MR. MANDERS. There! only think! that for a miserable fifty pounds a man should go and get married to a fallen woman!

MRS. ALVING. Then what have you to say of me? I went and got married to a fallen man.

MR. MANDERS. But—God be merciful to us—what are you talking about? A fallen man!

MRS. ALVING. Perhaps you consider Mr. Alving was purer when I went with him to the altar than Johanna was when Engstrand got married to her?

MR. MANDERS. Well, but the two things are as different as Heaven and Earth——.

MRS. ALVING. Not so very different after all. There was certainly a great difference in the price—a miserable fifty pounds and a whole fortune.

MR. MANDERS. But how can you place two such different things side by side? You had taken counsel with your own heart and with all your friends.

MRS. ALVING (*without looking at him*). I thought you understood where what you call my heart had wandered to at the time.

MR. MANDERS (*distantly*). Had I understood anything of the kind, I should not have continued a daily guest in your husband's house.

MRS. ALVING. Well, the fact remains that with myself I took no counsel whatever.

MR. MANDERS. Well, then, with your nearest relatives,—just as it is directed you should,—with your mother and both your aunts.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, that is true. Those three cast up the sum for me. Oh! no one would believe how clearly they made out that it would be downright madness to refuse such an offer. If mother could but look up now and know what all the splendour had brought me!

MR. MANDERS. Nobody can be considered responsible for the result. This much remains clear, after all that's said and done: your marriage was sanctioned by every lawful authority.

MRS. ALVING (*towards the window*). Oh! what nonsense all that is about lawful authority. I often think it is that which causes all the miseries there are in the world.

MR. MANDERS. Mrs. Alving, now you are doing yourself injustice.

MRS. ALVING. Well, I daresay I am; but I can't endure all these bonds and considerations any longer. I can't. I must work my way out to freedom.

MR. MANDERS. What do you mean by that?

MRS. Alving (*drumming her fingers on the window-sill*). I ought never to have concealed the facts of Mr. Alving's life. But at that time I dared do nothing else—nor for my own sake either. I was such a coward.

MR. MANDERS. A coward?

MRS. ALVING. If people had got to know it, they would have talked somewhat in this way: "Poor man! no wonder he is fast when he has a wife who has run away from him."

MR. MANDERS, Something of the sort might have been said with a certain show of right.

MRS. ALVING (*looking steadily at him*). If I were what I ought to be, I should set Oswald before me and say: "Listen, my boy; your father was a fallen creature——"

MR. MANDERS. Good gracious!——

MRS. ALVING. ——and then I should tell him all I have told you—straight through.

MR. MANDERS. I can hardly repress my indignation, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; I know that. I know that very well. I am indignant myself at the thought of it all. (*Goes away from the window.*) I am such a coward.

MR. MANDERS. And you call it 'cowardice' to do what your plain duty and obligations dictate? Have you forgotten that a child is to honour his father and mother?

MRS. ALVING. Don't let us take that in general terms. Let us ask: Shall Oswald honour and love Chamberlain Alving?

MR. MANDERS. Is there no voice in your mother's heart that forbids you to destroy your son's ideals?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. But what about the truth?

MR. MANDERS. Yes. But what about the ideals?

MRS. ALVING. Oh! Ideals! Ideals! If I only were n't such a coward as I am!

MR. MANDERS. Do not knock down ideals, Mrs. Alving; for it is hard to raise them up again; and especially in Oswald's case. Oswald has not so very many ideals as it is, the more's the pity. But this much I have been able to see: his father stands before him as one such ideal.

MRS. ALVING. You are quite right.

MR. MANDERS. And these pictures of his father you have yourself excited and kept alive by your letters.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; I was bound by Duty and Considerations, and therefore I lied for my boy, year after year. Oh! how cowardly, how cowardly I have been!

MR. MANDERS. You have founded a happy illusion in your son's heart, Mrs. Alving, and most assuredly you ought not to prize it lightly.

MRS. ALVING. H'm; who knows whether it was the right thing, now, after all? But any goings on with Regina, I will have nothing to do with. He shall not go and make the poor girl unhappy.

MR. MANDERS. No; good gracious! that would be dreadful!

MRS. ALVING. If I knew he was in earnest, and that it would be for his happiness——

MR. MANDERS. How? What then?

MRS. ALVING. But it would not turn out so; for I'm sorry to say Regina is not one of that sort.

MR. MANDERS. Well, what then? How do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. If I were not such a deplorable coward as I am, I would say to him: "Marry her, or arrange it between yourselves as you please, only don't let us have any deception in the matter."

MR. MANDERS. But good heavens! even a lawful marriage! anything so dreadful! so unheard of!

MRS. ALVING. Well, do you really mean "unheard of?" Put your hand on your heart and tell me. Don't you suppose that in all the country round there are some married couples who are as nearly related as they?

MR. MANDERS. I do not in the very least understand you.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! dear me, yes; you do.

MR. MANDERS. Well, you are imagining the possible circumstance of—Yes! alas! family life is not always so pure as it ought to be. But such a matter as you point towards one can never know—at least with any certainty. Here, on the other hand, that you, a mother, could be willing to consent that your son—!

MRS. ALVING. But that is just what I will not do—I will not have it at any price the world could offer me; that is precisely what I am saying.

MR. MANDERS. No, because you are a 'coward' as you express yourself. But suppose you were not a 'coward'? Good God! a connection so shocking!

MRS. ALVING. Well, so far as that goes, we have all sprung from connections of that sort, it is said. And who is it who established such things in the world, Mr. Manders?

MR. MANDERS. Questions of that sort I must decline to discuss

with you, Mrs. Alving; you are far from having the right frame of mind to approach them with. But that you should dare to say it is 'cowardly' of you!

MRS. ALVING. Now you shall just hear how I mean that. I am afraid and timid because there is in me something of that Ghost-like, inherited tendency I can never quite get rid of.

MR. MANDERS. What name did you give it?

MRS. ALVING. Ghost-like. When I heard Regina and Oswald in there, it was as though I saw Ghosts before me. But I almost think we are all of us Ghosts, Mr. Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from father and mother that walks again in us. It is all kinds of dead opinions, and all manner of dead old creeds and things of that sort. It is not living matter in us; but it stays there all the same and we can't get rid of it. If I do but take up a newspaper to read, it is as though I saw Ghosts come sneaking in between the lines. There must be Ghosts all the country over. They must be as thick as the sand of the sea, I should think. And that is why we are, one and all, so dreadfully afraid of Light.

MR. MANDERS. Ah! now we get the outcome of your reading! Exquisite fruits, upon my word! Oh! those horrible, rebellious, free thinking writings!

MRS. ALVING. You are mistaken, dear Sir. You yourself are the man who set me thinking; and for so doiug you shall have full credit.

MR. MANDERS. I!

MRS. ALVING. Yes. When you forced me under the yoke you called Duty and Obligation; when you praised as right and proper what all my senses rebelled at as at something abhorrent. It was then that I began to examine your teaching in the seams. I only wished to undo a single stitch, but when I had got that undone, the whole thing came to pieces. And then I found that it was all chain-stitch sewing-machine work.

MR. MANDERS. (*Shaken, distressed*). And was that to be the gain of my life's hardest battle?

MRS. ALVING. Call it rather your most miserable defeat.

MR. MANDERS. It was the greatest victory of my life, Helen—the victory over myself.

MRS. ALVING. It was a crime towards us both.

MR. MANDERS. That I commanded you, saying: "Woman, go home to your lawful husband" when you came to me wildly and cried, "Here I am; take me,"—was that a crime?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I think so.

MR. MANDERS. We two don't understand each other.

MRS. ALVING. We no longer do so now, at any rate.

MR. MANDERS. Never—never once in my most secret thoughts, have I regarded you otherwise than as another's wife.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, indeed?

MR. MANDERS. Helen!

MRS. ALVING. People so easily pass from their own memories.

MR. MANDERS. I do not. I am what I always was.

MRS. ALVING. (*Turning round*). Well, well, well, don't let us talk of old times any longer. You are now over head and ears in Commissions and Boards of Direction, and I wander about here and fight with Ghosts both within and without.

MR. MANDERS. Those without I shall readily help you to lay. After all that I have been so horrified to hear from you to-day, I cannot, in all conscience, bear the responsibility of letting a young girl who is not betrothed remain in your house.

MRS. ALVING. Do you think it would be the best plan to get her provided for?—I mean by a good marriage.

MR. MANDERS. No doubt it would. I consider it would be desirable for her in every respect. Regina is just now of an age when——Well, I really understand so little about these things, but——

MRS. ALVING. Regina matured very early.

MR. MANDERS. Yes! did she not? It seems to float before me as a sort of vision that she was strikingly well developed in physical appearance when I prepared her for Confirmation. But first of all, she must be off home, any how, under her father's eye—Ah! but Engstrand must certainly be—.That he—that he could so hide the truth from me!

(*There is knocking at the door into the hall*).

MRS. ALVING. Who can that be? Come in!

ENGSTRAND. (*In Sunday clothes, in the doorway*). I beg your pardon humbly, but——

MR. MANDERS. Ah! H'm—

MRS. ALVING. Is that you, Engstrand?

ENGSTRAND. —there was none of the servants about and so I took upon myself the liberty of just knocking.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! very well. Come in. Do you want to speak to me about something?

ENGSTRAND. (*Comes in*). No; I'm greatly obliged to you; it was with his Reverence I wanted to have a word or two.

MR. MANDERS. (*Walking up and down the room*), H'm—indeed? You want to speak to me, do you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, I should particular glad.

MR. MANDERS. (*Stands still in front of him*). Well. May I ask what it is you want?

ENGSTRAND. Well, now, it was this, your Reverence; we've just done clearing up down yonder—my grateful thanks to you, Ma'am—.And now we've got everything ready; and so I've been thinking it would be but right and proper if we that have been working so hearty-like all the time;—well, I was thinking as we ought to end it up with a bit of a prayer to-night.

MR. MANDERS. A prayer? Down at the Orphanage?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, Perhaps your Reverence don't think it quite proper——

MR. MANDERS. Oh! dear, yes! I do, but—H'm—

ENGSTRAND. I've been in the habit of having a little prayer down there in the evenings, myself.

MRS. ALVING. Have you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, once in a way—a kind of small building up of ourselves, you might call it. But I am a poor, common man, and have no gifts that way, God help me aright; and so thinks I, that as the Reverend Mr. Manders was just out here, I'd ——

MR. MANDERS. Well, just look here, Engstrand. I must first ask you a question. Are you in the right frame of mind for a

meeting of that kind? Do you feel your conscience clear and at ease?

ENGSTRAND. Oh! God help us all! your Reverence, I don't deserve to talk about the conscience.

MR. MANDERS. Ah! then that's just what we will talk about. Why do you answer in that way?

ENGSTRAND. Ay,—the conscience, it can be bad sometimes.

MR. MANDERS. Well, then, you recognise that in any case. But will you make a clean breast of it, and tell the truth about Regina?

MRS. ALVING (*quickly*). Mr. Manders!

MR. MANDERS (*soothingly*). Just let me ——

ENGSTRAND. About Regina! Lord! how you frightened me then! (*looks at Mrs. Alving*). There's nothing wrong up about Regina, is there?

MR. MANDERS. We will hope not. But I mean: how do you and Regina stand to each other? You pass everywhere for her father, eh?

ENGSTRAND (*uncertain*). Well—h'm—your Reverence knows how matters were with me and poor Johanna.

MR. MANDERS. Now! no perversion of the truth any longer! Your dead wife told Mrs. Alving the whole story before quitting her service.

ENGSTRAND. Oh! very well, then ——. Now did she really?

MR. MANDERS. So you are detected, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. And she who took her Bible oath and swore ——.

MR. MANDERS. Did she swear?

ENGSTRAND. No; she only took her Bible oath; but she said it so thoroughly honest.

MR. MANDERS. And you have hidden the truth from me all these years? Hidden it from me! when I have trusted you without reserve, through thick and thin!

ENGSTRAND. Yes, alas! your Reverence, I have.

MR. MANDERS. Have I deserved it of you, Engstrand? Haven't I always stood ready to join hands with you in word and deed so far as was in my power? Answer me. Have I not?

ENGSTRAND. It would have been a poor look out for me many a time, if I hadn't had the Reverend Mr. Manders for me.

MR. MANDERS. And then you reward me for it all in this way! You cause me to enter in the Church Register things I cannot afterwards correct, and you withold from me, through many long years, the explanations which you owed alike to me and to truth. Your conduct has been wholly inexcusable, Engstrand; and from this time forward all is over between us.

ENGSTRAND (*with a sigh*). Yes! I reckon it must be so.

MR. MANDERS. Ay! for how can you possibly justify yourself?

ENGSTRAND. But ought she to have gone about and disgraced herself worse by talking about it? Will your Reverence just fancy you were in the same trouble as poor Johanna was ——.

MR. MANDERS. I!

ENGSTRAND. Lawk a mercy! I don't mean so exact as all that. But I mean that if your Reverence had anything to be ashamed of in other folks' eyes, as they say. . . We men didn't ought to judge a poor wench too strict, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. But I'm not doing so, by any means. It is you I am reproaching.

ENGSTRAND. Might I make so bold as to ask your Reverence a bit of a question?

MR. MANDERS. Well, well, you can ask it.

ENGSTRAND. Ain't it right and proper in a man to raise up them that are fallen?

MR. MANDERS. Most certainly it is.

ENGSTRAND. And ain't a man bound to keep his word honest and faithful?

MR. MANDERS. Why! of course he is; but . . .

ENGSTRAND. The time when Johanna had got into trouble through that Englishman, or it might have been an American or a Russian, as they call 'em—well, it were then she came down into the town. Poor body! she'd sent me about my business once or twice before: for she couldn't abear the sight of anything but what was handsome; and *I'd got this here limping in my leg.* Your Reverence recollects, you know, I'd been venturing up in a dancing hall where sea-going sailors used to be shouting with their drink and their intoxication, as the saying is. And then, when I was for giving them a bit of an admonition to lead a new life ——.

MRS. ALVING (*from the window*). H'm ——.

MR. MANDERS. I know all about that, Engstrand; those rough people threw you down the stairs. You told me that occurrence before. You bear your limp very honourably.

ENGSTRAND. I am not puffed up about it, your Reverence. But what I just wanted to tell was that then she came and put all her trust in me, weeping dreadful and gnashing of her teeth. I can tell your Reverence it was downright grievous to listen to.

MR. MANDERS. Now was it really, Engstrand? Well, I daresay it was.

ENGSTRAND. Ay! so I says to her: 'The American he's sailing about somewhere over the seas, I daresay *he* is. And as for you, Johanna,' says I, 'you've gone and committed a grievous sin and you're a fallen creature. But Jacob Engstrand,' says I, 'he's got two good legs of his own to stand upon, *he* has'——well, you know, your Reverence, I meant that as a kind of a allegory, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. I understand you quite well. Just go on with your tale.

ENGSTRAND. Well, that was how I raised her up and married her and made an honest woman of her, so as folks shouldn't get to know how wild she'd been carrying on with foreigners.

MR. MANDERS. All that was very handsomely done on your part. The only thing that I can't approve of is that you should stoop to take money ——.

ENGSTRAND. Money? Not a farthing!

MR. MANDERS (*enquiringly to Mrs. Alving*). But ——

ENGSTRAND. Oh! ay! wait a minute; now I recollect. Johanna had a matter of a few shillings by her. But I wouldn't know nothing of that. 'For shame!' says I, 'Mammon is the price of sin, it is. That evil gold—or notes or whatever it were—we'll just fling that back to the American,' says I. But he was gone far out of sight, over the stormy sea, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. Now was he really, Engstrand, my good fellow?

ENGSTRAND. Ay! Sir. So Johanna and me, we came to an agreement that the money should go to the child's education; and so it did, and I can give account for every blessed shilling of it.

MR. MANDERS. Come, now! This alters the whole thing considerably.

ENGSTRAND. That's just how it stands, your Reverence. And I may make so bold as to say I've been an honest father to Regina, so far as my poor strength went; for I'm but a poor creature, worse luck!

MR. MANDERS. Oh! no, no, my good fellow ——.

ENGSTRAND. But I may make so bold as to say that I have brought up the child and lived kind with poor Johanna and been faithful as a steward over my own house, as the Scripture has it. But it never would ha' struck me go up to your Reverence and puff myself up, and be proud because I done a good action for once in a way, the likes of me. No, Sir; when anything of that sort happens to Jacob Engstrand, he holds his tongue about it. And it don't happen so very often, I daresay. And whenever I I do come to see your Reverence, I find a mortal deal to say about what's wicked and weak. For I do say,—as I was a-saying just now,—the conscience can get evil every now and then.

MR. MANDERS. Shake hands with me, Jacob Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. Oh! Lord bless us! your Reverence. . . .

MR. MANDERS. No getting out of it (*wrings his haud.*) There we are!

ENGSTRAND. And if I might beg your Reverence's pardon ever so humbly——

MR. MANDERS. You? No, on the contrary, it is I who ought to beg your pardon.

ENGSTRAND. Lor', Sir; not a bit of it.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, certainly. And I do it with all my heart. Forgive me for misunderstanding you so. And if there is any way in which I could possibly show you any token whatever of my complete trust and my goodwill towards you—

ENGSTRAND. Would your Reverence?

MR. MANDERS. With the greatest pleasure in life.

ENGSTRAND. Well! then there's just the very opportunity now. With the money I've saved here, I was thinking I might begin a kind of a Sailor's Home down in the town.

MRS. ALVING. Do you want to?

ENGSTRAND. Yes; it might be sort of Asylum, as you might say. There's a many temptations for sea-faring folk when they're ashore. But in this here little house o' mine, a man might feel as safe as if he was under his own father's eye, I was thinking.

MR. MANDERS. What do you say to this, Mrs. Alving?

ENGSTRAND. It ain't a big sum as I've got to start with, the Lord help me! But if I could only get a kind helping hand, why . . .

MR. MANDERS. Yes, yes; let us weigh the matter more carefully. Your undertaking appears to me deserving of special approbation. But now go before me and make everything in readiness, and get the lamps lit, so that it may look a little cheerful. And

then we will pass an edifying hour together, my good fellow; for now I quite believe you are in the right frame of mind.

ENGSTRAND. I think I am, too. And so I'll say good-bye, Ma'am, and thank you kindly; and please to take care most particular of Regina for me,—(*wipes a tear from his eye*) poor Johanna's child; h'm, now, that's an odd thing, it is; but it's just as if she's grown into the very core of my heart. Ay, it is indeed. (*He bows and goes out through the hall*).

MR. MANDERS. Well, what do you say about the man now, Mrs. Alving? That was a totally different explanation we got then, wasn't it?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, it most certainly was.

MR. MANDERS. It only shows you how excessively careful one must be in judging one's fellow-creatures. But it gives one a most heartfelt feeling of gladness, too, when one ascertains one has been mistaken. Or, what do *you* say?

MRS. ALVING. I say that you are and will remain a great baby, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. I?

MRS. ALVING (*laying both her hands upon his shoulders*). And I say that I have half a mind to throw my arms round your neck.

MR. MANDERS (*stepping hastily back*). No, no; God bless you! such whims—

MRS. ALVING (*with a smile*). Oh! you need not be afraid of me.

MR. MANDERS (*by the table*). You have such an exaggerated way of expressing yourself, sometimes. Now, before I do anything else, I will collect the various documents and put them in my bag. (*He does so*). There, then. And now, farewell for the present. Keep your eyes open when Oswald comes back. I shall look in upon you later. (*He takes his hat and goes out through the hall door*).

MRS. ALVING (*heaves a sigh, looks a moment out of the window, sets the room in order a little, and is about to go into the dining-room, but stands still suddenly and cries out in a half suppressed voice*), Oswald, are you still at table?

OSWALD (*in the dining-room*). I am only finishing my cigar.

MRS. ALVING. I thought you had gone a short walk on the road.

OSWALD. In such weather as this? (*A glass clinks.* MRS. ALVING *leaves the door open, and sits down with her knitting on the sofa by the window*). Wasn't that Mr. Manders who went away just now?

MRS. ALVING. Yes; he went down to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. H'm. (*The glass and decanter clink again*).

MRS. ALVING (*with a troubled glance*). Dear Oswald, you should take care what you are about with that liqueur. It is strong.

OSWALD. It is a good thing against damp.

MRS. ALVING. Wouldn't you rather come in to me?

OSWALD. I mayn't smoke in there.

MRS. ALVING. You know quite well that you may smoke cigars.

OSWALD. Oh! all right then; I'll come in. Just a tiny drop more first! There! now, I've done. (*He comes into the room with his cigar and shuts the door after him. A short silence*). Where's Manders gone to?

MRS. ALVING. I've just told you; he went down to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. Oh! ah; so you did.

MRS. ALVING. You shouldn't sit so long at table after dinner, Oswald.

OSWALD (*holding his cigar behind him*). But I think that's just what's so comfortable, Mother. (*Strokes and pats her*). Just think what it is for me to come home and sit at Mother's own table, in Mother's room, and eat Mother's delicious dinner

MRS. ALVING. My dear, dear boy!

OSWALD (*somewhat impatiently walks about and smokes*). And what on earth else can I set myself to here? I can't occupy myself with anything.

MRS. ALVING. Why can't you?

OSWALD. In such weather as this? Without a single ray of sunlight the whole day? (*walks away across the floor.*) Oh! that's just it; not being able to work!

MRS. ALVING. Perhaps it was not quite wise of you to come home?

OSWALD. No, Mother; I'd no choice.

MRS. ALVING. Why! I would rather forego the joy of having you ten times over than that you should . . .

OSWALD (*stands still by the table*). But now just tell me, Mother; does it really make you so very happy to have me home again?

MRS. ALVING. Doesn't it just make me happy—that's all!

OSWALD (*crumpling up a newspaper*). I should have thought it must be pretty much the same for you whether I was here or not.

MRS. ALVING. And you have the heart to say that to your mother, Oswald?

OSWALD. But you've been able to live very well without me all this time.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; I have lived without you. That is quite true. (*Twilight begins gradually. Oswald walks to and fro across the floor. He has laid his cigar down*).

OSWALD (*stands by* MRS. ALVING). Mother, may I sit down on the sofa by you?

MRS. ALVING (*makes room for him*). Yes; do, my dear boy.

OSWALD (*sits down*). Now I am going to tell you something, Mother.

MRS. ALVING (*anxiously*). Very well, dear.

OSWALD (*looks wildly before him*). For I can't go on bearing it any longer.

MRS. ALVING. Bearing what? What is the matter?

OSWALD (*as before*). I was never able to make myself write to you about it; and since I've come home . . .

MRS. ALVING (*seizes him by the arm*). Oswald, what *is* the matter?

OSWALD (*as before*). Both yesterday and to-day I have tried to put the thoughts away from me . . . . to get free from them; But it won't do.

MRS. ALVING (*rising*). Now you must speak out, Oswald.

OSWALD (*draws her down to the sofa again*). Sit still; and then I will try to tell it you. I complained so of fatigue after my journey here.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, you did. Well, what then?

OSWALD. But it isn't that that's the matter with me; it isn't any general state of fatigue. . . .

MRS. ALVING (*tries to jump up*). Then you're not ill, Oswald!

OSWALD (*draws her down again*). Do sit still, Mother. Only take it quietly. I am not downright ill, either; not what is commonly called 'ill' (*puts his hands together over his head*). Mother, I am broken down in mind,—ruined,—I shall never be able to work again. (*With his hands before his face, he throws himself down into her lap and breaks into bitter sobbing*).

MRS. ALVING (*white and trembling*). Oswald! Look at me! No, no, it isn't true.

OSWALD (*looks up with despairing eyes*). Never be able to work again. Never, never! It will be like living death! Mother, can you imagine anything so terrible?

MRS. ALVING. My poor boy! How has the terrible thing come over you?

OSWALD (*sits upright*). Ah! that's just what I can't possibly grasp or understand. I have never led an unsteady life,—never, in any respect. You must never believe it of me, Mother. I have never done that.

MRS. ALVING. And I don't believe it, Oswald.

OSWALD. And yet this has come over me, just the same,—this awful misfortune!

MRS. ALVING. Oh! but it will right itself, my dear, darling boy. It is nothing but over-exertion. You may believe I am right in saying so.

OSWALD (*sadly*). I thought so too, at first, but it isn't so.

MRS. ALVING. Tell me the whole story from beginning to end.

OSWALD. Well, I will.

MRS. ALVING. At what time did you first notice it?

OSWALD. It was directly after I had been home last time and had got back to Paris again. I began to feel the most severe pains in my head,—chiefly in the back of my head, I thought. It was as though an iron ring that was too tight was being screwed round my neck and upwards.

MRS. ALVING. Well, and then?

OSWALD. At first I thought it was nothing but the old headache I had been so plagued with when I was growing up . . .

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes . . .

OSWALD. But it was not that. I soon found that out. I could no longer work. I wanted to begin upon a large new picture, but it was as though my powers failed me: all my strength was crippled: I could not collect my thoughts to form any fixed impressions: it all swam before me—ran round and round. Oh! it was an awful state to be in. At last I had to send for a doctor, and from him I got to know the truth.

MRS. ALVING. How was it?

OSWALD. He was one of the first physicians down there. I had to tell him how I had been feeling, and then he set to work and began asking me a heap of questions which I didn't think had anything on earth to do with the matter. I couldn't imagine what the man was after . . .

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. At last he said: 'From your birth there has been some canker at the very root of your being;' he even used the words right out, 'Eaten up with disease.'

MRS. ALVING (*breathlessly*). What did he mean by that?

OSWALD. I didn't understand either, and begged of him to give me a clearer explanation. And then the old cynic said (*clenching his fist*) Oh!—

MRS. ALVING. What did he say?

OSWALD. He said, 'The father's sins are visited upon the children.'

MRS. ALVING (*rising slowly*). The father's sins . . . !

OSWALD. I very nearly struck him in the face . . .

MRS. ALVING (*walks away across the floor*). The father's sins!

OSWALD (*smiles sadly*). Yes; what do you think of that? Of course I assured him that there had never been the slightest breath of any such tale. But do you think he gave in when I said that? Not a bit; he stuck to it; and it was only when I took out your letters and translated to him the passages which related to father—

MRS. ALVING. But then?

OSWALD. Then he was of course bound to admit that he was on the wrong track, and so I got to know the truth—the incomprehensible truth: That merry, happy young life with my fellow students I ought to have kept aloof from. It had been too exciting for my powers. So I had brought it upon myself,

MRS. ALVING. Oswald! Oh! no; don't believe it.

OSWALD. There was no other explanation possible, he said. That is the awful part of it. Incurably ruined for my whole life—by my own heedlessness! All that I wanted to carry out in the world . . . Fancy! I can never dare to think of it again. I am not *able* to think of it. Oh! if I could but live it all over again, and undo all that I have done! (*He throws himself down on his face on the sofa. Mrs. Alving wrings her hands and walks, in silent struggle, backwards and forwards. Oswald, after a while, looks up and remains half-lying upon his elbow*). If it had only been something inherited, something that one couldn't be supposed responsible for! But this! To think that in such a disgracefully thoughtless, light-minded way, one threw away one's own happiness, one's own health, everything in the world—one's future, one's very life!

MRS. ALVING. No, no, my dear, darling boy! It is impossible. (*Bends over him*). Things are not so desperate with you as you believe.

OSWALD. Oh! you don't know. (*Springs up*). And then to think, Mother, that I have to cause you all this sorrow! Many a time have I almost wished and hoped that at the bottom you did not care so very much about me.

MRS. ALVING. I, Oswald? my only boy! The only person I have for my own in the world! The only thing I do care about!

OSWALD (*seizes both her hands and kisses them*). Yes, Mother dear, I see it well enough. When I am at home, I see it, of course. And that is the hardest part for me. But now you know all about it, too. And now we won't talk any more about it to-day. I can't think about it for long together. (*Walks across the room.*) Get me something to drink, Mother.

MRS. ALVING. Drink? What do you want to drink now?

OSWALD. Oh! anything you like. I daresay you've got some cold punch in the house.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; but my dear Oswald . . .

OSWALD. Don't make a fuss about it, Mother. Do be nice about it, now. I must have something to drive away these worrying thoughts. (*Goes up into the conservatory*). And then . . . it is so dark here! (*Mrs. Alving pulls a bell-rope on her right*). And then there's this ceaseless rain! It may go on week after week for months together. Never get a glimpse of the sun! I recollect I have never seen the sun shine all the times I have been at home.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald, you are thinking of going away from me.

OSWALD. H'm. (*Drawing a deep breath*). I don't think about anything. *Can't* think about anything. (*In a low voice*) I am obliged to let that alone.

REGINA. (*From the dining-room*). Did you ring, Ma'am?

MRS. ALVING. Yes; let us have the lamp in.

REGINA. I will, directly. It is ready lighted. (*Goes out*).

MRS. ALVING (*goes across to Oswald*). Oswald, be frank with me.

OSWALD. Well, and so I am, Mother. (*Goes across to the table*). I think I have told you so much.

(*Regina brings the lamp and sets it upon the table*).

MRS. ALVING. Look here, Regina, you might fetch us a half bottle of champagne.

REGINA. Very well, Ma'am. (*Goes out*).

OSWALD (*puts his hands round Mrs. Alving's face*). That's just what I wanted. I knew very well Mother would'nt let her boy be thirsty.

MRS. ALVING. My own, poor, darling Oswald, how could I have in my heart to deny you anything now?

OSWALD (*brightly*). Is that true, Mother? Do you mean it?

MRS. ALVING. How? What?

OSWALD. That you wouldn't be able to deny me anything.

MRS. ALVING. But dear Oswald . . .

OSWALD. Hush!

REGINA (*brings a tray with a half-bottle of champagne and two glasses, which she sets on the table*). Shall I open it?

OSWALD. No, thanks. I'll do it myself. (*Regina goes out again*).

MRS. ALVING (*sits down by the table*). What was it you meant—I couldn't deny you anything?

OSWALD (*busy opening the bottle*). A glass or two, first. (*The cork pops; he pours wine into one glass, and is about to pour it into the other*).

MRS. ALVING (*holding her hand over it*). Thanks; not for me.

OSWALD, Oh! won't you? Then I will! (*He empties the glass, fills it again, and empties it again; then he sits down by the table*).

MRS. ALVING (*in expectation*). Now then?

OSWALD (*without looking at her*). Look here, just tell me—I thought you and Manders looked so odd—well, so awfully quiet at dinner time.

MRS. ALVING. Did you notice it?

OSWALD. Yes, I did. H'm. (*after a short silence*). Tell me what you think of Regina.

MRS. ALVING. What I think?

OSWALD. Yes; isn't she beautiful?

MRS. ALVING. Dear Oswald, you don't know her so well as do.

OSWALD. Well?

MRS. ALVING. I am sorry to say Regina was allowed to stay home too long. I ought to have taken her earlier into my house.

OSWALD. Yes, but isn't she lovely to look at, Mother? (*he fills his glass*).

MRS. ALVING. Regina has many serious faults.

OSWALD. Oh! I daresay. What does it matter? (*he drinks again*).

MRS. ALVING. But I am very fond of her, nevertheless, and I have made myself responsible for her. I wouldn't have any harm happen to her for all the world.

OSWALD (*springs up*). Mother! Regina is my only salvation.

MRS. ALVING (*stands up*). What do you mean by saying so?

OSWALD. I can't go about and bear all this misery of mind alone.

MRS. ALVING. Have you not got your mother to bear it with?

OSWALD. Yes; that is just what I thought; and so I came home to you. But that won t do. I see it won't do. I can't endure my life here.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. I must live in a different way, Mother. That's why I must go away from you. I won't have you looking on at it.

MRS. ALVING. My miserable boy! Oh! but Oswald, while you are so ill as you are at present—

OSWALD. If it were only illness, I should stay with you, Mother, you may be sure; for you are the best friend I have in the world.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, isn't it so, Oswald; am I not?

OSWALD (*throws himself restlessly about*). But it is all the pains; something—regret; and besides that, the great, deadly anxiety. Oh! that awful anxiety!

MRS. ALVING (*walking after him*). Anxiety; what anxiety? What do you mean?

OSWALD. Oh! you mustn't ask me any more closely. I don't know. I can't describe it to you. (*Mrs. Alving goes over to the right and pulls the bell*). What is it you want?

MRS. ALVING. I want my boy to be happy—that is what I want. He shall not go on racking his brains. (*To Regina who comes in the door*). More champagne—a whole bottle. (*Regina goes*).

OSWALD. Mother!

MRS. ALVING. Don't you think that we know how to live out here in the country, as well as people do anywhere else?

OSWALD. Isn't she lovely to look at? How beautifully built she is! And so strong, and healthy to the core!

MRS. ALVING (*sits down by the table*). Sit down, Oswald, let us talk nicely together.

OSWALD (*sits down*). You don't know, Mother; but the fact is I owe Regina compensation for a wrong I did her.

MRS. ALVING. You?

OSWALD. Or a little bit of thoughtlessness—or whatever you

like to call it—very innocent, anyhow. When I was home last time—

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. She used so often to ask me about Paris, and I used to tell her a little about things down there. Then I recollect that I said to her one day: "Wouldn't you like to come down there yourself?"

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. I saw that she blushed deeply, and then she said: "Yes, I should like that well enough." "Ah! well," I replied "that might be managed some time"—or something like it.

MRS. ALVING. Well, then?

OSWALD. Of course I had forgotten the whole thing; but the day before yesterday, when I began asking her whether she was glad I was to stay at home so long—

MRS. ALVING. Yes?

OSWALD. She looked so strangely at me and asked directly: "But then what is to become of my journey to Paris?"

MRS. ALVING. Her journey!

OSWALD. And so I got out of her that she had taken the thing seriously; that she had gone about here thinking of me the whole time; and had set at work to learn French.

MRS. ALVING. So that was why she did it!

OSWALD. Mother! when I saw that lovely, graceful, fresh girl standing there before me—and really till then I had hardly noticed her—but now when she stood there as though with open arms and ready to come half way to meet me—

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. ——then it struck me suddenly that salvation was in her; for I saw that she is full of the enjoyment of life.

MRS. ALVING (*starts*). Enjoyment of life? Can there be salvation in that?

REGINA (*from the dining-room with a bottle of champagne*). I hope you'll pardon my having been so long, but I had to go into the cellar. (*Puts the bottle on the table.*)

OSWALD. And now go and fetch another glass.

REGINA (*looks at him in surprise*). There is my mistress's glass, Mr. Alving.

OSWALD. Yes, but fetch one for yourself, Regina. (*Regina starts and gives a quick, shy glance at Mrs. Alving.*) Well?

REGINA (*softly and hesitatingly*). Is it with my mistress's consent?

MRS. ALVING. Fetch the glass, Regina. (*Regina goes out into the dining-room.*)

OSWALD (*follows her with his eyes*). Have you ever noticed how she walks?—so firmly and lightly!

MRS. ALVING. It can never be, Oswald.

OSWALD. It's a settled thing. Of course you can see that. It is no use for you to say anything against it. (*Regina enters with an empty glass which she keeps in her hand.*) Sit down, Regina. (*Regina looks enquiringly at Mrs. Alving.*)

MRS. ALVING. You may sit down. (*Regina sits down on a chair by the dining-room door and continues holding the empty glass in her hand.*) Oswald, what was it you were saying about enjoying life?

OSWALD. Ah! enjoying life, Mother; that's a thing you people up here don't know much about. I never see anything of it up here.

MRS. ALVING. Not when you are with me?

OSWALD. Not when I'm at home. But you don't understand that.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes; I believe I almost understand it,—now.

OSWALD. That, and in the same way enjoying work. Why! at the bottom, it's the same thing. But that's another point you know nothing about, either.

MRS. ALVING. You may be very likely right about that, Oswald; let me hear more about it.

OSWALD. Well, I merely mean that in this part of the world, people are brought up to believe that work is a curse and a punishment for sin, and that life is something miserable, something we have got to get done with, the sooner, the better.

MRS. ALVING. "A valley of tribulation." Yes; and we set about doing it as honourably and simply as possible.

OSWALD. But out in the wide world, people won't hear of any such things. There is nobody there who really believes teaching of that sort any longer. Down there, it is possible to regard the mere fact of being in the world as something ecstatically happy. Mother, have you noticed that everything I have painted has turned upon the enjoyment of life? always and perpetually upon enjoyment of life? There are light and sunshine and perfect air and faces of people beaming with pleasure. That is why I am afraid of remaining at home here, with you.

MRS. ALVING. Afraid? What are you afraid of here, in my house?

OSWALD. I am afraid that everything that is brimming over within me would degenerate into some ugly form up here.

MRS. ALVING. (*Looks steadily at him*). Do you believe that would happen?

OSWALD. I know it so well. You might live the same life here at home as away yonder, and yet it would not be the same life.

MRS. ALVING. (*Who has been listening breathlessly, stands up, her eyes beaming with thankfulness, and says*). Now I see how it all goes together.

OSWALD. What is it you see?

MRS. ALVING. Now I see it for the first time. And now I can speak.

OSWALD. (*Standing up*). Mother, I don't understand you.

REGINA. (*Who has also stood up*). Perhaps you would like me to go?

MRS. ALVING. No. Stay here. Now I can speak. Now, my boy, you shall know the whole thing. And then you can choose. Oswald! Regina!

OSWALD. Don't say any more. Here's Manders.

MR. MANDERS. (*Comes in through the hall door*). There! now. We've had a hearty hour of comfort down there.

OSWALD. So have we.

MR. MANDERS. Engstrand should be helped with that Sailors' Home. Regina should go away to him and help him——

REGINA. No, I thank you, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. (*Noticing her for the first time.*) What? Here? and with a glass in your hand!

REGINA. (*Hastily putting the glass down*). *Pardon!*

OSWALD. Regina is going away with me, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. Going away! with you!

OSWALD. Yes; as my wife—if she wishes it.

MR. MANDERS. But, good God!

REGINA. It's no fault of mine, Sir.

OSWALD. Or she will stay here, if I stay.

REGINA. (*Involuntarily*). Here!

MR. MANDERS. I am petrified by your conduct, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Neither of the events will happen; for now I can speak out plainly.

MR. MANDERS. No; you surely won't do that. No, no, no.

MRS. ALVING. Yes. I can speak and I will. And no ideal shall be destroyed after all.

OSWALD. Mother! What on earth is it that is being hidden from me?

REGINA. (*Listening*) Oh! Ma'am! Listen! There are people screaming outside there. (*She goes up into the conservatory and looks out*).

OSWALD. (*At the left window*). What is going on? Where does the light come from?

REGINA. (*Cries out*). The Orphanage is on fire!

MRS. ALVING. (*Towards the window*). On fire?

MR. MANDERS. On fire! Impossible! I was down there just now.

OSWALD. Where's my hat? Well—never mind it—Father's Orphanage! (*He rushes out through the garden door*).

MRS. ALVING. My handkerchief, Regina! It is blazing.

MR. MANDERS. Terrible! Mrs. Alving, it proclaims that a judgment is being sent upon this abode of disorder.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, of course. Come, Regina. (*She and* REGINA *disappear through the hall*).

MR. MANDERS. (*Folds his hands together*). And uninsured! (*He goes out the same way*).

END OF ACT II.

Strikes.

To workmen on strike, or those who are about to strike for more pay or shorter hours, or to workmen who feel discontented with their present situation and who wish to better it:

FRIENDS, AND COMRADES: We have a word or so to say and we preface it by announcing ourselves as your friends and tendering to you our aid in ANY struggle you may undertake to better your condition. But being *real* friends we deem it our duty in thus tendering our assistance to point out to you what course of action is most liable to be of actual benefit to you and to warn you against such attempts as from the very nature of things must prove futile, having no other effect than disappointment arising from wasted effort and energy. But first, let us announce to you why we are your friends and give the reason why we offer to you our aid. We are workingmen and women who having tried over and over again the various courses of action which you are about to enter upon, have profited by the bitter experience they have brought, and we would warn you that you may be saved the trial and trouble that we have undergone. We offer you our aid because we have gone deep enough into the labour question to realize that without unity and fraternity among the workers themselves not even the smallest thing can be done. We in thus offering our aid fulfil our duty to you, BROTHERS, and we thus stretch out to you the hand of fellowship pledging our simple word and faith that our feelings shall not change in peace or war, in strike or on the barricade.

You are either striking for higher wages, let us say, or about so to strike. If in your minds this strike is but to accomplish your point of an advance of wages *and nothing more*, then your attempt is futile, useless, and you had better remain as you are; you will be better off in the end, having saved both time and money. But if, on the contrary, you design this strike as a step toward a final and definite solution of the great labour question, if you would make it the means of teaching the worker the absolute necessity of combination and of unity, if having secured the adoption of SOLIDARITY you will build upon this a superstructure of Education, if you will learn *why you are poor* and what is the scientific *remedy* for that poverty,—if your strike is a stepping stone to all this,

then we are with you heart and hand! Then, brothers, our arms, our brains, our purses, our labour night and day are yours, subject to your demand!

But to return, if as is more probable you only see (or think you see) in front of you only a small advance in wages, a small betterment of your own condition, a little personal advantage arising from the strike, then we feel that it is a DUTY that we owe to our class and to you to show you in plain words that you are pursuing a phantom, that even the success you desire (even if your demands be granted) CANNOT be obtained, that you are blindly beating with bare hands against a granite wall, and that the only result of your struggle will be to inflict upon yourself greater misery and more terrible degradation.

Suppose you are an iron moulder receiving when working 3 dols. per day. You are threatened with a reduction of wages or you desire better pay. Suppose that in your foundry there are 100 other moulders who will join you in the strike without exception. You make your demand. It is refused. The employer is compelled to refuse it because he is competing with other iron foundries in the same city who produce cheaper because they pay their slaves less. Producing cheaper they control the market, and your employer has to cut your wages down to their level or stop work. If he granted your demand and set you to work, the product of the foundry would find no market, and he would be ruined, and you would be thrown on the streets. But let us go farther. Let us admit (which is hardly possible) not only that every foundry in this city, in this state, in the whole country join with you, that every man is a "union man," that there are no "blacklegs," that every moulder will insist upon receiving five dollars a day or will refuse to work. What then would be the result in the end? For a short time we admit there could be seen a great benefit in your condition. But soon the employers would become uneasy, the public would demand cheaper goods. New competitors would start up with cheap apprentices to compete with you. Your employers would combine and give you the choice, universal stoppage of work or universal reduction of wages. Either this or the new firms would beat yours out of the market. To aid these new firms new and effective machinery would be invented and even child labour would be employed. So long as this system of competition lasts, where every worker's hand is against the throat of every other toiler, just so long will wage-worker and slave be equivalent terms.

Now bear in mind that machinery aids the productive forces of mankind to such an extent that under the present system thousands of men are everywhere and in every occupation unable to obtain work. These men facing starvation, rather than die of hunger will work for the merest pittance. Do not blame them; you would do the same; do not curse them nor revile them as "blacklegs;" they are the effect of the infamous system. Abolish them by destroying the system. In the competition of workingmen with each other for work he who will work for the least, and live the cheapest, gets the job. This state of facts is summarized by political economists under a general law called the "IRON LAW OF WAGES."

In plain English this is it:

"What you will receive as wages for your work does not depend upon your fidelity, your capacity alone, but is fixed by the least sum which anyone else of similar acquirements can *live* upon. If any other man in this world exists out of work, able to do your labour, and willing to work for *a crust of bread* per day, then his competition ultimately reduces your wages to his standard, *a crust of bread.*"

So if in future any one tells you that electing Billy Sharper or Jack Fleecem or Jimmy Loafer to office will better your condition as a worker tell him he lies, because Science proves that your wages depend not on politics but upon a law of political economy, and that not altered legislation but changed *conditions* are necessary to destroy the operation of this rule of social relations.

But to go to the extreme point of the argument. Let us say that all the workers of the land in every occupation *are* employed; let us say that no man is out of work; that every worker receives the average wage of 346 dols. 8 cents per annum (as per United States Census of 1880); that every man agrees to combine and the united force ask an increase to 5 dols. per day? It is granted. What is the effect? The employer adds the extra wage into the price of the product and forces the *consumer* to pay it. Who is the consumer? *You.* Thus you pay your own advance out of your own pocket and are not a whit the better off? What does it matter to you whether you receive 1 dol. per day or 5 dols. per day if in the first case it costs you 1 dol. to live and in the second place 5 dols. to live? Is your condition a bit improved? Certainly not.

Brothers, as long as a *class* of people exists (such as bankers, brokers, lawyers, land-renters, parsons, politicians, gin sellers, capitalists, employers, speculators, stock-jobbers, etc.,) who do not produce for themselves and who have to consume, they evidently eat what you produce. You must devise some plan to make them produce for themselves, and leave you free to yourself consume what you produce. The census says, and truly that out of every 100 dols. worth of value you produce you get in the form of wages only 30 per cent. That is that for every dollar you receive, your employer pockets two which are yours because produced by you. That is, that of three blows of your hammer, only one is for yourself while two are for him. That is, if you work ten hours a day $3\frac{1}{3}$ only are for yourself and $6\frac{2}{3}$ for him. But is this all? No! When you take your paltry third home, other of the robber classes gather like vultures around it. From $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of your income goes for *rent* to some rascal who has seized upon the LAND (the gift of nature to all alike,) and who is protected by "LAW" (made by his tools) in its possession. He will not or cannot use, cultivate or occupy it; he has simply *grabbed* it because he knew you needed it and would pay him for its use. But yet this is not all. You take the small remnant of your wages to buy food and clothes, you take your wages as a producer, or rather what is left of them, and go into the market to buy back your product. Let us see your position. You are a stove moulder and have made at the factory during the week, say, ten stoves. For this you received in

wages 18 dols. The material in these stoves amounts to say 6 dols. Your employer sells the stoves to a wholesale firm for 60 dols., or 6 dols. apiece. The 60 dols. is composed as follows, price of material 6 dols., your wages 18 dols., his "profit" on your work (his *theft* from you) 36 dols. The wholesaler adds on 25 per cent as his profit, 15 dols, and the retailer 33 per cent as his, 25 dols. more. Your ten stoves are thus offered to you for sale at 10 dols. each. You want to buy one. You received 18 dols.; 6 dols. of it has gone for the week's rent. If you can live on 2 dols. for the week you can spend the remaining 10 dols. for the stove. In other words you can buy back by terrible privation, with your wages ONE TENTH of what you produced for those wages! It is so in every other occupation where *wages* are paid. Do you wonder that you are poor now?

We have shown you that on account of the omnipotence of competition among yourselves by which the loafing classes use you to cut your own throats, strikes for higher wages cannot permanently better your condition. We admit the self-evident fact that local strikes will very temporarialy be of benefit to you but at the general expense of your class. Why then do we tender you our aid in these strikes? Ahd what remedy have we to lay before you, after thus showing the fallacy of the course you contemplate? We will tell you. We believe in strikes to develop a spirit of manhood, to foster a spirit of unity, to awaken a desire to know the CAUSES of your misery and the real remedy for them. For this reason we are with you and tender you our aid. But we do it only in the hope that the more intelligent at least, among you, will be roused up to *practical* action on the great labour question.

We urge you to form your unions, to combine, to read, to talk, to discuss, to strike, to educate yourselves, so that you may be able to appreciate our principles and our plan of action.

We have not space here to do more than outline these, leaving to you however the opportunity of finding them set out in detail in other places.

In conclusion, and in brief these are our principles:—The present misery of the workers is caused by the existence of a class of non-producers. This class is all powerful because it monopolizes the land and natural resources of earth, the tools and machinery of production, and the medium for the exchange of commodities. It can be only abolished by depriving it of these monopolies and forcing the individuals composing it to go *to work*. This can only be accomplished by governmental co-operation where the whole people shall collectively own the land and natural resources, tools and machinery and mediums of exchange, communication and transportation, and shall use them for the common good of all; where the whole people shall be the sole producer and distributor upon a basis of cost being the limit of price, rent being abolished and interest forever estopped.

Education is now, the first and only duty! Until we are educated and organized ALL action is *suicidal*! And this education must be pushed with the utmost speed, prosecuted with the most unflagging energy if we would succeed. Science points out to us every decade by means of panics the approaching downfall of the competitive

system which from its own dead weight is bound to disintegrate. At every panic millions of workers are thrown on the streets penniless, foodless, ragged and desperate.

At every succeeding panic their condition is worse, their numbers greater; with every year, aye every day and hour, the invention of new machinery recruits the great army of the poor, the desperate, the ignorant, the unemployed. We know as we know that the sun will rise to morrow, that at the next panic—due in 1885 and just beginning now—or the following one, millions of ignorant wage slaves, facing starvation, will rise desperately, aimlessly, striking for BREAD OR BLOOD. We know this. We see its evidences everywhere. We hear the stifled curses of the Hocking miners, 3000 of whom now starve while huddled together on the bare ground, we mark the cries of the factory women of Massachusetts, the moans of the gaunt faced children of Hell's Mills at Baltic. We see the miner of Pennsylvania working for 63 cents a day, the tenant farmer of Lux and Miller in California with wolfish face and hungry eyes. We see the dead lying in the streets of Cincinnati and their blood trickling over the pavement stones. We see the black cap on the head of Isaac Jacobson on the gallows at Chicago, for asserting his manhood, and we hear the creak of the hangman's rope. We see the workers of the South sold upon the auction block as pauper labourers to the highest bidder. We turn abroad and behold the dungeon, the dagger, the bullet, Siberia and the scaffold all at work to kill and torture our heroes. We see women outraged and children killed by inches, and we note every blood stain, every cry of agony, every brutal laugh, every insolent jeer and we discover that EVEN NOW the REVOLUTION is upon us. Even now the battle has begun!

Comrades! BROTHERS! Shall this great contest be one of mere aimless blood and carnage, one of massacre and murder, of vengeance and revenge, of wild fury and the ferocity of ignorant slaves against unscrupulous power, or shall WE who are intelligent, who are devoted, shall we endeavour to so conduct it as to secure as its results such a scientific system of society as will guarantee the perpetual existence of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY? Not destroyers but saviours we aim to be, and to be such effectually we ask your aid. Will you not give it to us freely, frankly and NOW.

Issued by the SAN FRANCISCO CENTRAL COMMITTEE of the INTERNATIONAL WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

*Tune.—"John Brown."**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dew and damps:
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat,
He is sifting out of the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet.
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy let us die to make them free;
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

* Mrs. Howe in a lecture at Detroit in 1871 thus detailed the circumstances of the inspiration of this hymn. "I was on a visit to Washington during the first winter of the war with Governor Andrews and other Massachusetts friends. We had been spending the day in the camp on the Potomac, and I heard the 'John Brown' hymn sung and played so often that its strains were continually sounding in my ears. As the words in use seemed an inadequate expression of the music, I wished very much for an inspiration which would provide a fitting rendition of so beautiful a theme. But it did not come and I retired to bed. Early in the morning, before daybreak, I awoke and my mind in a half dreaming state began at once to run upon the rhythm of the 'John Brown' Hymn. Very soon the words commenced fitting themselves to the measure and the lines spun off without further effort. I said to myself 'Now I shall lose all this unless I can get it down in black and white.' I arose, groped about in the dark, got such stationery as may be found in the room of a Washington hotel and wrote, as I frequently do, without lighting a lamp, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

Communism.

COMMUNISM is a word vaguely flung about in our social discussions. It is the stock bogey of our dry nurses of the pulpit, the press, and the platform, wherewith they scare children of a larger growth from peeping into the dark places of our social system. It is the club with which the guardians of society reason with the brazen-faced Oliver Twists who impudently dare to ask for more—an argument that silences by stunning. In the popular mind, it is the alias of the Parisian petroleuse, and stands for a social craze which is diseasing labour, filling the minds of working men with dreams of an impossible Utopia, and inflaming their hearts against the existing order. That intelligent personality, the public, seriously supposes it to represent a scheme of the discontented and debtor classes to seize by force the possessions of the wealthy, and make a new deal all around.

The extravagance of these misconceptions is not to be wondered at after the wild words and works of those who vaunt the name of Communist, nor their vagueness when the reality of what is called Communism is itself a general seething of the social sea, a commingling of many counter-currents setting against the surface drift of our civilisation. Because this social movement, which is so rapidly absorbing into itself the solicitudes of Western civilisation, and is forcing itself to the forefront of the questions of the day, is to my mind essentially expressed in the word most disavowed by the leading Socialistic writers, and is indeed a trend toward Communism, I select it to designate the problem.

Communism, pure and simple, separated from all unessential accessories, political and social, is, in its economic sense, the ism of common property. This "ism," like all other isms, admits of many varieties under the one generalisation, many differences as to the nature and extent of the property to be held in common, and its relation to the property to be held in common, and its relation to the property to be held in private. In the persons of social radicals, it may be an ism which would sweep away all private property, real at least, and would substitute at once a system of collective proprietorship of the soil and of all productive instrumentalities, and an equal distribution of the returns of labour. But extremists are rarely the true intepreters of an idea. Nature

uses their energy, and then overflows the limitations by which that energy was concentrated. This ism is not to be narrowed to the interpretation of any school, but is as elastic as the common interests of which common property is the expression. It is the ism which, believing the common interests to be superior to the separate interests of mankind, would subsoil society with a large body of common property, and found personal possessions on a literal commonwealth.

Philosophically considered, Communism is the logical antithesis of private property; the embodiment of the idea of mutualism rather than the idea of separatism in wealth; the outcome of the altruistic instead of the egoistic sentiments; the issue of the principle of association contrasted with the issue of the principle of individualism; the organic life of society subordinating the special seeking of the members to the common good; mankind passing from the singular to the plural of the verb "to own," learning to say, "We have" instead of "I have."

Historically viewed, Communism presents the same correlation to the system of private property; and as a fact, as well as an idea, we discover an order of society, the antithesis of our present civilization, pre-existent to it, rising ghost-like to the vision of our seers from its decay; at once a memory and an ideal; the polar opposite of our existing social order; between which two states, the glacial and tropical epochs of economy, the earth oscillates slowly in the vast cycles of the ages.

Civilization apparently rests on the institution of private property. Roman law, on which all modern society has reared itself, based property on individual possession. The social unit, the one who could have property, personal belongings, was the individual. In this conception, Roman law was true to facts, as then known. No other order of society was seen or conceived. The earliest traces of society unearthed rested on the existence of private property. Any exceptions reported by travellers appeared as the anomalies found in every sphere. Upon this ground plan, Roman law drew the form of civilization, and after its pattern society has continued to shape itself. Until our own generation, the ablest students of social science accepted this traditional foundation of civilization as truly basic, the economic hard-pan. None suspected that the present order of private property laid its corner-stone upon the débris of an older and totally dissimilar order. It was reserved for our age of excavations to unearth this earlier civilization, and to find below the first layers of private property vast strata of communal property. Sir Henry Maine, in his studies of Ancient Law, pointed out that property once belonged not to individuals, nor even to isolated families, but to large societies. His research among the village communities of India opened an archaic society which was a true Communism. Dnnish, German, and English students, in their explorations of the *origines* of civilization, came upon the same ancient social order, among widely separated peoples: and the Belgian de Laveleye wrought these scattered investigations into a masterly treatise, which conclusively shows, in so far as our present knowledge goes, that the general system of property was once Communism.

This system endured for ages beyond our calculation. It was the beginning of civilization. Before it was a period of pure individualism, savagery and barbarism, whose relics Spencer, Tylor, and Lubbock have unearthed. The gens or tribe sought its food in the common hunting-grounds, pastured its flocks in the common grazing-grounds, and, when it ceased to be nomadic, held its arable lands in common, built together first the one large hut and then the separate smaller huts which marked the development of the family individuality, worked its fields by conjoint labour, and shared together the fruits of the common toil. This primitive Communism, varying its details among different peoples, and slowly modifying its chief features in the lapse of ages, formed the economic childhood of civilization, through which apparently all races have passed, in which the agricultural communities of Russia, of the Sclavic peoples generally, and of large portions of the East, still linger. It is the foundation underlying our most advanced civilizations, which, in many an archaic custom, such as the English rights of common and the Swiss *All-mend*, crops out from beneath our later social formations like the thrust of the primeval granite.

Communism was thus literally the foundation of civilization. Civilization rests on property, the material provision for settled life; and property was, first of all, the belongings of the family, the the tribe, the community.

The material and moral advantages of this historic Communism are not hard to construct. Nordhof's picture of the charming contentment, the sweet simplicity, the healthy, happy, honourable life in some of our American communistic societies, images that far back *juventus mundi*. How like a dream looms the age when no one wanted for food or shelter who willed to work; when every one had free access to the bountiful breasts of mother Nature; when toiling shoulder to shoulder in the common field, for the common store, fellowship lightened labour, and no envious eye looked askance at the richer yield of a neighbour's land; when no hordes of hungry men, savagely selfish, elbowed each other aside, pulled each other down, fighting fiercely for the insufficient places at the earth's table,—the strong and the cunning grasping the prizes and leaving their weaker brothers to starve in full sight of their fat and frolicking fortunes.

Nevertheless, in all its innocent happiness, this primitive Communism was only the childhood of civilisation, having, with the charm, the defects of immaturity. The infancy of the race knew neither the ambitions nor the aspirations of manhood. It was an unproductive age economically, an unprogressive age mentally, and an untried age morally. It was a stationary period, in which all things continued as they had been from the fathers. Its calm, contented comfort was the ideal order of the well-fed and well-disposed, a beautiful, bovine being. There was no stimulus for the mind of man and little schooling as through sin of his soul. Society presented an unpicturesque level of prosaic prosperity, having no sunken valleys indeed, but lifting no sunny summits to the "large lordship of the light." Life was as dull probably as the stupid routine of the Shakers. Any marked development of individuality would have been fatal to this system in the historic past, as it is

instinctively felt to be fatal to it now in the little societies of the Icarians and the Rappists. Yet without this the world would have had no more art or science or philosophy than is called forth in Zoar and Amana. The two co-equal agents in civilisation needed each a period for its special development, in the cycling movement of the ages, before the equilibrium could be sought and found. Association outwrought its possibilities in the epoch of Communism.

Individuality needed then to be evolved, and its potencies opened fully. Nature corrected her own agency, and a spontaneous movement began away from the pole of association toward the pole of individualism.

As we follow the story of society, we see this early Communism slowly modifying itself. The communal lands were divided more frequently, the family shares were marked off in allotments, these lots came to be worked separately by the different families, the use of these allotments grew slowly into the sense of a real proprietorship for the time much as we feel now with a lease, this limited right settled into a practical permanency of possession by the gradual lengthening of the term of use, the common lands became thus narrowed by the growth over against them of private lands, the use of the public lands came to be assigned to individual families *pro rata* to their personal possessions in flocks and fields, and the institution of private property crystallised around the new social unit, the individual.

This natural social evolution was accelerated by tbe passions of selfishness evoked by the force of individualism; and commingling with the peaceful stream of progress runs the dark current of spoliation, which washed rapidly away the shores of the old order and carried off the substance of the common-wealth to raise the new strata of private property. "Property is robbery" sounds like frantic fanaticism in our ears; but as concerns the original formation of private property, alike in land and capital,—which with labour make the three factors of all wealth,—it is historically true. When it became permissible for each man to hold and increase personal possessions, the native inequality in capacity and character quickly showed itself, and the few rose above the many with a speed admeasured by their inferiority in conscience as well as by their superiority in brain. The strong and the cunning enriched themselves upon the old-time common rights, in ways we can easiy understand by watching the "enclosure" of common lands still going on in England, and threatening to leave soon no relic of commonage unwrested from the people; or the deeding away, in one century of national life, of the available lands of "the commons" of America—magnificent as was this dower—to the railroad corporations. Private Property's title-deeds were largely drawn by fraud and executed by force.

Thus though a natural social evolution which took up into itself an unnatural process of spoliation, under the unfolding force of individualism, the historic Communism crumbled out from the customs, the laws, the institutions of society, covering its record in its own débris; so that when Roman Jurisprudence dug down for a foundation, on which to rest the structure of civilization, it mistook for the primitive stratum this crust of a buried world, a:n:ng not that beneath Ilium lay an older Troy.

Society passed thus into its second period, the stationary age opening into the progressive age. Political economy gives the Genesis of our present system, though it writes "The earth was without form and void," in a chaos where now we see an earlier order out of whose dissolution the new world arose. The institution of private property is the corner-stone of our civilization. The spirit of individualism is the architectonic force building the stupendous structure in which we live. Orthodox economists are doubtless right in asserting, in the theory familiar to all, that the imposing accumulation of riches and the splendid store of knowledge, which, with their resultant customs, laws, and institutions, characterize our modern civilization, have been evolved from the free action of this tremendous force of individualism, generated from the institution of private property. Our brilliant society is driven by the mainspring of selfishness, and runs its interlocking wheels under self-regulating competition.

In both the material and mental productiveness of mankind, this second period of egoism has been an undoubted advance upon the the earlier period of Communism, of which it is needless to speak in detail because questioned by none.

But this progress has not been an unmingled boon. There is a seamy side to our brilliant civilization, in which no beauty appears and no beneficent order is discernible. The tremendous force set free in the gradual break-up of the communal system submerged, with the evil, the good of the earlier epoch, and, in lifting the beautiful mountains on whose heights the day is long, the air keen, and life a glorious joy, sank the deep, dark valleys where all foul and noxious vapours suffocate the children of men.

This new social force of selfishness gradually dispossessed the men of average brawn and brain from their share of the land once held by all in common; shut them off from the natural resources of life; drove the landless beneath the supporting, protecting power of the landed, who had profited from their incapacity, or even created their poverty and its helplessness; started the feebler in mind and muscle down the incline of dependence, villeinage, serfdom, slavery; aggravated the relative debility and dulness, which began the separation into classes, by the continual worsening of the stock and of the conditions of life; precipitated thus at the bottom of society a class having no resource but the sale of its labour to the capitalist class crusting on the top; petrified these social settlings, under the interaction of organism and environment, into the helpless, hopeless mass of pauperism that has lain below historic civilization—the residuum of private poverty deposited in the formation of private property. Poverty, the prolific mother of evils, spawned her woful brood upon the earth—ignorance, disease, vice, and crime. The wealth of nature, which amply sufficed for the necessities of the whole body over whom it once spread, and which has increased under the productive energy of individualism faster than the growth of population, has been disproportionately distributed into the luxury of the few and the poverty of the many. Instead of the whole family having a daily loaf of wheaten bread, Dives has fared sumptuously every day, and Lazarus has munched his crusts. The city of Man nas planted itself upon piles of "live

wood," thrust down into the depths of drudgedom. Ths palace of culture has reared itself on human caryatides, looking grimly in upon the splendour upborne on their weary shoulders.

The wonderful civilisation of Egypt rested on the slavery familiar to the Christian world in the Hebrew history, pictured still on the graphic ruins of the Nile Valley. The brilliant society of Greece was maintained by the helot-hosts, of whose misery we hear so little because the Muse of History scarce deigns to notice them. The early semi-communism of Republican Rome passed on into the superb selfishness of Imperial Rome, with its marble palaces and temples we cross the ocean to see, even in their ruins, buttressed against the huge brick tenements we do not cross the ocean to see, since we have developed them at home. England tells the same story through her history. When Chaucer sang the gay life of the gentle folk in court and camp, Longland was echoing those blithesome strains in the despairing cry of the ungentle folk, hardened and imbruted by poverty:

> And al they songen o song
> That sorrow was to heren;
> They crieden alle o cry
> A careful note.

Samuel Johnson wrote of his age, "The whole mass of human life as seen in England at the present day presents violent extremes of condition, huge mountains of wealth and luxury contrasted with awful depths of poverty and wretchedness." Of our own day, Mr. Fawcett tells us that "the increase of national prosperity has as yet effected no correspondent improvement in the condition of the labouring classes." A statement easily to be credited when we find that two-thirds of the population toil, that the other third may be exempted from toil; that about seven thousand persons hold four-fifths of the soil of Great Britain; that ten or twelve persons own half the land of Scotland; that seven million five hundred thousand acres of land are left waste in a crowded country; that a million of human beings are pauperized, or one in every twenty-one of the population; that eight thousand five hundred persons have an income averaging £5,000, twenty-two million an income averaging £91, and about four million five hundred thousand an income averaging £30 per annum.

Of France, in her moment of perfect bloom, Taine writes, "It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the unique perfume used by Persian kings: such is this drawing-room, the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegetation." Which translated into plain prose, means that, as has been computed, France wanted bread in the age of Louis XIV. half the time; under Louis XV., two days out of three; and by Louis XVI.'s time, three days out of four; the peasantry eating grass, and the *canaille* of Paris hoarsely shouting for the bread they lacked, while poor Marie Antoinette wondered why they did not eat cake!

Of the greater part of Europe to-day, the United States consular reports show a uniform state of things.

"The wages paid (in Germany) hardly cover the necessities of xistence. . . . The workman's life is at best a struggle for

existence. . . . The large majority of the working men (in France) barely earn sufficient for the necessities of life," and so on through the dismal pages that report the condition of labour in nearly every country of Europe.

America was roughly roused half-a-decade ago from its optimistic dreams of room for all and plenty for each,—to which Carlyle savagely credited its exemption from the Old World social nightmare,—to feel itself crowded, with only fifty million, where two hundred million might be supported; to find twenty per cent. of its people owning eighty per cent of its wealth; to realize that there were few industries in which a working man could support his family without additional earnings from wife or children; to be told that more than two millions of persons, employed in the factories, earned an average wage per annum of about £60; to learn that it must no longer cherish the expectation of keeping the working classes above the level of their brothers in Europe; to enter on its vocabulary a novel and abhorrent word, the "proletariat," and to catalogue as the latest product of American industry —the tramp.

Every civilization proves a study in chiaroscuro, whose flecks of brilliant light, on which the eye is fascinated, stand out in relief against a dense mass of darkness, into which few care to peer, and in which those who strain their eyes to see are only shadowed by its dreadful gloom, and sigh, with the old weaver, "Its a' a muddle,—a' a muddle."

The moral wealth of man has not only not advanced equally with the increase of material and mental wealth, it has hitherto lagged far in the rear of their progress, and too often gone backward in an inverse ratio to their growth. The childhood of each people has been its period of purest morality. The old brotherliness, the kindly sympathy, and warm fellowship lingered still in the dew of the morning from that prehistoric night of Communism. As they have grown richer and more cultured, all nations have grown poorer in the basic virtues. Industry and trade have become selfish, unscrupulous, fraudulent; classes have separated and been embittered; internal dissensions have multiplied in society; civic pride has declined and political liberties have perished, in the dulling sense of a real commonwealth; government has come to be a feeding of the flock in dry pastures whence their owners have cut all the juicy grass, a leading of the flock through the noisy waters where the shearers stand waiting for their wool, an Egyptian protectorate in the interests of the bondholders, which sends the fellahs, to the music of the lash, to pay the old taxes that ate up all the land. Art has ministered no longer reverently in the temple before the altar, but dissolutely within the palace upon the revel. Religion, the bond of the Eternal Law, felt round man through the early code of purity and honour, has dissolved, and chaos has lapsed upon civilization.

That is the story of the decline and fall of every great civilization the world has known in this historic period of individualism. After every people's death, the inquest develops individualism gone to seed. The more splendid a civilization, the more ethically hollow has been the society. Flamboyant civiliza-

tion has been decadent life,—its brilliance hectic. Material and mental efflorescence has proven the showy result of draining the moral roots. Many forces, chief among which is the rejuvenescent vitality of Christianity, restrain the corruption that civilization engenders in modern society. But no one need go far below the surface to discover that "there's something rotten in the State of Denmark." Within our civilization, so fair upon the surface, covered over by its thin crust of beautiful culture, there fester wrongs which make progress seem an illusion, morality a sham, and religion a bitter mockery. Of the ethical character of the general economic results Mr. Cairnes confesses that "the solution actually affected of these problems, [the distribution of wealth] under our existing system of industry is not such as entitles us to claim for it . . . the character of satisfying the requirements of moral justice."

R. Heber Newton.

(To be continued).

Austria in 1885.

Thou art not changed from all thou wast; we see
The crown of darkness still on the blind head,
The mouth still foul with curses, the hands red,
The hate still in thy heart of all things free,
And high and good, and most unlike to thee.
Make ready for thy doom—God's word is said:
That thou shalt die ere Liberty be dead,
Thy day have end ere hers shall cease to be.
Be fierce to strike as we firm to endure,
Our martyrs have no help so safe and sure
As help of rack and gibbet, sword, and rod!
They witness of the truth who live and die
For the truth's sake; they witness who deny
And kill, as devils testify of God.

Pakenham Beatty.

January, 1885.