

THE COMRADE

Heroes of the Commune.



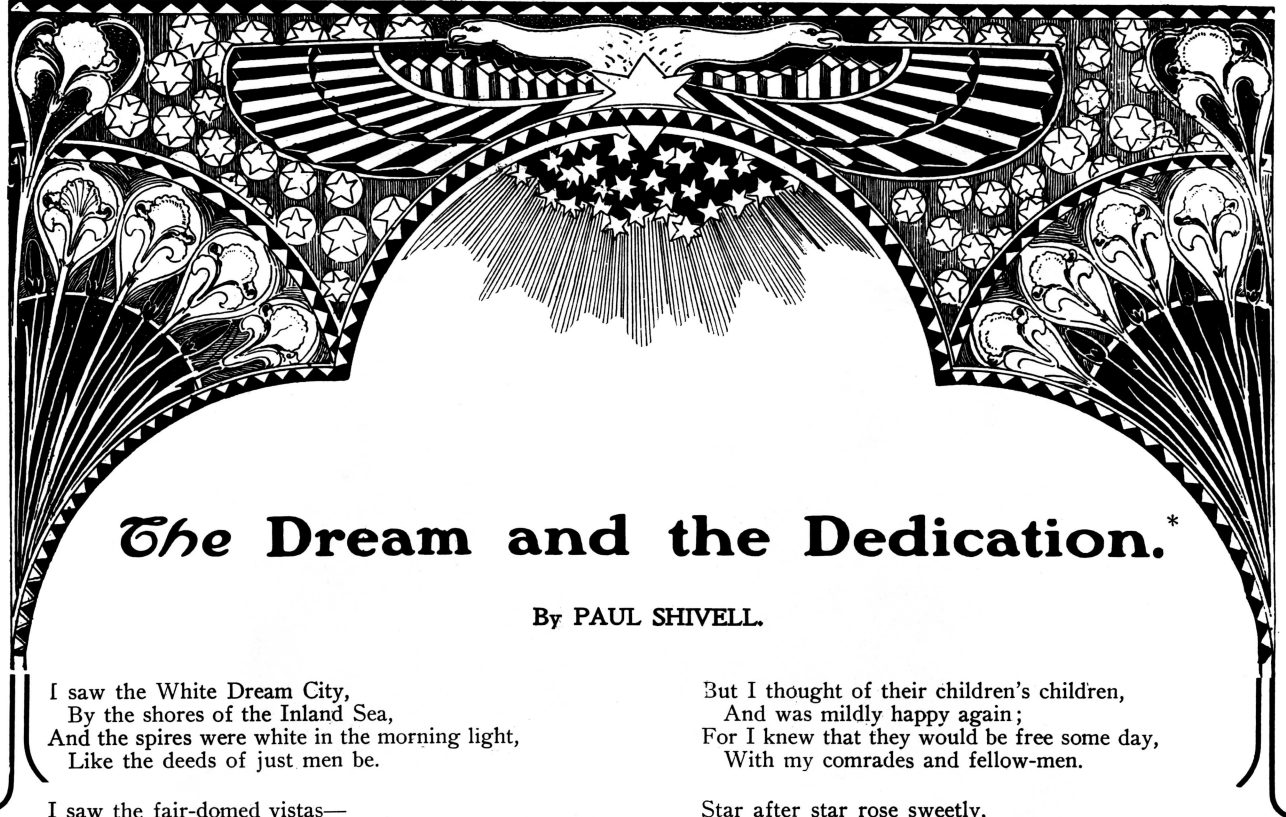
MILLIERE

FERRE.
VERMOREL,

LOUISE MICHEL.

DELESCLUZE.
DOMBROWSKI.

FLORENS.



The Dream and the Dedication.*

By PAUL SHIVELL.

I saw the White Dream City,
By the shores of the Inland Sea,
And the spires were white in the morning light,
Like the deeds of just men be.

I saw the fair-domed vistas—
Ten years rolled back again—
And I stood in the throng where the deafening song
Went up from the throats of men.

Choruses of children sang;
Far off the bands did play;
And like hushed seas twixt those and these,
We bowed our heads to pray.

And the glittering nations, assembled
With the nation their poor love most,
Sat like an army of Conquerors
In the midst of a mightier Host.

Before us, toward the bannered roof,
As high as the blue heaven,
Stood warriors and statesmen,
And all men seemed forgiven.

Oh! we were Seraphs harkening,
While the great men did speak;
And there are tears on each face that hears
With passionate pale cheek.

And there are tears and cheers on cheers
As the bright star goes down;
And each face shone like a precious stone
In the Eternal's Crown.

But an ache was in my bosom;
For some, while they builded the dream,
Had lost their lives, and I thought of their wives
Toiling in smoke and steam.

But I thought of their children's children,
And was mildly happy again;
For I knew that they would be free some day,
With my comrades and fellow-men.

Star after star rose sweetly,
Star upon star, all bright;
And while we stood one flesh and blood,
Waving the dark sea white,

And while the bands made music,
And while we waited to sing,
We felt the building tremble,
And the great Earth tremble and swing!

And we rolled one Voice, one People.
To the City of God our Lord.
Then the tasted day soon passed away,
And I walked by the wet seaboard.

The Sun on his drowsy pillow smiled,
Chimes ceased, bright towers shone,
And I came to the shades of the colonades,
And stood in their vastness alone.

There the same fierce sadness took me;
For I dared not send it away;
I saw the filthy cities,
With their poverty and decay.

I paused on the graceful bridges,
Where the deep Italian sky
Wept o'er its mirrored beauty,
And the day seemed happy to die;

And the wide domes lifted their angels
In the glimmering twilight still,
And high on the sleepless spires
Stood Fame, that I loved so well.

* World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893: A Vision.

THE COMRADE

And I remember, in heaven
A glittering star shone then;
And I looked in the pictured water,
And up at those spires again.

Night veiled in mist the fountains;
But in the quiet I heard
The plashing, and the falling,
While the statues poured and stared.

The leaves were falling from the trees,
The half were on the ground,
When I came to those lofty columns
Whose vault gives sound for sound.

O'er the rich architraves, high in chariot,
As I entered I saw by the stars
That hero in whose memory
The people had healed their scars.

There still were the same inscriptions;
I had read them many a time,
And wondered if in my manhood
I should say a thing so sublime.

But within that forest of pillars
Majestic Darkness and I
Stood like opposed armies,
Waiting the day, and the cry.

And I looked out over the water,
And thought of the years to come,
Till my heart beat high with purpose,
As a boy's heart beats to the drum.

(O, peaceful Determination,
Will you bring my dreams true yet?)
I turned again to the future,
And tried to rest and forget.

Star after star rose sweetly,
Star upon star, all night,
With the sound of the busy waters,
By the palaces misty and white;

Till I knew in the midnight stillness
That God was speaking to me,
And I stood in a Great White City,
By the shores of a Great White Sea.

* * * * *

The years are gone, but the purpose,
The aspirations of men,
Move ever toward that wide vision,
Where they build white cities again.

And each white city, Comrades,
Brings nearer the ones that shall be,
When every man and woman and child
Shall be precious from sea to sea.

Beset, and still triumphant,
Toward peace, when the victory's won,
We will move with our common burden,
Through snow and wind and sun.

Till the suns, and the moons, and the planets,
That have been or shall be enjoyed,
Roll like a homebound chorus
Through the choring starry void.

Joy unto those that love us,
Love unto those that hate,
Our spires are white in the morning light,
And the heart of a man is great.



Chameleon: A Scene.

Adapted from the Russian of ANTON CHECKOFF.

A few days ago, while I wandered around the town at dusk, I noticed a crowd of about twenty people near a grocery store, which bore the appearance of a second-class establishment. In front of the gathering stood a policeman in uniform, club in hand. The background was filled with chefs in petticoats, housemaids, a few black boys and five or six white lads. The officer held a dog by the collar and the poor beast with his tail between his legs was shivering under the piercing glance of so many eyes. The conversation was carried on so loudly that there was no need of crossing the street to hear the arguments. "Who is the owner of this dog?" questioned the policeman. "The dog belongs to the butler in Captain Cook's house," said one of the white boys. "No he does not," rejoined one of the women who had all the signs of being a mistress in the culinary art; "I know that Mr. Owen, the shipping agent, owns him;

I have seen him following Mr. Owen many a time."

"I'd better take him around to Mr. Owen," remarked the policeman.

"Mr. Owen does not own this dog," put in a young colored girl, "the dog carries a market basket every morning for the cook who stays in Mrs. Peabody's house,—I know.

"I see that he is mad," the policeman said decisively, "and I will shoot him."

"Better not shoot him," advised a little white boy, "Colonel Tryo will be down on you."

"Does he belong to Colonel Tryo?" asked the policeman. "Then I'd better take him there."

"No, sir; he doesn't belong there any more than I do; Captain Porter's man brings him down with him every morning; he is the owner of the dog," quoth one of the women.

"There is only one thing to do, that is to shoot him," replied the policeman. "Help me drag him along, boys."

"Why, I am sure this dog is always lying at the door of Captain Cook's house, he belongs to Captain Cook himself. What do you want to do with him?" remarked a white boy, approaching the crowd.

"Let me fetch him there," the thick voice of the policeman resounded.

"He doesn't stay at that house, Captain; the driver of the grocer yonder is his master," responded a strange voice.

"No use of wasting time, I'd better shoot him before night," the policeman muttered.

"Stop, what are you doing with that dog?" asked a passer-by. "Colonel Shipp is looking for him everywhere. The dog is old, he has stayed in Colonel Shipp's yard for years, take him over. The last house on this street."

The policeman pulled the dog towards the house at the end of the street; a few of the mob followed,—the others walked slowly away. L. N. ORNSTON.

Forty Years.

By LEO TOLSTOY.

[CONTINUED.]

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While his clothes were being made Trokhim went to see Vassa. He had decided to reveal to her the whole truth. He loved her far too well to be able to tell her a lie, or to deceive her by any pretence. So he went to Shpack's place and, peeping through a hole in the garden fence, discovered Vassa. She was in the garden alone, gathering apples. Trokhim told her through the fence that it was necessary for him to have a talk with her. Leaving the garden, she went into the yard, and thence to the gate; then, going round the corner of the yard, she joined Trokhim outside the garden fence.

"It will all be just as your father required," said Trokhim. "I will come, with matchmakers, in my own cart, with my own horse, and I shall be dressed in a blue coat made of gentleman's cloth.

Vassa was very much astonished and frightened.

"Where did you get it all?" she asked.

"I will not tell anyone else, but to you I will reveal the whole truth," replied Trokhim. "It shall be just as you please: if you like, you can marry me, or if you will—despise me as the lowest wretch."

And Trokhim told her everything, in detail; he also told her the conclusion at which the police had arrived.

Vassa turned pale and shrank away from him, then raising her hands she covered her face. Trokhim trembled like Cain. For a few moments he was silent. Vassa also was silent, sobbing with her face buried in her hands.

"Oh Vassa, Vassa!" Trokhim began. "Do you think what I have done is not terrible to me? But what could I do? I wanted to drown myself, and I would have drowned myself if that Pridibalka had not dragged me away from the river. Would it have been easier for you if I had made away with myself? If you do not love me any longer, then say one word and I will go and throw myself in the river."

Vassa looked up at him and sighed; then she grew thoughtful.

"Look here," she suddenly exclaimed, "they say that if anyone has killed a man, he must go, at midnight, to the place where the slain man is buried: there he will have a vision, which will reveal to him how God will punish him, and whether his punishment will overtake him soon. So the old folks say. Father once read in a book how a murderer had such a vision on the grave of the slain man. After that he began to work out his salvation, and God forgave him. You must do the same: go at midnight to the wood, where the men are buried, and come and tell me what happens to you. Then we will think what to do." And with these words, Vassa disappeared.

IV.

Towards the evening of the same day Trokhim started for the old place of which his sweetheart had spoken.

He ascended the hill and walked on as far as Loobki, then passed through the village and entered the wood. As he did so a horrible fear took possession of him. Conscience awoke within him. "It is true the police will never find it out," he thought: "they have already decided that the men's death resulted from an accident, and that there was no robbery; no one cast even the shadow of a suspicion upon me; we have deceived everyone. But God we cannot deceive; God has seen all, just as it happened; God knows everything. . . . He has seen and knows what I have done. From Him nothing can be concealed—nothing, nothing. God will punish me!"

Trokhim could in no way banish from his mind the thought of God's punishment. The nearer he approached to the spot,

the more terrible it became. There was no moon, and the stars now concealed themselves amongst the clouds—now shone forth from behind them. All was silent—only the tree tops whispered softly to one another. Dread fell upon Trokhim, but still he walked on. On and on he went, until he reached the spot.

To the left of the road he could clearly discern a new wooden cross erected on the fresh, untrodden grave. And the dead men presented themselves to him just as they had appeared before he killed them. Summoning all his courage, he approached the grave. His knees gave way beneath him, crossing himself, he bowed to the ground. "God have mercy upon me, he cried. "And you, blessed souls, forgive me, your murderer!"

Suddenly all grew dim before his eyes; his heart beat violently, he had no power to raise himself. He could not understand what was taking place: it seemed as though Pridibalka stood before him with his sarcastic look. Then a blue coat presented itself to him, and a horse harnessed to a new cart; and immediately this idea occurred to his mind: "Well, had I not killed the merchant, I should have had neither coat, nor horse, nor cart, and I should never have seen Vassa again!" Then he thought: "But would it not have been better for me to have endured poverty, and to have remained a mere pig driver? I should not then have been oppressed by the grief that now weighs me down; this is much worse than poverty." And then there immediately followed the thought: "I have got money, and this money will increase, producing more and more. People do not know and will never find out where I got it!" But this thought, also, was at once replaced by another: "No, men will not find it out, but God will know, and He will punish!" In vain did Trokhim seek to raise himself from the ground; his eyes closed, he grew now hot, now cold; sleep seemed to be overwhelming him, and in vain he struggled against it. When he tried to rise, it seemed as though he were nailed to the earth! and he fancied there sounded in his ears a voice from beneath the ground saying: "Lord, punish this our murderer!" And another voice issuing, he knew not whence, replied: "I will punish him after forty years!" Then all was silent. Trokhim felt relieved, but on opening his eyes they remained fixed upon the grave, which was still terrible to him. It seemed as if in another moment two corpses would creep out from under the earth.

Suddenly, as though by a strength not his own, he tore himself from the spot, and fled down the road. Someone was pursuing him, someone running with such a heavy tread that the very earth shook. And this someone was hurling immense trees at him. Trokhim ran without stopping, or even looking back, until he had emerged from the woods, and reached the open fields. Then his strength failed and he fell to the ground.

After a few moments he rose and proceeded on his way at a quieter pace. In the place of fear, a tormenting anguish now crept into his heart.

When he had passed the village of Loobki, Trokhim noticed a man in front, and looking intently at him, recognized Pridibalka.

"What are you wandering about here for?" asked Pridibalka. "Why have you come here at this time of night? Answer me, but take care you speak the truth."

Pridibalka seemed to Trokhim to be asking what he already knew, merely in order to find out whether he would tell a lie or speak the truth. He replied:—

"I have been to the grave of the murdered men."

"What for?" asked Pridibalka.

"I wanted to know whether I might perhaps see something, whether anything would reveal itself to me, that would tell me whether God was going to punish me," replied Trokhim.

"You are a great simpleton!" said Pridibalka. "You do not know how to hold your tongue. You have been blabbing it all to some woman or girl, have listened to all sorts of nonsensical woman's tales, and you, simpleton that you are, believe them all and act in this foolish way. You will end by talking yourself into trouble. Oh, you fool, you fool! you are not satisfied that everything has turned out to your advantage. You, with your foolish tongue, will spoil it all; and by your stupidity you will not only ruin yourself, but will drag me in too. You will get yourself into trouble, and then you will throw all the blame on to me: I tempted you, I taught you to do wrong, I incited you! You pitiful wretches are all like this; you are always ready to repay good with evil. Well, tell me, fool, what appeared to you at the grave?"

Trokhim told him everything.

"Simpleton, and again I say simpleton!" exclaimed Pridibalka, bursting out laughing. "You imagined all that in your fear. And you really thought that corpses were conversing with God! How are they to talk after you have knocked them on the head with your cudgel so that both their skulls were broken and their brains scattered?"

"But the soul," said Trokhim. "The body one kills, but the soul flies up to God."

"The soul! What soul? It's all women's nonsense!" exclaimed Pridibalka. "There was no soul, so it could not fly anywhere. What is man—beast, bird, fish, or worm? They are all alike, all live in the world and then die, and decay, and there is an end of them."

"Then how is it," asked Trokhim, "that the priest says that we shall all live after death, in the other world—the righteous souls going to Paradise, and the wicked to hell, where they will have to suffer for their evil deeds? The priest says so, and he knows all—what and how it is written."

"Oh, simplicity, simplicity!" said Pridibalka. "He believes everything, whatever he is told! But don't you know that men have invented all this on purpose to terrify others, and then take advantage of their fear."

Trokhim was bewildered by this talk. Never before had he heard anything like it.

"According to what you say, then," he asked, "it is like this: man has no soul, and when once anyone has died, he will live no more?"

"Never will one who has died live again," Pridibalka assured him. "If anyone knows a place where men who have died in this world, live again, then let him show it us."

"God knows about that!" replied Trokhim. "It seems to me that it cannot be that a man's soul should not live after death, in the other world, with God. We shall all be judged by God; and He will judge me for my evil deed. That is why I am afraid, for God will condemn me to eternal torture."

"God? God? How do you know that there is a God anywhere in the world? I have asked you once already about it, and I ask you again: have you ever seen this God? Show Him to me, let us have a look at our God," said Pridibalka, laughing.

"Wise men speak of Him: and what am I?" replied Trokhim. "I am only a simple man. People who are educated—learned people, they know all about it, and they teach us simple ones."

"It is all nonsense; it is all stupid women's chatter," said Pridibalka. "No one has seen God, no one has spoken to God. And the reason they have not seen and talked to Him is, because there is no God, and never was one. Nowadays, everyone knows that there is neither God, nor Devil, nor paradise, nor tortures in hell after death, only they do not dare to confess it."

"But if there is no God, then who created the world?" asked Trokhim.

"The world! Why create it! It has always existed. Ah, Trokhim, Trokhim! You think that all who tell you about God really believe that there is a God? No, my friend. They know that it is all fiction, but they do not tell you so, that you may remain simpletons and believe everything that you are told, and do all you are bidden to do. That is why they have written a law that is to your disadvantage and deceives you."

"That means that there will be no divine judgment of our evil deeds?" asked Trokhim.

"Of course there won't," replied Pridibalka. "Who is to judge? And how are you to be judged, when you will no longer be in the world?"

Trokhim did not know what to say, but in his heart he felt that there was something not quite right. So anxious was he to believe what Pridibalka said, however, that he ceased to dispute.

Presently Pridibalka continued: "You are all afraid of being judged for your evil deeds, but why they are evil—that you do not know. The wolf tears the sheep, and the cat kills the bird. Well, are not these evil deeds? And if they are evil, then it means that for wolves and cats and all kinds of ferocious beasts there is a judgment of God? What do you think?"

"I don't know," replied Trokhim.

And he did not know what will happen to wolves and cats, but he did know very well that the human blood was lying heavily upon his heart.

"Well, that is just where it is," continued Pridibalka. "The wolf would say to God: 'I wanted to eat; that was why I tore the sheep. Why did you create me such that I could not eat grass, but only meat? If I had not torn sheep, I should have perished of hunger.' And if God were to ask you: 'Why did you kill the merchant?' You might answer Him thus: 'Why did you create me a beggar? Had I not been a beggar I should not have killed the merchant. I saw how other people marry, and I too wanted to marry; but other people lived in ease and comfort, and girls willingly married them, while I lived in poverty, and on account of my pauperism, the girl was not given to me. Why did you, my Lord God, create me a beggar? I, too, like all the others, wished to live well. And in order to live well, money was necessary; it was necessary to have clothes, a horse, and many other things. Other people had all these things, but I had not. Nobody gives anything for nothing, and there was no means of buying them, and yet one was anxious to live. Well! So I went and killed the merchant; I killed him in order to get for myself what is necessary for a good living. What didst Thou create me such that I was obliged to do what was displeasing to Thee? When Thou didst create me, Thou didst know that I should do evil! It were better not to have created me at all!' Is this not so?"

Trokhim did not know what to answer. It seemed to him that it was so, and it seemed also that it was not so.

V.

They walked together as far as Mandreeki, and then they parted. Pridibalka went to his rooms at the Manor House, Trokhim to his aunt's. Instead of going into the hut, he laid down under the peat-house. In the morning he went in, gave his aunt some money, and told her to buy a fowl, milk and brandy, and to prepare a nice dinner. He then proceeded to Shpack's farm-yard. Looking in at the sitting-room window from the street, he could see the old man reading; his daughter was in the room with him. Vassa caught sight of her sweetheart through the window, and in three minutes she had joined him in the road. Trokhim related all that had happened at the grave of the murdered men. After listening to all that he had to tell, Vassa said:

"Well, if it is so, if God has promised to punish you after forty years, then during these forty years we shall have time to repent, and to expiate our sin by prayer. We will be zealous in our attendance at church, and distribute alms to the poor according to our means. God will then forgive us; His mercy

is without measure. Father read in the Bible that there is no sin that cannot be expiated before God, by prayer. After all, we shall have a good long time to live together. Come to father in the blue coat, with match-makers, and he will give me to you."

Trokhim felt easier. He returned to his aunt and had dinner with her; then he went to Pridibalka to ask his advice with regard to the management of his affairs.

They again met near the Manorial blacksmith's shop. Pridibalka promised to manage everything, and then began to teach Trokhim how he ought to live (in the world).

"First of all, Trokhim," he said, "leave all women's tales alone. Listen to my advice, and you will get on. You were an absolute beggar. I have suddenly raised you from poverty, you are already beginning to make your way in the world, and you will succeed if you will only live according to my instructions; you will get rich, and then people will come to know and respect you. Always think what will bring you gain, and never ponder over what is or what is not a sin. All that is mere women's talk. I tell you the truth, there is no such thing in the world as sin; there is stupidity, if you like, and that is the real sin. Whoever is stupid, he is also sinful. To gain money is not stupid, therefore it is not sinful. The only thing is you must do it so that no one shall know how you are gaining it, and that no one shall dare to pass judgment upon you. You see yourself now how sensibly you have acted: you have killed a merchant, and have taken from him all you wanted. No one knows that you have done it, and no one will know, unless you let it out yourself. Had you acted differently—had you run after a great gain, and taken all the goods and the horses, then you would have been lost. The police would have seen that it was a case of murder, would have begun to investigate, and would certainly have found out. Now everything is sealed and buried. This is the way you must always act. Except in extreme necessity never deceive anyone, never take other people's property, provoke no one, live in harmony with all, and in such a way that no one shall dare to say any evil of you; but in cases of extreme necessity fear nothing; have pity on no one; if it is necessary to deceive—deceive, only in such a way that men shall not know it; if you have to steal—steal, but do it so that no one shall find it out; if it is necessary to kill a man—kill him, only so that everything is sealed and buried. Do not fear sin, do not expect any judgment of God in another world; but learn how to guard yourself against the judgment of men in this world. He has promised to punish you after forty years? But, I tell you, it is not true. You will live in wealth and prosperity, if only you will live according to my advice."

Trokhim listened to all these words, and they fell into his heart, and he counted them to be the truth.

In a few days Trokhim's clothes, boots, and linen, were all ready. Pridibalka bought him a horse and cart. The horse was put to the cart, the match-makers seated themselves in the cart, and Trokhim took his place beside them, dressed in his new blue coat. They drove to Shpack's. Trokhim jumped down and opened the gate leading into the yard. Vassa was standing with her female servant on the threshold of the work-room; she was expecting the visitors, but had not told her father. Shpack had put on his spectacles and was just beginning to read the Martyrology, when he heard the sound of wheels, as the cart drove into the yard. Taking off his spectacles, and laying down the book, he went to open the sitting-room door, when suddenly there appeared before him one of the matchmakers, carrying bread in his hands. After praying to the images, the match-maker began to relate how a young prince had gone out hunting, how the trail of the fox he was pursuing had been lost, how it was afterwards found, and followed up to Master Shpack's house. While speaking of the prince, the match-maker pointed to Trokhim, but for several seconds Shpack failed to recognize who the prince in the blue coat was. He did not think that his servant could possibly

present himself as bridegroom so soon, and in such attire too. When the match-maker mentioned the name of the bridegroom, Shpack shuddered and turned pale; then Trokhim, making a low bow, said:

"You promised to give me Vassa Denisovna for my wife, when I came in my own cart, with my own horse, and in a blue coat; so I have come as you bade me."

"And where did you get the blue coat?" asked Shpack. "Have you stolen it? Or, may be, you have killed some merchant on the road, and taken the cloth from among his goods?"

Trokhim shuddered involuntarily. It was just such a speech as Shpack might have made if he had been sitting in the wood on the other side of Loobki, while Trokhim was disposing of the merchant. Shpack continued:

"There, I will show you my daughter. Then I will hand you over to the rural police; they will find out where you got the coat and horse from."

"Don't talk so," said the match-maker. "Do not heap sin upon your soul and disgrace upon your family. Trokhim is poor but honest. We know where he got the coat and horse. Good people have been found to lend him money, and with this money he has managed it all."

"Where is there a man fool enough to lend money to such a ragamuffin?" asked Shpack.

"All are not such that they will give money only for profit," replied the match-maker. "There are in the world good people, who will help a poor man in his time of need."

"These good people," said Shpack, "have probably given him money in the hope of getting it from me, after they have succeeded in befooling me and making me father-in-law of this starveling. Tell me, who are these good people who are looking into my pocket?"

"Don't alarm yourself, Dennis Savelievitch," said the match-maker; "nobody is looking into your pocket. You sent Trokhim away from your house, because your daughter fell in love with him; the poor fellow would have drowned himself in his grief, but, by the will of God, he was saved from death by a good man, Fetis Borissovitch. And it is this Fetis Borissovitch who has given him the money. Don't be afraid, Dennis Savelievitch, he will not demand it of you. Your son-in-law, when he grows rich, will himself repay it, or else the squire will do so. And, even if the squire should not deign to pay it, and it should be impossible to obtain it from your son-in-law, Fetis Borissovitch will never claim it of you. God will reward him for his good deed—for saving a man from premature death."

"Who is this Fetis Borissovitch?" asked Shpack.

"The squire's head gardener," replied the match-maker. "Who he is God only knows, but they call him Pridibalka in the village."

"I am not going to try to get out of it," said Shpack. "I told this beggar that I would not prevent my daughter marrying him when he came to me with his own horse and cart, and dressed in a blue coat. I don't deny that those were my words. Only, if Fetis Borissovitch has indeed become such a benefactor to him he should have called upon me himself, and talked the matter over with me."

"He will come as soon as you give your consent," replied the match-maker.

"I must ask the squire's advice," said Shpack. "The late squire—God rest his soul!—promised me a letter of enfranchisement for my daughter and her future husband—my son-in-law. He said we were to apply to his son. So I must go to the young squire."

"The best thing you can do, Dennis Savelievitch," said the match-maker; "a nobleman's will decides everything. Only you must tell us match-makers whether you consent to give your daughter; and you must also tell the bridegroom. Here he is!"

"I will call my daughter," said Shpack. "Let her answer for herself. I put no constraint upon her."

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He went out, and in about two minutes returned accompanied by his daughter.

"Vassa," said he, "you are being sought in marriage by Trokhim— What did you say his patronymic was, gentleman?"

"Semionovitch," replied the match-maker.

"By Trokhim Semionovitch," continued Shpack. "Do you wish to marry him?"

"I do, father," said Vassa.

"You hear, gentlemen," said Shpack. "It is her free will; she has herself announced it to you. I will not prevent her; only I must consult the squire, as I cannot withstand my lord's will."

Placing brandy, cakes, and sausages on the table, the host then began to entertain his guests.

Suddenly the door of the sitting-room opened and Pridibalka entered.

"Long life to Dennis Savelievitch," said he as he came in. "Good appetite for bread and wine to good people. Matters have, I see, taken the right turn."

Shpack invited the new arrival to join them, although he regarded him with distrust. Pridibalka did not wait for Shpack to introduce the subject, but was himself the first to speak about Trokhim. He related how Trokhim had been on the point of drowning himself, when he had chanced, on leaving the Manor, to catch sight of him, how he had stopped the young man, and afterwards lent him money to buy himself a coat and a horse and cart. "But you must go to the squire without fail, Dennis Savelievitch."

(To be continued.)

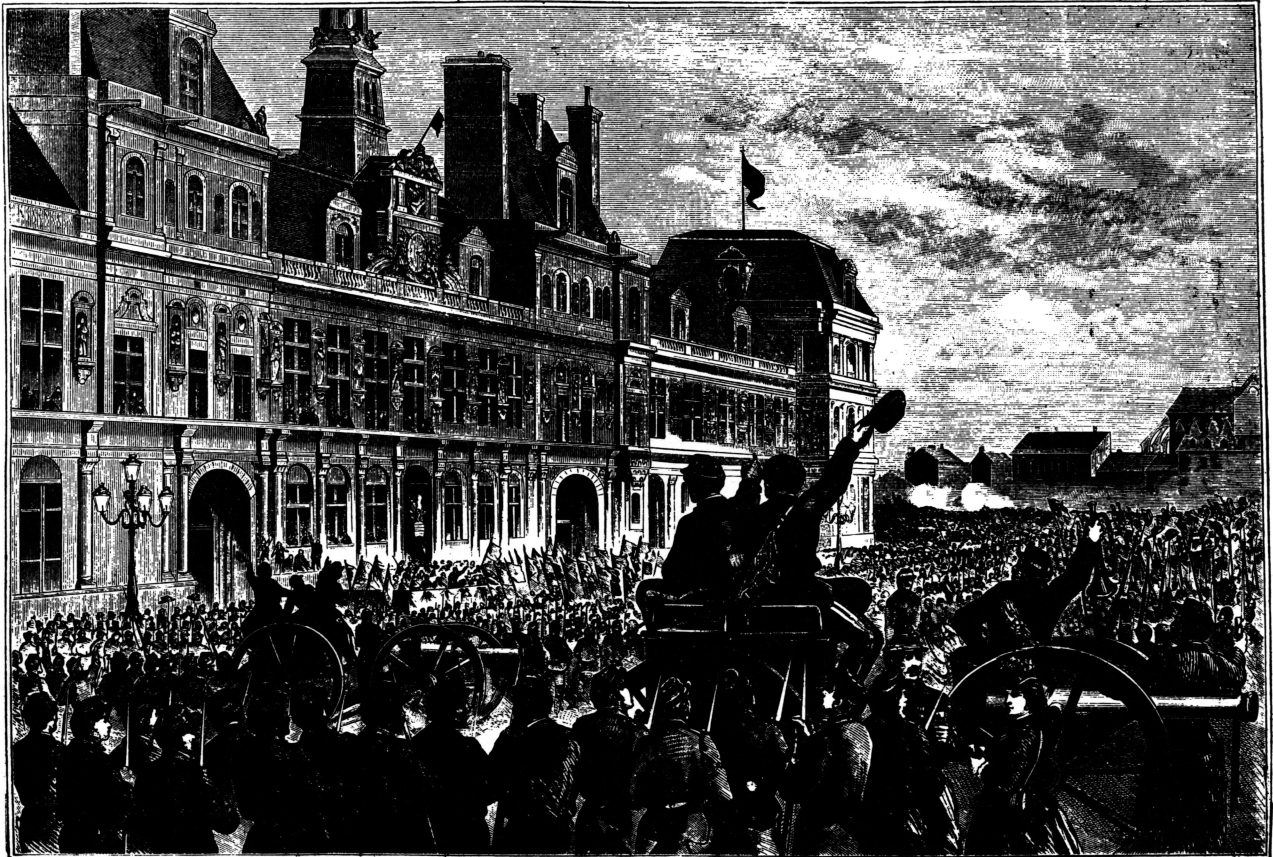
When Equity Shall Rule.

Could I pierce through the veil of shadows
By the strength of my heart's desire,
Could I win to the world's lost singers,
Ah, then might my soul aspire
To sing a song that for evermore
Would live in this old world's ears—
To take the smart from the human heart,
And banish away all tears.

I would learn from the master poets
How to play on the hearts of men;
I would wait while their restless fingers
Toyed with the harp and the pen—
Wait while their choir immortal sang
Equality's glad refrain,
And then I would softly steal away,
Away to the earth again,

And, filled with the heavenly music,
I would sing to the toil-worn crowd
Till they joined with me in the chorus
And the song re-echoed loud.
For the days will be full of gladness,
And the future will hold no fears,
When the song of Human Brotherhood
Goes ringing along the years.

ROBERT T. WHITELAW.



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMUNE.

The Slave of a Slave.

By AMY WELLINGTON.

One December evening the Tomboy was "punging" home after dark. It had been snowing all day long—one of those gentle clinging storms; lamp-posts and houses, the old church steeple—each common object, all touched with snow, loomed beautifully unfamiliar; but now, only a few last flakes glinted in the lamplight; and the white quiet streets were growing lively again. Boys and men were out with shovels, eager for the job of clearing a sidewalk, and sleighs ran easily along.

The Tomboy jumped off the back of a pung with a good-night to the obliging driver, and plunged down a side street which led to a poor quarter of the town. She made deep tracks with her new rubber boots and scooped up the snow for balls. Away they flew, hitting fence and lamppost, cross old gentleman's neck, anything for a target, till suddenly she stopped with a half-made ball in her hand; for there before her on the sidewalk was a woman shoveling—a woman in a calico dress, trying to keep a thin shawl about her shoulders while she scraped the snow into the gutter. The light from a street lamp fell on one of those quenched young faces, not uncommon in that part of the town. The Tomboy had seen it often at the window. "What are you doing that for?" she asked.

"I want to get it done before my man comes home," answered the woman, dully.

"Well, you go into the house and get warm, and I'll do it," said the child, impulsively seizing the shovel.

After a feeble resistance the woman let go the handle and went indoors, looking back doubtfully; but the sturdy little girl, with the compelling dark eyes, began to cut the snow in neat blocks and toss them far into the street as she had seen men do. Her cheeks grew warm and rosy as her red tam o' shanter, and so did her strong little hands, until she was obliged to stop a minute and pull off her wet mittens. Just then she felt someone looking at her and, turning quickly, saw a man near the doorstep—a big red faced man in a woollen sweater and warm overcoat, carrying a dinner pail and smelling of

whisky. He was eyeing her curiously, but as soon as she saw him he went into the house without a word.

Presently the woman appeared, distressed and flurried. She put a nickel in the Tomboy's hand, saying: "My man told me to give you this."

"You keep it," returned the child. "But don't you let him know," she cautioned.

The woman's cold fingers shut greedily over the bit of money; she and the Tomboy were very close together now, and the child questioned passionately: "Why don't you run away from him? I would."

"I can't," the woman faltered. "There's the baby; he's ailin'—and I ain't very strong yet. Besides, I can't find work. And he says he'd take the baby." Then, as if afraid of what she had uttered, the woman shrank within; and as the door closed upon her the Tomboy heard a baby screaming.

Ah, the incomprehensible weakness and the shame! She had never seen anything quite so bad as this; but she had heard women beg and plead—and lie; she had heard the drunken curse, she had watched her own mother's tears while her little heart was throbbing fiercely. As the Tomboy shoveled on in one of those wild revolts that rent her childhood, the blocks of snow weighed heavy and heavier, but she did not care; she did not care if her arms broke with aching; she would clear that sidewalk to the end, which she did scrupulously; then rang the door-bell, and the woman answered.

"Don't be afraid!" the child insisted, as she handed back the shovel and asked for a broom; but the woman hastily shut the door in her face. She had said too much already, and she was afraid her man might hear.

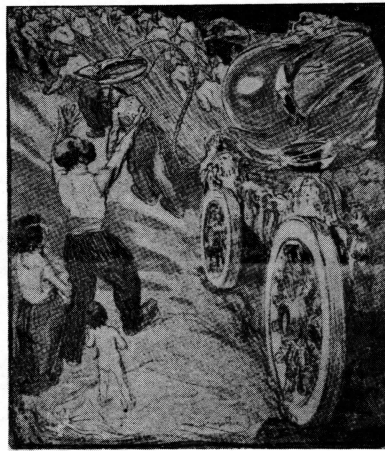
So the Tomboy trudged wearily home, late to supper, thinking she was glad she wasn't a woman; but then she had made up her mind long ago that she would "never be a woman!" And she thrust her little hands into her pockets with a sudden satisfaction, for she had earned a five-cent piece.

LIBERTY.



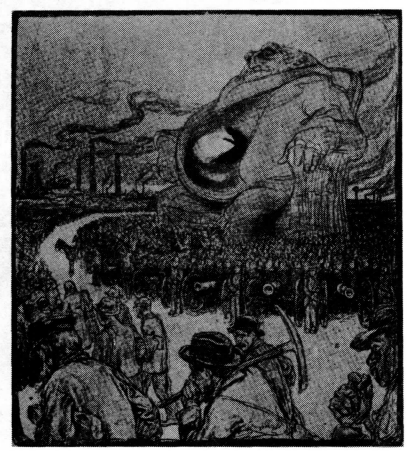
"Liberty? Yes—but obey my law!"

EQUALITY.



"Equals? Certainly!—Pull my carriage!"

FRATERNITY.



"Brothers? Of course—are not our interests identical?" —*L'Assiette du Beurre.*



IN MEMORIAM 1871.

THE COMRADE

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Editorial.

How memory through the lapse of years recalls the cannon's rattle—
 Brings back again the time so grandly dread;
 When Paris rose in Labor's name and gave the foeman battle,
 And sealed her fate with hecatombs of dead.

Yes, memory loves to dwell upon the great defeat victorious
 Made holy by the life-blood of the brave,
 The Sacrifice triumphant, for the peerless cause, the glorious,
 And the radiant resurrection from the grave.

The two proud months! How many times the enemy's lines were routed—
 'Midst thunder from the cannon came the May,
 Yet Paris held the Red Flag high, and still defiance shouted,
 With the life-blood ebbing from her in the fray.

The line of battle broke at last; in every street and alley
 Unflinchingly are crossed the bayonet blades,
 And every inch of ground is fought where Freedom still can rally
 A single man behind the barricades.

Not yet the time! The curtain falls, and, 'midst the lurid darkness,
 Death looks on Freedom's soldiers face to face;
 And now, the time to try men's souls in all his ghastly starkness,
 They meet him with the daring of their race.

But who can tell the glory of the strife so great, Titanic?
 Or who depict the glory of the fall?
 That shook the globe and scattered wide the dragon's teeth volcanic
 To grow the armed crop to break the thrall?

We treasure in remembrance, too, the awful week of slaughter
 When the butchers in their fury killed amain;
 The murder of the thousands of the people's sons and daughters,
 And the mitrailleurs upon Satory's plain.

The glorious dead! They left their flag and willed us to preserve it
 As red as when from their dead hands it fell,
 To keep it free from spot and stain, and loyally to serve it,
 As they did 'gainst the powers of earth and hell.

The Blood-Red Flag of Liberty! We'll guard it from pretenders,
 From those who its red meaning would impugn,
 And when it floats in battle breeze prove we as true defenders
 As those who fought and died in the Commune!

(From "Seventy One," a poem by John Leslie, the Scottish Socialist Poet.)

The Commune! What a wealth of tragedy and of heroic memory the words recall! And what inspiration there is for us in the Courage and Constancy of the brave men and women who raised the Red Flag above the Hotel de Ville on that glorious March morning in 1871! All over the world, during the coming month, their deeds will be recalled, and millions of Socialists will honor the memory of that short-lived triumph of the proletariat. The story of the Commune, ever new tho oft told, in spite of the many blunders of the Communards themselves, and their ultimate defeat, forms, nevertheless, a great chapter in revolutionary annals. From the 18th of March, when the women urged on the soldiers at Montmartre, to the 21st of May, when the Versailles troops forced an entry into the city and began that fearful carnage of blood and fire, in which so many thousands of men, women and children fell, victims to the relentless fury of the oppressors, Paris was governed better than at any time in its history. And that, in spite of the extreme difficulties which beset the administration.

Let those superior persons who sneer at the aspirations of the workers and declare that they could "never administer the affairs of a great city," think of the Commune. What of Theisz, the workman who was placed at the head of the Post Office? Working at ordinary artisan's wages, he reorganized that great institution,—paying, incidentally, higher wages for shorter hours of labor to all employees—and the beneficent results of his administration are felt even to-day. What of Camelinat, the bronze-worker who took charge of the mint?—of Jourde, clerk and accountant, who, at the head of the Commission of Finance, displayed so much sagacity? No, there is nothing done for the workers which they could not do equally well for themselves!

But it is not in this that the importance of the Commune lies. Nor is it in the heroic fortitude and courage of the brave fighters who fell in its colossal martyrdom. No, these are truly great things but its chief interest for us lies in the fact that it was the first time in the history of the world, that the working people had seized the reins of government, and taken unto themselves the administration of a great city.

It is that fact, fraught with hope and sacred meaning, that we hail. We are proud of the heroism of those trying days; we are proud, too, of the ability shown by men of the working class itself to govern a great city wisely and with justice—a noble contrast to the cowardly reactionaries, who forsook the city in white-livered frenzy! We see now, and have learnt from that dearly-bought experience to avoid, some of the mistakes they made; but, best of all, we see in the triumph of March '71 the glorious prefiguring of a greater, final triumph, not alone in the city by the Seine, but throughout the world. And in that day the Red Flag of Socialism, doubly sacred by the martyr-blood of '48 and '71, will float, proudly and defiantly, from the battlements of all the great nations of the world, with a newer and more glorious lustre which shall not fade but grow brighter with the years.

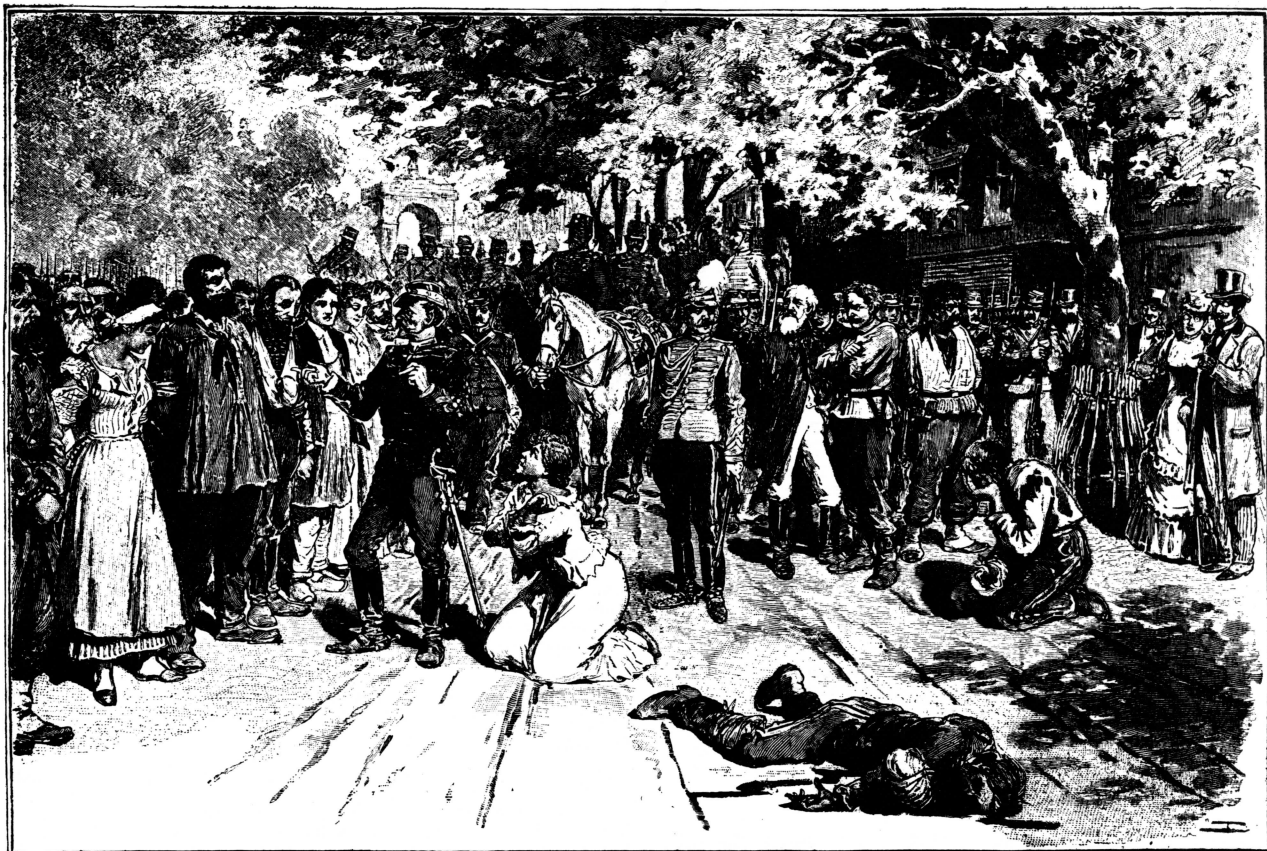
With what malignancy the hirelings of the capitalist press—throughout the world attacked the Commune! To them, it was nothing less than a bloody reign of terror, and the Communards a band of cruel and ferocious savages. The shooting, as a reprisal for the shooting of hundreds of their comrades, of half-a-dozen hostages, by the revolutionaries, was magnified until it far transcended not only the shooting of those hundreds and the ill-treatment, in prison, of hundreds more, but the savage butchery of innocent women and children in the streets! How great a slander upon brave men, whose weakness consisted, in part at least, in their failure to deal out summary punishment to their enemies! That men, goaded to desperation and vengeance by the wholesale butchery of their kin, should shoot back and kill six "respectable citizens," and one of them an Archbishop, too, was monstrous! But they had only praise for the "firmness" of the callous murderer, Gallifet, who in cold blood ordered the murder of hundreds without trial.

Gallifet! Murderer of the people! What strange irony, and what tragedy, there is in the presence of one bearing the Red Flag of that same great struggle in the Cabinet with that unrepentant agent of tyranny! No wonder that the attitude of Millerand and his supporters has wrung angry protest from the greater part of the socialist movement, not of France alone, but of the world!

Comrades, as we celebrate the great deeds of the Paris Commune; the memory of the great honored dead—Dombrowski, Varlin, Delescluze, Millière, Rigault, and of the nameless heroes whose deeds abide forever, a glorious memory, let us remember that they have bequeathed to us not a glorious memory alone but a still more glorious mission. Millière's last cry was "Long live Humanity!" and one of the unnamed heroes, actuated by that same great human passion, when asked what he was fighting for, cried with his dying breath, "For Human Solidarity!"

We, too, are fighting for Human Solidarity—may we be as brave and true as were the defenders of the Commune!





Gallifet Choosing his Victims from the Ranks of the Communards.



PARIS MOURNS.



OFF TO NEW CALEDONIA.

Ferdinand Freiligrath and His Work.

By JOHN SPARGO.

II.

Freiligrath arrived in London in February, 1846, and was warmly welcomed by the Howitts and others who admired his genius. William Howitt wrote in one of the leading literary magazines, "From this day forward England is the home of Ferdinand Freiligrath and as he will derive from us a sense of personal security, we shall derive from his presence the honor of one more true patriot and poet amongst us." Other friends who welcome the exile were: "Barry Cornwall," Sir Edward Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton), and Moncton Milnes. But there was at first some difficulty in finding employment, and for a month or two financial embarrassment troubled him greatly. His English friends offered financial assistance, and Longfellow wrote urging him to come over and settle in America. Presently, however, he succeeded in finding a situation in a large commercial house where he remained until 1848. The literary work of those two years consists mainly of a couple of translations from Hood—"The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt"—and the magnificent poem, "Ireland," written in the great "famine year." Of this poem, widely published at the time, I quote one verse:

"A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland through;
The west wind which every casement passed
Brought to mine ear that wail of sorrow.
Faint, as a dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves my heart-strings searing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death cry of poor weeping Erin."*
* Mary Howitt's translation.

Then came the Revolution of '48, which shook the very foundations of Europe. On the 25th of March he published his wonderful song, "Berlin," in memory of those who fell on the 18th. Grief for the dead and fierce defiance to the oppressors are equally blended in this magnificent memorial song. Soon after he left his situation and hastened to Germany to take his part in the struggle for freedom. He arrived with his family in Dusseldorf early in June, and threw himself boldly into the strife. In July appeared his sharp and bitter political variation of Burns' poem, "A man is a man for a' that," under the title, "Trotz Alledem!" Then came the famous poem, "From the Dead to the Living," considered by many critics to be his masterpiece. An idea of the savage indignation which pervades the whole poem may be gathered from this brief extract:

"Too much of scorn, too much of shame, heaped daily on your head—
Wrath and Revenge *must* still be left,—believe it, from the Dead!
It *does* remain, and it awakes—it shall and must awake!
The Revolution, half complete, yet wholly forth will break!
It waits the hour to rise in power, like an uprolling storm,
With lifted arms and streaming hair, a wild and mighty form!
It grasps the rusted gun once more, and swings the battered blade,
While the red banners flap the air from every barricade!
Those banners lead the German Guards, the armies of the Free—
Till princes fly their blazing thrones and hasten towards the sea!
The boding eagles leave the land—the lion's claws are shorn—
The Sovereign people, roused and bold, await the Future's morn'."*
* Translated by Bayard Taylor.

The poem was received with wild enthusiasm and spread all over Germany in a few days. Published at the close of July, so great was its effect, that on the 4th of August it was moved that the poet should be held responsible for the revolutionary instigations contained in the verses. He was not interfered with, however, until the end of the month, when he was ar-

rested, the trial taking place early in October. He was triumphantly acquitted and his return home was made the subject of an imposing popular demonstration. Freiligrath now joined Marx and others in the Cologne agitation and became one of the editors of the "New Rhenish Gazette," which Marx had founded. To this paper he contributed many fine poems, notably "Blum," "Ungarn," "Reveill e" and, in May, 1849, the defiant "Farewell of the New Rhenish Gazette."

Blum, sent as a German delegation to Vienna in 1848, was arrested and shot by the authorities as a disturber of the peace, and Freiligrath's poem was a worthy memorial of a brave martyr—"The man, who, whatso'er might hap, could ne'er the People's cause betray." By a fine stroke of genius the poet passes from the lusty cry of the new-born babe, to the grave-song, forty years after, of the martyr. Then, in a burst of unrestrained anger and grief, he turns to those who merely mourn:

"Why grasp ye not your swords in wrath, O ye that sing, and ye
that pray?
Ye organ pipes, to trumpets turn, and fright the scoundrels with your
breath,
And din into their dastard ears the dreadful news of sudden death,
Those scoundrels who the order gave, the cruel murder dared to do—
The hero leant him on his knee in that autumnal morning's dew,
Then silent fell upon his face in blood—'tis eight short days ago—
Two bullets smote him on the breast, and laid his head for ever low."

The rage subsides somewhat, but the grief remains, and mingled with the cries of the mourner are the terrible forebodings of the prophet:

"They gave him peace and rest at last; he lies in peaceful raiment
dressed;
Then sing an anthem round his grave, an anthem of eternal rest;
Yea, rest for him who has bequeathed unrest to us for evermore;
For in the dim cathedral aisles, where moving masses thronged the
door,
Methought through all the noise I heard a sound as of a whisper
strange,
'The passing moment is not all; the organs shall to trumpets change!
Yes, they that now sing dirges here shall seize the sword in wrath
sublime,
For naught but fierce, unceasing strife yet wrestles in the womb of
time.
A dirge of death is no revenge, a song of sorrow is not rage,
But soon the dread Avenger's foot shall tramp across the black-stoled
stage:
The dread Avenger, robed in red, and smirched and stained with blood
and tears,
Shall yet proclaim a ceaseless war through all the coming tide of years;
Then shall another requiem sound and rouse again the listening dead—
Thou dost not call for vengeance due but Time will bring her banner
red.
The wrongs of others cry aloud; deep tide of wrath arise in flood—
And woe to all the tyrants then whose hands are foul with guiltless
blood!"*
* Translated by J. L. Joynes.

The poet remained in Cologne for a year after the collapse of the "New Rhenish Gazette," during which time he was busy preparing another volume of his poems ("Zwischen den Garben") for the press. This volume consisted of a number of the poems published during the previous two years, including translations from Hood, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Lamartine and others. One of the most popular of his youthful poems, "Love while Love beside thee Stays," was now for the first time included in his collected works.

After the publication of this volume he went to Dusseldorf, where he remained only a short while. For two years he had been constantly persecuted and molested and was never sure of being tolerated. Nor was there rest for him in Dusseldorf for long. By May, 1851, he had a new volume of social and political poems ("Neuere politische und soziale

Gedichte") ready for publication, and, foreseeing trouble, he decided to once more seek refuge in England. That he acted wisely subsequent events conclusively proved. Immediately after he had fled to England he was indicted for "Conspiracy against the State," and public advertisements were issued for his capture. The opening poem in this new volume was "The Revolution," which the poet's friend, Ernest Jones, translated with unusual success. Other poems were the "Christmas Song for my Children," "Nach England!", and a number of translations from the works of Barry Cornwall and Thomas Hood. "Nach England!" probably written during the first exile, is the vow of the exiled poet that he will not allow the toil and care of life to silence his muse. Although the new poems added greatly to his reputation, they rather injured his material interests, many business houses refusing to give him employment because of them. He experienced a great deal of difficulty in finding regular work, and for a whole year fought a stern battle with penury. During this time he compiled "Rose, Thistle and Shamrock," a German anthology of English poetry, and an anthology of German poetry, "Dichtung und Dichter." In this second exile, he did not take part in the discussions that arose among the refugees of '48. Perhaps disappointed and disheartened, he settled quietly down to his literary work and drifted away from party associations. Nor were those associations ever resumed. His poems as they appeared were received with rapture in Germany, testifying to the popularity of the brave exile. But he is no longer the revolutionary poet: that is a closed chapter in a varied career!

After the hardships of the first year of his second exile, Freiligrath obtained a position with a German business house where he remained for three years, until May 1855. It is interesting to recall, that when, in 1854, Longfellow resigned his chair as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, a movement was organized to secure the appointment for Freiligrath. Longfellow was placed in a rather delicate position by reason of the fact that his influence was sought on behalf of two parties—Freiligrath and James Russell Lowell, who was also then in England and was, like Freiligrath, a candidate for the position. Under the circumstances, Longfellow decided to remain entirely neutral, using his influence for neither party. The appointment was given to Lowell, and Freiligrath gave up all thoughts of ever visiting America. After another year of hardship and unemployment he secured

a position as Manager of the London Branch of the General Bank of Switzerland, which position he held from June 1856 to its dissolution in 1865. The failure of the bank, and the consequent loss of employment, together with the gloomy political outlook, gave to the poems of this period a tone of pessimism which we do not find in any of the earlier works.

At this time a few friends in Barmen who had always remained faithful to the poet during his long exile, and helpful in times of distress, conceived the idea of presenting him with a testimonial. In order to be sure of their proposal being acceptable to the poet himself, they asked him whether he would accept such a testimonial if it were arranged. His reply was characteristic: if it came from the people, yes—otherwise no. For them he had suffered hardship and exile—from them alone would he receive any honor that might be deemed to be due to him. As a result, a great national fund was arranged to provide for the poet during his remaining years, and in 1868 he returned to end his days in the Germany he loved so well, settling at Stuttgart. Two years quietly spent, then the stirring events of 1870 led him once more into the thunders of political strife from which he had so long abstained. But his "Hurrah Germania!" and other poems of that period gave little joy to his former companions. The poet of the Revolution of '48 was now the war poet of 1870, and much bitter criticism was the result. Freiligrath soon withdrew again from all forms of political strife, and from now to his death in 1876 kept on translating and writing poems full of a gentle humor, more marked now than in earlier years.

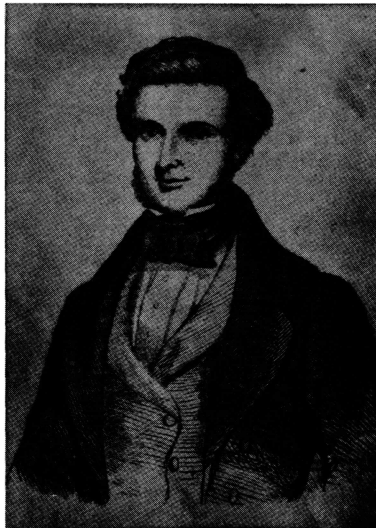
On March 18th, 1876, anniversary of the Berlin Revolution of 1848 which he had immortalised in stirring song, and of the Paris Commune of 1871, the news was flashed over the electric wires of Europe and America that Freiligrath was dead; and in spite of the fact that he had long since ceased to be associated with the revolutionary political movement of the world, its Press, remembering the courage and power with which he wielded the mighty weapon of his genius in the stirring times of old, paid eloquent tributes of praise to his memory. And shall not we, as we honor the memory of those brave heroes of '48 and '71, pay a tribute also to the memory of Freiligrath, the Poet of Revolution?

ERRATA.—In the first part of this article, p. 157, col. ii., line 23, for "described" read "decried"; for "will knew," line 29, read "well knew."

Ernest Jones.

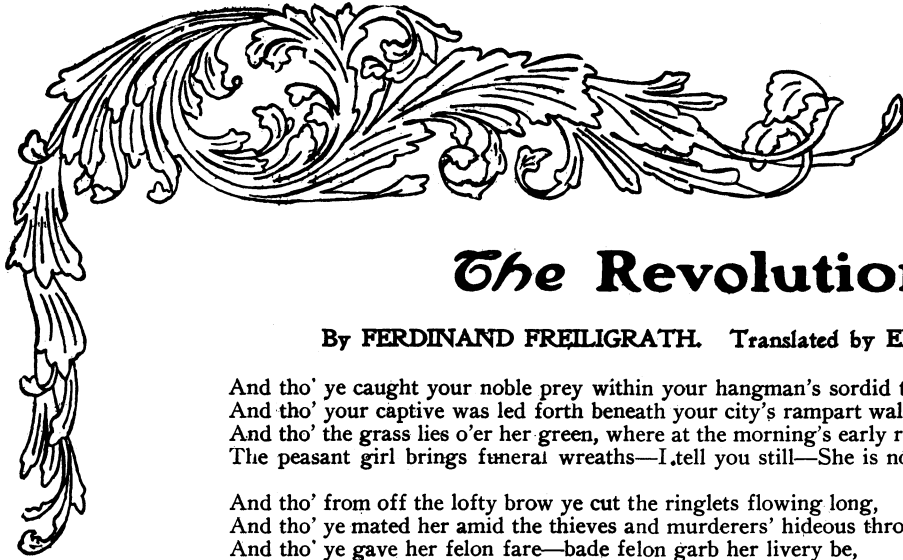
Ernest Jones was one of the ablest and most devoted leaders of the great Chartist movement. Although of Welsh descent, he was born in Berlin, Germany, his father, who was a major in the 15th Hussars, being equerry to the then Duke of Cumberland, whose name Ernest bore. Before he was ten years of age a publisher at Hamburg had brought out a volume of verses by the youthful poet. When he was eleven years old he ran away from home, and, when he was found trudging across Lauenburg with a bundle under his arm, he told his captors he was going to "help the Poles" in their insurrection!

After a distinguished academic record, he was presented to the late Queen by his friend the Duke of Beaufort. In 1844 he was called to the Bar, but a year later he joined the Chartist movement and sacrificed what promised to be a successful legal career, as well as wealth and position to serve the cause he had espoused. A fortune of \$10,000



a year he voluntarily surrendered rather than give up his connection with the movement. He issued a number of publications including the *People's Paper* to which Marx was a contributor. In 1848 he was sent to prison for two years on account of his defiance of the Government, and published, on his release, a terrible account of the cruelties and indignities to which he had been subjected. He also published an epic called "The Revolt of Hindostan" which he had composed whilst in prison. This was actually written with his own blood upon the prison prayer book!

It was soon after this that his translation of "The Revolution"—the best of the many English translations, and the one Freiligrath loved best—appeared. It was published first without the last stanza which he added later at the request of Freiligrath's daughter, Mrs. Freiligrath Kroeker. He died a poor man on January 26, 1868. Some day, perhaps, we will deal more fully with the life and work of this brave Soldier of Liberty. S,



The Revolution.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Translated by ERNEST JONES.

And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid thrall,
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall ;
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early red
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I, tell you still—She is not dead !

And tho' from off the lofty brow ye cut the ringlets flowing long,
And tho' ye mated her amid the thieves and murderers' hideous throng,
And tho' ye gave her felon fare—bade felon garb her livery be,
And tho' ye set the oakum-task—I tell you all, she still is free !

And tho' compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down thro' endless lands ;
And tho' she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes stands ;
And tho' she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams seek foreign seas,
Yet—yet—she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow trees !

Ah no! she strikes its every string, and bids their loud defiance swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment as well.
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous seats,
Until ~~your heart~~—your craven heart—your traitor heart—with terror beats !

No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsubdued,
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude—
The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out thro' its lingering scenes,
Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and queens.

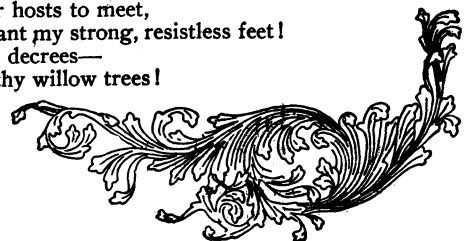
Oh, no! the song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay.
'Tis triumph-song—victorious song—the pæan of the future's day—
The future—distant now no more—her prophet voice is sounding free,
As well as once your Godhead spake: *I was, I am, and I will be!*

Will be—and lead the nations on the last of all your hosts to meet,
And on your necks—your heads—your crowns, I'll plant my strong resistless feet !
Avenger, Liberator, Judge—red battles on my pathway hurled,
I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.

You see me only in your cells ; ye see me only in the grave ;
Ye see me only wandering lone, beside the exile's sullen wave :—
Ye fools! Do I not also live where you have tried to pierce in vain?
Rests not a nook for me to dwell in every heart and every brain ?

In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest pride—
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honor's generous tide?
Not every workshop, brooding woe? not every hut that harbors grief?
Ha! Am I not the Breath of Life, that pants and struggles for relief?

'Tis *therefore* I will be—and lead the peoples yet your hosts to meet,
And on your necks—your heads—your crowns, will plant my strong, resistless feet !
It is no boast—it is no threat—thus History's iron law decrees—
The day grows hot—Oh Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees !





SHOOTING OF THE COMMUNARDS AT MONTMARTRE.

The Paris Commune of 1871.

By WILLIAM EDLIN.

March 18th is a memorable date in the history of labor's struggle for freedom. On that day, in the year 1871, the workmen of Paris took up arms in defense of the Republic and the Commune. The word 'Commune' in the French language means a municipality. There are to-day about 36,000 communes in France. The Paris Commune of 1871 was a movement for local self-government modelled after the pattern of state autonomy in the United States.

The Commune?—aye, the Commune! It was just after the disastrous war with Germany. To the north-east of Paris were still the camps of the conquering army. The great world city, which Karl Marx rightly calls the social stronghold of the French working class, was filled with an exciting populace. Consternation reigned among the proud Parisians: they were most bitterly opposed to the peace terms proposed by

Bismarck and accepted by the Bordeaux Assembly. The withdrawal of the Paris delegates from the Assembly on that account was openly applauded in the crowded cafés and on the great boulevards of the famous Capital. The great throbbing heart of France—Paris—felt that a conspiracy was on foot to impose upon the nation another Empire.

True. The rotten, self-constituted Empire of the treacherous Napoleon the Little was a thing of the past. But danger scented from other royal quarters. There still lived Orleanist, Legitimist and Bonapartist pretenders. From the character of the Assembly it was evident that the landlords and capitalists of France were anxious to shelter their ill-gotten gains behind a Monarchy, fearing that a Republic would shift the entire cost of the war on to their shoulders instead of to the shoulders of the already plundered working class. The people of

Paris would have no more of a Monarchy and no more of that centralized form of government which offered temptation to royal adventurers to place themselves in power by force, imitating the *coups d'état* of Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little. Paris must be free. Autonomy for the communes—that, the Parisians believed, would forever shatter the hopes of royal conspirators and would best guarantee a durable Republic.

Paris was armed. During the siege a National Guard had been organized; by a popular subscription this army of the people had been supplied with all the implements of war. Now that the war was over, the representatives of the moneybags instinctively felt that their first step must be to disarm dissatisfied Paris. These rulers knew their business well. The reign of the oppressor is not safe with an armed people.

But how relieve the bold and proud Parisians of their own, heavily paid-for means of defense? It was indeed a serious problem, and, soldier-like, they finally agreed among themselves to solve it in the same way that Alexander undid the Gordian knot—with the sword. Paris was to be disarmed with fire and sword!

Before carrying out its dastardly scheme, the government of capitalism took refuge in Versailles, the historic seat of French despotism. From there it collected "the scum of all the ignorance and bigotry of the rural districts," organized armies and hurled them against a people without great leaders and without unlimited resources. For fully two months it carried on the work of massacre and destruction. It was unscrupulous in its methods. It resorted to most rascally means of vilifying the men who were laying down their lives to give Paris all the prestige of a free municipality. With the aid of the not altogether clean souls of a Jules Favre and a Thiers the government of Versailles made itself guilty of all kinds of defamations. If ever capitalism appeared before the world in all its nakedness, stripped of all its moral garbs and ethical coverings, glorying in all its hideousness, it was in this war against the people of Paris. The Versailles government was conscious of the fact that the revolt in Paris 'was a revolt of labor against the age-long unscrupulous rapacity of power.'

And Paris? This Mecca of the civilized world was for once in the hands of its rightful owners. To be sure, the time was not favorable for the accomplishment of great things. From the very moment the regularly elected Commune (meaning here the administrative officers) stepped into power it had to fight for life. And most courageously it fought for life. But it not only conducted armies and carried on war; it also went on boldly legislating with a view of regenerating society, as witness the following:

On the 30th of March (two days after the Commune had been officially proclaimed) "the Commune abolished the conscription and the standing army, and

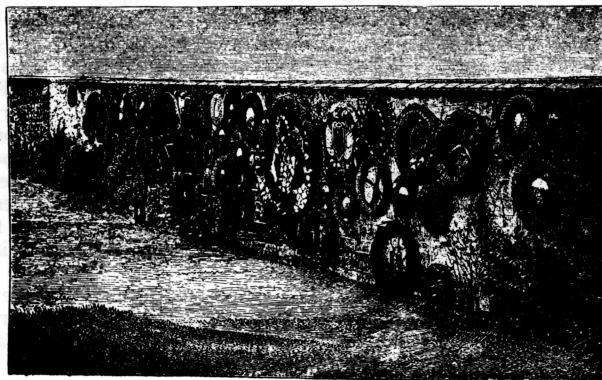
all military forces except the National Guard, to which all citizens capable of bearing arms were to belong. It remitted all rents from October, 1870, to April, 1871, such rent as had already been paid to be appointed to future quarters; and returned gratis all pledges of necessitous persons in the public pawning establishment (mont de piété)... On the 1st of April it was decided that the highest salary of a functionary of the Commune, whether a member or otherwise, was not to exceed 6,000 francs (\$1,200) a year. On the following day was declared the separation of church and state, and the abolition of all state payments for religious purposes, as also the transformation of all ecclesiastical wealth into national property... On the 6th the guillotine was fetched out by the 137th battalion of the National Guard, and publicly burnt, amid loud popular applause. On the 12th the Commune ordered the column on the place Vendôme, which had been constructed by Napoleon I. after the war of 1809 out of captured cannon, to be overthrown as a monument of national vanity and international jealousy... On the 6th of April the Commune made an order for a statistical account of all factories and workshops which were not at work, and for the elaboration of plans for their utilization by and for the workingmen hitherto engaged in them, who were to be formed into cooperative societies for the purpose; and, further, for the amalgamation of these societies into one great cooperative organization. On the 20th they abolished the night work of the bakers, as also the register office for procuring employment, which, since the Second Empire, had been the monopoly of certain scoundrels appointed by the police, exploiters of the worst kind. The matter was henceforward placed in the hands of the mayoralties of the twenty arrondissements of Paris. On the 30th of April it decreed the abolition of pawnshops as being incompatible with the right of workmen to their tools and to credit. On the 5th of May it ordered the destruction of the chapel erected in expiation of the execution of Louis XVI."

Let the reader at once rid himself of the idea that the Commune was a Socialist revolt. Far from that. At the election of March 26, which was ordered by the Central Committee of the National Guard, only thirteen members of the International Workingmen's Association were voted into power as members of the Commune. The other sixty members represented a dozen different political parties of Paris. The Commune was what it claimed, the representative of all the people, no more and no less.

It is not the purpose of this paper to defend the acts of the Commune. A study of its record will convince the most rabid conservative that it was far from being the barbarous government Thiers loved to picture in his daily proclamations. Yes, it committed many errors, even from the standpoint of the revolutionary socialist, but it committed no crimes—a thing which cannot be said of the Versailles government. Up to the very last moment of its existence, amid the roar of canon and musketry, the Commune went about its routine business, at the same time encouraging the people to stand by their principle and fight to the last drop of blood. How well the people fought, their wonderful resistance for seven days in the streets of Paris, and finally their heroic defence on the heights of Belleville, where thousands of them were slaughtered in a most savage manner by superior numbers, are too well known to be repeated here. Over the mutilated corpses of tens of thousands of men, women and children the mission of the French bourgeois was accomplished.

Thus once again might conquered over right. The voices of the tens of thousands of communards were drowned in a sea of blood. But the martyrs of the Commune will forever be remembered by the working class the world over. If their failure was due to their isolation, as some believe, their cause will eventually succeed as the result of the greater solidarity which is uniting the toilers of the earth. Then not only Paris, but the entire civilized world will be free.

THE WALL OF
THE CONFEDERATES



AT THE
PÈRE LA CHAISE.



Illustrations by H. G. JENTZSCH.

News from Nowhere. ❖

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE SHOPPING.

As he spoke, we came suddenly out of the woodland into a short street of handsomely built houses, which my companion named to me at once as Piccadilly: the lower part of these I should have called shops, if it had not been that, as far as I could see, the people were ignorant of the arts of buying and selling. Wares were displayed in their finely designed fronts, as if to tempt people in, and people stood and looked at them, or went in and came out with parcels under their arms, just like the real thing. On each side of the street ran an elegant arcade to protect foot-passengers, as in some of the old Italian cities. About half-way down, a huge building of the kind I was now prepared to expect told me that this also was a centre of some kind, and had its special public buildings.

Said Dick: "Here, you see, is another market on a different plan from most others: the upper stories of these houses are used for guest-houses; for people from all about the country are apt to drift up thither from time to time, as folk are very thick upon the ground, which you will see evidence of presently, and there are people who are fond of crowds, though I can't say that I am".

I couldn't help smiling to see how long a tradition would last. Here was the ghost of London still asserting itself as a centre,—an intellectual centre, for aught I knew. However, I said nothing, except that I asked him to drive very slowly, as the things in the booths looked exceedingly pretty.

"Yes," said he, "this is a very good market for pretty things, and is mostly kept for the handsomer goods, as the Houses-of-Parliament market, where they set out cabbages and turnips and such like things, along with beer and the rougher kind of wine, is so near."

Then he looked at me curiously, and said, "Perhaps you would like to do a little shopping, as 'tis called."

I looked at what I could see of my rough blue duds, which I had plenty of opportunity of contrasting with the gay attire of the citizens we had come across; and I thought that if, as seemed likely, I should presently be shown about as a curiosity for the amusement of this most unbusinesslike people, I should like to look a little less like a discharged ship's purser. But in spite of all that had happened, my hand went down into my pocket again, where to my dismay it met nothing metallic except two rusty old keys, and I remembered that amidst our talk in the guest-hall at Hammersmith I had taken the cash out of my pocket to show to the pretty Annie, and had left it lying there. My face fell fifty per cent., and Dick, beholding me, said sharply—

"Hilloa, Guest! what's the matter now? Is it a warp?"

"No," said I, "but I've left it behind."

"Well," said he, "whatever you have left behind, you can get in this market again, so don't trouble yourself about it."

I had come to my senses by this time, and remembering the astounding customs of this country, had no mind for another lecture on social economy and the Edwardian coinage; so I said only—

"My clothes— Couldn't I? You see— What do you think could be done about them?"

He didn't seem in the least inclined to laugh, but said quite gravely:

"O don't get new clothes yet. You see, my great-grandfather is an antiquarian, and he will want to see you just as you are. And, you know, I mustn't preach to you, but surely it wouldn't be right for you to take away people's pleasure of studying your attire, but just going and making yourself like everybody else. You feel that, don't you?" said he, earnestly.

I did *not* feel it my duty to set myself up for a scarecrow amidst this beauty-loving people, but I saw I had got across some ineradicable prejudice, and that it wouldn't do to quarrel with my new friend. So I merely said, "O certainly, certainly."

"Well," said he, pleasantly, "you may as well see what the inside of these booths is like: think of something you want."

Said I: "Could I get some tobacco and a pipe?"

"Of course," said he; "what was I thinking of, not asking you before? Well, Bob is always telling me that we non-smokers are a selfish lot, and I'm afraid he is right. But come along; here is a place just handy."

Therewith he drew rein and jumped down, and I followed. A very handsome woman, splendidly clad in figured silk, was slowly passing by, looking into the windows as she went. To her quoth Dick; "Maiden, would you kindly hold our horses while we go in for a little?" She nodded to us with a kind smile, and fell to patting the horse with her pretty hand.

"What a beautiful creature!" said I to Dick as we entered.

"What, old Greylocks?" said he, with a sly grin.

"No, no," said I; "Goldyllocks,—the lady."

"Well, so she is," said he. "'Tis a good job there are so many of them that every Jack may have his Jill: else I fear that we should get fighting for them. Indeed," said he, becoming very grave, "I don't say that it does not happen even now, sometimes. For you know love is not a very reasonable thing, and perversity and self-will are commoner than some of our moralists think." He added, in a still more sombre tone: "Yes, only a month ago there was a mishap down by us, that in the end cost the lives of two men and a woman, and, as it were, put out the sunlight for us for a while. Don't ask me about it just now; I may tell you about it later on."

By this time we were within the shop or booth, which had a counter, and shelves on the walls, all very neat, though without any pretense of showiness, but otherwise not very different to what I had been used to. Within were a couple of children—a brown-skinned boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty little girl of about a year older, who was sitting also reading behind the counter; they were obviously brother and sister.

"Good morning, little neighbors," said Dick. "My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe; can you help him?"

"O yes, certainly," said the girl with a sort of demure alertness which was somewhat amusing. The boy looked up, and fell to staring at my outlandish attire, but presently reddened and turned his head, as if he knew that he was not behaving prettily.

"Dear neighbor," said the girl, with the most solemn countenance of a child playing at keeping shop, "what tobacco is it you would like?"

"Latakia," quoth I, feeling as if I were assisting at a child's game, and wondering whether I should get anything but make-believe.

But the girl took a dainty little basket from a shelf beside her, went to a jar, and took out a lot of tobacco and put the filled basket down on the counter before me, where I could both smell and see that it was excellent Latakia.

"But you haven't weighed it," said I, "and—and how much am I to take?"

"Why," she said, "I advise you to cram your bag, because you may be going where you can't get Latakia. Where is your bag?"

I fumbled about, and at last pulled out my piece of cotton print which does duty with me for a tobacco pouch. But the girl looked at it with some disdain, and said—

"Dear neighbor, I can give you something much better than that cotton rag." And she tripped up the step and came back presently, and as she passed the boy whispered something in his ear, and he nodded and got up and went out. The girl held up in her finger and thumb a red morocco bag, gaily embroidered, and said, "There, I have chosen one for you, and you are to have it: it is pretty, and will hold a lot."

Therewith she fell to cramming it with the tobacco, and laid it down by me and said, "Now for the pipe: that also you must let me choose for you; there are three pretty ones just come in."

She disappeared again, and came back with a big-bowled pipe in her hand, carved out of some hard wood very elaborately, and mounted in gold sprinkled with little gems. It was, in short, as pretty and gay a toy as I had ever seen; something like the best kind of Japanese work, but better.

"Dear me!" said I, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too grand for me, or for anybody but the Emperor of the World. Besides, I shall lose it; I always lose my pipes."

The child seemed rather dashed, and said, "Don't you like it, neighbor?"

"O yes," I said, "of course I like it."

"Well, then, take it," said she, "and don't trouble about losing it. What will it matter if you do? Somebody is sure to find it, and he will use it, and you can get another."

I took it out of her hand to look at it, and while I did so, forgot my caution, and said, "But however am I to pay for such a thing as this?"

Dick laid his hand on my shoulder as I spoke, and turning I met his eyes with a comical expression in them, which warned me against another exhibition of extinct commercial morality; so I reddened and held my tongue, while the girl simply looked at me with the deepest gravity, as if I were a foreigner blundering in my speech, for she clearly didn't understand me a bit.

"Thank you so very much," I said at last, effusively, as I put the pipe in my pocket, not without a qualm of doubt as to whether I shouldn't find myself before a magistrate presently.

"O, you are so very welcome," said the little lass, with an affectation of grown-up manners at their best which was very quaint. "It is such a pleasure to serve dear old gentlemen like you; especially when one can see at once that you have come from far over the sea."

"Yes, my dear," quoth I, "I have been a great traveler."

As I told this lie from pure politeness, in came the lad again, with a tray in his hands, on which I saw a long flask and two beautiful glasses. "Neighbors," said the girl (who did all the talking, her brother being very shy, clearly) "please to drink a glass to us before you go, since we do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-colored wine into the long bowls. Nothing loth, I drank, for I was thirsty with the hot day; and thinks I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavor; for if ever I drank good Steinberg I drank it that morning; and I made a mental note to ask Dick how they managed to make fine wine when there were no longer laborers compelled to drink rot-gut instead of the fine wine which they themselves made.

"Don't you drink a glass to us, dear little neighbors?" said I.

"I don't drink wine," said the lass; "I like lemonade better: but I wish you health!"

"And I like ginger-beer better," said the little lad.

Well, thought I, neither have children's tastes changed much. And therewith we gave them good day and went out of the booth.

To my disappointment, like a change in a dream, a tall old man was holding our horse instead of the beautiful woman. He explained to us that the maiden could not wait, and that he had taken her place; and he winked at us and laughed when he saw how our faces fell, so that we had nothing for it but to laugh also.

"Where are you going?" said he to Dick.

"To Bloomsbury," said Dick.

"If you two don't want to be alone, I'll come with you," said the old man.

"All right," said Dick, "tell me when you want to get down and I'll stop for you. Let's get on."

So we got under way again; and I asked if children generally waited on people in the markets. "Often enough," said he, "when it isn't a matter of dealing with heavy weights, and by no means always. The children like to amuse themselves with it, and it is good for them, because they handle a lot of diverse wares and get to learn about them, how they are made, and where they come from, and so on. Besides, it is such very easy work that anybody can do it. It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a good many people who were hereditarily afflicted with a disease called Idleness, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used to force other people to work for them—the people, you know, who are called slave-holders or employers of labor in the history books. Well, these Idleness-stricken people used to serve booths *all* their time, because they were fit for so little. Indeed, I believe that at one time they were actually *compelled* to do some such work, because they, especially the women, got so ugly and produced such ugly children if their disease was not treated sharply, that the neighbors couldn't stand it. However, I'm happy to say that all that is gone by now; the disease is either extinct, or exists in such a mild form that a short course of aperient medicine carries it off. It is sometimes called the Blue-devils now, or the Mulleygrubs. Queer names, ain't they?"

"Yes," said I, pondering much. But the old man broke:

"Yes, all that is true, neighbor; and I have seen some of those poor women grown old. But my father used to know some of them when they were young; and he said that they

were as little like young women as might be: they had hands like bunches of skewers, and wretched little arms like sticks; and waists like hour-glasses, and thin lips and peaked noses and pale cheeks; and they were always pretending to be offended at anything you said or did to them. No wonder they bore ugly children, for no one except men like them could be in love with them—poor things!"

He stopped, and seemed to be musing on his past life, and then said:

"And do you know, neighbors, that once on a time people were still anxious about that disease of Idleness: at one time we gave ourselves a great deal of trouble in trying to cure people of it. Have you not read any of the medical books on the subject?"

"No," said I; for the old man was speaking to me.

"Well," said he, "it was thought at the time that it was the survival of the old mediæval disease of leprosy: it seems it was very catching, for many of the people afflicted by it were much secluded, and were waited upon by a special class of diseased persons queerly dressed up, so that they might be known. They wore among other garments, breeches made of worsted velvet, that stuff which used to be called plush some years ago."

All this seemed very interesting to me, and I should like to have made the old man talk more. But Dick got rather restive under so much ancient history: besides, I suspect he wanted to keep me as fresh as he could for his great-grandfather. So he burst out laughing at last, and said: "Excuse me, neighbors, but I can't help it. Fancy people not liking to work!—it's too ridiculous. Why, even you like to work, old fellow—sometimes," said he, affectionately patting the old horse with the whip. "What a queer disease! it may well be called Mulleygrubs!"

And he laughed out again most boisterously; rather too much so, I thought, for his usual good manners; and I laughed with him for company's sake, but from the teeth outward only; for I saw nothing funny in people not liking to work, as you may well imagine.

(To be continued.)

The Czar's Ambassadors.



"Go thou to the Hague and proclaim peace!"

"And thou, take this knout, go to Siberia, and do thy duty!"
—Der wahre Jacob.



An Every Day Story.

By WILLIAM MAILLY.

We were discussing our favorite subject, and I had remarked how few people there were who really knew working-class life—its surfeit of struggles and suffering, of unfruitful hopes and thwarted aspirations.

"That's true," said the Doctor. "Now, I don't suppose there's another class of people who come in contact with the workers more than the physicians. In my practice I have an opportunity to see how the workers live. Even the sufferers themselves do not appreciate what they go through from day to day."

"That's why they're so patient."

"Exactly. In their case patience is an evil, begotten of ignorance—or something worse. Only this morning I had a case which impressed me deeply, accustomed as I have become to such things."

"Tell me about it."

"It's not a long story. I answered a call down to the Jewish quarters, where I found a sick woman waiting for me. I saw at a glance the case was one where medicine would not cut much figure. I made enquiries regarding the home life, diet and so on, as we generally have to do. Her husband told me all I wanted to know. They were Russian Jews. While we were talking, the woman muttered something about going back to Russia."

"Going back to Russia," I said, "Why, what do you want to do that for?"

"I was surprised, for such a thing as going back to Russia is unusual, you know. They didn't answer my question at that time, but before I left the husband took me into the little kitchen and, over a glass of tea, told me the whole story. He spoke Yiddish and I wish I could tell you just as he told me."

"He came to America about ten years ago, leaving the wife and three children behind him, to be sent for when he had a home ready for them here. Jacob was going to do great things. That's a long time ago now, though, and the great things are still undone. But he tried hard enough."

"Shortly after he arrived, he got a job at his trade as tinsmith. He was hired by two fellows just starting in business. The three worked together in the shop."

"Well, sir, for nearly ten years he toiled in that place, getting sufficient wages to barely keep him, to save a little and send a little more to the family in Russia. That little went a long way over there, and seeing that they owned the house they lived in the family got along fairly well—a great deal better than Jacob did in America—but they didn't know it."

"He must have worked very hard, by the look of him. His face is haggard and what little light there was in his eyes have vanished—with his hopes, I guess."

"For ten years that poor devil slaved to bring his wife and babies over here. They're not babies any more; they are all girls and the eldest is eighteen, but the way he talked they were still to him as when he left Russia to come here and make a home for them."

"He told me he never lost a day's work except when he was sick, and sometimes he worked when he should have rested."

"I wanted to see Rebecca and the babies," he said, "and I knew that would never be, if I was lazy, or let a little sickness bother me. They were so far away. . . . I was so lonely. . . . I wanted to see them very bad. . . . I could not sleep sometimes."

"You can imagine what that ten years must have been to him. He worked hard, ate little, had no amusements, and lived a solitary, penurious life. And the only thing that kept him up was that happy dream of a home with Rebecca and the babies."

"Happy dreams seldom come true, doctor—especially when the dreamer is poor. And the poorer the dreamer, the more deceptive the dream."

"That's true, unfortunately. Well, all the time Jacob was working himself into premature old age—he looks sixty and he's only forty—the business kept growing and the factory was getting larger and larger. The fellows Jacob went to work for became capitalists in reality. I don't know exactly what branch of the tin industry the factory represented; at any rate, when the steel trust was organized last year, Jacob's bosses sold out for a large sum and retired from active business. They did that after only ten years of—"

"Exploitation of Jacob's labor and others like him."

"Oh, but Jacob didn't seem to mind that. In fact, he spoke quite proudly of his old bosses. I suppose he never saw any injustice in their squeezing him as they did. He was busy working and dreaming."

"At last he had enough money saved up and he sent for the family. They sold out the little house, the cows and chickens, and sailed for the Promised Land. They arrived about six months ago, and after long waiting, Jacob's dream was realized. They went housekeeping and were happy for awhile."

"But only for awhile. Gradually they came to realize that it would take every cent of Jacob's wages to support them. Somehow, the money didn't seem to go as far as formerly. The girls had to have American clothes and go to American schools. Then there was rent, and other things to pay for. Finally, the eldest girl was sent out to work, too. She gets two dollars a week in some sort of tailoring establishment."

"On top of this, the wife's health began to fail. Life was different here than in Russia. She was accustomed to the village where she could be outdoors and work without over-exerting herself. She missed the neighbors, for Jacob had made very few friends. There were no cows or chickens, either; and she seldom got out because of housework. The food was different, too, and the worry of housekeeping began to tell on her. It wasn't long until she was down in bed, more homesick than anything else."

"Now, that was bad enough, but there was worse to come. The eldest girl being out all day, Jacob had to stay home and tend to Rebecca. He hadn't laid off in years. Nevertheless, when he showed up for work, he was discharged. He was told the company wanted 'steady' men. That happened yesterday and to-day he's out of work, the wife is sick, there's very little money in the house and only the daughter's two dollars in sight. Jacob was in despair."

"I tried to encourage him by saying he would soon get a job, but he was dubious about it. And he has good reason to be. It seems that before the trust was organized, there were nearly sixty independent shops and factories in the city, but now there's only two big factories running, and they're owned by the trust. This means that instead of a man having sixty chances for employment, now he has only one. That's why Jacob lost his job, after ten years of faithful labor. He's played out, while there's any number of younger and stronger men to be had easily.

"It would surprise you to hear Jacob tell how the concentration has come about. I pumped him on this point and his explanation was a lecture in economics in itself. He understood the situation, but its significance was entirely lost to him. He admitted his incapacity and inability to keep up with younger men, but he made no complaint. It was all in the

natural order of things. He didn't question the company's right to act as it did. The only things that bothered him were Rebecca's illness and where he was going to get a job."

"It will not be easy getting one, I'm afraid. But what are these people going to do?" I enquired.

"Oh, they have it all planned out already. As soon as Rebecca gets well, they'll sell their furniture, and with the proceeds and what Jacob can scrape together, he's going to send them back home. The wife says she'll die if she remains here, and I believe it."

"And Jacob?"

"He's going back, too—after he's got a job and worked and starved some more. He believes he can make a home for them all easier in Russia than in prosperous America."

"That's almost a tragedy, doctor."

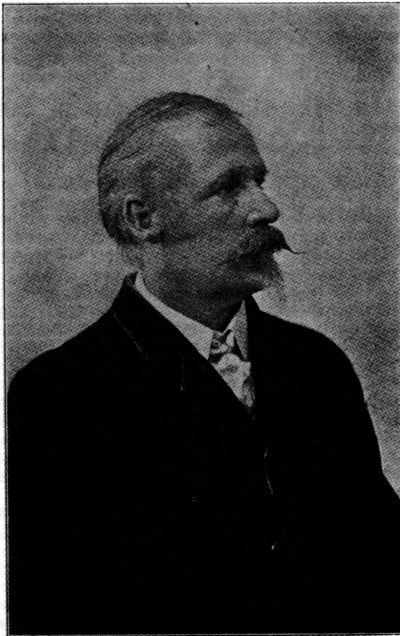
"And yet it's an every-day story."



Lady Leisure.

Gaze at her thoughtfully, languid with graces,
Tired with the burden of nothing to do;
Tear-gleaming diamonds, and ghostly white
laces,
Poverty's whisper her garments pursue.
Eyelids closed wearily, lo, she sighs drearily,
Thoughtlessly dreaming, the slow moments
creep.
Earnestly gaze at her, look in amaze at her
Lady of Leisure: ah see, she's asleep.

WILDIE THAYER.



WALTER CRANE

Book Reviews.

There is tragedy and pathos in the title of this slim volume of verse. In a brief sympathetic foreword Mr. V. Douw Lighthall, M. A., tells us that "the author has for years been cut off from the ordinary pleasures of life by an unusually heavy affliction—having become almost totally blind and deaf. His only communication with his few friends has been through the ear trumpet and the sympathetic touch and treatment. In the sadness of his life his poetry has been to him a solace and an unburdening, and we catch the heart throbs in the singing of the caged linnnet."

Canada has produced few poets thus far, and they have, with one or two exceptions, been purely "nature poets": they have sung of maple and pine but rarely of men. The note of humanism has been strangely lacking, and, perhaps because of Canada's undeveloped state and comparative immunity from the grave problems which beset other countries, there has been no strong voicing of the woes and aspirations of the people. A few versifiers, moved by Canada's imperial affiliation, have sung of queens dead, regnant or prospective, or have glorified militarism, but they have left no abiding impression—which, on the whole, is a matter for gratitude.

Mr. Ratcliffe sings of his native land with the fervor of an ardent lover of nature, but he is also one of the humble builders of the great temple of human brotherhood. He sings:

"Land of the maple and fir,
Mighty domain of the west,
Kissed by three oceans at once,
Thou art the home of youth,
Thou art the land that I love!
Rich are thy prairies, and fair
The slopes where thy peach orchards blush;
Treasures of silver and gold,
Treasures of iron and coal,
Treasures of timber and corn,
Lie at the feet of thy sons."

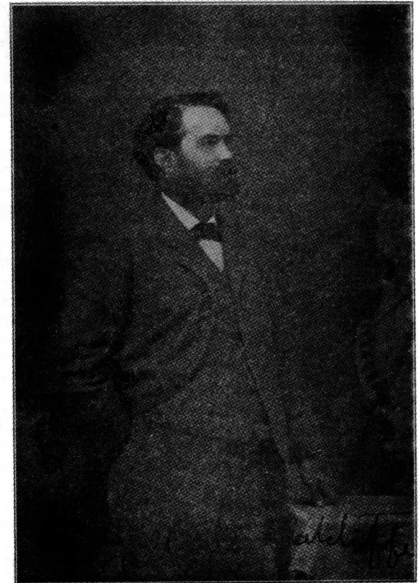
It is a good picture but there is another side, and he indignantly inquires,

"Then whence is the specter Want
That with pitiless hungry eyes,
And merciless fingers and gaunt,
Follows thy children who toil?"

There is no lack of love or of loyalty, properly understood, in this. The "agitator" has always been dubbed "traitor" by the unthinking mob and its designing masters. But the poet's penetration pierces this shallow sophism.

"Love thee? aye love thee I do,
Else like the tinklers in verse,
I had covered thee over with lies.
Have I not played in thy dells,
Dreamed by thy murmuring rills,
Lulled by the moon of thy pines?
Now, when no longer a child,
I weep that the sons thou hast borne
Tarnish thy fame with their deeds;
* * *

Love thee? Aye, love thee and mourn
That the crown of thy glory is dross.
Tinsel and blunting and smoke
Are not of greatness the pledge.



WALTER A. RATCLIFFE.

When thy sons and thy daughters are free,
Free from the thraldom of gold,
Free from the wars of their creeds,
Free from the terror of want;
Free in the freedom of Love,
Honesty, Honor and Truth,
Then shalt thou truly be great,

After this it will readily be understood how Mr. Ratcliffe by an easy transition process from idealism by way of the Single Tax has become a thorough Socialist. Of this later development there is no actual evidence in the volume before us, but in many and varied contributions to the Socialist press and in his pamphlet, "Jesus the Socialist," it is clearly manifest.

Mr. Ratcliffe, who, by the way, is a native of London, England, is almost thirty-seven years of age. He was for many years, until overtaken by sad affliction, a public school teacher. He has also written a series of "Visions" some of which have been favorably compared to Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."

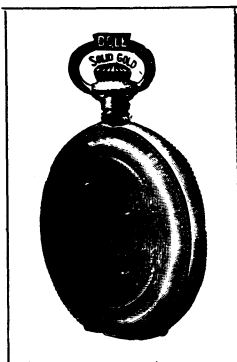
"THE AMERICAN FARMER," by A. M. Simons; 208 pp., cloth. Chas. H. Kerr and Co., Chicago.

Not the least of many notable services to the Socialist movement on the part of Chas. H. Kerr and Co. is the publication, in their "Standard Socialist Series," of this important work by the brilliant and scholarly editor of the *International Socialist Review*.

No one, who has thought at all upon the matter, can fail to recognize the enormous importance of the agrarian question in America. If, perchance, there be any among our readers who have not given the subject thought, and do not recognize its importance, a glance at a good trade map, or, better still, a brief study of our trade returns, will abundantly demonstrate it. And, whether we will or no, that agrarian question must be faced: there is no escape from it for those who would establish a new order of things. That the author has not said the last word upon the subject; that there is much more to be said, and that exception may be taken to some of the things he has said, may be true; but these things cannot detract from the credit properly due to him as one of the pioneers in a new field of research and Socialist literature.

For, after all, Mr. Simons has practically said the first word on the subject from the American Socialist point of view. In Europe there has grown up a considerable body of Socialist literature upon agrarian questions, and in this country, from time to time, there have been more or less ill-advised—because ill-informed—pronouncements upon the subject, consisting mainly, or at least in very large part, of attempts to fit European ready-made solutions to American problems. This is the first serious attempt—which can at the same time be seriously regarded—on the part of an American Socialist to deal with a problem of supreme importance, and, as Mr. Simons has shown, of surpassing interest.

Leaving theoretical discussion of the book to that portion of the Socialist press in which such discussions more properly find place, we content ourselves with expressing our thanks to author and publishers for a book which may be said to mark an epoch in the history of American Socialist literature, and cordially recommending it to our readers. The book is divided into three main divisions as follows: "Historical"; "Agricultural Economics," and "The Coming Change." It is well and carefully annotated and shows a great deal of painstaking research on the part of the author. We trust we may not be thought hypercritical if we say that an index would greatly enhance the value of the book. In future editions—and may there be many!—we hope that a little more attention will be given to the revising of proofs. Thus we notice that the word "neither," in place of "either," in the Preface, not only makes the sentence ungrammatical



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but, what is worse, makes the author say the opposite of what he so obviously intended. Then, too, we notice that in giving the first name of Kautsky, the two forms, "Carl" and "Karl," have, by an oversight, been used.

These, however, are minor matters and, whilst unpleasant enough, do not detract seriously from the value of the work, for which we predict and hope a success commensurate with its value.

"STOLEN CORRESPONDENCE" is the title of a small volume of satirical musical critiques—of which, we think, there was an earlier edition—issued by the Gervais Publishing Co., New York. The author's name is given as "B. A. Sharp," which we imagine to be a *nom-de-plume*, and the "Stolen Correspondence" consists of a series of imaginary letters between various musical composers living and dead. There is a good deal of humor in some of these letters and still more biting satire, though the book shows a need of proper editing. There is an unfortunate lack of connection, due to a want of careful proofreading, between pages 41 and 42.

Whether "B. A. Sharp" who styles himself on the title page as "Bachelor of Unlimited Art and Undiscovered Science" is himself a composer is not stated. Musical readers will, however, probably enjoy his pleasantries and perhaps find innocent amusement in trying to pierce through the thin disguises of some of the alleged letter writers.

"A VOICE FROM ENGLAND" is the title of Father McGrady's latest production. In a pamphlet of about forty pages he replies to the attack upon Socialism contained in a pamphlet denouncing Socialism as "the crying evil of the age," written by an English Jesuit, the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, and being widely circulated in this country by the Catholic Truth Society, of Chicago.

Father McGrady very trenchantly and vigorously exposes the sophistry of the English Jesuit, and his pamphlet, published by the Standard Publishing Co., of Terre Haute, deserves wide circulation.

Among the Magazines.

Another bright little addition to the socialist press is "HUMANITY," a monthly magazine admirably adapted to propaganda purposes, published by the Humanity Press, Hoboken, N. J.

THE CRAFTSMAN for February has for its leading article a brief monograph upon "Robert Owen and Factory Reform," by Miss Irene Sargent, who also contributes "A Word Concerning Some Great Religious Orders," and there are also articles by Edwin Markham and Eltweed Pomeroy. The pity and tenderness of Robert Owen toward children led the editor

(or Miss Sargent) to give a reproduction of Sir John E. Millais' famous picture "Christ in the House of His Parents" as a frontispiece—rather a strained idea!—instead of a portrait of Owen as was done in the case of the Morris and Ruskin numbers. A portrait of Owen would, we feel sure, have added to the interest of Miss Sargent's sympathetic paper. As usual, the magazine is excellently printed.

"THE FAKING OF AN AMERICAN," by FAKEUP GREASE, which appears in the February number of our bright and unconventional little contemporary, "The Whim," is a clever satire upon that much over-praised book, "The Making of an American," by Jacob A. Riis. In a genial manner Mr. Whidden Graham heaps torrents of ridicule upon Mr. Riis. The last chapter is so short, and withal so pregnant with meaning, that we quote it in full:

CHAPTER 9.

"I, I, I, Me, Me, I, I, Me, I, I, Me, I, Me, I."

***Of all the histories of the Paris Commune, that great event which all the Socialists of the world commemorate, at once the best, most authentic and most readable is that by Lissagaray, which the fine translation of the ill-fated Eleanor Marx has made accessible to American readers. No Socialist can afford to be without a copy of this great work, and, if possible, every Socialist should have a good copy.

Manifesto issued by the Paris Commune to the Pople of France.

Brethren! They deceive you. Our interests are the same. What we want, you want. The freedom we seek to conquer is for you also.

What difference does it make to the worker whether it is in the country or in the city that he is hungry, barefooted, homeless, and miserable? What difference does it make whether the name of his oppressor is Landlord or Machine-lord?

For you, as for us, the work-day is long and hard, and the plainest needs of the body are denied. To you, as to us, freedom, leisure, intellectual life and moral aspirations are equally refused. We are both, as we have ever been, the slaves of poverty.

They tell you constantly that property is the sacred fruit of labor. And many of you, poor brethren, believe it.

Open your eyes, look around you, and see the lie. You have always worked, from the dawn to the sunset, and sometimes far into the night, yet where is your property? Where is a piece of bread laid by for your old age? With difficulty you can raise children, that

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the recruiting officer will some day take from you; and who, if they escape death on the field of battle, will, like yourselves, become beasts of burden; will, like yourselves, end their days in poverty, and, bent under the weight of years, go from door to door begging bread from those who have been enriched by the labor of others.

This is not right, brethren! Do you not feel that it is not right? That they fool you when they tell you that prosperity is the fruit of labor? For if it were true, you who work so much would be rich, and those idlers for whom you labor would be poor.

No; prosperity is not the legitimate fruit of honest toil; it is the illegitimate fruit of speculation, cunning and robbery. Rich are the idlers; poor are the workers.

No; this is not right, and Paris—this great Paris against which your oppressors want to turn your wrath, Paris rises against the wrong, and proposes to change the laws that place the workers at the mercy of the idlers. Paris demands that no one man be entitled to consume in one year more wealth than several families can produce in their lifetime. Paris demands justice, peace, and education for all,—gratuitous education, for human science is the common inheritance of all. "The soil to the peasant, the machine to the workman, and to each the fruit of his labor."

Remember those words, for, until the principle which they formulate triumphs, THERE CAN BE NO PEACE AND THERE MUST BE REVOLUTION.

The war in which Paris is engaged is a war against usury, deceit and idleness. They tell you that the Socialists want to DIVIDE. And who are those who tell you that? They are those who divide among themselves the fruits of labor. Did you never hear a gang of thieves shouting "Thief!" so that not the thief, but his victim might be arrested by the police?

Should Paris conquer, the reign of Peace and Justice will begin. Its triumph will be the end forever of war and oppression. But should Paris fall, the fetters of Misery will be tighter around the necks of all workers from generation to generation.

Puckerbrush Alliance.

TO ALL YOU COMRADES:

John Jones wus to our last meetin'. He's one of them fellers what is kalled a self-made man, but like a good many uf 'em, he laid his foundation by marryin' part of what sum uther feller skraped together. Of korse he's looked on as one uf the leadin' citizens. He kan make the loudest prayer as well as the same kind uf a speech fer partitism and the God an' morality party, uf eny body in the township, an also, do the sliest job of tradin' horses, er sellin' the rest of the hayseeds Bohemian oats or the like. I gess the polytishuns told him to try and stop us komin' down the pike, fer Alexander, my boy, sed he herd one uf the lawyers up to the county seat tellin' him that Miss Smart an' us fellers wus havin' ofeekt on the prospekts, er wurds to that effect.

Well, you just auter herd him dig the grave an' bury us Socialists. It wus enuf to make a hitchin' post laff. He got off a lot uf such stuff as the Blade prints about Socialism, which means he showed what he didn't know. Paternalism wus his main holler. He sed: Just imagin the government runnin' Joe Bowers barber shop where we'd all get shaved free. He just had all kinds uf fun till Miss Smart the skool teacher got up with a great big yellin' envelope an pulled out a big thik book, which she sed was Dokument No. 1, uf the 57th Kongress, an wus the report of the sekretary of the senate, givin a komete statement of the receipts and expenditures of the U. S. senate fur the year endin June 30, 1901. She sed: I gess friend Jones didn't know that

the government does run a barber shop fur sum people, who is kalled U. S. senators, but it's a fact, as I will show from this official dokument, which I got from our kongressman, after some skeemin, fur it's not got out fur cirkulashun among the people like them speeches they send out fer advertisin their ideas, which is very often somebodyesels. Now listen: On page 325 is a bill fur 1 gallon Coke's dandruff cure, 1/4 dozen egg shampoo cream, 1/2 cosmetic, 1/2 dozen combs, and 1 hair duster. That made everybody sniker and open their eyes. But when she turned to pages 328 an 329 an red all the items of a bill fur barber shop supplies amountin to \$1,326.86 (an there's more of em), among which wus 2 dozen russet shoe polish, 130 pounds of Florida sponges at \$2.05 a pound, 8 dozen combs at \$4.00, 2 dozen hair brushes at \$28.00, and another 3 dozen at \$29.00 a doz., 1 dozen boxes Smith Brothers' cough drops, 1 pound sodamint tablets, 1 dozen packages court plaster, 4 gallons alcohol, 5 pounds camphor, 8 gallon witch-hazel, 5 gallons bay rum, 2,000 2-grain quinine pills 2,000 3-grain quinine pills, you just after herd the croud cut loose. The skoolhouse fairly shook, and Jones looked like our old rooster after the dog had chased him and made six good grabs at his tail fethers. He won't make another speech on paternalism agin very soon, fur Miss Smart kept readin an talkin on such items as this: Fer the funeral of the late senator John H. Gear: State Orient casket, extra size \$500.00, engraved plate \$10.00, polished cedar case \$100.00, em-baming body \$50.00 services of undertaker at Washington \$31.50, 23 pair of white sik gloves at \$1.00 per pair, an the bills fur railroad and Pullman car fare amountin to enuf to buy a farm, amung which wus \$25.00 fur "Porterage," which she sed ment that the people put up that much fur the senators to give to sum free born Amerikan citizen as tips, regardless of his race, kreed, coler, or prevus kondition of servitude.

The crowds at our meetins are gettin bigger all the time, and them good people what is skeemin to get Miss Smart fired as skool teacher is goin to get fooled.

Yours to the end,

JONAS HARRISON.

Puckerbrush, Ohio, last Saturday.

Destruction of St. Louis Foretold

Push, the new magazine whose appearance in March created such a sensation in the religious world, promises to create a greater sensation in the political world in April. It announces for that number a prophecy, revealed by the spirit of Isaiah, of the early destruction of St. Louis, the world's fair city. Push is devoted to developing two sciences—the industrial (socialism) and the spiritual or religious. It holds that religion is in nature and in man, and therefore there can be but one, and that the world's bibles are all text books seeking to develop this one science, all containing much valuable matter. But religion itself is an active principle that touches and utilizes spiritual forces. It therefore, in addition to interesting papers developing these ideas, presents as data matter claimed to have been received through spiritual discernment, and seeks to develop the latent power of the reader. Yet it claims that man cannot attain full spiritual power until the co-operative commonwealth brings greater opportunity. The price of Push is 50 cents a year, 5 cents a copy, and the publisher feels it important to order early to be sure of attaining the current number, so great is the rush. Address,

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Purse and Soul.

The soul doth sow and the purse doth reap;
 The purse doth feast while the soul doth weep—
 O, such is the world's strange way.
 Power and honor the purse doth bring—
 Worship of trader and priest and king
 While souls are as cheap as clay.

O, ne'er of souls will the world be void—
 What matters, then, if some be destroyed,
 In sweat-shop or sunless mine?
 A soul doth every rogue possess,
 While the purse a favored few doth bless,
 So men worship at its shrine.

O, such is the bitter way of life;
 A way of unending toil and strife—
 Our heritage but a curse.
 So must it be till the knell we toll
 Of senseless greed that gives to the soul
 Less honor than to the purse.

HEBE.



The Workman's Burden.



LABOR STARVES AMIDST PLENTY.

TO OUR READERS.

The present issue marks the first half-year of our existence. We have every reason to be gratified by the manner in which our efforts to establish a high-class Socialist magazine, worthy of the movement, have so far been received by comrades throughout two continents. Whilst, to a certain extent we have succeeded in our efforts, we are not by any means inclined to rest content. The standard of excellence reached by the present issue, which we are confident will be admitted to be a good one, must be improved upon in every succeeding issue—must be, and SHALL be if you will assist us!

* * * * *

In our next issue we shall publish the first of a series of articles under the title, "How I Became a Socialist," which will, we feel sure, prove of absorbing interest. Each article will be written by some well-known American Socialist, and will be illustrated. Men and women famous for their work in the movement will describe the influences which brought them into our ranks.

* * * * *

Mr. Leonard D. Abbott will also contribute a special illustrated article upon the work and influence of Verestchagin, the famous painter whose pictures of war are doing so much to cause men to hate militarism. No reader can afford to miss Mr. Abbott's article, and every reader should bring it to the notice of some friend. There will also be some specially good poems and pictures, making the April number even more attractive than this.

* * * * *

Our leaflets continue to have a good sale. Orders keep pouring in from far and near testifying to their effectiveness. In addition to "The Worker with the Capitalist Mind," and the "Dialogue Between the Machine Gun and the Mauser," we have just issued and are ready to supply "A Lesson from the Donkeys."—Price 50 for 10 cents. This new leaflet contains three humorous pictures by Rata Langa, the famous artist, and descriptive letterpress in prose and verse by the Editor.

* * * * *

We have also ready a large edition of the new pamphlet, "Where We Stand," by J. Spargo, Editor of THE COMRADE. This is a lecture which has been highly praised by hundreds of leading newspapers in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada. So great has been the demand for its publication, that it could not well be resisted. Now ready.—Price 5 cents per copy or 100 copies for \$2.50. Order at once!

* * * * *

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