TO-DAY.

No. 53.—APRIL, 1888.

Ballade of the Anti-evolutionist.

AT A's the other night the talk turned on Evolution, and the Rev Mr. C——, who led the opposition, observed, "Take pigeon-fanciers for instance; they try breeding and interbreeding, crossing and selection, but nothing comes of it but pigeons. An almost infinite variety, I admit, but pigeons and nothing more." Probably the Rev. gentleman was unaware that Darwin relied on "Variation by Domestication" as one of his strong points. Hence the ballade.

Evolution, sir, bah! a mere concatenation
  Of fancies and fads that the scientists threw
To the Philistines who, for such sops of sensation,
  Convictions, time-tested, were led to eschew.
  Then, of course, the so-called philosophical few
Thronged thickly where science its banner unfurled:
  The thing was attractive because it was new,—
But a pigeon's a pigeon, all over the world.

As well say the Phœnix goes in for cremation,
  His fabled existence intent to renew,
As assert that one species in all the creation
  From pure protoplasm its origin drew;
  Or the eel, that such fragrance exudes in a stew,
And the snake in the heather quite cosily curled,
  In ages far distant affinity knew!
No, a pigeon's a pigeon, all over the world.

If we say that to food and acclimatization
  Some structural changes are probably due,
Does it follow that just on the brink of translation
  Stand the Ornithorhynchus and Apteryx too?
  That one may turn Badger, the other Sea-mew?
Your fancies and facts are so deftly entwirled
  That, the maze to unravel one needs a good clue:—
So! a pigeon's a pigeon, all over the world.

ENVOY.

Friend, list! Could you prove your hypotheses true,
  While orthodox thunders against them were hurled,
I would stick to my colours: the heavens *are* blue
  And a pigeon's a pigeon, all over the world!

GEORGE ELSTRIE.

The Whip Hand.

A POLITICAL STORY—IN THREE PARTS.

By A. Gilbert Katte.

PART III.

THE mistress of 118A, Maida Vale, known to local tradesmen as Mrs. Reginald Blythe, shewed as little appetite for her dinner that evening as did Lady Hastie at Cathcart Place. She got through it with the rapidity of a city clerk over his mid-day chop, and going back to the drawing-room turned down the lamp and settled herself once more before the fire to think.

The old-fashioned clock on the mantel shelf had ticked away as many seconds as go to make an hour before she even changed her attitude. Then she rose and paced slowly up and down the room, her hands clasped behind her and her head bent forward. After a few minutes of this exercise she stopped with a gesture of impatience. "Bother!" she said aloud, "I *must* do something. Ah, if I only had Reginald's brain—he would have come to a decision before he sat down to dinner." She went over to a little carved black oak secretaire which stood by the window, and fidgetted nervously with an inkstand. After a few seconds' indecision she sat down, and opening the lid of the secretaire, took out a sheet of note paper. She tore off the half sheet which bore the embossed address 118A, Maida Vale, N.W., and on the other half wrote in a large round school-girl hand: "Your intrigue with Lord Amersford is known to more than one or two and is getting talked about. Your husband," here her pen spluttered and the word was half obliterated by a little archipelago of blots "*must* hear of it soon. If you want to save his career and your own name *stop!* Don't *be careful*, but stop altogether." Where the signature should have come she made a bold flourish, pushed the paper away from her with an expression of bitter contempt on her face, and getting up again took another turn across the room.

"I had better do the thing in the orthodox way while I'm about it," she said, "and sign the accursed thing 'a friend' . . . No, I can't do that. After all I haven't lied in my anonymous letter. . . . And yet I am her friend in this."

She caught up a little velvet frame from a table covered with nic-nacks, and held it out at arm's length in front of her. It contained a cabinet portrait of Sir Reginald Hastie. "Ah, you're a clever man, Reginald," she said in a theatrical tone, "but the biggest thing you've ever done is to get one woman to do a thing like this for another woman she hates. And the people," with a curve of the lip, "will never know this, my dear," she went on, bringing the portrait nearer to her face. "And half of them wouldn't know what it meant if they did, but the other half would though," with a hysterical laugh. "Oh, yes, any woman would know that after this the Treasury Bench is a small thing to compass." She pressed the portrait against her lips so hard that the glass was blurred for the next five minutes. "*You* don't hesitate when a thing has to be done Rege," she spoke again, "and neither will I." She put the portrait back in its place and sat down at the secretaire again, took out an envelope and addressed it "Lady Hastie, Cathcart Place, W.," in the same round hand in which she had written the letter. Then she went towards the bell but stopped as her hand touched it. "No, I'll post it myself and I'll leave it until the morning. It will probably be delivered when he's out, then; he might guess at the handwriting if he happened to see it, he's awfully sharp." She locked the letter in the secretaire, picked up an evening paper which lay on a chair and read through it mechanically from Editorial to Theatrical announcements.

A couple of hours later she was sitting at her toilet table, half undressed, looking through a little pile of letters, when she heard a sharp hurried rat-tat at the front door. The sound seemed familiar, for she rose, went swiftly to the wardrobe, scrambled into a grey dressing-gown and was making for the door when it burst open, almost striking her in the face, and Sir Reginald Hastie, his hat still on his head and umbrella in hand, came into the room.

She gave one rapid glance at his face and then shut the door behind him.

"Oh, Rege! back again at this time, what is the matter? You look frightful, my dear boy; tell me, tell me at once," she said going to him and putting her hands on his shoulders.

"I can't yet; wait a moment," he answered, "my mouth feels parched, let me get some water."

He turned from her, went to the washstand and took a long drink from the caraffe, not stopping to pour the water into a glass. Then he threw his hat and umbrella on to the bed and sat down in a low wicker chair.

"Come here, little woman," he said, "come to me."

Without speaking she dropped on to her knees at his feet,

again put a hand on each of his shoulders and looked eagerly into his eyes. For a few seconds he returned the look in silence, then he spoke.

"Katie, she knows," he said.

She passed her hands round his neck, interlaced her fingers and bending her head so that he could not see her face, spoke almost in a whisper.

"Well, and then what, eh?"

"She says . . . Oh my God! why should I tell what she says? My whole game's at an end, I shall have to refuse the Exchequer, chuck up my seat, everything."

"Nonsense, why, what can she do?" without looking up.

"She's going to leave me, go for a separation, make a scandal."

She withdrew her arm from his neck, rose to her feet and stood at his side looking across the room.

"Is that all?" she said, "Good heavens, you can defy that. Does the public demand conjugal fidelity in its financiers?"

"You know it does," he returned, leaning forward with an elbow on each knee and tugging at the ends of his moustache with each hand, "look at White, quite as big a man as I am, and he has had to go; and if the public doesn't, the Queen does, damn her!"

"You're talking nonsense, Reginald," she said, giving his coat collar an impatient shake, "White was very different, he was a beast and deserved all he got. I don't believe Branstock will care a bit, and she can only get a separation anyway—you've not been beating her I suppose—besides, she'll change her mind, you'll be able to keep it all quiet."

There was a silence of half-a-minute, then she said—

"Come now, it'll be all right, won't it? I dare say you'll have to alter your domestic arrangements a little," with a scornful twist of the under lip, "but you'll be able to bear that."

He still did not answer or change his attitude. She was just on the point of speaking again when he said—

"Katie, come and kneel down again." She stepped to the front of his chair and sat at his feet throwing her arm across his knee and catching one of his hands in hers, but keeping her face turned from him and not speaking.

Again there was a long silence and he sat passing his gloved fingers through her hair which she had let down, and which covered her back and shoulders. At last he cleared his throat and speaking as though his tongue and lips were parched with fever, said with a slight pause between each phrase.

"I haven't . . . . told you all . . . . Lady . . . . . she has offered terms . . . . but I . . . . can't accept them. She means to make a scandal . . . . on purpose to ruin me."

Then he stopped and threw himself back in the chair fiercely champing at his moustache.

She turned round and give him a swift, searching, half-suspicious look.

"That's not *terms*, Reginald," she said, with a strong emphasis on the last word.

"No, I know. Come here, come closer Katie." He leaned forward put both his arms about her and drew her head tightly on to his breast. "My darling," he went on speaking much more rapidly, "she says, she . . . . I must answer her to-morrow, and I . . . . she says she will sue for a separation and put an end to all my chances. . . . . Oh, its no use, the public won't stand it now . . . . or else I must . . . . never come here any more, and you must go away—Oh, my God if I'd had the pluck of a louse, I should have strangled her as she spoke."

A kind of stifled gasp came from her lips as he finished. She wrenched her head from his arms and sprang upright. "And what did you do?" She asked in a low, clear, cutting voice.

He rose too, "I . . did nothing, I said I'd consider," he answered.

She stepped back a pace from him, "Yes, and you came here to consider. Well, decide Reginald, its easy enough. Oh, you know, *I* won't spoil your future if your wife would. You *have* decided. That's what you *can't* tell me, isn't it? Come, speak . . . . be a man," she said, again retreating as he made a slight motion of coming towards her. Her voice trembled a little, and her cheeks flamed with excitement.

There was the very slightest suspicion of irresolution, not in his face, but in his pose, as he stood looking at her for an instant. Then he sprang towards her and in spite of her violent struggles, folded her tight in his arms.

"No, by Christ." he hissed in a voice throbbing with passion, "My darling, you know. She, Branstock, the Cabinet, and the country, too, may go to the devil for aught I care. What are they, what is anything beside you? *Yes*, I *have* decided, and this is my decision." His arm was round her neck, and turning her face upwards he covered it with dry, hot, fierce kisses. She did not resist him now. A shiver passed through her whole frame, and she leaned supine in his arms with closed eyes, lost to everything but the sensuous emotion of the moment. When the spasm of passion had passed and his arms relaxed their iron grip of her, she stood upright again and walked in a weary dazed way to the bed. She sat down on it, and buried her face in her hands for a moment. He poured himself out a glass of water and drank it like one suffering from burning thirst.

When he turned round again she was standing with blazing eyes and cheeks, and with swift nervous hands was unfastening her dressing gown. She flung it off and threw it from her.

"Reginald," she said, "take me to that woman, take me at once."

He stared at her as though he thought she had suddenly been bereft of reason.

"Katie," he said, "What do you mean? What madness, you *know* I cannot.

"Then let me go by myself. Oh! I'm not going like this," running her fingers through her hair, "I'm not mad." She walked towards a wardrobe and he fell back a pace or two towards the door.

"Do be reasonable, dear," he said, "what good could you do. It would only be throwing oil on the flames. No, no, its all no go. My mind's made up, I must give up everything but you."

She was putting a walking dress over her head as he spoke the last words. She dragged it off, threw it on to the bed and came towards him.

"Rege," she said, "you're not humbugging me are you? And you don't mean to try deceiving her and keeping on with . . . with us both? Do you really mean that you're going to give up all your chances just now, all your life, for me?"

Sir Reginald gave a half-hysterical, half-ironical laugh.

"Yes, yes," he said, "just about that, if you like to put it that way—No, I'm not humbugging. I shan't even try it on with her. By God, I don't care enough about her to humbug her—not about anything for the matter of that, even the Treasury. Come little woman, its all right, let's sit down and be quiet a bit, let's talk of something else."

She came close up to him, "Kiss me, my darling," she said.

He caught her in his arms, looked curiously and a little puzzledly in her face, and kissed her twice on the mouth. "There, what now—?"

Then she held him by each elbow and looked up straight into his face—intensely, as though to catch on it the expression of every emotion to which her words might give rise.

"Listen, Reginald," she said, "that beast at Cathcart Place shall not spoil your career, ruin your life, or at least she shall smash up her own if she does. *She* dare to try to drive me from you! *She* play the outraged wife, make terms! Listen, Rege—the whip hand's mine, and now its going to be yours. The married woman's in the thick of an intrigue. Ah! I thought you didn't care—?" He had started violently and raised both hands to his mouth, but her sharp change of tone

recalled him to self-command. He dropped his hands again.

"Well, I don't," he said, "I only think you're wrong, that's all?"

"Oh, you hope I'm wrong!"

"N . . . no . . . I don't know . . . no, I don't think I do . . . I'm not sure . . . go on."

"Well, whether you care or not listen now. Go home . . . go back to her now at once—go quite quietly and calmly, and accuse her of adultery with Lord Amersford. Tell her that she was with him at the Railway Hotel, Peterboro', on the 8th of last month, the night you were speaking at Ralston; and at Farningham, down in Kent, once last September when you were at Glevering, shooting. Tell her just that, and then dictate terms—now stop—if you can't then make any terms you like, never come near me again—I mean it. Oh, Rege, Rege, *that* will convince you I know what I'm talking about."

While she had been speaking he had kept control of his body and had given no more violent starts, but of his tongue he hadn't quite the mastery and had interjected "Amersford," "that boy," "I never thought," "Why she was at Brighton with Mary."

When she had finished and stepped back from him, watching him keenly the while, he remained quite silent, twisting the ends of his moustache, moving his lips a little and apparently piecing certain things together in his mind. When at last he spoke, he spoke as calmly as he had done in that last interview with Lady Hastie.

"I daresay you're right," he said, "I had a row with her about Amersford last autumn, I remember, but she has always seemed quite cool to him since then. Oh, yes, you needn't laugh. I don't attach any importance to that now, that's rather evidence the other way, I know. But I can hardly go and make these circumstantial accusations without knowing one thing. You must tell me how you know it all, Katie."

"Well," she said after a second's hesitation, "I suppose I must, I've broken promises before for you—so here goes one more—Lord Camelot told me."

Sir Reginald brought his hand down with such a bang on a small marble-topped *table de nuit* which stood beside him that he knocked several pieces of skin from his knuckles, and sent a small cut-glass bottle dancing on to the floor. "Camelot," he cried, almost in a shout, "promises—damnation, what does he mean coming to you and talking like that?"

She gave her head a little jerk, half of amusement, half of irritation, and caught hold of the hand he had just injured.

"Oh, *don't* be ridiculous, just at a moment like this," she said, pressing her handkerchief on to the ill-used knuckles,

"Camelot told me because he knew that I was the best friend you had in the world, and that he was the next and—

"When did he say this?"

"To-day, just before you came."

"Why didn't you tell me at once? I thought there was something wrong about you. But stop, how did he come to know it? How does he know she was at Peterboro' and all that?"

"Because he saw her there, but he ——"

"And kept it all this time. Good ——"

"Rege, do for heaven's sake be quiet and listen patiently, I'll tell you everything. Can't you sit down and be quiet?"

She pushed him to the edge of the bed and sat down beside him, still keeping hold of his hand and dabbing it with her handkerchief from time to time as she spoke.

"Now don't interrupt me—or I shall tell lies—my brain's all in a whirl. Camelot only told me because he didn't know what else to do. He *was* nearly going straight to you, but thought he'd ask me first. On the 8th or 9th of last month he was coming up from somewhere and had to change at Peterboro' about 10 o'clock in the morning. He went out of the station to stretch his legs, or get a drink, or something. You know the Great Northern Hotel is just opposite the station, and as he was standing close to the porch that woman came out with Amersford, carrying a bag, and they went to the London train. He met her almost face to face and was nearly raising his hat, but they turned their heads sharply away and, of course, he did the same. He actually waited there for the next train because he was afraid of running up against them again at King's Cross. Well, only the other—

"But why did he keep it? Why did he keep it"? he cried standing up again.

She pulled him down. "Sit down, sit down, and I'll try to tell you. How could he tell anyone? Would you tell a man if you had seen his wife like that. Of course he'd never have told—and you can't blame him—but the other night. Oh! when was it? The night before last he was at the Cecil, Amersford was there, beastly drunk; he was talking and boasting to a lot of young fools about all sorts of women, and suddenly he said something about your wife. Directly Camelot caught her name he went up to him and dragged him out of the club. He tried to put him in a cab, but he wouldn't be put, so Camelot had to walk home with him; going along he lost his temper, and began to bully Amersford about mentioning her sacred name. Then Amersford came out with the whole story, and shouted out all about Farningham, told Camelot to go to the devil, and said he should say what he liked about

a damned whore, and all that sort of thing. Camelot hit him in the mouth, and threw him down on to some steps in Clarges Street, and left him wallowing there. But then he made up his mind that you must know somehow, as probably Amersford would do this kind of thing again, and it would get to your ears and everybody else's, and so yesterday he came to me."

He was quite quiet and still now, but his face was deadly white with greenish streaks about it, and his rather prominent eyes seemed to have sunk an inch into his head.

He withdrew his hand from hers and put it, trembling violently, round her waist. "Why didn't you tell me all this to-day, Katie?" he asked.

"Oh! how could I? I hadn't made up my mind what to do. And you were so happy and jolly about your talk with Branstock. I *couldn't*. I was nearly telling you when I asked you if you could do without the married woman, don't you remember. But look Rege, don't make a scandal. You can't divorce her you know, because she knows about . . . . you and . . . . about me. You can easily stop her game with Amersford now, and you can make your own terms about the future. Go to-morrow and do it, and bear it dear, you'll be Prime Minister when Branstock dies, or at any rate some day. You must, for my sake."

"I must do it to-night, at once," he said getting up, "or I shall never do it."

"No, not to-night . . . . Well, perhaps you had better. Let me get you some brandy first, you look as though you'd drop dead."

She put on her dressing gown again and ran down stairs. She was some time gone, for she unlocked her secretaire took out the letter addressed "Lady Hastie," tore it across and burnt it in the grate. Then she came back with a wine-glass nearly full of brandy. He drank it off in two gulps.

"There," he said, smacking his lips, "now I think I can face her. The ultimatum's mine this time, and the whip's in my hand I fancy. Goodbye my sweet," taking her in his in his arms and kissing her a dozen times, "I must go at once or I shan't go at all, you little rogue. Come down to the door with me." He caught up his hat and umbrella, and they went down the stairs, his arm still round her waist, her hand on his shoulder. As he opened the door and kissed her again, "Goodbye," she said, "don't think me cruel, but I've never let you go with less unhappiness. I know its awfully hard for you, poor old boy. I shan't mind your going away at night quite so much for the future, shall I? and you won't have to go quite so often. Goodbye."

* * * * * * * *

That night Lady Hastie's maid heard what she called a "rumpus" going on in her mistress' room, and told her fellow servants to prepare their minds for a break up of the establishment. For the next few days certain ugly rumours were whispered about in the Clubs, as to a coming *éclat* in the world political, and more than one "Society" journal published prophetic paragraphs. But a fortnight later Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan produced their new opera at the Savoy, and all the world knew next morning that Sir Reginald and Lady Hastie had sat together in the third row in the Stalls, and looked over one programme.

No one had anything but praise for the brilliant speech with which Sir Reginald introduced his first Budget.

A. GILBERT KATTE.

Sonnet.

SUGGESTED BY KEAT'S SONNET, BEGINNING

"GLORY AND LOVELINESS HAVE PASSED AWAY."

Glory and loveliness are living still;
For when I wandered in the dewy dawn
I saw the golden light of day upborne,
And midst the clouds that crown the eastern hill
The steeds of Phœbus tossed their manes of light;
And at the eve adown the west he rode
Where rosy ether round his coursers glowed,
While after him pursued the star-crowned Night.
Yes, Beauty lives and dies not, nor can die;
The woods, the flowers, the mountains, and the brooks
Are full of loveliness, but far more high
The glory of the love of woman's looks,
Sweet laughter of young children, and the power
Of manhood, or the heart's untainted flower.

FRED HENDERSON.

Shelley and Socialism.

By Edward and Eleanor Marx Aveling.

Part I.

[All references are to the Second Edition of Shelley's *Poetical Works*, edited by H. Buxton Forman (Reeves and Turner, 1886); to Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley* (Kegan Paul and Co., 1886), or to Dr. Garnet's "Letters," Parchment Series (Kegan Paul and Co.)]

THIS paper is, in the first place, an attempt at the treatment of an important subject on the plan that seems to its writers the one most likely to lead to results at once accurate and fruitful. That plan is based upon the co-operation of a man and a woman, whose sympathies are kindred, but whose points of view and methods of looking at facts are as different as are the positions of the two sexes to-day, even in the most favourable conditions, under the compulsion of our artificial and unhealthy society.

The question to be considered is not whether Socialism is right or wrong, but whether Shelley was or was not a Socialist; and it may not be unfair to contend, that if it can be shown that Shelley was a Socialist, a *primâ facie* case, at least, is in the judgment of every Shelley lover made out in favour of Socialism.

That the question at issue may be clearly understood, let us state in the briefest possible way what Socialism means to some of us. (1) That there are inequality and misery in the world; (2) that this social inequality, this misery of the many and this happiness of the few are the necessary outcome of our social conditions; (3) that the essence of these social conditions is that the mass of the people, the working class, produce and distribute all commodities, while the minority of the people, the middle and upper class possess these commodities; (4) that this initial tyranny of the possessing class over the producing class is based on the present wage-system, and now maintains all other forms of oppression, such as that of monarchy or clerical rule, or police despotism;

(5) that this tyranny of the few over the many is only possible because the few have obtained possession of the land, the raw material, the machinery, the banks, the railways, in a word, of all the means of production and distribution of commodities, and have, as a class, obtained possession of these by no superior virtue, effort or self-denial, but by either force or fraud; (6) lastly, that the approaching change in "civilised" society will be a revolution, or in the words of Shelley "the system of human society as it exists at present must be overthrown from the foundations."(*a*) The two classes at present existing will be replaced by a single class consisting of the whole of the healthy and sane members of the community, possessing all the means of production and distribution in common, and working in common for the production and distribution of commodities.

Again let us say that we are not now concerned with the accuracy or inaccuracy of these principles. But we are concerned with the question whether they were, or were not, held by Shelley. If he enunciated views such as these, or even approximating to these, it is clear that we must admit that Shelley was a teacher as well as a poet. The large and interesting question whether a poet has or has not a right to be didactic as well as merely descriptive, analytical, musical, cannot be entered upon here. In passing we may note that poets have a habit of doing things whether they have the right or not.

For the purpose of our study the following plan is suggested. I. A note or two on Shelley himself and his own personality, as bearing on his relations to Socialism. II. On those, who, in this connection had most influence upon his thinking. III. His attacks on tyranny, and his singing for liberty, in the abstract. IV. And in the concrete. V. His clear perception of the *class* struggle. VI. His insight into the real meaning of such words as "freedom," "justice," "crime," "labour," "property," to-day. VII. His practical, his exceedingly practical nature in respect to the remedies for the ills of society. VIII. His comprehension of the fact that a reconstruction of society is inevitable, is imminent. IX. His pictures of the future, "delusions that were no delusions," as he says. X. A reference to the chief works in which his socialistic ideas found expression. We cannot hope in this article to deal with more than the first six of these divisions. The remaining four we shall be glad, if opportunity offers to consider upon some future occasion.

Shelley's own Personality.—He was the child of the French Revolution. "The wild-eyed women" thronging round the

(*a*) Letter to Leigh Hunt, May 1, 1820 D. II., 346.

path of Cythna as she went through the great city (*b*) were from the streets of Paris, and he, more than any other of his time, knew the real strength and beauty of this wild mother of his and ours. With his singular poetical and historical insight he saw the real significance of the holy struggle. Another singer of that melodious time, Byron, was also a child of the same Revolution. But his intellectual forerunners were Voltaire and his school, and the Rousseau of the *Nouvelle Héloise*, whilst those of Shelley were Babœuf and the Rousseau of the *Contrat Social*. It is a wise child that knows his own father. As Marx, who understood the poets as well as he understood the philosophers and economists, was wont to say: "The real difference between Byron and Shelley is this: those who understand them and love them rejoice that Byron died at thirty-six, because if he had lived he would have become a reactionary *bourgeois*; they grieve that Shelley died at twenty-nine, because he was essentially a revolutionist, and he would always have been one of the advanced guard of Socialism."

The outbreak of the Revolution was only three years in advance of Shelley's birth. Throughout Europe in the earlier part of this century reaction was in full swing. In England there were trials for blasphemy, trials for treason, suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, misery everywhere. Shelley saw—not as Professor Dowden alternately has it, "thought he saw"—in the French Revolution an incident of the movement towards a reconstruction of society. He flung himself into politics, and yet he never ceased singing.

Every poem of Shelley's is stained with his intense individuality. Perhaps for our purpose the *Lines written on the Euganean Hills*, the Lionel of *Rosalind and Helen*, and *Prince Athanase* afford the best exemplars. But let us also keep in remembrance Mary Shelley's testimony to the especial value of *Peter Bell the Third* in respect to the social and religious views of her husband. "No poem contains more of Shelley's peculiar views with regard to the errors into which many of the wisest have fallen, and of the pernicious effects of certain opinions on society. . . . Though, like the burlesque drama of *Swellfoot*, it must be looked on as a plaything, it has . . . . so much of *himself* in it that it cannot fail to interest greatly, and by right belongs to the world for whose instruction and benefit it was written."(*c*)

And now having quoted her we may quote himself upon himself. Whether wholly unconsciously, or with the modest self-consciousness of genius he has written, lines and lines that

(*b*) *Laon and Cythna*. *F. I.* 108.
(*c*) Mary's notes, F. I. p. lxxxii.

are word-portraits of himself. Of these only one or two familiar instances can be taken.

He was one of—

> "The sacred few who could not tame
> Their spirits to the conquerors."
>
> [*Triumph of Life.*] (*d*)

> "And then I clasped my hands and looked around—
> But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
> Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground—
> So without shame, I spake:—'I will be wise,
> And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
> Such power, for I grow weary to behold
> The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
> Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
> My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.
>
> "And from that hour did I with earnest thought
> Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
> Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
> I cared to learn, but from that secret store
> Wrought linked armour for myself, before
> It might walk forth to war among mankind;
> Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
> Within me, till there came upon my mind
> A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.'
>
> [*Laona nd Cythna.*](*e*)

He was one of—

> "Those who have struggled, and with resolute will
> Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,
> The icy chains of custom, and have shone
> The day-stars of their age."
>
> [*Queen Mab.*] (*f*)

The dedication of *The Cenci* to Leigh Hunt may be taken as if Shelley was communing with his own heart.

> "One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler,and,in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners I never knew."
>
> [*Dedication of The Cenci.*] (*g*)

Pure-minded, earnest-souled, didactic poet, philosopher, prophet, then he is. But add to this, if you will rightly estimate the immense significance of his advocacy of any political creed, the fact already noted of his extraordinary political insight; and add also, if you will rightly estimate the value of his adherence to any scientific truth, the fact that he had a certain conception of evolution long before it had been enunciated in clear language by Darwin, or had even entered seriously into the region of scientific possibilities. Of his acuteness as historical observer, one general instance has

(*d*) F. II 140, ls 128-9.
(*e*) F. I. 63, st. iv. v.
(*f*) F. II. 434, ls. 125-8.
(*g*) F. I. 251-2.

already been given in connection with the French Revolution. Yet another less obvious but even more astounding example is furnished by his poems on Napoleon. Shelley was the first, was indeed the only man of his time to see through Napoleon. The man whom every one in Europe at that period took for a hero or a monster, Shelley recognised as a mean man, a slight man, greedy for gold, as well as for the littleness of empire. His instinct divined a Napoleon "the little" in Napoleon "the great." That which Michelet felt was true, that which it was left for Lanfrey to prove as a historical fact, the conception of Napoleon that is as different from the ordinary one, as an ordinary person is from Shelley, this "dreamer" had.

In 1816 we find him writing:

> "I hated thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan
> To think that a most *unambitious* slave,
> Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave
> Of Liberty." (*h*)

and in 1821, the year of Napoleon's death.

> "Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,
> In terror, and blood, and gold,
> A torrent of ruin to death from his birth." (*i*)

By instinct, intuition, whatever we are to call that fine faculty that feels truths before they are put into definite language, Shelley was an Evolutionist. He translated into his own pantheistic language the doctrine of the eternity of matter and the eternity of motion, of the infinite transformation of the different forms of matter into each other, of different forms of motion into each other, without any creation or destruction of either matter or motion. But that he held these scientific truths as part of his creed, there can be no doubt. You have the doctrine, certainly in a pantheistic form, but certainly there, in the letter to Miss Hitchener. "As the soul which now animates this frame was once the vivifying principle of the lowest link in the chain of existence, so is it ultimately destined to attain the highest." (Letters VI., p. 12). (*k*). In *Queen Mab:*

> "Spirit of Nature! here!
> In this interminable wilderness
> Of worlds, at whose immensity
> Even soaring fancy staggers,
> Here is thy fitting temple.
> Yet not the lightest leaf
> That quivers to the passing breeze
> Is less instinct with thee:
> Yet not the meanest worm
> That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead
> Less shares thy eternal breath" (*l*).

(*h*) F. I. 27.
(*i*) F. I. 572, ls. 34-36.
(*k*) Parchment series.
(*l*) F. II. 438, ls. 264-274.

Of the two great principles affecting the development of the individual and of the race, those of heredity and adaptation, he had a clear perception, although they as yet were neither accurately defined nor even named. He understood that men and peoples were the result of their ancestry and of their environment. Two prose fragments in illustration of this. One is: "But there must be a resemblance which does not depend upon their own will, between all the writers of any particular age. They cannot escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is in a degree the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded. Thus, the tragic poets of the age of Pericles; the Italian revivers of learning; those mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakespeare, Spenser, the dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth, and Lord Bacon, the colder spirits of the interval that succeeded; all resemble each other and differ from every other in their several classes. In this view of things Ford can no more be called the imitator of Shakespeare, than Shakespeare the imitator of Ford. There were perhaps few other joints of resemblance between these two men, than that which the universal and inevitable influence of their age produced. And this is an influence which neither the meanest scribbler, nor the sublimest genius of any æra can escape, and which I have not attempted to escape." (F. I. p. 57-58).

The other is: "It is less the character of the individual than the situation in which he is placed which determines him to be honest or dishonest."(*m*) (Letter to Hunt).

This extraordinary power of seeing things clearly and of seeing them in their right relations one to another, shown not alone in the artistic side of his nature, but in the scientific, the historical, the social, is a comfort and strength to us that hold in the main the beliefs, made more sacred to us in that they were his, and must give every lover of Shelley pause when he finds himself parting from the Master on any fundamental question of economics, of faith, of human life.

II. *The people most immediately influencing him.*

A word again upon Byron here. In Byron we have the vague, generous and genuine aspirations in the abstract, which found their final expression in the *bourgeois*-democratic movement of 1848. In Shelley, there was more than the vague striving after freedom in the abstract, and therefore his ideas are finding expression in the *social*-democratic movement of

(*m*) D., p. 346.

our own day. Thus Shelley was on the side of the *bourgeoisie* when struggling for freedom, but ranged against them when in their turn they became the oppressors of the working-class. He saw more clearly than Byron, who seems scarcely to have seen it at all, that the epic of the nineteenth century was to be the contest between the possessing and the producing classes. And it is just this that removes him from the category of Utopian Socialists, and makes him so far as it was possible in his time, a Socialist of modern days.

We have already referred to the influence of Babœuf, (probably indirect), and of Rousseau. To these must of course be added the French "philosophes," the Encyclopædists, especially Holbach, or more accurately his "ghost" Diderot—Diderot, the intellectual "ghost" of everybody of his time.

Into any inquiry concerning the writers that influenced Shelley's politics and sociology the name of Godwin must necessarily enter prominently. Dowden's *Life* has made us all so thoroughly acquainted with the ill side of Godwin, that just now there may be a not unnatural tendency to forget the best of him. But whatever his colossal and pretentious meannesses and other like faults may have been, we have to remember that he wrote *Political Justice*, a work in itself of extraordinary power, and of special significance to us as the one that did more than any other to fashion Shelley's thinking. Much has been made, scarcely too much can be made, of the influence of Godwin's writings on Shelley. But not enough has been made of the influence upon him of the two Marys; Mary Wollstonecraft, and Mary Shelley. It was one of Shelley's "delusions that are not delusions" that man and woman should be equal and united; and in his own life and that of his wife he not only saw this realised, but saw the possibility of that realisation in lives less keen and strong than theirs. All through his work this oneness with his wife shines out, and most notably in the dedication to that most didactic of poems, *Laon and Cythna*. Laon and Cythna are equal and united powers, brother and sister, husband and wife, friend and friend, man and woman. In the dedication to the history of their suffering, their work, their struggle, their triumph and their love, Mary is "his own heart's home, his dear friend beautiful and calm and free."

> "And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:
> Time may interpret to his silent years,
> Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
> And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
> And in thy sweetest smiles and in thy tears,

And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears;
And thro' thine eyes, even in thy soul I see,
A camp of vestal fire burning internally."

And in the next stanza to the one just quoted that other Mary is besung.

"One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled,
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee thro' the tempests dark and wild,
Which shake these latter days."

In a word, the world in general has treated the relative influences of Godwin on the one hand and of the two women on the other, pretty much as might have been expected with men for historians.

Probably the fact that he saw so much through the eyes of these two women quickened Shelley's perception of women's real position in society, and of the real cause of that position. This, which he only felt in the Harriet days, he would have understood fully of himself sooner or later. That this understanding came sooner, is in large measure due to the two Marys. One of them at least before him had seen in part that women's social condition is a question of economics, not of religion or of sentiment. The woman is to the man as the producing class is to the possessing. Her "inferiority," in its actuality and in its assumed existence, is the outcome of the holding of economic power by man to her exclusion. And this Shelley understood not only in its application to the most unfortunate of women, but in its application to every woman.

But note how in the *Laon and Cythna* it is (F. I. 108, xxi) "woman, (*i.e.* woman in general) outraged and polluted long." How truly he understands the position of woman, and how thoroughly he recognizes that in her degradation man is degraded, and that in dealing out justice to her man will be himself set free, the well-known *Laon and Cythna* passage will serve to illustrate.

"Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless air
To the corruption of a closèd grave!
Can they whose mates are beasts, condemned to bear
Scorn heavier far than toil or anguish, dare
To trample their oppressors? in their home
Among their babes, thou knowest a curse would wear
The shape of woman—hoary crime would come
Behind, and Fraud rebuild religion's tottering dome (*n*)."

III. *Tyranny and Liberty in the abstract.* With these in the

(*n*) F. I. 92, xlii.

abstract the poets have always been busy. They have denounced the former in measured language and unmeasured terms. Yet they have been known to refuse their signatures to petitions asking for justice on behalf of seven men condemned to death upon police evidence of the worst kind. They have sung pæans in praise of liberty in the abstract, or in foreign lands. Yet they have written hymns against Ireland and for the Liberal Unionists. Shelley has not, to use a forcible colloquialism, "gone back on himself." When we read the *Ode to Liberty*, or the 1819 *Ode for the Spaniards*, or the tremendous *Liberty* of 1820, we have not the sense of uneasiness that we have when reading *Holy Cross Day* or *The Litany of Nations*. This man is through and through foe to tyranny in the abstract and in the concrete form.

Of course in much of his work the ideas that exercise a malevolent despotism over men's minds are attacked in general terms. Superstition and empire in all their forms Shelley hated, and therefore he again and again dealt with them as abstractions from those forms. Superstition, or an unfounded reverence for that which is unworthy of reverence, was to him, at first, mainly embodied in the superstition of religion. To the younger Shelley, *l'infâme* of Voltaire's *écrasez l'infâme* was to a great extent, as with Voltaire wholly, the priesthood. And the empire that he antagonised was at first that of kingship and that of personal tyranny. But even in his attacks on these he simultaneously assails the superstitious belief in the capitalistic system, and the empire of class. As time goes on, with increasing distinctness, he makes assault upon these, the most recent and most dangerous foes of humanity. And always, every word that he has written against religious superstitions, and the despotism of individual rulers may be read as against economic superstition and the despotism of class. "The immense improvements of which by the extinction of certain moral superstitions [for moral we can also read economic] human society may be yet susceptible." [Preface to *Julian and Maddalo*] (*o*).

IV. *Tyranny in the concrete.* We must pass over, with a mere reference only, the songs for nations—for Mexico, Spain, Ireland, England. Of his attacks upon Napoleon mention has been made. In the *Mask of Anarchy*, Castlereagh, Sidmouth, Eldon, are all personally gibbeted. In each case, not only the mere man but the infamous principle he represents is the object of attack. Just as the Prince Regent to Shelley was embodied princeship, and Napoleon embodied personal greed and tyranny, so Castlereagh (the Chief Secretary for Ireland

(*o*) F. II. 2.

before he was War Minister), was embodied war and government; Sidmouth, Home Secretary at the Peterloo time, embodied officialism, Eldon embodied Law. He is for ever denouncing priest, and king and statesman.

> "Kings, priests, and statesmen, blast the human flower,
> Even in its tender bud; their influence darts
> Like sudden poison through the bloodless veins
> Of desolate society."—(*Queen Mab*) (*p*).

But he scarcely ever fails to link with these the basis on which nowadays they all rest—our commercial system. See the Queen Mab passage beginning

> Commerce has set the mark of selfishness
> The signet of its all enslaving power.(*q*)

It is not for nothing that in Charles I. the court fool puts together the shops and churches. "The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops—and churches."(*r*) This leads us to our next point.

V. *His perception of the class-struggle.*—More than anything else that makes us claim Shelley as a Socialist is his singular understanding of the facts that to-day tyranny resolves itself into the tyranny of the possessing class over the producing, and that to this tyranny in the ultimate analysis is traceable almost all evil and misery. He saw that the so-called middle-class is the real tyrant, the real danger at the present day. Those of us who belong to that class, in our delight at Shelley's fierce onslaughts upon the higher members of it, aristocrats, monarchs, landowners, are apt to forget that *de nobis etiam fabula narratur.* Of us also he speaks. This point is of such importance that more quotations than usual must be taken to enforce it. From Edinburgh, in his first honeymoon he writes:—"Had he [Uncle Pilfold] not assisted us, we should still have been chained to the filth and *commerce* of Edinburgh. Vile as aristocracy is, commerce—purse-proud ignorance and illiterateness—is more contemptible (*s*)." From Keswick a few months later he writes of the Lake District:—"Though the face of the country is lovely, the *people* are detestable. The manufacturers, with their contamination, have crept into the peaceful vale, and deformed the loveliness of nature with human taint (*t*)."

Or take the end of a Keswick letter, 1811, to Miss Hitchener:—"The grovelling souls of heroes, aristocrats, and commercialists." Even when he uses the phrase "privileged classes" in the *Philosophic View of Reform* (*u*)

(*p*) F. II. 454, ls, 104-107.
(*q*) F. II. 460, ls. 53-78.
(*r*) F. II. 129.
(*s*) D. I. 181.
(*t*) D. I. 200.
(*u*) D, II. 294.

it is clear he is thinking of them as a whole in contradiction to the class destitute of every privilege. Two or three last quotations in this connection to show how he understood the relative positions, not only above and below but antagonistic of these two classes (*v*). The chorus of priests, Act ii. scene 2 of *Swellfoot:* "Those who consume these fruits through thee (the goddess Famine) grow fat; those who produce these fruits through thee grow lean (*w*)." For a taste of the consequences to all and sundry, to whichever class they belong, of this class-antagonism a few stanzas from *Peter Bell* (*x*). Mary's words may be quoted as summing up his position: "Shelley loved the people, and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and, therefore more deserving of sympathy than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side."—(*Critical Notes*) (*y*.)

VI. *His understanding of the real meaning of things.*—His acuteness of vision is not only seen in his marking off society into the two groups, but in his understanding the real meaning of phrases that are to most of us either formulæ or cant. Let us take as many of these as space allows.

Anarchy.—Shelley saw and said that the Anarchy we are all so afraid of is very present with us. We live in the midst of it. Anarchy is God and King and Law in the *Mask of Anarchy*, and let us add is Capitalism.

Freedom.—The extraordinary statement that England is a free country was to Shelley the merest nonsense. "The white shore of Albion free no more . . . . The abortion with which she travaileth is the Liberty smitten to death." *Lines written during the Castlereagh administration* (*z*). And he understood the significant fact in this connection that those who talk and write of English freedom and the like know they are talking and writing cant. The hollowness of the whole sham kept up by newspaper writers, parliamentary orators, and so forth, was as apparent to him sixty years ago as it is to-day to the dullest of us (*aa*).

Custom.—The general evil of that custom which is to most of us a law, the law, the only law of life, he was never weary of denouncing. "The chains, the icy chains of custom (*Queen*

(*v*) F. II. 115, D. I. 319.
(*w*) F. I. 484.
(*x*) F. II. 53-55.
(*y*) F. I. lxxx.
(*z*) F. II. 185.
(*aa*) F. I. 106.

Mab) (*bb*). The "more eternal foe than force or fraud, old custom" (*Fall of Bonaparte*). And with the denunciation of custom, followed merely because it is custom, is the noble teaching of self-mastery, and the poet's contradiction of the statement that under the new *régime* men will be machines, uniformity reign, and individuality be dead (*cc*).

Cruelty of the governing class.—A tyrannical class like a tyrannical man stops at nothing in order to maintain its position of supremacy. No means are too insignificant, no weapon too ponderous. From the policeman's "nark," or spy not a member of the police force, to the machinery of a trial for treason, nothing comes amiss to the class that governs. Shelley knew what a mockery for the most part is a trial instituted by a government, whether in Ireland or in England. "A trial I think men call it" (*Rosalind and Helen*) (*dd*).

In June 1817, a few operatives rose in Derbyshire. A score of dragoons put down the Derbyshire insurrection, an insurrection there is reason to believe put up by a Government spy. On November 7th 1817, three men, Brandreth, Turner, Ludlam, "were drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, and were hanged and decapitated in the presence of an excited and horror-stricken crowd" (Dowden's *Life*) (*ee*). Against this judicial murder Shelley's voice was lifted up, as it would be now in like case. For like cases are occurring, still occur in increasing numbers as the class struggle intensifies. In Ireland at Lisdoovarna, Constable Whelehan was murdered recently in a moonlighting raid. The raid had been planned by Cullinane, a Government spy. On Monday Dec. 12, 1887, one man was condemned to ten years', four others to seven years' penal servitude for an offence planned by a government spy. Against this sentence Shelley were he alive would, we are certain, protest. So would he have protested against the direct murders by the police at Michelstown, and Trafalgar Square. So would he have protested against the recent judicial murder in America of four men and the practical imprisonment for life of three others. The Chicago Anarchist meeting differed even from the Derbyshire insurrection of 1817. There was no rising, no talk of rising, no use of physical force by the people, no threat of it. Yet seven men were condemned on the evidence of the police, evidence that those who have read every word of it feel was not only insufficient to prove the guilt, but absolutely conclu-

(*bb*) F. II. 431.
(*cc*) F. II. 237.
(*dd*) F. I. 225.
(*ee*) II. 157.

sive as to the innocence of the accused. Had Shelley been alive he would have been the first to sign the petition on behalf of the Chicago Anarchists.

Crime.—This phenomenon Shelley recognized as the natural result of social conditions. The criminal was to him as much a creature of the society in which he lived as the capitalist or the monarch. "Society," said he, "grinds down poor wretches into the dust of abject poverty, till they are scarcely recognizable as human beings."(*ff*) In his literal discussions with Miss Hitchener Shelley more than once asks whether with a juster distribution of happiness, of toil and leisure, crime and the temptation to crime, would not almost cease to exist.(*gg*). And much that is called crime was to Shelley (the Preface to *Laon and Cythna* is but one evidence) only crime by convention.

Property.—The opinion of Shelley as to that which could be rightly enjoyed as a person's own property and what could only be enjoyed wrongly, will be in part gathered from a quotation which paraphrased in the more precise language of scientific Socialism reads thus:—"A man has a right to anything that his own labour has produced, and that he does not intend to employ for the purpose of injuring his fellows. But no man can himself acquire a considerable aggregation of property except at the expense of his fellows. He must either cheat a certain number out of the value of it, or take it by force."

Again, note the conception of wealth in the *Song to the Men of England*: "The wealth ye find another keeps."(*ii*) The source of all wealth is human labour, and that not the labour of the possessors of that wealth.(*jj*)

As to that for which the working class work he quotes Godwin in the fifth note to *Queen Mab.*(*kk*)

Let us take as our last example of his understanding of the central position of Socialism, a quotation to be found in a letter to Miss Hitchner, dated December 15th, 1811. Shelley is discussing the entailment of his estate: "that I should entail £120,000 of *command over labour*, of power to remit this, to employ it for beneficent purposes, on one whom I know not."(*ll*)

We cannot expect even such a man as Shelley to have

(*ff*) D. I. 474.
(*gg*) D. I. 164.
(*hh*) D. II. 295.
(*ii*) F. II 187.
(*jj*) F. II. 188.
(*kk*) II. 499, 500.
(*ll*) D. I. 205, 6.

thought out in his time the full meaning of labour-power, labour, and the value of commodities. But undoubtedly he knew the real economic value of private property in the means of production and distribution, whether it was in machinery, land, funds, what not. He saw that this value lay in the command, absolute, merciless, unjust, over human labour. The Socialist believes that these means of production and distribution should be the property of the community. For the man or company that owns them has practically irresponsible control over the class that does not possess them.

The possessor can and does dictate terms to the man or woman of that non-possessing class. "You shall sell your labour to me. I will pay you only a fraction of its value in wage. The difference between that value and what I pay for your labour I pocket, as a member of the possessing class, and I am richer than before, not by labour of my own, but by your unpaid labour." This was the teaching of Shelley. This is the teaching of Socialism, and therefore the teaching of Socialism, whether it is right or wrong, is also that of Shelley. We claim him as a Socialist.

Curious Extract from the "Times" of the 1st April, 1900.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House assembled after dinner at a quarter past fourteen.

Some desultory conversation upon a new pair of boots, made and worn by the LORD CHANCELLOR (who took them off and handed them round) was disposed of.

The BISHOP OF MERTON rose to move the second reading of the Bill for the quarterly renewal of the carpets in coal mines. He did not suppose it was necessary to trouble the house with a speech. He had designed the carpets himself, and thought they would look pretty well under the arc lights in the workings and the incandescent bulbs in the cuttings. Their manufacture would give employment to a few poor devils who—(Order, order, and interruption).

The LORD CHANCELLOR, intervening, said that the expression was not in order coming from a spiritual lord.

The BISHOP OF MERTON apologized, but added that he did not see the use of being a bishop if he could not get absolution for a profane word or two. In the good old times, when he was plain William Morris, nobody thought of objecting to his language except a few persons who pursued the now extinct profession of literary criticism. They only objected to his archaisms, not to his swearing. There was the Bill, anyhow. He had not read it, and did not intend to read it; but he supposed it was all right. If they did not approve of it, they might vote against it and be damned (Uproar).

The LORD CHANCELLOR called upon his lordship to withdraw the expression.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY rose to order. A member of the episcopal bench was strictly within his right in declaring under what circumstances their lordships might incur perdition. Whilst breath remained in his body he should maintain—(A voice, "Quite right, Headlam"; and laughter). He appealed for protection to the woolsack. A noble lord had alluded to him by name.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said that the use of his Grace's name was most improper. He begged to revoke what he had just said to his noble and reverend friend the Bishop of

Merton. He had mistaken a theological dictum for an expletive. He trusted that the incident might now be allowed to drop (Cheers).

The DUKE OF BELFORT BAX rose to ask the mover of the second reading whether it was not a fact that the Bill was already in operation, although it had not yet received the assent of the House of Lords.

The BISHOP OF MERTON said no doubt that was so.

The DUKE OF BELFORT BAX then said that he would move the adjournment in order to call the attention of the country to the open contempt with which that House was habitually treated by the Government and the Executive (Order, order). He did not care whether his motion was in order or not; he was quite capable of moving the suspension of the rules of the House, and, if necessary, of the entire constitution of the country (Hear, hear) in order to drag this abuse into the light of day. It would be within the recollection of their lordships that after the Revolution (Murmurs)—he was quite as tired of the subject of that unfortunate mistake as the House was; but it was absolutely necessary to allude to it sometimes—that after the—that is—he feared he had lost the thread of his sentence through the asinine interruptions of the official Tory party (Ironical cheering); but what he meant to say was that after the Revolution, those who had borne all the burden and heat of the strife had been victimized by the self-styled business-like, or, as he would call them, the *bourgeois* party, who, with the aid of the enfranchised women and the Christian fanatics, had forced upon them the alternative of accepting peerages or retiring altogether from public life. Since that event public business had proceeded with the delusive smoothness which was the inevitable symptom of stagnation and decay; and the legislature had fallen into utter contempt. It was quite common for a step to be taken by the people without any legislative sanction whatever. Then the House of Commons would slavishly pass a measure to authorize it; and finally that measure would reach their lordship's House, perhaps years after its practical effect had been exhausted. But what if the measure were one which failed to recommend itself to their lordships? Take this bill for recarpeting the mines. Suppose they threw that bill out! Would the carpets be taken up? Would the people take the slightest notice of the House of Lords? ("Not the least," laughter, and cries of "Order"). He did not believe they would, unless the Government were prepared to take resolute steps for the establishment of law and order. When the very framework of society was menaced by anarchy, they should not be deterred by the humanitarian cant of an obsolete

introspective ethic and a long discarded metaphysic from affirming the supremacy of the law at all costs. Those who made the Revolution had not shrunk from this. He had himself, before he accepted the dukedom of Belfort, moved the appointment of a Committee of Public Safety, and had denounced three hundred persons to it in the course of thirteen days. He had begun with all his own friends without exception, so resolutely had he held himself above all personal considerations. Two thousand persons had been condemned to death by that tribunal. Yet not one of them had been executed; and the whole two thousand were still living at the expense of the public, refusing to work, and claiming exceptional luxuries as indulgences whilst under sentence of death. He asked the Government why these sentences were not carried out.

LORD BURNS OF BATTERSEA asked whether the noble duke was aware that the name of Belfort Bax was on the list of the proscribed.

The DUKE OF BELFORT BAX, continuing, said that the noble lord was mistaken. Some neighbours of his had denounced him to the Committee of Public Safety on the merely personal ground of his habit of playing the pianoforte after midnight. This had opened his eyes to the danger of leaving so terrible an instrument (A voice, "The Piano?" and laughter)—not the piano, but the Public Safety Committee—in the hands practically of irresponsible and possibly unpatriotic and malicious private individuals. He had therefore moved its abolition, and pressed the motion to a successful division exactly five minutes before the passing of the capital sentence on himself, which was consequently illegal.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE rose to support the adjournment. He called attention to the masses of unemployed in each of the great centres of population. What were the sillybillies, the scallawags, and the place hunters of the House of Commons doing for these miserable people, who were already threatening to destroy public buildings in order to make work for themselves? The Government thought it had shelved the question by providing luxurious food and clothing for them; but what they wanted was work, and they would presently come to their oppressors and say, "Give us work, OR——!" He left their lordships to finish the sentence for themselves. Statistics proved that eighty per cent. of the unemployed suffered from fatty degeneration of all their organs. The disease called "Strasburg liver" was a distinct product of Socialism: it was unknown among the masses when he was a young man. He remembered once

spending an evening with the Prince Consort, Count Cavour, and George Washington. Cavour took him aside and said: "*Sta ben, caro Hyndmanone; ma questa Federazione, concetto stupendissimo e solo corpo veritabile della classe operaja, sara inabissata per la Rivoluzione stessa.*" Just then the Queen dragged him (the noble Lord) off to the piano to play the flute to her accompaniment, and so the subject dropped; but the prophecy of Cavour was fulfilled. The Revolution, brought to a successful issue solely by the efforts of the Social Democratic Federation, fell into the hands of a parcel of Fabians, nobodies, and men-on-the-make; and since that time they had done nothing but regret the old system. He said nothing against that good old system and those good old times (Oh, oh), yes, he repeated, those good old times, with their glorious adventure, excitement and uncertainty. They had let themselves be frightened out of their old privileges by the spectacle of a little wholesome poverty. But men were happy then. Instead of, as at present, having to implore and threaten the Government to provide at least a certainty of half-an-hour's useful work a day, men found their 8, 10, 12—aye, 14 and 16 hours waiting for them every morning (Cheers). That was so. No Strasburg liver then. The noble earl, continuing, said:—What we say is this: I have never attacked any individual (Oh!). I say I have never attacked any individual. I think I may say that no interruption of fraternal relations has ever proceeded from any action of mine (Question!). I will let the noble lord know what the question is when I get him outside (disturbance, amid which the speaker was with some difficulty persuaded to resume his seat).

VISCOUNT CHAMPION rose to reply on behalf of the Government. He congratulated the mover of the adjournment on his conversion to the cause of law and order. However, he was not going to rake up the past. He frankly admitted that the Government had been unable to carry out the capital sentences passed by the Committee of Public Safety. But the Government could do no more than it had done. It had appointed the most eminent surgeon in England, Sir James Joynes, to the vacant post of public executioner. Sir James had travelled for three years at the public expense in order to study the methods of foreign executioners, and had come to the conclusion that the most humane system was that of allowing the criminal to die of old age. All summary methods, he reported, were attended with danger to the health of the convict. The Government could not, of course, disregard such an opinion; and the condemned men, of whom he might mention that he himself was one, were slowly dying in the

manner recommended. The operation was being watched by Sir James, of whose advice the convicts freely availed themselves when they were ill. One of them had already paid the penalty of his crime at the ripe age of 106. As to the unemployed, it was easy enough for agitators to make inflammatory speeches, and for theorists to point out that the effects of labour-saving machinery should be distributed more evenly. But the fact was that the people who were at work would not knock off an hour earlier merely to make room for fresh workers. They were quite willing to support the unemployed at a triple or quadruple standard of comfort; but they would revolt against further curtailment of the hours of labour. The Government was doing its best. Everything was done in the most expensive way; and there were 17 holidays in the month besides Sundays. The people would not stand another holiday. In his opinion it was the old difficulty—the population question. The survivors from the good old times were able to bear idleness better than the younger generations; but when they were gone some very serious step would have to be taken if the community was not to sink suffocated in its own prosperity. If the noble duke had anything practical to suggest, the Government would be glad to consider it. It would be within the recollection of the House that the noble duke met the same challenge on a previous occasion by suggesting a war. But war had been declared with almost every European community on one pretext or other since the Revolution without success. The cowardice of men brought up under Socialism was incredible. When called upon to take up arms against the foe, they said "What for?" and the foe said the same thing. Armies were more numerous, more expensive, more elaborate, and more showy than ever; but a call for active service rarely assembled more than fifteen men, chiefly surgeons or inventors of patent guns. In conclusion, he appealed to the noble duke to withdraw his motion, as the Bishop of Merton wanted to get his bill through and catch the half-past 16 flying machine to Hammersmith.

THE DUKE OF BELFORT BAX said that he would, with their lordship's permission, withdraw his motion, but would take another opportunity of raising the questions he had mentioned.

The motion was withdrawn.

The Quarterly Recarpeting Bill was read a second time without a division.

BARON AVELING favoured the House with a recitation from Shelley.

The House then adjourned.

Books of To-Day.

It is difficult to find an adjective with which to judiciously qualify Mr. Karl Pearson as a writer. Although in the volume before us (a) he speaks as scientist, historian, social philosophher and prophet, one can't call him "versatile," because the word seems to imply a certain nimbleness, and he is not sprightly. "Scholarly" will hardly do, for though he appears to have spent a considerable portion of his life in historical research, he has a way of treating as facts what your real scholar accepts only as hypotheses. To call him "prosy" would be downright unfair, for that would mean that he is uninteresting, which he certainly is not; and from pedantry his style saves him, although only "as by fire." The most striking feature of his literary work is a trick he has of apparently being able to persuade himself that the state of things he desires is the state of things which actually exists. For instance he tells us, in the preface, that it is not his mission, "to batter down old faiths; that has been long ago effectively accomplished"! This, in an age when Churches and Chapels are full and Halls of Science and Socialist lecture rooms half empty; when Little Bethels can collect their hundreds and the honorary treasurers of "advanced" societies are left to flounder in, what Mr. Hyndman would call, a Serbonian bog of perpetual deficit," This peculiar faculty of seeing things as he would like them to be, is no doubt productive of comfort to the individual himself, but it is apt to lead him to reckon without his host and to render his prophetic utterances a trifle unsatisfactory.

The best and most interesting essays in the volume are those under the head "History," Here Mr. Pearson is more at home than in the regions of Science and Sociology, for he is content to give us facts, and to refrain from promulgating dogmas. The paper on Martin Luther is extremely valuable. Approaching his subject as a perfectly impartial investigator, one free from prejudices either Catholic or Protestant, he is able to demonstrate to conviction, the true character of the perhaps most hateful, bloated, and altogether loathly figure of the sixteenth century. After reading Mr. Pearson's admirable essay, it would be impossible for the lowest of low churchmen (and we have to sink to a very great moral depth indeed to get at him) to ever again hold up Luther to the adoration of the unlearned lover of spiritual freedom. In the compass of about fifty of our author's pages facts enough are given to prove conclusively that the great hero of the "glorious reformation" is worthy of little but the execration of all who value learning, light and liberty. The essays on "Maimonides and Spinoza," "Meister Eckehart," and "The Kingdom of God in Munster," are almost equally interesting; are written in the spirit of the genuine student of history, and of themselves make the book well worth a place in one's study. We cannot say as much for Mr. Pearson the man of science, as for Mr. Pearson the historian. He is much given to sneering at metaphysics and of transcendentalists in general he makes much game—but "muddle headed mystics," "neo-Hegelian reconcilers," and

(1) *The Ethic of Freethaught*—A Selection of Essays and Lectures. By Karl Pearson, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square, 1888.

all we unfortunates who have the temerity or fatuity to go "beyond" our "sensations and their laws," may take comfort and feel that we have the laugh on our side when we find our "matter-of-fact sensationalist" talking such nonsense as this,—"There can, in fact, be little doubt that all the sensations which a thing—a so-called external body—produces in us, its visible form, its smell, its taste, its touch, are all due to various phases of motion which exist in it" (p. 58). Now if this means anything (which we doubt), it means that states of consciousness have physical causes—that is, it is sheer rubbish, and rubbish which would be scouted as such by every really great scientist, such as Tyndall or Huxley, and indeed by every other "thinker" (the word is Mr. Pearson's, and it is a favourite one of his), with the possible exception of the absurd materialists of "the Büchner type" from whom the author disassociates himself in a foot-note to page 427. A little later on in the same lecture ("Matter and Soul") he says, that if it were possible for a dead man to arise out of his tomb the man of science "would have to cease thinking." If he happened to be a "matter-of-fact sensationalist" possibly, and we won't say whether we think the world would be any the better or the worse for the cessation, but if he were only an ordinary, common or garden man of science, say a Darwin or a Helmholtz, he would by no means cease thinking—he would simply begin to think differently, and perhaps set about finding a new definition for "dead."

Most of the Socialist essays and lectures will be already familiar to our readers. "The Moral Basis of Socialism," we have already reviewed, and shewn that it is no basis at all. "Socialism and Sex," appeared in these pages, and all that we care to say about it here is that is an honest attempt to deal constructively with a problem concerning which there is much cry and little wool among advanced persons generally. "The enthusiasm of the market place and the study" is well worth re-reading. When it was first printed, we remember, it provoked an acidulous reply from Mr. Belfort Bax. When we read that reply we were all on the side of Mr. Bax, but further experience in the Socialist movement has convinced us that the balance of truth on the real point at issue remains with Mr. Pearson; though the truth itself will only be found, as usual, not in the common place mean, but in the reconcilement of the conflicting views. Mr. Pearson is always worth reading, for if he does not invariably extort agreement, and if he sometimes provokes an amused smile, he stimulates thought, and that, after all is perhaps the best thing that can be said of any writer. He is distinctly of the children of light, and with a little care he may yet escape developing into the "superior person" of the Socialist movement, a position for which the editor of this Magazine, is, it seems to us, quite peculiarly fitted.

Thinking that the world needed a "sketch of the chief scenes of Shelley's life," from the point of view of "a sympathetic instead of a hostile or indifferent observer," Mr. Salt has undertaken the work and called it a Monograph (*b*). It is a readable little book and like all its author's writings contains little that is striking, and nothing at all that is dull. Having said that we don't know that there is much more to say. We regret that Mr. Salt has fallen into the usual error of Shelley's worshippers that of trying to palliate his desertion of his first wife. Surely, surely, it is better to recognise spots on the sun and to admit frankly that this act, from whatever point of view regarded, was indefensible. In leaving his wife *without her consent* Shelley deliberately shuffled out of reponsibilities and duties which should have been borne and performed at whatever cost to himself. Once admit that

(*b*) *Percy Bysshe Shelley*. A Monograph by H. S. Salt. Swan, Sonnenshein, Lowry & Co., Paternoster Square, 1888.

a solemn contract may be broken at the wish of only one of the contracting parties and goodbye to all stability of human relations—society becomes a chaos. The worst of attempting to justify a wrong is that the pleader is nearly always driven to do further injury to the person wronged. Mr. Salt's plea for his hero is a case in point. In whitewashing Shelley he has most unwarrantably bespattered with dirt the memory of his unfortunate wife. For instance, he makes a great point of Shelley's doubts of Harriet's fidelity, but not a shadow of anything like evidence is adduced to justify those doubts Again, he says, "let us not be so hypocritical as to affect to believe that the conduct of Harriet *after* the separation has no bearing on the vexed question as to her conduct *before* it." Let us not be so dishonest and cowardly, say we, as to suggest that because a weak woman, deserted by her husband and deprived of the moral support and protection on which she had every right to count, and which there is not a tittle of evidence to show she had done anything to forfeit, forms another connection and falls into bad habits, that, therefore, she had been guilty of infidelity *before* she had been abandoned. The suggestion is monstrous; as is also Mr. Salt's statement that she could "count on the protection of her husband" at the very time when he was living abroad with another woman! It is the author's fault if the critic has to give undue prominence to this incident of Shelley's life. If the monographer had been content to state it and keep silent, the reviewer could have done the same, but it is the clear duty of every honest man to protest against the new doctrine of the right to shirk deliberately undertaken responsibilities directly they become irksome and unpleasant. We do not yield, even to Mr. Salt, in admiration for Shelley's genius and in thankfulness for his life's-work, but neither admiration nor gratitude can blind us to what, to put it plainly, was a crime. The book contains a really beautiful portrait of the poet; it is printed in large clear type; is neatly and prettily bound; and it should find a place in every library where a shelf is devoted to Shelley and things Shelleyan. Not the least valuable pages are those of the appendix in which Mr. Salt has reprinted some articles of his which have appeared during the last twelve months in the *Vegetarian Annual*, *The Academy*, *Progress* and this Magazine.

Inspired writings, in spite of a popular notion that they are moral sentiments dictated by a personal deity, are, after all, only the universal consciousness speaking through the individual. This expression of those vital truths which intuition suggests and experience confirms, goes straight to the hearts of men, and it is this which has given the Bible its power. But it is not in the Hebrew scriptures alone that texts are found which are in the best sense inspired. We have here (*c*), a carefully classified collection of such inspired sayings gathered from heathen writings, among others from the Dhammapada, the Mahabarata and from Confucius, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Miss Randell deserves our thanks for having strung together these Pagan pearls, and the daintily bound little volume will be a charming present for Pagan or Christian.

(*c*) *Pagan Pearls*, a Book of Paraphrases. Selected and arranged by Anne Catherine Randell. Elliot Stock, London.

NOTE.—The usual instalment of "Capital" is unavoidably held over until next month.