

# UNDERGROUND RUSSIA

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REVOLUTIONARY PROFILES AND

SKETCHES FROM LIFE

BY

STEPNIAK

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*WITH A PREFACE by PETER LAVROFF*

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## PREFACE.

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THE Socialist and Revolutionary movement in Russia could not fail to attract the attention of Western Europe. It is only natural, therefore, that in every European language a somewhat extensive literature should be found upon this subject. The object of some of these works is simply to relate facts; others seek to penetrate deeper, so as to discover the cause of the movement in question. I take no account of an entire branch of this literature, the novels, the romances, and the narratives, in which the authors, endeavouring to reproduce in an agreeable form the events and the types of the Nihilist world, strive to excite the imagination of the reader.

It must be confessed that, for the most part, this literature has not the slightest value. The authors know nothing of the facts related by them, having taken them at second or third hand, without the possi-

bility of verifying the authenticity of the sources from which they derive their ideas; they do not even know the country of which they speak, the information published in the European languages being very scanty; and finally, they have not the least knowledge of the men who have played such prominent and important parts in that great drama, the Russian movement. It is, therefore, very difficult to indicate, among the books written by foreigners upon Nihilism, any which give a tolerably truthful idea of the subject as a whole, or of any of its details.

I could not point out even a single work of this kind which has avoided great errors and absurdities.

But even the works hitherto published on this subject in the Russian language, which are very few in number and almost unknown in Europe, are far indeed from containing sufficient information; and for these reasons.

The authors who write for the Russian press, that is to say, under the Imperial rod, are compelled from mere considerations of personal security to weigh every word, every sentence, that issues from their pens. In undertaking, therefore, to write upon Nihilism, they know that they must pass over in

silence many questions which relate both to the movement itself, and to the Russian political and social system which is the cause of it. Moreover, they are compelled to conceal the fact that they have ever known any of the principal leaders, and to represent these men, not as they are or were, but as they must perforce appear in a work written by a faithful subject of the Czar. Such a subject, it is only too well known, is liable to exile or transportation for any little imprudent word that may escape him. Moreover, everything that has been published in Russia upon Nihilism, with scarcely any exception, has been written by its furious enemies, by those who conscientiously consider it a horrible crime, or a monstrous madness. These authors, from their very position, either did not see, or would not see, what really caused the development of Nihilism. Of the Nihilists themselves they knew nothing, except from the judicial reports and the speeches of the Public Prosecutors, and had seen them, if at all, only in the prisoners' dock. Everything that has been written upon Nihilism in Russia itself is therefore of very little value, either from the historical or the philosophical point of view. Such absurdities as the works of foreigners on this subject are full

of are certainly not to be found in them, but voluntary reticence and voluntary errors abound, and at the same time there is no lack even of unmistakable blunders respecting the lives of the Revolutionists themselves.

Something more might be hoped for from the partisans of the movement, who are to be found, some in Russia and some abroad as exiles. In fact, the publications of the Revolutionists which have been issued during the last three years abroad and from the secret press of St. Petersburg, present a rich source of information respecting the modern Revolutionary movement. But all these materials, being in the Russian or Ukrainian language, have scarcely contributed anything to the works written in other languages, and have remained for the most part unknown to Europe.

The Russian exiles have very rarely undertaken works intended to explain to the European public the history and the causes of the Russian Revolutionary movement; and even when they have done so, they have confined themselves to mere pamphlets of little moment which threw light only on certain aspects of the movement, or dealt with entirely special questions.

As for the few European scholars who know the Russian language, the materials furnished by the Revolutionary press are quite insufficient for them, and do not preserve them from great blunders. A perfect knowledge of Russian and of the condition of the Russian people is assumed, which it is all but impossible for a foreigner to possess. The progress of the Revolutionary movement must have been followed, too, step by step, and on the spot, in order to understand, not only the rapidity of its development, but the substitution, within a very brief period, of other theoretical and practical questions for those formerly in vogue.

The questions which divided the party into various groups entirely disappeared in 1880. The year 1878 introduced into the Revolutionary movement a crisis that led to a complete change, both in the division of the party into various sections and in their respective relations. The modes of action were changed; the revolutionary type was changed. The defects and the virtues so characteristic of the most prominent persons in the movement a few years ago, gave place to totally different defects and virtues which characterise the Russian Revolutionary movement of modern days.

Thus, even the very persons who had taken an active part in the movement, but had left the country for some time, or had applied themselves to some special and exclusive object, even those persons are liable to commit grave errors, both in their views upon the actual movement and in their predictions respecting the future.

Only a man who for many years has been present in the ranks, who has taken a direct part in the various phases through which the Russian Revolutionary movement has passed, who has intimately known the persons who have appeared during those phases (for, although included within the period of a single decade, they are notwithstanding of an entirely different nature), only such a man, if he undertook to relate what he had himself seen, could give to European readers a sufficiently truthful idea of the form and substance of the Russian Revolutionary movement.

Of such men among our party, who possess, moreover, the talent of expressing their thoughts in a good literary form, there are but few.

I was greatly pleased therefore to learn that one of these few men had undertaken to present, in a series of animated pictures, the men and the



incidents of the Russian Revolutionary movement, in the various phases of which he had taken a direct part.

I remember with what enthusiasm the young men in the printing office of the 'Onward' in London heard some pages of his youthful writings read. Others would relate various episodes of his Odyssey as a propagandist among the peasants, when that propaganda attracted the greater part of the Revolutionary forces without distinction of party. He was one of the principal founders of the Russian Revolutionary press, when, the inadequacy of the printing presses in operation abroad being recognised, the Revolutionary party established its organs in the very capital of the Czar. Among the names of the most energetic actors in the principal phases which the Russian movement passed through, the Revolutionists always mention the name of him who appears before the European public under the pseudonym of Stepniak. I say the European and not the Italian public, because I am persuaded that the book which Stepniak has published in Italian will speedily find translators in other languages.

The European public will at last have a faithful and animated picture of that movement, in which, on

the one hand we see the masses deprived of all political life, crushed by the slavery of ages, pillaged by the Government, and ruined by economical dependence on the governing classes, but who preserve notwithstanding in Northern Russia the *Rural Commune*, and the profound and steadfast conviction that the land ought to belong to them, the cultivators, and that sooner or later the day will come for the 'division of the land;' and who in Southern Russia maintain the traditions of the autonomy of the Cossack Commune. On the other hand we have, as the offspring of Despotism, the vile herd, devoid of every sentiment of duty, who are capable of sacrificing to their own interests, or even personal caprices, the interests of the State, and of the people; who in the bureaucracy reveal themselves by shameful acts of peculation and venality, without a parallel except in Eastern Asia, and unsurpassed in any age or in any country; and among the business classes are Bourse speculators, and swindlers who yield in nothing to the most infamous in both worlds. Between these two social strata we see a fresh group of combatants appear, who for ten years have astounded all Europe by their energy and devotion, as the successors of the literary and political opposition of all classes; of the new

adical writers ; and of the first apostles of Socialism in Russia, Herzen and Cernishevsky.

Hundreds and hundreds of these men, themselves the offspring of privilege, go 'among the people,' carrying with them the Gospel of Socialism, the very object of which is the destruction of privileges, the privileges of the classes from which they have sprung. Every fresh trial only displays more clearly their heroism and their historical mission. The Russian Government has recourse to extreme measures of repression. It places all Russia under a state of siege, and covers it with gibbets. It almost forces harmless agitators to take up deadly weapons and commence the Terrorist struggle which still continues ; and certainly no one can say that the victory has remained with the Government, if the result of its measures has been the slaying of an Emperor, the voluntary seclusion of his successor, and the universal disruption of the entire Russian social edifice.

But another fact is perhaps even more significant ; the movement has lasted only ten years, and the struggle with the Government commenced only five years ago ; but already an important change has become apparent in the constitution of the militant party. The

majority of the prisoners whom we see before the tribunals in the trials of the Terrorists are no longer apostles who impart ideas to the people developed in an atmosphere not their own; they are men sprung from the people themselves, upon whom it used to be said, until lately, the Revolutionary propaganda and agitation had taken no hold.

The Russian Socialist and Revolutionary party is very young, but it has, notwithstanding, succeeded in conquering a place in history.

The readers of the work of Stepniak will henceforth know what were the elements that gave to these combatants the strength to transform themselves, in these later days, into a party which can call the future its own. The new elements, sprung from the people which will come forth and join their ranks, are a guarantee of this.

P. LAVROFF.

LONDON *March 4, 1882*

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## INTRODUCTION.

## INTRODUCTION.

### I.

TURGHENEFF, the novelist, who will certainly live in his writings for many generations, has rendered himself immortal by a single word. It was he who invented 'Nihilism.' At first the word was used in a contemptuous sense, but afterwards was accepted from party pride by those against whom it was employed, as so frequently has occurred in history.

There would be no need to mention this but for the fact that in Europe the party called by this name was not that thus called in Russia, but another completely different.

The genuine Nihilism was a philosophical and literary movement, which flourished in the first decade after the Emancipation of the Serfs, that is to say, between 1860 and 1870. It is now absolutely extinct, and only a few traces are left of it, which are rapidly disappearing; for, with the feverish life of the last few years, a decade in Russia may really be considered as a period of at least from thirty to fifty years.



Nihilism was a struggle for the emancipation of intelligence from every kind of dependence, and it advanced side by side with that for the emancipation of the labouring classes from serfdom.

The fundamental principle of Nihilism, properly so-called, was absolute individualism. It was the negation, in the name of individual liberty, of all the obligations imposed upon the individual by society, by family life, and by religion. Nihilism was a passionate and powerful reaction, not against political despotism, but against the moral despotism that weighs upon the private and inner life of the individual.

But it must be confessed that our predecessors, at least in the earlier days, introduced into this highly pacific struggle the same spirit of rebellion and almost the same fanaticism that characterises the present movement. I will here indicate the general character of this struggle, because it is really a prelude to the great drama, the last act of which is being enacted in the Empire of the Night.

The first battle was fought in the domain of religion. But this was neither long nor obstinate. It was gained, so to speak, in a single assault; for there is no country in the world where, among the cultivated classes, religion has such little root as in Russia. The past generation was partly Christian by custom, and partly atheist by culture. But when once this band

of young writers, armed with the natural sciences and positive philosophy, full of talent, of fire, and of the ardour of proselytism, was impelled to the assault, Christianity fell like an old, decaying hovel, which remains standing because no one touches it.

The materialist propaganda was carried on in two modes, which by turns supplemented and supported each other. Indirectly by means of the press, works being translated or written\* which furnished the most irrefutable arguments against every religious system, against free-will, and against the supernatural. In order to avoid the clutches of the censorship, passages which were too clear were veiled under certain obscure words which, with an ardent and attentive reader, brought out the ideas even more distinctly.

The oral propaganda, employing the arguments developed by the instructed, drew from them their logical consequences, flinging aside the reticence imposed upon the writers. Atheism excited people like a new religion. The zealous went about, like veritable missionaries, in search of living souls, in order to cleanse them from the 'abomination of Christianity.' The secret press was even set to work, and Buchner's book 'Force and Matter,' in which the German philosopher directly attacks the Christian theology, was translated and lithographed. The book was secretly circulated, not without a certain amount of danger, and

was highly successful. Some pushed their ardour so far as to carry on the propaganda among the young pupils of the schools.

One day there fell into my hands an 'open letter' of B. Zaizeff, one of the contributors to the 'Russkoi i Slovo,' a widely popular paper of that period. In this 'letter,' intended for the secret press, the author, speaking of that time, and of the charges brought against the Nihilists of those days by the Nihilists of the present day, says, 'I swear to you by everything which I hold sacred, that we were not egotists as you call us. It was an error, I admit, but we were profoundly convinced that we were fighting for the happiness of human nature, and every one of us would have gone to the scaffold and would have laid down his life for Moleschott or Darwin.' The remark made me smile. The reader, also, will perhaps smile at it, but it is profoundly sincere and truthful. Had things reached such an extremity, the world would perhaps have seen a spectacle at once tragic and comical; martyrdom to prove that Darwin was right and Cuvier wrong, as two centuries previously the priest Abbaco and his disciples went to the stake, and mounted the scaffold, in support of their view, that Jesus should be written with one *J* instead of two, as in Greek; and that the Halleluah should be sung three times and not twice, as in the State Church. It

is a fact, highly characteristic of the Russian mind, this tendency to become excited even to fanaticism, about certain things which would simply meet with approval or disapproval from a man of Western Europe.

But, in the case to which we are referring, things went very smoothly. There was no one to defend the altars of the gods. Among us, fortunately, the clergy never had any spiritual influence, being extremely ignorant, and completely absorbed in family affairs, the priests being married men. What could the Government do against a purely intellectual movement which found expression in no external act?

The battle was gained almost without trouble, and without effort; definitely, absolutely gained. Among people in Russia with any education at all, a man now who is not a materialist, a thorough materialist, would really be a curiosity.

The victory was of the highest importance. Absolute atheism is the sole inheritance that has been preserved intact by the new generation, and I need scarcely point out how much advantage the modern revolutionary movement has derived from it.

But Nihilism proclaimed war not only against religion but against everything that was not based upon pure and positive reason. This tendency, right enough in itself, was carried by the Nihilists of 1860 to such lengths

that it became absurd. Art, as one of the manifestations of idealism, was absolutely renounced by the Nihilists, together with everything that excites the sentiment of the beautiful.

This was one of the fiercest conflicts in which the old Nihilism was engaged. One of their fanatics launched the famous aphorism that 'a shoemaker is superior to Raphael, because the former makes useful things, while the latter makes things that are of no use at all.' To an orthodox Nihilist, Nature herself was a mere furnisher of materials for chemistry and technology. I say nothing of many other similar things, which would take too long to enumerate.

## II.

But there was one question in which Nihilism rendered great service to its country. It was the important question of woman. Nihilism recognised her as having equal rights with man. The intimacy of social intercourse in Russia, where there are neither cafés nor clubs, and where the drawing-room necessarily becomes the sole place of meeting, and even more perhaps the new economical position of the nobles resulting from the emancipation of the serfs, gave to the question of the emancipation of woman an important development, and secured for her an almost complete victory.

Woman is subjugated through love. Every time, therefore, that she arises to claim her rights, it is only natural that she should commence by asking for the liberty of love. It was thus in ancient days; it was thus in the France of the eighteenth century, and of George Sand. It was thus also in Russia.

But with us the question of the emancipation of woman was not confined to the petty right of 'free love,' which is nothing more than the right of always selecting her master. It was soon understood that the important thing is to have liberty itself, leaving the question of love to individual will; and as there is no liberty without economical independence, the struggle changed its aspect, and became one for acquiring free access to superior instruction and to the professions followed by educated men. The struggle was long and ardent, for our barbarous and mediæval family life stood in the way. It was maintained very bravely by our women, and had the same passionate character as most of our recent social struggles. The women finally vanquished. The Government itself was compelled to recognise it.

No father now threatens to cut off the hair of his daughter if she wishes to go to St. Petersburg to study medicine, or follow the higher courses there of the other sciences. A young girl is no longer compelled to fly from her father's house, and the Nihilists no longer

need to have recourse to 'fictitious marriages' in order to render her her own mistress.

Nihilism had conquered all along the line.

The Nihilist had only now to rest upon his laurels. The first two persons of the trinity of his ideal, as prescribed by the 'What are we to do?'—independence of mind and intelligent female company, were within his reach. The third, an occupation in accordance with his tastes, is lacking, but as he is intelligent, and Russia is wanting in educated people, he will find it easily.

'Well, and what will happen afterwards?' asks a young man full of ardour, who has just arrived from some distant province, and come to visit his old master.

'I am happy,' replies the latter.

'Yes,' the young man will say to him, 'you are happy, I see. But how can you be happy when in the country where you were born people are dying of hunger, where the Government takes from the people their last farthing and compels them to go forth and beg for a crust of bread? Perhaps you do not know this; and if you know it, what have you done for your brethren? Did you not tell me years ago that you wished to combat "for the happiness of human nature?"'

And the model Nihilist, the Nihilist of Turgheneff, will be troubled by that look which knows nothing of

compromise; for the enthusiasm and the faith that animated him in the early years of the struggle have vanished with victory. He is nothing more than an intelligent and refined epicure, and his blood circulates languidly in his plump body.

And the young man will go away full of sadness, asking himself with an accent of despair the terrible question, 'What are we to do?'

We are now at the year 1871. Through those marvellous inventions by means of which the man of modern days may be called omnipresent, the picture is placed before him of an immense city which has risen for a grand idea, that of claiming the rights of the people. He follows with breathless interest all the vicissitudes of the terrible drama which is being enacted upon the banks of the Seine. He sees blood flow; he hears the agonising cries of women and children slaughtered upon the boulevards. But for what are they dying? For what are they weeping? For the emancipation of the working-man; for the grand social idea!

And at the same time falls upon his ear the plaintive song of the Russian peasant: all wailing and lamentation, in which so many ages of suffering seem concentrated. His squalid misery, his whole life stands forth full of sorrow, of suffering, of outrage. Look at him: exhausted by hunger, broken down by toil, the



eternal slave of the privileged classes, working without pause, without hope of redemption ; for the Government purposely keeps him ignorant, and everyone robs him, everyone tramples on him, and no one stretches out a hand to assist him. No one? Not so. The young man knows now 'what to do.' He will stretch forth his hand. He will tell the peasant how to free himself and become happy. His heart throbs for this poor sufferer, who can only weep. The flush of enthusiasm mounts to his brow, and with burning glances he takes in his heart a solemn oath to consecrate all his life, all his strength, all his thoughts, to the liberation of this population, which drains its life-blood in order that he, the favoured son of privilege, may live at his ease, study, and instruct himself.

He will tear off the fine clothes that burn into his very flesh ; he will put on the rough coat and the wooden shoes of the peasant, and, abandoning the splendid paternal palace, which oppresses him like the reproach of a crime, he will go forth 'among the people' in some remote district, and there, the slender and delicate descendant of a noble race, he will do the hard work of the peasant, enduring every privation in order to carry to him the words of redemption, the Gospel of our age,—Socialism. What matters to him if the cut-throats of the Government lay hands upon him? What to him are exile, Siberia, death? Full

of his sublime idea, clear, splendid, vivifying as the mid-day sun, he defies suffering, and would meet death with a glance of enthusiasm and a smile of happiness.

It was thus that the Revolutionary Socialist of 1872-74 arose. It was thus that his precursors of 1866 arose, the unfortunate *karakosovzi*, a small nucleus of high intellectual character which developed under the immediate influence of the nascent 'Internationale,' but had only a brief life, and left no traces behind it.

Here then are the two types that represent the Russian intellectual movement. The first, that of the decade 1860-70; the second that from 1871 onwards.

What a contrast!

The Nihilist seeks his own happiness at whatever cost. His ideal is a 'reasonable' and 'realistic' life. The Revolutionist seeks the happiness of others at whatever cost, sacrificing for it his own. His ideal is a life full of suffering, and a martyr's death.

And yet Fate decreed that the former, who was not known and who could not be known in any other country but his own, should have no name in Europe, and that the latter, having acquired a terrible reputation, should be called by the name of the other. What irony!

*THE PROPAGANDA.*

## I.

THE Russian revolutionary movement, as I indicated at the commencement of my introduction, was the result of the examples and ideas developed in Western Europe, acting upon the minds of the youth of Russia, who owing to the conditions of the country were predisposed to accept them with the utmost favour.

I have now to trace out separately the 'true influences that determined this result, and their respective courses, as in the case of a great river, of which we know the source and the mouth, without knowing either its precise course, or the affluents that have given it such volume.

The influence of Europe is very easy to investigate, its course being so simple and elementary. The communion of ideas between Russia and Europe has never been interrupted, notwithstanding all the preventive measures of the censorship. Prohibited books like the works of Proudhon, Fourier, Owen, and other old Socialists, were always secretly introduced into Russia,

even under the Asiatically ferocious and suspicious despotism of Nicholas I.

But owing to the difficulty of obtaining these precious volumes, and to the language which rendered them inaccessible to ordinary readers, they could not directly exercise a decisive influence. There was however an entire band of very able writers who, inspired by the ideas of Socialism, succeeded in rendering them universally accessible. At the head of these were the most intellectual men of whom Russia can boast: Cernuscewsky, a profound thinker and economist of wide knowledge, a novelist, a pungent polemic, who paid the penalty of his noble mission with a martyrdom, which still continues; Dobrolinboff, a critic of genius, who died at twenty-six after having shaken all Russia with his immortal writings; Micaloff, a professor and writer, condemned to hard labour for a speech to the students—and many, many others. Herten and Ogareff, editors of the first free newspaper in the Russian language—the ‘Kolokol’ of London—brought from abroad their precious tribute to this movement. These were the real apostles of the new doctrine, who prepared the ground for the modern movement, having educated the entire generation of 1870 in the principles of Socialism. With the Paris Commune, which had such a formidable echo throughout the whole world, Russian Socialism entered upon

its belligerent phase, and from the study and the private gathering passed to the workshop and the village.

There were many causes which determined the youth of Russia to accept so eagerly the principles of the revolutionary Socialism proclaimed by the Commune. I can merely indicate them here. The ill-fated Crimean War having ruthlessly demonstrated the rottenness of the whole Russian social edifice, it was essential to provide a remedy as expeditiously as possible. But the work of the regeneration of the country, directed by the hand of an autocratic Emperor, who wished to preserve everything; both his sacred 'rights' (the first to be abolished), and the prerogatives of the class of the nobles, in order to have their support because he feared the revolution—such a work could only be imperfect, hypocritical, contradictory, an abortion. We will not criticise it, especially as there is no need to do so, for all the newspapers, including the 'Official Gazette,' now repeat in various tones what the Socialists have been so much reviled for declaring, that all the reforms of Alexander II. proved utterly inefficient, and that the famous emancipation of the serfs only changed their material condition for the worse, the terms of redemption fixed for the scrap of land bestowed upon them being onerous beyond measure.

The wretched condition, every day growing worse, of the peasants, that is to say, of nine-tenths of the entire population, could not fail to cause serious reflection to all those who had at heart the future of the country. It was essential to seek a remedy for this, and it may fairly be assumed that the public mind would have turned to legal and pacific means if, after having liberated the peasants from the bondage of their lords, the Emperor Alexander II. had liberated Russia from his own bondage, bestowing upon her some kind of Constitution which would have made her the arbiter of her own destinies, or at least have afforded her the hope of one day becoming so. But this was precisely what he would not do on any account. Autocracy having retained all its power, nothing could be hoped for except from the good-will of the Emperor, and this hope went on diminishing as the years passed by. Alexander II. as a reformer stood the test only for a few years.

The insurrection in Poland, stifled with a ferocity known to all, was the signal for a reaction, which grew more furious day by day. There was nothing to hope for in legal and pacific means. Everything must be uncomplainingly endured, or other ways of saving the country must be sought for. All those who had a heart in their breasts naturally clung to the latter course.

Thus, as the reaction grew more furious, the revolutionary excitement became more manifest, and secret societies swarmed in all the principal cities. The revolver shot of Karakosoff which resulted from that excitement was a terrible warning to the Emperor Alexander II. But he would not understand. Nay, after 1866, the reaction redoubled its fury. In a few months everything that still maintained a semblance of the Liberalism of the early years of the reign was swept away. It was a veritable 'Dance Macabre,' a veritable 'White Terror.'

## II.

After 1866 a man must have been either blind or hypocritical to believe in the possibility of any improvement except by violent means. The revolutionary ferment visibly increased, and only a spark was wanting to change the latent aspirations into a general movement. As I have already said, the Paris Commune supplied it. It was immediately after the Commune, that is to say towards the end of the year 1871, that the Society of the 'Dolgusczni' was formed at Moscow; and in 1872 the important society was organised at St. Petersburg of the 'Ciaikovzi,' which had its ramifications at Moscow, Kieff, Odessa, Orel, and Taganrog. The object of both was to carry on the Socialist and revolutionary propaganda among the work-

men and peasants. I say nothing of many small bodies that were formed with the same object in the provinces, or of many isolated individuals who then went forth 'among the people,' in order to carry on the propaganda. The movement was entirely spontaneous, and was simply the necessary result of the condition of Russia, seen under the influence of the Parisian movement, through the prism of the Socialist ideas disseminated by Cernishevsky and Dobrohuboff.

But a most powerful current which came from abroad very soon united with this native current. It was that of the 'Internationale,' which, as is well known, had its own greatest development in the years immediately succeeding the Paris Commune. Here, also, two separate courses of transmission should be distinguished: the first, literary; the second, personal and immediate. Two writers—the great Michael Bacunin, the genius of destruction, the principal founder of the anarchical or federalistic 'Internationale,' and Peter Lavroff, the distinguished philosopher and writer, rendered great service to our cause with their pens; the former as the author of a book upon the Revolution, and Federalism, in which, with inimitable clearness and power, the ardent tribune and daring thinker developed his ideas upon the necessity of an immediate popular revolution; the latter as editor of a review, the 'Vperiod' (Onward), written, for the most



part, by himself with unwearied application and erudition. However divergent on certain points—Bacunin being an ardent defender of the extreme party of the ‘Internationale,’ and Lavroff being rather inclined towards the more moderate party—the two writers recognised the popular revolution as the sole means of effectively changing the insufferable condition of the Russian people.

But the ‘Internationale’ also had a direct influence upon the Russian movement. Here I must retrace my steps for a moment, as the revolutionary movement touches at this point the individual movement of Nihilism, properly so-called, of which I spoke in my Introduction. The struggle for the emancipation of woman having been fused with that of the right to higher education, and there being in Russia neither college nor university which would accept women as students, they resolved to go and seek in distant countries the knowledge denied to them in their own. Free Switzerland, which shuts out no one from its frontiers or its schools, was the favourite country of these new pilgrims, and the famous city of Zurich was their Jerusalem. From all parts of Russia—from the plains of the placid Volga; from the Caucasus; from distant Siberia—young girls of scarcely sixteen, with scanty luggage and slender means, went forth alone into an unknown country, eager for the knowledge which alone

could insure them the independence they coveted. But, on arriving in the country of their dreams, they found not only schools of medicine there, but also a great social movement of which many had no conception. And here once more the difference became apparent between the old Nihilism and the Socialism of the modern generation.

‘What is all this knowledge,’ the young girls asked themselves, ‘but a means of acquiring a more advantageous position among the privileged classes to which we already belong? Who except ourselves will derive any advantage from it; and if no one does, what is the difference between us and the swarm of blood-suckers who live by the sweat and tears of our poor fellow-countrymen?’

And the young girls deserted medicine, and began to frequent the sittings of the ‘Internationale’ and to study political economy, and the works of Marx, Bacunin, Proudhon, and of all the founders of European Socialism. In a short time the city of Zurich from being a place of study was transformed into an immense permanent Club. Its fame spread throughout all Russia, and attracted to it hundreds and hundreds of persons, men and women. It was then that the Imperial Government, as a supreme precaution, issued the stupid and shameful Ukase of the year 1873, ordering all Russians, under pain of outlawry, to im-

mediately abandon the terrible city of Zurich. The engineer was hoist with his own petard. Among the young Russians assembled there, plans, more or less vague, were formed to return home in order to carry on the Internationalist propaganda. The Ukase had this effect, that, instead of returning separately in the course of several years, almost all returned at once in a body. Eagerly welcomed by their companions, they everywhere carried on the most ardent Internationalist propaganda.

### III.

Thus in the winter of 1872, in one of the hovels in the outskirts of St. Petersburg, a number of working men gathered round (Prince) Peter Krapotkine, who expounded to them the principles of Socialism, and of the revolution. The rich Cossack Obuchoff, though consumptive and dying, did the same upon the banks of his native Don. An officer, Leonidas Sciscko, became a hand-weaver in one of the St. Petersburg manufactories, in order to carry on the propaganda there. Two other members of the same society—an officer, Demetrius Rogaceff, who afterwards inspired so much terror, and a friend—went into the province of Tver as sawyers, for the purpose of carrying on the propaganda there among the peasants. In the winter of 1873, in consequence of the delation of a land-owner

of the district, these two were arrested. After having escaped by the aid of the peasants from the hands of the police, they reached Moscow, in order to carry on the propaganda among the youth of that city. There they found two women who had just arrived from Zurich with the same object. Thus the two currents, the home and foreign, met each other at every point, and both led to the same result. The books said: 'The hour of the destruction of the old *bourgeois* world has sounded. A new world, based upon the fraternity of all men, in which there will no longer be either misery or tears, is about to arise upon its ruins. Up and be doing! All hail to the Revolution, the sole means of realising this golden ideal.'

The men and women who had come back from abroad inflamed the public mind with the recital of the great struggle already undertaken by the proletariat of the West; of the 'Internationale' and of its great promoters; of the Commune and its martyrs; and prepared to go 'among the people' with their new proselytes in order to put their ideas in practice. And both turned anxiously to those, who were few then, who had come back from the work of propagandism, to ask them what were these powerful and mysterious beings—the people—whom their fathers taught them to fear, and whom, without knowing, they already loved with all the impetuosity of their youthful

hearts. And those appealed to, who just before had the same mistrust and the same apprehensions, said, overflowing with exultation, that the terrible people were good, simple, trusting as children; that they not only did not mistrust, but welcomed them with open arms and hearts; that they listened to their words with the deepest sympathy, and that old and young after a long day of toil pressed attentively around them in some dark and smoky hovel, in which, by the uncertain light of a chip of resinous wood in place of a candle, they spoke of Socialism, or read one of the few propagandist books which they had brought; that the communal assemblies were broken up when they came into the villages, as the peasants abandoned the meetings to come and listen. And after having depicted all the terrible sufferings of these unhappy people, seen with their own eyes, heard with their own ears, they told of little signs and tokens, exaggerated perhaps by their imaginations, which showed that these people could not be so dispirited as was believed, and that there were indications and rumours denoting that their patience was coming to an end, and that some great storm was felt to be approaching.

All these numerous and powerful influences, acting upon the impressionable minds, so prone to enthusiasm, of the Russian youth, produced that vast movement of

1873-74 which inaugurated the new Russian revolutionary era.

Nothing similar had been seen before, nor since. It was a revelation, rather than a propaganda. At first the book, or the individual, could be traced out, that had impelled such or such a person to join the movement; but after some time this became impossible. It was a powerful cry which arose no one knew where, and summoned the ardent to the great work of the redemption of the country and of humanity. And the ardent, hearing this cry, arose, overflowing with sorrow and indignation for their past life, and abandoning home, wealth, honours, family, threw themselves into the movement with a joy, an enthusiasm, a faith, such as are experienced only once in a life, and when lost are never found again.

I will not speak of the many, many, young men and young women of the most aristocratic families, who laboured for fifteen hours a day in the factories, in the workshops, in the fields. Youth is always generous and ready for sacrifice. The characteristic fact was that the contagion spread, even to people in years, who had already a future clearly marked out and a position gained by the sweat of their brows: judges, doctors, officers, officials; and these were not among the least ardent.

Yet it was not a political movement. It rather re-

sembled a religious movement, and had all the contagious and absorbing character of one. People not only sought to attain a distinct practical object, but also to satisfy an inward sentiment of duty, an aspiration towards their own moral perfection.

But this noble movement, in contact with harsh reality, was shattered like a precious Sèvres vase, struck by a heavy and dirty stone.

Not that the Russian peasant had shown himself indifferent or hostile to Socialism; quite the contrary. For a Russian peasant who has his old 'obscina' (rural commune) with the collective property of the land, and his 'mir' or 'gromada' (communal assembly), which exclusively controls all the communal affairs, the principles of scientific combination and federalism were only a logical and natural deduction from the institutions to which he had been accustomed for so many ages. In fact there is no country in the world where the peasantry would be so ready to accept the principles of Federative Socialism as Russia. Some of our old Socialists—for example Bacunin—even deny the necessity for any Socialist propaganda whatever among the Russian peasants, declaring that they already possess all the fundamental elements, and that, therefore, if summoned to an immediate revolution, it could not be other than a social revolution. But a revolution always requires a powerful organisation, which can only

be formed by a propaganda, either Socialist or purely revolutionary. As this could not be openly carried on, it was necessary to have recourse to a secret propaganda; and that was absolutely impossible in our villages.

Everyone who settles there, whether as artisan, or as communal teacher, or clerk, is immediately under the eyes of all. He is observed, and his every movement is watched, as though he were a bird in a glass cage. Then, too, the peasant is absolutely incapable of keeping secret the propaganda in his midst. How can you expect him not to speak to his neighbour, whom he has known for so many years, of a fact so extraordinary as the reading of a book, especially when it concerns a matter which appears to him so just, good, and natural as that which the Socialist tells him about? Thus, whenever a propagandist visits any of his friends, the news immediately spreads throughout the village, and half an hour afterwards the hovel is full of bearded peasants, who hasten to listen to the new-comer without warning either him or his host. When the hovel is too little to hold all this throng, he is taken to the communal house, or into the open air, where he reads his books, and makes his speeches under the roof of heaven.

It is quite evident that, with these customs, the Government would have no difficulty in hearing of the



agitation which was being carried on among the peasants. Arrest followed arrest, thick and fast. Thirty-seven provinces were 'infected' by the Socialist contagion, as a Government circular declares. The total number of the arrests was never known. In a single trial which lasted four years, that of 'the 193,' they reached, according to the official statistics, about a thousand.

But legion after legion boldly descended into the lists, when, owing to the number of the fallen, the battle seemed to be slackening. The movement lasted for two years with various degrees of intensity. But the fact had at last to be recognised, that it was like running one's head against a wall.

In the year 1875 the movement changed its aspect. The propaganda among the masses, the only one, that is, which could stir them, was abandoned, and in its place the so-called 'colonisation' (*poselenia*) entered the field; that is, the grouping together of an entire nucleus of propagandists in a given province, or rather, in a given district.

In order to avoid the rocks which had wrecked the movement of the previous years, the colonists proceeded very cautiously, endeavouring rather to avoid observation, to make no stir, to carry on their agitation only among those peasants with whom they were thoroughly acquainted as cautious and prudent people. The

colonies, being much less exposed to the chance of discovery, held their ground with varying fortunes for several years, and in part still continue, but without any result. Evidently, however, they could not do much owing to the immensity of Russia, and the necessity of deliberately restraining their own activity, even in the districts chosen.

#### IV.

The trials of the agitators which took place in the years 1877 and 1878 indicated the end of this first period of revolutionary activity in Russia, and at the same time were its apotheosis.

The Russian Government, wishing to follow in the steps of the second French Empire, which knew so well how to deal with the Red spectre, ordered that the first great trial—that of the so-called Fifty of the Society of Moscow—should be public, hoping that the terrified *bourgeois* would draw more closely around the throne and abandon their liberal tendencies, which were already beginning to show themselves.

But no. Even those who could not but consider such men as enemies were bewildered at the sight of so much self-sacrifice.

‘They are saints.’ Such was the exclamation, repeated in a broken voice, by those who were present at this memorable trial.

The monster trial of the 193 of the following year only confirmed this opinion.

And, in fact, everything that is noble and sublime in human nature seemed concentrated in these generous young men. Inflamed, subjugated by their grand idea, they wished to sacrifice for it, not only their lives, their future, their position, but their very souls. They sought to purify themselves from every other thought, from all personal affections, in order to be entirely, exclusively devoted to it. Rigorism was elevated into a dogma. For several years, indeed, even absolute asceticism<sup>1</sup> was ardently maintained among the youth of both sexes. The propagandists wished nothing for themselves. They were the purest personification of self-denial.

But these beings were too ideal for the terrible struggle which was about to commence. The type of the propagandist of the first lustre of the last decade was religious rather than revolutionary. His faith was Socialism. His god the people. Notwithstanding all the evidence to the contrary, he firmly believed that, from one day to the other, the revolution was about to break out; as in the Middle Ages people believed at certain periods in the approach of the day of judgment. Inexorable reality struck a terrible blow at

<sup>1</sup> Hence arose the ridiculous confusion of the Nihilists with the *copzi*, a fanatical body who mutilated themselves

## THE PROPAGANDA.

THE  
SERVANTS OF  
SOCIETY  
CONFIDENTIAL

his enthusiasm and faith, disclosing to him his god as it really is, and not as he had pictured it. He was as ready for sacrifice as ever. But he had neither the impetuosity nor the ardour of the struggle. After the first disenchantment he no longer saw any hope in victory, and longed for the crown of thorns rather than that of laurel. He went forth to martyrdom with the serenity of a Christian of the early ages, and he suffered it with a calmness of mind—nay, with a certain rapture, for he knew he was suffering for his faith. He was full of love, and had no hatred for anyone, not even his executioners.

Such was the propagandist of 1872-75. This type was too ideal to withstand the fierce and imminent conflict. It must change or disappear.

Already another was arising in its place. Upon the horizon there appeared a gloomy form, illuminated by a light as of hell, who, with lofty bearing, and a look breathing forth hatred and defiance, made his way through the terrified crowd to enter with a firm step upon the scene of history.

It was the Terrorist.

*THE TERRORISM.*

## I.

THE years 1876 and 1877 were the darkest and most mournful for the Russian Socialists. The propagandist movement cost immense sacrifices. An entire generation was mown down by Despotism in a fit of delirious fear. The prisons were crammed with propagandists. New prisons were built. And the result of so much sacrifice? Oh, how petty it was compared with the immense effort!

What could the few working men and peasants do who were inflamed by Socialist ideas? What could the 'colonies' do, dispersed here and there?

The past was sad; the future, gloomy and obscure. But the movement could not stop. The public mind, overstimulated and eager to act, only sought some other means of attaining the same end.

But to find one was very difficult under the conditions in which Russia was placed. Long and arduous was this work; many were its victims; for it was like

endeavouring to issue from some gloomy cavern, full of dangers and pitfalls, in which every step costs many lives, and the cries of fallen brethren are the sole indications for the survivors, of the path to be followed.

The propagandist movement was a sublime test of the power of Words. By a natural reaction the opposite course was now to be tried, that of Acts.

‘We did not succeed because we were mere talkers, incapable of real work.’

Such was the bitter reproach of the survivors of the great movement, confronted with the new revolutionary generation which had arisen to occupy the place of the preceding; and the cry of ‘Let us act’ became as general as that of ‘among the people’ had been a few years before.

But what kind of action was to be taken ?

Impelled by their generous desire to do everything for the people, and for the people only, the Revolutionists endeavoured, above all things, to organise some insurrectionary movement among the people. The first societies of the so-called ‘buntari’ (fanatics) of Kieff, Odessa, and Karkoff, the fixed object of which was an immediate rising, date from the year 1875. But a revolution, like a popular movement, is of spontaneous growth, and cannot be forced. One attempt alone—that of Stefanovic—very skilfully based upon local agitation and aspirations, succeeded

in making some few steps, at least, towards the object. The others had not even this success. They were discovered and dissolved before giving effect to their sanguinary projects.

In the towns the same tendency manifested itself in another form; the Revolutionists made their first essays in street demonstrations.

The years 1876, 1877, and the early months of 1878, were periods of 'demonstrations' more or less energetic; such as the funeral of Cernisceff and Padlevsky, the demonstration of Kazan, which had such a tragical ending, and, finally, that of Odessa, on the day of the condemnation of Kovalsky, which was a veritable battle, with dead and wounded on both sides, and several hundred arrests.

It was evident that by this path there could be no advance. The disproportion between the material forces at the disposition of the revolutionary party and those of the Government was too great for these demonstrations to be other than voluntary sacrifices of the flower of the Russian youth to the Imperial Moloch. With us a revolution, or even a rising of any importance, like those in Paris, is absolutely impossible. Our towns constitute only a tenth of the entire population; and most of them are only large villages, miles and miles apart. The real towns, those for instance of 10,000 or 15,000 inhabitants, form only four or five

per cent. of the entire population, that is about three or four millions in all. And the Government, which has under its orders the military contingent of the entire population, that is 1,200,000 soldiers, can transform the five or six principal towns, the only places where any movement whatever is possible, into veritable military camps, as indeed they are.

This is a consideration which should always be borne in mind, in order to understand the cause of everything that has since happened.

Demonstrations of every kind were abandoned, and from the year 1878 entirely disappeared.

But a noteworthy change in the revolutionary type dates from this period. The Revolutionist was no longer what he had been five years before. He had not yet revealed himself by any daring acts; but by dint of constantly meditating upon them, by repeating that bullets were better than words, by nourishing sanguinary projects in his mind, something of their spirit entered into his disposition. Thus the man was formed. And the Government did everything it could to develop still more these nascent tendencies of his and force him to translate them into acts.

The merest suspicion led to arrest. An address; a letter from a friend who had gone 'among the people;' a word let fall by a lad of twelve who, from excess of fear, knew not what to reply, were sufficient to cast the



suspected person into prison, where he languished for years and years, subjected to all the rigour of the Russian cellular system. To give an idea of this it need only be mentioned that, in the course of the investigations in the trial of the 193, which lasted four years, the number of the prisoners who committed suicide, or went mad, or died, reached 75.

The sentences of the exceptional tribunal, which was simply a docile instrument in the hands of the Government, were of an incredible cruelty. Ten, twelve, fifteen years of hard labour were inflicted, for two or three speeches, made in private to a handful of working men, or for a single book read or lent. Thus what is freely done in every country in Europe was punished among us like murder.

But not satisfied with these judicial atrocities, the Government, by infamous secret orders, augmented still more the sufferings of the political prisoners, so that in the House of Horrors—the central prison of Karkoff—several ‘revolts’ took place among them in order to obtain equality of treatment with those condemned for common crimes. Such was their condition ! And from time to time, by ways which only prisoners know how to find out, there came from these men buried alive some letter, written on a scrap of paper in which tobacco or a candle had been wrapped up, describing the infamous treatment, the vile and useless cruelty,

which their gaolers had inflicted upon them, in order to curry favour with superiors; and these letters passed from hand to hand, and this information passed from mouth to mouth, causing tears of grief and rage, and arousing in the most gentle and tender minds thoughts of blood, of hatred, and of vengeance.

## II.

The first sanguinary events took place a year before the Terrorism was erected into a system. They were isolated cases, without any political importance, but they clearly showed that the efforts of the Government had begun to bear fruit, and that the 'milk of love' of the Socialists of the previous lustre was already becoming changed, little by little, into the gall of hatred. Sprung from personal resentment, it was directed against the more immediate enemies, the spies, and in various parts of Russia some half-dozen of them were killed.

These first acts of bloodshed evidently could not stop there. If time were consumed in killing a vile spy, why allow the gendarme to live on with impunity who sent him forth, or the procurator who from the information of the spy obtained materials for ordering the arrest, or the head of the police who directed everything? The logic of life could not but compel the Revolutionaries to mount these steps by degrees, and it cannot

be doubted that they would have done so, for the Russian may be wanting in many things, but not in the courage to be logical. Nay, one of the most striking peculiarities of the Russian character is that it never hesitates before the practical consequences of a chain of reasoning.

There was, however, a fact of primary importance which gave such a strong impetus to the movement, that this step, which otherwise would perhaps have required several years, was taken at a single bound.

On January 24 of the year 1878, the memorable shot was fired by the revolver of Vera Zassulic against General Trepoff, who had ordered a political prisoner named Bogoluboff to be flogged. Two months afterwards she was acquitted by the jury.

I need not narrate the details of the occurrence, nor those of the trial, nor insist upon their importance. Everyone understood them, and even now, four years afterwards, everyone remembers that wave of admiration which invaded every heart, without distinction of party, of class, or of age. It is easy to imagine what it must have been in Russia.

Zassulic was not a terrorist. She was the angel of vengeance, and not of terror. She was a victim who voluntarily threw herself into the jaws of the monster in order to cleanse the honour of the party from a mortal outrage. It was evident that if every infa-

mous act had to await its Zassulic, he who committed it might sleep in peace, and die hoary-headed

Yet this occurrence gave to the Terrorism a most powerful impulse. It illuminated it with its divine aureola, and gave to it the sanction of sacrifice and of public opinion.

The acquittal of Zassulic was a solemn condemnation of the entire arbitrary system which had impelled her to raise her avenging hand against the bully. The press and the public were unanimous in confirming the sentence of the jury

And how did the Government receive the judgment of the nation ?

The Emperor Alexander II. went in person to pay a visit to Trepoff, covered with so much ignominy, and ransacked the whole city in search of the acquitted Zassulic, in order to put her again in prison.

It was impossible to show a more impudent contempt for justice and the universal feeling.

The general discontent grew beyond measure, for to the sting of the outrage was added the pang of deception.

Here I ought to stop for a moment to analyse the purely Liberal movement which germinated among the cultivated and privileged classes of Russian society at the commencement of the reign. Being unable to do this even briefly, I will merely say, that the event

which imparted to it the greatest intensity was the war with Turkey, because it laid bare like that of the Crimea, the shameful abuses of our social system, and awakened hopes of a new reorganisation of the State, especially after the Constitution which Alexander II. gave to Bulgaria.

The return of the Emperor to his capital exactly coincided with the trial of Zassulic.

The Liberals awoke from their dreams. It was then that they turned in despair to the only party which was struggling against despotism, the Socialist party. The first efforts of the Liberal party to approach the Revolutionaries in order to form an alliance with them date from 1878.

### III.

The Government, however, seemed bent on exasperating not only the Liberals but also the Revolutionists. With a vile desire for vengeance, it redoubled its cruelty against the Socialists, whom it had in its power. The Emperor Alexander II. even went so far as to annul the sentence of his own Senate, which, under the form of a petition for pardon, acquitted most of the accused in the trial of the 193.

What government therefore was this which acted so insolently against all the laws of the country, which was not supported, and did not wish to be supported,

by the nation, or by any class, or by the laws which it had made itself? What did it represent except brute force?

Against such a Government everything is permitted. It is no longer a guardian of the will of the people, or of the majority of the people. It is organised injustice. A citizen is no more bound to respect it, than to respect a band of highwaymen who employ the force at their command in rifling travellers.

But how shake off this *camarilla* entrenched behind a forest of bayonets? How free the country from it?

It being absolutely impossible to overcome this obstacle by force, as in other countries more fortunate than ours, a flank movement was necessary, so as to fall upon this *camarilla* before it could avail itself of its forces, thus rendered useless in their impregnable positions.

Thus arose the Terrorism.

Conceived in hatred, nurtured by patriotism and by hope, it grew up in the electrical atmosphere, impregnated with the enthusiasm awakened by an act of heroism.

On August 16, 1878, that is five months after the acquittal of Zassulic, the Terrorism, by putting to death General Mesentzeff, the head of the police and

of the entire *camarilla*, boldly threw down its glove in the face of autocracy. From that day forth it advanced with giant strides, acquiring strength and position, and culminating in the tremendous duel with the man who was the personification of despotism.

I will not relate its achievements, for they are written in letters of fire upon the records of history.

Three times the adversaries met face to face. Three times the Terrorist by the will of fate was overthrown, but after each defeat he arose more threatening and powerful than before. To the attempt of Solovieff succeeded that of Hartman, which was followed by the frightful explosion at the Winter Palace, the infernal character of which seemed to surpass everything the imagination could conceive. But it was surpassed on March 13. Once more the adversaries grappled with each other, and this time the omnipotent Emperor fell half dead to the ground.

The Terrorist had won the victory in his tremendous duel, which had cost so many sacrifices. With a whole nation prostrate he alone held high his head, which throughout so many tempests he had never bent.

He is noble, terrible, irresistibly fascinating, for he combines in himself the two sublimities of human grandeur: the martyr and the hero.

He is a martyr. From the day when he swears in

the depths of his heart to free the people and the country, he knows he is consecrated to Death. He faces it at every step of his stormy life. He goes forth to meet it fearlessly, when necessary, and can die without flinching, not like a Christian of old, but like a warrior accustomed to look death in the face.

He has no longer any religious feeling in his disposition. He is a wrestler, all bone and muscle, and has nothing in common with the dreamy idealist of the previous lustre. He is a mature man, and the unreal dreams of his youth have disappeared with years. He is a Socialist fatally convinced, but he understands that a Social Revolution requires long preparatory labour, which cannot be given until political liberty is acquired. Modest and resolute, therefore, he clings to the resolution to limit for the present his plans that he may extend them afterwards. He has no other object than to overthrow this abhorred despotism, and to give to his country, what all civilised nations possess, political liberty, to enable it to advance with a firm step towards its own redemption. The force of mind, the indomitable energy, and the spirit of sacrifice which his predecessor attained in the beauty of his dreams, he attains in the grandeur of his mission, in the strong passions which his marvellous, intoxicating, vertiginous struggle arouses in his heart.

What a spectacle! When had such a spectacle been



seen before? Alone, obscure, poor, he undertook to be the defender of outraged humanity, of right trampled under foot, and he challenged to the death the most powerful Empire in the world, and for years and years confronted all its immense forces.

Proud as Satan rebelling against God, he opposed his own will to that of the man who alone, amid a nation of slaves, claimed the right of having a will. But how different is this terrestrial god from the old Jehovah of Moses! How he hides his trembling head under the daring blows of the Terrorist! True, he still stands erect, and the thunderbolts launched by his trembling hand often fail; but when they strike, they kill. But the Terrorist is immortal. His limbs may fail him, but, as if by magic, they regain their vigour, and he stands erect, ready for battle after battle until he has laid low his enemy and liberated the country. And already he sees that enemy falter, become confused, cling desperately to the wildest means, which can only hasten his end.

It is this absorbing struggle, it is this imposing mission, it is this certainty of approaching victory, which gives him that cool and calculating enthusiasm, that almost superhuman energy, which astounds the world. If he is by nature a man capable of generous impulses, he will become a hero; if he is of stronger fibre, it will harden into iron; if of iron, it will become adamant.

He has a powerful and distinctive individuality. He is no longer, like his predecessor, all abnegation. He no longer possesses, he no longer strives after, that abstract moral beauty which made the propagandist resemble a being of another world; for his look is no longer directed inwardly, but is fixed upon the hated enemy. He is the type of individual force, intolerant of every yoke. He fights not only for the people, to render them the arbiters of their own destinies, not only for the whole nation stifling in this pestiferous atmosphere, but also for himself; for the dear ones whom he loves, whom he adores with all the enthusiasm which animates his soul; for his friends, who languish in the horrid cells of the central prisons, and who stretch forth to him their skinny hands imploring aid. He fights for himself. He has sworn to be free and he will be free, in defiance of everything. He bends his haughty head before no idol. He has devoted his sturdy arms to the cause of the people. But he no longer defies them. And if the people, ill-counselled, say to him 'Be a slave,' he will exclaim 'No;' and he will march onward, defying their imprecations and their fury, certain that justice will be rendered to him in his tomb.

Such is the Terrorist.