TO-DAY.

No. 3.—MARCH, 1884.

Art under Plutocracy.*

(Concluded from the February number).

I have appealed already to history in aid of my hopes for a change in the system of the conditions of labour. I wish to bring forward now the witness of history that this claim of labour for pleasure rests on a foundation stronger than a mere fantastic dream; what is left of the art of all kinds produced in all periods and countries where hope of progress was alive before the development of the commercial system shows plainly enough to those who have eyes and understanding, that pleasure did always in some degree accompany its production. This fact, however difficult it may be to demonstrate in a pedantic way, is abundantly admitted by those who have studied the arts widely; the very phrases so common in criticism that such and such a piece of would-be art is done mechanically, or done without feeling, express accurately enough the general sense of artists of a standard deduced from times of healthy art; for this mechanical and feelingless handiwork did not exist till days comparatively near our own, and it is the condition of labour under plutocratic rule which has allowed it any place at all.

The craftsman of the Middle Ages no doubt often suffered grievous material oppression, yet in spite of the rigid line of

* Delivered in the Hall of University College, Oxford, Nov. 14th, 1883.

separation drawn by the hierarchical system under which he lived between him and his feudal superior, the difference between them was arbitrary rather than real; there was no such gulf in language, manners and ideas as divides a cultivated middle-class person of to-day, 'a gentleman' from even a respectable lower-class man; the mental qualities necessary to an artist—intelligence, fancy, imagination, had not then to go through the mill of the competitive market, nor had the rich (or successful competitors) made good their claim to be the sole possessors of mental refinement.

As to the conditions of handiwork in those days, the crafts were drawn together into gilds which indeed divided the occupations of men rigidly enough, and guarded the door to those occupations jealously; but as outside among the gilds there was little competition in the markets, wares being made in the first instance for domestic consumption, and only the overplus of what was wanted at home close to the place of production ever coming into the market or requiring any one to come and go between the producer and consumer, so inside the gilds there was but little division of labour; a man or youth once accepted as an apprentice to a craft learned it from end to end, and became as a matter of course the master of it; and in the earlier days of the gilds, when the masters were scarcely even small capitalists, there was no grade in the craft save this temporary one. Later on, when the masters became capitalists in a sort, and the apprentices were, like the masters, privileged, the class of journeymen craftsmen came into existence; but it does not seem that the difference between them and the aristocracy of the gild was anything more than an arbitrary one. In short, during all this period the unit of labour was an intelligent man.

Under this system of handiwork no great pressure of speed was put on a man's work, but he was allowed to carry it through leisurely and thoughtfully; it used the whole of a man for the production of a piece of goods, and not small portions of many men; it developed the workman's whole

ntelligence according to his capacity, instead of concentrating his energy on one-sided dealing with a trifling piece of work; in short, it did not submit the hand and soul of the workman to the necessities of the competitive market, but allowed them freedom for due human development.

It was this system which had not learned the lesson that man was made for commerce, but supposed in its simplicity that commerce was made for man, which produced the art of the Middle Ages, wherein the harmonious co-operation of free intelligence was carried to the furthest point which has yet been attained, and which alone of all art can claim to be called Free.

The effect of this freedom, and the wide-spread or rather universal sense of beauty to which it gave birth, became obvious enough in the outburst of the expression of splendid and copious genius which marks the Italian Renaissance. Nor can it be doubted that this glorious art was the fruit of the five centuries of free popular art which preceded it, and not of the rise of commercialism which was contemporaneous with it; for the glory of the Renaissance faded out with strange rapidity as commercial competition developed. So that about the end of the 17th century, both in the Intellectual and the Decorative arts the commonplace or body still existed, but the romance or soul of them was gone. Step by step they had faded and sickened before the advance of commercialism, now speedily gathering force throughout civilisation. The domestic or architectural arts were becoming (or become) mere toys for the competitive market through which all material wares used by civilised men now had to pass. Commercialism had by this time well nigh destroyed the craft-system of labour, in which, as aforesaid, the unit of labour is a fully instructed craftsman, and had supplanted it by what I will ask leave to call the workshop system, wherein, when complete, division of labour in handiwork is carried to the highest point possible, and the unit of manufacture is no longer a man, but a group of men, each

member of which is dependant on his fellows, and is utterly useless by himself. This system of the workshop division of labour was perfected during the 18th century by the efforts of the manufacturing classes, stimulated by the demands of the ever-widening markets; it is still the system in some of the smaller and more domestic kinds of manufacture, holding much the same place amongst us as the remains of the craft-system did in the days when that of the workshop was still young. Under this system, as I have said, all the romance of the arts died out, but the commonplace of them flourished still; for the idea that the essential aim of manufacture is the making of goods still struggled with a newer idea which has since obtained complete victory, namely, that it is carried on for the sake of making a profit for the manufacturer on the one hand, and on the other for the employment of the working classes.

This idea of commerce being an end in itself and not a means merely, being but half developed in the 18th century, the special period of the workshop system, some interest could still be taken in those days in the making of wares. The capitalist manufacturer of the period had some pride in turning out goods which would do him credit, as the phrase went; he was not willing wholly to sacrifice his pleasure in this kind to the imperious demands of commerce; even his workman, though no longer an artist, that is a free workman, was bound to have skill in his craft, limited though it was to the small fragment of it which he had to toil at day by day for his whole life.

But commerce went on growing, stimulated still more by the opening up of new markets, and pushed on the invention of men, till their ingenuity produced the machines which we have now got to look upon as necessities of manufacture, and which have brought about a system the very opposite to the ancient craft-system; that system was fixed and conservative of methods; there was no real difference in the method of making a piece of goods between the time of Pliny and the

time of Sir Thomas More; the method of manufacture, on the contrary, in the present time, alters not merely from decade to decade, but from year to year; this fact has naturally helped the victory of this machine system, the system of the Factory, where the machine-like workmen of the workshop period are supplanted by actual machines, of which the operatives as they are now called are but a portion, and a portion gradually diminishing both in importance and numbers. This system is still short of its full development, therefore to a certain extent the workshop system is being carried on side by side with it, but is being speedily and steadily crushed out by it; and when the process is complete, the skilled workman will no longer exist, and his place will be filled by machines directed by a few highly trained and very intelligent experts, and tended by a multitude of people, men women and children, of whom neither skill nor intelligence is required.

This system, I repeat, is as near as may be the opposite of that which produced the popular art which led up to that splendid outburst of art in the days of the Italian Renaissance which even cultivated men will sometimes deign to notice now-a-days; it has therefore produced the opposite of what the old craft-system produced, the death of art and not its birth; in other words the degradation of the external surroundings of life—or simply and plainly unhappiness—through all society spreads that curse of unhappiness; from the poor wretches, the news of whom we middle-class people are just now receiving with such naif wonder and horror; from those poor people whom nature forces to strive against hope, and to expend all the divine energy of man in competing for something less than a dog's lodging and a dog's food, from them up to the cultivated and refined person, well lodged, well fed, well clothed, expensively educated, but lacking all interest in life except it may be the cultivation of unhappiness as a fine art.

Something must be wrong then in art, or the happines of

life is sickening in the house of civilisation. What has caused the sickness? Machine-labour will you say? Well, I have seen quoted a passage from one of the ancient Sicilian poets rejoicing in the fashioning of a water-mill, and exulting in labour being set free from the toil of the hand-quern in consequence; and that surely would be a type of a man's natural hope when foreseeing the invention of labour-saving machinery as 'tis called; natural surely, since though I have said that the labour of which art can form a part should be accompanied by pleasure, no one could deny that there is some necessary labour even which is not pleasant in itself, and plenty of unnecessary labour which is merely painful. If machinery had been used for minimising such labour, the utmost ingenuity would scarcely have been wasted on it, but is that the case in any way? Look round the world, and you must agree with J. S. Mill in his doubt whether all the machinery of modern times has lightened the daily work of one labourer.

And why have our natural hopes been so disappointed? Surely because in these latter days, in which as a matter of fact machinery has been invented, it was no means invented with the aim of saving the pain of labour. The phrase labour-saving machinery is elliptical, and means machinery which saves the *cost* of labour, not the labour itself, which will be expended when 'saved' on tending other machines. For a doctrine which, as I have said, began to be accepted under the workshop system, is now universally received even though we are yet short of the complete development of the system of the Factory. Briefly, the doctrine is this, that the essential aim of manufacture is making a profit; that it is frivolous to consider whether the wares when made will be of more or less use to the world so long as anyone can be found to buy them at a price which, when the workman engaged in making them has received of necessaries and comforts as little as he can be got to take, will leave something over as a reward to the capitalist who has employed

him. This doctrine of the sole aim of manufacture (or indeed of life) being the profit of the capitalist and the occupation of the workman, is held, I say, by almost everyone; its corollary is, that labour is necessarily unlimited, and that to attempt to limit it is not so much foolish as wicked, whatever misery may be caused to the community by the manufacture and sale of the wares made.

It is this superstition of commerce being an end in itself, of man made for commerce, not commerce for man, of which art has sickened; not of the accidental appliances which that superstition when put in practice has brought to its aid; machines and railways and the like, which do now verily control us all, might have been controlled by us, if we had not been resolute to seek 'profit and occupation' at the cost of establishing for a time that corrupt and degrading anarchy which has usurped the name of Society.

It is my business here to-night and everywhere to foster your discontent with that anarchy and its visible results; for indeed I think it would be an insult to you to suppose that you are contented with the state of things as they are; contented to see all beauty vanish from our beautiful city for instance; contented with the squalor of the black country, with the hideousness of London, the wen of all wens, as Cobbet called it; contented with the ugliness and baseness which everywhere surrounds the life of civilised man; contented, lastly, to be living above that unutterable and sickening misery of which a few details are once again reaching us, as if from some distant unhappy country, of which we could scarcely expect to hear, but which I tell you is the necessary foundation on which our society, our anarchy rests.

Neither can I doubt that everyone here has formed some idea of remedies for these 'defects in our civilisation' as we euphemistically call them, even though the ideas be vague; also I know that you are familiar with the precepts of the system of economy, that religion, I may say, which has sup-

planted the precepts of the old religions on the duty and blessing of giving to the needy; you understand of course that though a friend may give to a friend and both giver and receiver be better for the gift, yet a rich man cannot give to a poor one without both being the worse for it; I suppose because they are not friends. And amidst all this I feel sure, I say, that you all of you have some ideal of a state of things better than that amidst which we live, something I mean to say more than the application of temporary palliatives to the enduring "defects of our civilisation."

Now it seems to me that the ideal of better times which the more advanced in opinion of our own class have formed as possible and hopeful is something like this. There is to be a large class of industrious people not too much refined (or they could not do the rough work wanted of them) who are to live in comfort (not however meaning our middle-class comfort) and receive a kind of education (if they can) and not be overworked (that is not overworked for a working man; his light day's work would be rather heavy for the refined classes). This class is to be the basis of society, and its existence will leave the consciences of the refined class quite free and at rest; from this refined class will come the directors or captains of labour (in other words the usurers) the directors of people's consciences religious and literary (clergy, philosophers, newspaper-writers) and lastly, if that be thought of at all, the directors of art; these two clases with or without a third, the functions of which are indefinite, will live together with the greatest goodwill, the upper helping the lower without sense of condescension on one side or humiliation on the other; the lower are to be perfectly content with their position, and there is to be no grain of antagonism between the classes—although (even Utopianism of this kind being unable to shake off the idea of the necessity of competition between individuals), the lower class, blessed and respected as it is to be, will have moreover the additional blessing of hope held out to it; the hope of each man rising into the upper classes, and

leaving the chrysalis of labour behind him; nor, if that matters, is the lower class to lack due political or (parliamentary) power; all men (or nearly all) being equal before the ballot-box—except so far as they may be bought like other things.

That seems to me to be the middle-class liberal ideal of reformed society: all the world turned bourgeois big and little, peace under the rule of competitive commerce, ease of mind and a good conscience to all and several under the rule of the Devil take the hindmost.

Well for my part I have nothing—positively nothing to say against it if it can be brought about. Religion, morality, art literature, science, might for all I know flourish under it and make the world a heaven. But have we not tried it somewhat already? Are not many people jubilant whenever they stand on a public platform on the speedy advent of this good time? It seems to me that the continued and advancing prosperity of the working classes is almost always noted when a political man addresses an audience on general subjects, when he forgets partly politics; nor seldom when he remembers them most.

Nor do I wish to take away honour where honour is due; I belive there are many people who deeply believe in the realisation of this ideal, while they are not ignorant of how lamentably far things are from it at present; I know that there are men who sacrifice time, money, pleasure, their own prejudices even to bring it about; men who hate strife and love peace, men hard working, kindly, unambitious.

What have they done? How much much nearer are they to the ideal of the bourgeois commonweal than they were at the time of the Reform Bill, or the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws? Well, this much nearer to a great change perhaps, that there is a chink in the armour of self-satisfaction; a suspicion that perhaps it is not the accidents of the system of competitive commerce which have to be abolished but the system itself; but as to approaching the

ideal of that system reformed into humanity and decency, they are about so much nearer to it as a man is nearer to the moon when he stands on a hayrick.

I don't want to make too much of the matter of money-wages apart from the ghastly contrast between the rich and the poor which is the essence of our system; yet remember that poverty driven below a certain limit means degradation and slavery pure and simple. Now I have seen a statement made by one of the hopeful men of the rich middle-class that the average yearly income of an English working man's household is £100. I don't believe the figures because I am sure that they are swollen by wages paid in times of inflation; and ignore the precarious position of most working men; but quite apart from that, do not I beg you take refuge behind *averages*; for at least they are swelled by the high wages paid to special classes of workmen in special places, and in the manufacturing districts by the mothers of families working in factories, to my mind a most abominable custom, and by other matters of the like kind, which the average-makers leave you to find out for yourselves.

But even that is not the point of the matter. For my part the enormous average of £100 a year to so many millions of toiling people, while many thousands who do not toil think themselves poor with ten times the income, does not comfort me for the fact of a thousand strong men waiting at the dock gates down at Poplar the greater part of a working day, on the chance of some of them being taken on at wretched wages, or for the ordinary wage of a farm labourer over a great part of England being 10s. per week, and that considered ruinous by the farmers also: if averages will content us while such things as this go on, why stop at the working classes? Why not take in everybody from the Duke of Westminster downwards, and then raise a hymn of rejoicing over the income of the English people.

I say let us be done with averages and look at lives and their sufferings, and try to realise them: for indeed what I

want you to note is this; that though you may realise a part of the bourgeois or radical ideal, there is and for ever will be under the competitive system a skeleton in the cupboard. We may, nay we have managed to create a great mass of middling well to do people, hovering on the verge of the middle classes, prosperous artisans, small tradesmen, and the like; and I must say parenthetically that in spite of all their inmate good qualities the class does little credit to our civilisation; for though they live in a kind of swinish comfort as far as food is concerned, they are ill-housed, ill educated, crushed by grovelling superstitions, lacking reasonable pleasures, utterly devoid of any sense of beauty. But let that pass. For aught I know we may very much increase the proportionate numbers of this class without making any serious change in our system, but under all that still lies and will lie another class which we shall never get rid of as long as we are under the tyranny of the Devil take the Hindmost, that class is the *Class of Victims*.

Now above all things I want us not to forget them, (as indeed we are not likely to for some weeks to come), or to console ourselves by averages for the fact that the riches of the rich and the comfort of the well to do are founded on that terrible mass of undignified, unrewarded, *useless* misery, concerning which we have of late being hearing a little, a very little; after all we do know that is a fact and we can only console ourselves by hoping that we may, if we are watchful and diligent (which we very seldom are) we may greatly diminish the amount of it. I ask you is such a hope as that worthy of our boasted civilisation with its perfected creeds, its high morality, its sounding political maxims? Will you think it monstrous that some people have conceived another hope, and see before them the ideal of a society in which there should be no classes permanently degraded for the benefit of the Commonweal?

For one thing I would have you remember, that this lowest class of utter poverty lies like a gulf before the whole of the

working-classes, who in spite of all averages live a precarious life; the failure in the game of life which entails on a rich man an unambitious retirement, and on a well-to-do man a life of dependance and laborious shifts, drags a working man down into that hell of irredeemable degradation.

I hope there are but few at least here who can comfort their consciences by saying that the working-classes bring this degradation on themselves by their own unthrift and recklessness. Some do no doubt; stoic philosophers of the higher type not being much commoner among day labourers than among the well-to-do and rich; but we know very well how sorely the mass of the poor strive, practising such thrift as is in itself a degradation to man, in whose very nature it is to love mirth and pleasure, and how in spite of all that they fall into the gulf. What! are we going to deny that when we see all round us in our own class cases of men failing in life by no fault of their own; may many of the failers worthier and more useful than those that succeed: as might indeed be looked in the state of war, which we call the system of unlimited competition, where the best campaigning luggage a man can carry is a hard heart and no scruples.

For indeed the fulfillment of that liberal ideal of the reform of our present system into a state of moderate class supremacy is impossible because that system is after all nothing but a continuous implacable war; the war once ended and commerce, as we now understand the word, comes to an end, and the mountains of wares which are either useless in themselves or only useful to slaves and slave-owners are no longer made, and once again art will be used to determine what things are useful and what useless to be made; since nothing should be made which does not give pleasure to the maker and the user, and that pleasure of making *must* produce art in the hands of the workman; so will art be used to discriminate between the waste and the usefulness of labour; whereas at present the waste of labour is, as I have

said above, a matter never considered at all; so long as a man toils he is supposed to be useful, no matter what he toils at.

I tell you the very essence of competitive commerce is waste; the waste that comes of the anarchy of war. Do not be deceived by the outside appearance of order in our plutocratic society. It fares with it as it does with the older forms of war, that there is an outside look of quite wonderful order about it; how neat and comforting the steady march of the regiment; how quiet and respectable the sergeants look; how clean the polished cannon; neat as a new pin are the storehouses of murder; the books of adjutant and sergeant as innocent looking as may be; nay, the very orders for destruction and plunder are given with a quiet precision which seems the very token of a good conscience; this is the mask that lies before the ruined cornfield and the burning cottage, the mangled bodies, the untimely death of worthy men, the desolated home. All this, the results of the order and sobriety which is the face which civilised soldiering towns towards us stay at homes, we have been told often and eloquently enough to consider; often enough we have been shown the wrong side of the glories of war, nor can we be shown it too often or too eloquently; yet, I say even such a mask is worn by competitive commerce, with its respectable prim order, its talk of peace and the blessings of intercommunication of countries and the like; and all the while its whole energy, its whole organised precision is employed in one thing, the wrenching the means of living from others; while outside that everything must do as it may, whoever is the worse or the better for it; like the war of fire and steel all other aims must be crushed out before that one object; worse than the older war in one respect at least, that whereas that was intermittent, this is continuous and unresting, and its leaders and captains are never tired of declaring that it must last as long as the world, and is the end all and be all of the

creation of man and of his home; of such the words are said:—

> For them alone do seethe
> A thousand men in troubles wide and dark;
> Half ignorant they turn an easy wheel
> That sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

What can overthrow this terrible organisation so strong in itself, so rooted in the self-interest, stupidity, and cowardice of strenuous narrow-minded men? So strong in itself and so much fortified against attack by the surrounding anarchy which it has bred?

Nothing, but discontent with that anarchy and an order which in its turn will arise from it, nay is arising from it, an order once a part of the internal organisation of that which it is doomed to destroy.

For the fuller development of industrialism from the ancient crafts through the workshop system into the system of the factory and machine, while it has taken from the workmen all pleasure in their labour or hope of distinction and excellence in it, has welded them into a great class, and has by its very oppression and compulsion of the monotony of life driven them into feeling the solidarity of their interests and the antagonism of those interests to those of the capitalist class; they are all through civilisation feeling the necessity of their rising as a class. As I have said, it is impossible for them to coalesce with the middle classes to produce the universal reign of moderate *bourgeois* society which some have dreamed of; because, however, many of them may rise out of their class these become at once part of the middle class, owners of capital, even though it be in a small way, and exploiters of labour; and there is still left behind a lower class which in its own turn drags down to it the unsuccessful in the struggle; a process which is being accelerated in these latter days by the rapid growth of the great factories and stores which are extinguishing the remains of the small workshops served by men who may hope to become small masters, and also the smaller of the tradesmen class; thus

then, feeling that it is impossible for them to rise as a class, while competition naturally, and as a necessity for its existence, keeps them down, they have begun to look to *association* as their natural tendency, just as competition is of the capitalists; in them the hope has arisen if nowhere else of finally making an end of class degradation.

It is in the belief that this hope is spreading to the middle classes that I stand before you now, pleading for its acceptation by you, in the certainty that by its fulfilment alone lies the other hope for the new birth of art and the attainment by the middle classes of true refinement, the lack of which at present is so grievously betokened by the sordidness and baseness of all the external surroundings of our lives, even those of us who are rich.

I know there are some to whom this possibility of the getting rid of class degradation may come, not as a hope, but as a fear; these may comfort themselves by thinking that this Socialist matter is a hollow scare, in England at least; that the proletariat have no hope, and therefore will lie quiet in this country; where the rapid and nearly complete development of commercialism has crushed the power of combination out of the lower classes; where the very combinations, the Trades Unions, founded for the advancement of the working class as a class, have already become conservative and obstructive bodies, wielded by the middle-class politicians for party purposes; where the proportion of the town and manufacturing districts to the country is so great that the inhabitants, no longer recruited by the peasantry but become townsmen bred of townsmen, are yearly deteriorating in physique; where lastly education is so backward.

It may be that in England the mass of the working classes has no hope; that it will not be hard to keep them down for a while—possibly a long while. The hope that this may be so I will say plainly is a dastard's hope, for it is founded on the chance of their degradation. I say such an expectation is that of slave-holders or the hangers on of slave-holders. I

believe, however, that hope is growing among the working-classes even in England; at any rate you may be sure of one thing, that there is at least discontent. Can any of us doubt that, since there is unjust suffering; or which of us would be contented with 1cs. a week to keep our households with, or to dwell in unutterable filth and have to pay the price of good lodging for it? Do you doubt that, if we had any time for it amidst our struggle to live, we should look into the title of those who kept us there, themselves rich and comfortable, under the pretext that it was necessary to society?

I tell you there is plenty of discontent, and I call on all those who think there is something better than making money for the sake of making it, to help in educating that discontent into hope, that is into the demand for the new birth of society, and I do this not because I am afraid of it, but because I myself am discontented and long for justice.

Yet, if any of you are afraid of the discontent which is abroad, in its present shape, I cannot say that you have no reason to be. I am representing reconstructive Socialism before you, but there are other people who call themselves Socialists whose aim is not reconstruction, but destruction, people who think that the present state of things is horrible and unbearable (as in very truth it is), and that there is nothing for it but to shake society by constant blows given at any sacrifice, so that it may at last totter and fall. May it not be worth while, think you, to combat such a doctrine by supplying discontent with hope of change that involves reconstruction?

Meanwhile, be sure that, though the day of change may be long delayed, it will come at last; the middle classes will one day become conscious of the discontent of the proletariat; before that some will have renounced their class and cast in their lot with the working-men, influenced by love of justice or insight into facts; for the rest they will, when their conscience is awakened, have two choices before them; they must either cast aside their morality, of which though three

parts are cant, the other is sincere, or they must give way. In either case I do believe that the change will come, and that nothing will seriously retard that new birth; yet I well know that the middle class may do much to give a peaceable, or a violent character to the education of discontent which must precede it. Hinder it, and who knows what violence you may be driven into, even to the renunciation of the morality of which we middle class men are so proud; advance it, strive single heartedly that truth may prevail, and what need you fear? At any rate not your own violence, not your own tyranny.

Again, I say, things have gone too far, and the pretence at least of love of justice is too common among us, for the middle classes to attempt to keep the proletariat in its condition of slavery to capital, as soon as they stir seriously in the matter, except at the cost of complete degradation to themselves, the middle class, whatever else may happen.

I cannot help hoping that there are some here who are already in dread of the shadow of that degradation of consciously sustaining an injustice, and are eager to escape from that half ignorant tyranny of which Keats tells, and which is, sooth to say, the common condition of rich people. To those I have a last word or two to say in begging them to renounce their class pretensions and cast in their lot with the working men. It may be that some of them are kept from actively furthering the cause which they believe in by that dread of organisation, by that unpracticality in a word, which, as it is very common in England, generally is more common among highly cultivated people, and, if you will forgive the word, most common in our ancient universities. Since I am a member of a Socialist propaganda I earnestly beg of those of you who agree with me, to help us *actively*, with your time and your talent if you can, but if not, at least with your money, as you can. Do not hold aloof from us, since you agree with us, because we have not attained that delicacy of manners, that refinement of language, nay, even that prudent

and careful wisdom of action which the long oppression of competitive commerce has crushed out of us.

Art is long and life is short; let us at least do something before we die; we seek perfection, but can find no perfect means to bring it about; let it be enough for us if we can unite with those whose aims are right, and their means honest and feasible. I tell you if we wait for perfection in association in these days of combat we shall die before we can do anything. Help us *now*, you whom the fortune of your birth has helped to make wise and refined; and as you help us in our work-a-day business toward the success of the cause, instil into us your superior wisdom, your superior refinement, and you in your turn may be helped by the courage and hope of those who are not so completely wise and refined.

Remember we have but one weapon against that terrible organisation of selfishness which we attack, and that weapon is Union. Yes, and it should be obvious union which we can be conscious of, as we mix with others who are hostile or indifferent to the cause; organised brotherhood is that which must break the spell of anarchical Plutocracy. One man with an idea in his head is in danger of being considered a madman; two men with the same idea in common may be foolish, but can hardly be mad; ten men sharing an idea begin to act, a hundred draw attention as fanatics, a thousand and society begins to tremble, a hundred thousand and there is war abroad, and the cause has victories tangible and real —and why only a hundred thousand? Why not a hundred million and peace upon the earth? You and [redacted] who agree together, it is we who have to answer that question.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Christianity and Capitalism.

A REJOINDER.

THE reply to my article upon Christianity and Capitalism, by the Rev. Charles L. Marson, and the note by my friend the Rev. Stewart Headlam, have cleared up two important points. Mr. Marson does not believe in the supernatural. Mr. Headlam does not believe in a personal immortality. These conclusions are the more important as these two gentlemen represent a large and increasing school. Yet it is difficult to imagine by what process of legerdemain in nomenclature men who repudiate the supernatural and a personal immortality can be called, or stranger still can call themselves clergymen of the Church of England.

Mr. Marson dismisses finally a Final Cause. He tells us that religion involves no belief in the Supernatural, although he prints the personal and possessive pronouns referring to Christ with a capital H, and speaks of the Lord as He. Yet Mr. Marson's article is, in the main, a rejection of every claim that his Church has made, and, most of all, of its primal claim to be the voice and vice-regent of the Deity on earth. As long as this gentleman remains a priest, he cannot be absolved from the obligations of priesthood. And among these the recognition of the Supernatural is most fundamental. To him, therefore, speaking of the powers of darkness in high places and of his wrestling with these, the answer is, that we have to wrestle with the powers of dark-

ness in the highest places, that is with the God-idea itself. For this idea by its holding sway in so many hearts, by its staining into the very fibre of our natural existence, and by its warping the judgment of multitudes of men and women is, as it reigns in so many minds, in truth a power in high places, and as it is a false guide, a power of darkness.

Out of Mr. Marson's own mouth, it is easy to show that the belief in god is doomed. "The horrors of our modern life, are not natural, and so will cease to be." But the Supernatural is not natural. God is supernatural. Therefore one of the horrors of our modern life, god, is "not natural, and so will cease to be." "Have we yet fathomed nature and man?" cries the critic. Until we have, it is at least premature to talk of the supernatural and of god.

Mr. Headlam is sorry that I do "not think it worth while to expose the evils" of capitalism. I do. But I know that others are at this good work, and I know that Christianity and Capitalism support, and are supported by, each other. They are Siamese twins. They live, they die together. A blow at one, is a blow at both. Christianity is the pander to Capitalism, bringing to it for prey the fair virgin called Labour, beguiled by the hope of a beatific hereafter.

These defenders of religion defend it by changing the meaning of the word. To call religion a belief in the ideal, is to attempt to unwrite history. The word never has had this meaning. Neither my opponent, nor myself, has the right to take a word that has done duty for centuries under a certain definite significance, and at our own sweet will read into it a new meaning. And the same reasoning applies to the name of priest. The bearer of that name is linked by Mr. Marson with the Levite whose companionship has for ages been a condemnation. Nevertheless, both my antagonists are, and I fear will continue to be priests.

That vexed question, the character of Christ, is too vague a subject to be fully discussed here. But whatever view we, that are not within the pale of the Christian Church, take of

Christ, those within it have to reconcile with the claims they make for Christ, as Hominum Salvator, the terrible condition of man to-day. That condition is a condemnation of the character of the man-god, is a witness to his impotency as god. Bitter in truth must be the reflexions of any Christian who passes from the Infirmary to the streets.

> And in the lowest depths a lower deep
> To which the Hell they suffer seems a Heaven.

The Christianity of Christ! Nearly 1900 years since his death this is still under discussion, and these our latest teachers amiably inform us that the Church has been through centuries wholly in the dark on the subject. To them at last the light is revealed. And the most interesting point about the revelation is not merely in the fact that the definition of Christianity now offered would have astonished the fathers and sons of the Church in past generations. Probably no one would have been more surprised at it than Christ himself.

The fact is that the majority of the teachings ascribed to Christ are imitations of better thinkers. In the minority are other teachings that are absolutely immoral, and yet others of so vague an order that, as with the utterances of the oracles of greater antiquity than even Christ, the hearer can read into them almost any meaning he will. As instances of ideas of other men, imitated and not improved by him, we take the familiar cases of the Lord's Prayer, and the golden rule. The former is a weak paraphrase of the prayer known as the Kadish,* and existing in the Talmud. The golden rule is akin to the teaching of Confucius (B. C. 479.) Tsze-Kung asked, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule for one's whole life?" Confucius answered, "Is not Reciprocity

* I give the Rev. J. Gregorie's translation of the Kadish. "Our Father which art in heaven, be gracious to us, O Lord, our God; hallowed be thy name, and let the remembrance of thee be glorified in heaven above and in the earth here below. Let thy Kingdom reign over us now and for ever. The holy men of old said, Remit and forgive unto all men whatsoever they have done against me. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil thing, For thine is the Kingdom, and thou shalt reign in glory for ever and for evermore."

such a word? What you do not wish done to yourself, do not to others." Christ probably borrowed the idea from the Rabbi Hillel's "That which you would not another should do to you, do not you to him." As an example of the absolutely immoral ideas of Christ it suffices to quote, "Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him" (Matt. v. 25).

And that my third accusation is true is borne out by the efforts that certain of the clergy are making to twist the words of Christ into some show of sympathy with Socialism. Mr. Headlam suggests that Jesus was not a supporter of capitalism. Nor was he a director in a gas company. On the other hand he was not a Socialist. Nor did he hold electric light shares. The fact is that the ideas of Capitalism and Socialism, as those of gas and electricity, had not entered into the mind of even the high-thinking men in the days of Jesus. Far be it from me to call Christ a purse-proud plutocrat. That would be as unjust as to name him a socialist. I remember his somewhat superfluous advice to the disciples: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat." Christ can only be called plutocrat, if the word is derived from Pluto rather than Plutus, for the legends have it that Satan was defeated in his exceedingly rudimentary efforts at temptation on the high mountains and pinnacles of the temple. And even an underling in the shape of an angel, according to Revelation, laid "hold on the dragon that old serpent who is the devil and Satan and bound him for a thousand years."

I have said that the teachings of Christ cannot regenerate society. I am challenged by Mr. Headlam to give half-a-dozen passages in which Christ teaches a heaven and hell after death. As to the evil of this doctrine, Mr. Headlam and myself are at one. It is only necessary, therefore, to quote the necessary passages, which are a vindication of my

position.—1. Matt. x. 28; 2. Matt. xiii.; the parable of the tares, with special reference to verses 42, 43; 3. Matt. xxiii, 9, 10, 18; 4. Matt. xxv. 32-46; Parable of the sheep and goats, with special reference to verses 41 and 46; 5. Luke xvi. 23; 6. John xiv. 1, 2.

But, once again, the teaching of Christ is hopeless for us to-day, because it is to-day, and he is of yesterday, and of a yesterday so remote by reason of his oriental life and thought, by reason of his ignorance of that which was known even in his own day, by reason of the impossibility of his entering in any large measure into the complex life of our time, above all by reason of his belief in the supernatural and his concentration of energy on a world other than this, that to uphold his teaching as the standard of all excellence, is to lower the standard of human life.

It is easy for our pastors, who with the advance of knowledge are gradually ceasing to be as of old our masters, to speak of the four gospels of the New Testament by implication as spurious, and to make reference "to a certain fifth gospel as remote from the original tale as human perversity can well make it." But they must be reminded that the four gospels are, as indeed Mr. Marson with a charmingly unconscious naïveté remarks "the *original* tale," and I have to thank him for the phrase "human perversity." Truly it is this and human ingenuity alone that can try to make men believe that this fifth gospel is in any sense implied in the life of Christ.

I ought perhaps to have written the word "pastors" above in the singular, for Mr. Headlam has evidently more respect for the gospels than his coadjutor. He asks me whether if the gospels had just been discovered I should have nothing more to say about Christ. I should have much less to say. I should not have the hard task of attempting to clear the character of Jesus of Nazareth from the blot cast on it by those who dishonour his humanity by linking to it the idea of deity. I should not have to attempt to refute the misrepre-

sentation of him by those who ascribe to him ideas of which he never dreamed.

If it were not for the fact that I feel in some sense, however imperfectly, the representative of a large body of men and women who hold that Christianity is a curse and a clog, I should not refer to the more personal parts of the replies. I use the word "personal" in no invidious sense. But when I am rebuked for talking with glibness of 1,500 years of Christianity and on the next page my attack of Christianity becomes an equivalent to the denunciation and renunciation "*in toto* of the whole of our past history for 1,500 years," I am bound to protest in the name of others as well as myself. The history of Christianity is not synonymous with the past 1,500 years, thank man! Other better and brighter influences have been at work and as the stagnation in art and science that was the result of Christianity gave place after nearly thirteen centuries to the dawn of poetry in the person of Dante, of physical learning in that of Roger Bacon, so the awful social conditions that have sprung up under Christianity unrebuked of this deadly creed will yield at last to the new order of things the tramp of whose advancing feet is caught by keen ears at this hour.

I am challenged especially on three points. (1) The, meaning of the word "ought" in the phrase "the horrors of our modern life ought not to be." (2) The origin of the notion of right. (3) My power to create a man.

(1) The word "ought." The relation of indebtedness can only occur between two sentient beings. There is, as I think, no relation of this order between the natural and the supernatural, because there is no evidence of the supernatural. There can be no such relation between that which does not feel and a sentient thing. The word "ought," and the phrase "ought not" can only therefore have reference to the relations between natural and sentient beings. The most general and fundamental perceptions of these beings are pleasure and pain. That which tends to the increase of the

former, to the diminution of the latter for the whole mass of feeling things is right and ought to be. That which tends to the diminution of pleasure, to the increase of pain for the whole mass of feeling things is wrong and ought not to be. Now the horrors of our modern life whilst they give pleasure indirectly to a favoured few, give on the whole an enormous quantity of pain to the mass of mankind and therefore they ought not to be.

(2) The origin of our notion of right. This question is answered in the preceding paragraph. But as I am asked whether I do not obtain this from "principle derived from a study of what exists," I reply in the affirmative. But it is only from a study of what exists, not from a study of the divine.

(3) I am challenged to "create a man more ideal than Christ." I am not the creator nor should I care to be that mythical personage. But I can point out more than one historical character presenting a higher type of humanity than that offered by the vague character called Christ, even when shorn of his degrading godhood. Socrates in life, in teachings, in death especially is as far above Christ, as the Greek of the early time was above the Jew. Confucius, Sakya Muni, Mahomet, at whom we English people in our petty way smile, of whom we are ludicrously and eminently ignorant, are all nobler men. Nothing but the sealing of our eyes as little children at the hands of the priest, guided alas! by the hand of the mother, could make us blind to the truth that these four men, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, Delescluze, Darwin, Lyell, and many another their peers, are as far above Christ morally, as they are intellectually. It is ill work comparing the magnitudes of the great fixed stars in the heaven of human life of which we are but the star dust. It is work upon which I for one would never enter, but for the wrong done to so many great souls, and not least to his own, by this over-praise of Christ.

Nor is it a derogation from him or any of these his betters

to say that an ideal man may be imagined by the weakest of us, as far transcending any of these as they are beyond ourselves. That ideal is built up from the beautiful and strong in many men and many women. We dream of men with the love of nature and of humanity of Shelley, the knowledge of men and women and things of Shakspere, the purity of Hypatia, the gentleness of Lamb, the strength of thought of Plato, the passion of Byron, the self-containment of an Orlando, the gaiety and the charm of manner of Leigh Hunt, the workfulness and power of generalisation of Darwin, the honesty of Lyell, the fixity of purpose of Cromwell, the loving nature of Christ, the courage of Marat, the serenity of Socrates, the humour of Rabelais, the wit of Heine. It is possible that such a combination of the virtues in one being is not "devoutly to be wished." But the time when such mental qualities will be more frequent among men, and the time when the tears and laughter, the work and the play of the world will be more equally divided may be named as the ideal towards which we now press. When our childrens' eyes are gladdened with better and stronger human beings and with equitable arrangements in society, the ideal that is at present the end and aim of human life, that has never yet been attained, and certainly not in the life of Christ, will be reached, and will in its turn perhaps have its ideal yet to be attained.

We do not claim that any truth has been "newly revealed" to us, that we bring forward any "new spick and span idea." In the very use of these phrases my opponents show the influence of their calling. Nothing is revealed, not even a view of Christianity other than that of its founder, to Anglican clergymen of the 19th century. All is of Evolution. The origin of Christianity is but a stage in the evolution of thought as a whole, and its decay now to be witnessed, its death fast drawing near are inevitable successions. The white cross and *Jesus hominum salvator* as a panacea for the ills of the world, are passing away. English churchmen, who

are clearly not of the English Church, may "go on hoping that these are a hope that will not for ever mock suffering humanity." They are hoping against hope, in the face of hopelessness. For nearly 2,000 years the mockery has gone on. It can only cease to be for ever a mockery when men understand that the cross once a symbol of suffering, is now a symbol of slavery, and that Christ is only the Saviour of men as the lighthouse is the saviour of the ship. He warns us whither we must not sail, if we wish to reach the desired haven.

When we see two clergymen, who whilst they are both antagonistic to my antagonism to Christianity, are yet in fundamental points contradictory one of the other; when we bear in mind that the thousands of priests in this country besides these two, would join issue with them, and with one another on question after question, even when merely the creed of Christianity is under discussion; when we see how one and all are leavened with the old leaven, we may well hesitate as to the propriety of receiving men of this class as allies even in a cause so all embracing as that of Socialism. These two clergymen are not at one. I doubt whether they both believe in the Atonement. Their writings remind us of the alliance of the eminent Tate and Brady in the writing of hymns. These versifiers always give me the impression that they wrote alternate lines of the hymns without consultation. With the utterances of Messrs. Marson and Headlam the bulk of the professors of the Christian religion would disagree, though there would be disagreement about the method of disagreement. And that even of my opponents it may be said: "Virtue cannot so inoculate their old stock but they shall relish of it," is shown by one of them seriously asking me if the rich men do not find "life quite as bitter, even more bitter than (*sic*) the haggard labourer."

When we find further men writing of Christianity as "only too palpably for the most part a wild incoherent gibbering of the ghosts of old beliefs," and remember that these very men

lead hundreds of their fellow creatures Sunday after Sunday, in the utterance of the solemn words, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only son, our Lord," we can scarcely wonder that certain impetuously honest natures among the Socialists exclaim against the admission of priests to the party. The priest in this respect is in the same position as the capitalist. He is a monopolist. A capitalist can join the Socialist party as an individual, and will be welcomed as a man. But he must denounce, even if he cannot renounce, his capitalism. The priest also is admissible to our human, earthly, natural society as an individual, and is welcome as a man, but he must denounce his priesthood and all its pretentions to relation with the supernatural. And whilst we cannot fairly, or for the time wisely, ask the capitalist to give up his sources of income, and therefore of work for the good cause, we can ask the priest to do this. There are other means of livelihood more lucrative in some cases, and more honest in all.

Let us as Socialists at least be free from that arrogance on behalf of our humanity that can prompt men to write that "God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the reality of which Nature is the garment, is within us." We and all that is within us are but a part of Nature. There is nothing that we hold as ours that is greater than the universe. Our complex life, these strifes and oppressions, these toils and aspirations, this rise and fall of creed and of system are only a stain or two in some stray corner of the vast mosaic of existence. In place of vainly imagining that we, and we only, have within us some fragment of the god that is the cause of all, let us reverently lay to our hearts the truth that we no more than the stone of the street, or the cold mass of some extinguished sun, are divine. The best work will be done when we understand that the quantity of matter, the quantity of motion in the universe, are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that the only eternity within us is the eternity of this matter and of this motion; that the immortality of man as of all

other things is in the after things to which he gives rise, whether these are the salts and the gases that are food to the plant-brotherhood, or whether they are human beings and human thoughts. It is because all this is so strong within our minds that we link Christianity with Capitalism as the conjoint curses of our age. In Capitalism we see a bitter wrong done to the workers of the world, the more bitter because it is done with an assumption of benevolence. Against this, as lessening the sum of human happiness although it contributes to the joy of the few, we fight. In Christianity we see not only a supporter of the greatest of social evils, but a system that by its fundamental principles vitiates human thoughts, and distracts the attention of mankind from the natural and actual. Against these therefore we fight. So indissoluble are these two, so absolutely does the happiness of the future race depend on their downfall, that we re-echo with a modification the cry of Voltaire, "*Ecrasons les infâmes.*"

EDWARD B. AVELING.

The United States of To-day and the Future.

SINCE the decease of the Whig and Tory parties, of Colonial times, the two dominant political parties of the United States have been called "Republican" and "Democratic." The former of these, before the Civil War, was chiefly distinguished by its opposition to the institution of slavery, as it existed in the Southern States; but since the war, its chief difference from the Democratic party has been on the subject of the tariff. The Republican party, which includes in its ranks a large majority of the manufacturers of the Eastern States, advocates a high protective tariff on all manufactured goods, whilst the Democratic party advocates a "tariff for revenue" only. There is now no other important conflict between the two parties, except for the possession of the public offices and spoils, and both parties are helplessly immoral and corrupt. Wendell Phillips, who, a few years ago, was a leader in the Republican party, has recently said of it: "I distrust and despise the Republicans as hypocrites and time servers; as double-dealers, as soulless carrion masquerading in the grave clothes of their honoured predecessors." The leaders of each party are equally careless of the welfare of the workers; equally dishonourable, ignoble, and avaricious; equally unscrupulous in their schemes for plundering the public treasury. If there

is "a good time coming" for the people of these States, it will not be purposely hastened by either of the two dominant political parties, and we must look in other directions for the helpful forces.

Harris M. Plaisted, Ex-Governor of Maine, said, in his inaugural address, in 1881, "Thirty years ago a millionaire was as scarce as a prince, in these States—and so was a pauper." *Now* we can reckon millionaires by the thousand. (In New York State alone, it is said there are five hundred persons each owning three million dollars, or more). And *now* we count tramps and paupers by the hundred thousand. With thieves as legislators no better result could be reasonably expected.

Land, food, timber, minerals, and implements are profusely abundant, yet hundreds of thousands of men are destitute and unable to get employment. On one hand there is a plethora of capital and wealth, and on the other a multitude of impoverished, unemployed labourers. Between the capitalists and the labourers, and keeping them apart, stands the Political Economist, with the sword of the law in one hand, and the Gospel according to Adam Smith in the other.

To whom shall the people look for help? To the Secular lawyers? To the sacred lawyers? The newspaper editors? To writers of books? To the schoolmasters? To the scientists? All these are in the service of the usurers, whose practices they extol or justify.

Shall we look to the millionaires for any relief? I think we may, and wisely, and strange as the idea may seem, that we may expect them to take a very prominent part in the introduction of Socialism as a national institution.

There is an unceasing conflict amongst the millionaires, and the conflict will become more intense. The sphere of their operations is continually expanding, and, ultimately, there will be no commodity exempt from their "cornering,' their controlling—and (unless there shall be a successful insurrection by the workers) the time will come when *all* the

property will be owned by a few *billionaires*,* who will struggle with each other for supremacy.

If we have ample use of the sunlight, it will harm us little to have some fool claim ownership of the sun. If we have ample use of the land (with all its material) and of manufactured capital, we may, temporarily, permit the billionaires to claim ownership of the whole. This *ample use* must and will be conceded, and the billionaires will recognise that necessity. Destitution of employment and wealth will not be tolerated by the workers when the responsibility is publicly assumed by half-a-dozen billionaires ; nor will the capitalists dare to permit such a condition to exist, as they will know that, even if their lives were not endangered, their property would be, and it would be much more costly to have the people idle than it would be to employ them.

Heretofore, the capitalists have aimed to acquire property by impoverishing their neighbours. The time is coming when they will see there is greater profit to be made by supplying their customers with all the capital they can profitably use. A strong, well-equipped, prosperous workman can better afford to pay ten per cent. of his income, to a capitalist, than an enfeebled, badly equipped workman can afford to pay five, or even one per cent. As for the pauper tramp, he can pay nothing. He is an expensive appendage, maintained at the public expense. The public means everybody, and " what is everybody's business is nobody's business." When all the property is owned by half-a-dozen men, *they* will not allow idle tramping, careless or wilful incendiarism, and depredations on property at *their* expense, if they can help it. It will not *pay* to have any man idle, poor, homeless, and desperate.

The millionaires are becoming unconsciously and unintentionally, the most active agents for the promotion of Socialism in its economic form. It is by a partial practice of communism that the workman can now ride five miles for five

* In the United States a billion is one thousand millions.

cents, in a horse-car, or fifty miles for a dollar, in a steam car. A man may now ride, economically, a mile or a hundred miles without *owning* a conveyance. When the use of all other capital is as economically supplied as the use of horse cars, every able-bodied man in these States can obtain profitable employment for his labour. (As for the steam cars, the rates for their use are stupidly and exorbitantly excessive. They could be more profitably run at a tenth of the present rates, near cities, and a fourth of the present rates for long distances.)

Meantime, what are the workers doing in behalf of Socialism? They have organised Trades Unions, a society called the Patrons of Husbandry, another called the Knights of Labor, and, in several cities, there are very small societies of avowed Socialists. There are also the Shakers, and several other communistic societies, peacefully occupying about a score of villages. Finally, there is the Greenback Labor Party, growing in numbers and intelligence. Of these forces, and of the forces opposed to Socialism, I purpose writing in other chapters.

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Unscientific Socialism.

IN the exposition of a subject such as Socialism, as in the rebuilding of an edifice, there is a preliminary stage of destructive activity. Old material, in the one case, has to be carted away, and the ground to be generally dug up and cleared. In the other, we have similarly to clear out intellectual ground of theories likely to interfere with our contemplated structure. Now, no material is so much in danger of cumbering us as that which superficially resembles our own, but is in reality old and rotten. In the following remarks I propose to examine briefly four codes of ideas (for theories or systems they cannot all of them be called) which are nominally socialistic, and profess certain principles in common with socialism proper, but are, nevertheless, essentially distinct from it. These four codes of ideas are: I. Christian Socialism, so called; II. An indefinite kind of awakening to social imperfections among the youth of the middle classes to which I give the name *Sentimental Socialism*; III. The various social schemes propounded, and in part sought to be carried out in various parts of North America, dating from the earlier half of the nineteenth century, to which the general name of Utopian Socialism is commonly applied; and IV. Anarchism.

The Christian Socialism with which we are here concerned is not the imperial-Bismarckic device known by that name in Germany which to English readers, at least, is too transparent to need criticism, but a more insidious, because more

honest, attempt to pour new wine into old bottles. A body of High churchmen, calling themselves the Guild of St. Matthew, held a series of meetings towards the close of last year, for the discussion of this Christian Socialism. It was difficult to obtain any very clear notion of what Christian Socialism meant from the ideas set forth by its professed exponents, even apart from the want of unanimity displayed. But to judge from most of the opening addresses, as well as from an explanatory letter published subsequently by the Rev. Canon Shuttleworth, what was understood as the practical basis of Christian Socialism, is trade co-operation or industrial partnership, such as has from time to time been carried out, and of which the Decorators' Co-operative Association is an example. This is significantly confirmed by the fact that the worthy canon, when asked at the close of his address in proof of an assertion he had made to furnish the names of any Socialistic leaders who could, in any sense, be described as Christian, against the long array of anti-Christian names, from Marat and Babœuf to Lassalle and Marx, which were cited against him, could only bring forward those of the astute capitalist-co-operators Leclaire and Godin, as historical evidence of the independent existence of the Christian Socialist. It was undoubtedly some scheme of co-operation, we may observe, that the "old original" Christian Socialists in this country, Kingsley and Maurice, had in view.

Now, a very little reflection suffices to show us that all such schemes are not only within the lines of the current *bourgeois* system of ideas, habits, and aspirations, but that they reflect that system in some of its worst aspects. As to the shrewd philanthropist Leclaire, the co-operator's "great man," verily he was not without his capitalistic reward, leaving, as he did, a fortune of £48,000 behind him. But personal questions apart, on entering one of these co-operative establishments what is the first thing that greets the eye? A list of "regulations," if anything more stringent

than those of an ordinary workshop, indicating longer hours and harder work. The principle under-lying these institutions would seem to be that the supreme end of life is the maximisation of labour, and the minimisation of the enjoyment of its product. "Labour," or "industry," (as it might probably be termed) seems to be regarded by co-operators as one of those good things of which it is impossible to have too much. As a consequence they are jealous of all time spent otherwise than in labour, *i.e.* manufacture of commodities, and are averse to the consumption or enjoyment of the product of such labour as at once a loss of time and a waste of material which would otherwise be saved. Now all this may be very nice, but so far from being Socialism, it is the very antithesis of Socialism. Trade co-operation is simply a form of industrial partnership, in which the society of co-operators is in the relation of capitalist to the outer world. The units of the society may be equal amongst themselves (always excepting the broken-down capitalist who is the presiding genius, the Leclaire or Godin), but their very existence in this form pre-supposes exploitation going on above, below and around them, in other words the prevailing industrial anarchy.

As I have said, co-operative experiments reflect what are, from a Socialistic point of view, the worst aspects of the current order. The trade co-operator canonises the *bourgeois* virtues, but Socialist vices, "over-work," and "thrift." To the Socialist, labour is an evil to be minimised to the utmost. The man who works at his trade or avocation more than necessity compels him, or who accumulates more than he can enjoy, is not a hero but a fool from the Socialist's standpoint. It is this necessary work which it is the aim of Socialism to reduce to the mimimum. Again, "thrift," the hoarding up of the products of labour, it is obvious must be without rhyme or reason, except on a capitalist basis. For the only two purposes which commodities serve are consumption and exchange. Now except under peculiar circum-

stances (arctic expeditions and the like), it is certain they would not be "saved" to any considerable extent merely for the sake of future consumption. Hence the object of "thrift," or hoarding, must lie in exchange. And, in short, it is the increment obtainable by commodities or realised labour-power when represented by exchange-value or money, that furnishes the only *raison d'être* of "thrift." The aim of the Socialist, therefore, which is the enjoyment of the products of labour as opposed to that of the *bourgeois* which is their mere accumulation with a view to "surplus-value" is radically at variance with "thrift."

Having shown that in so far as it has any defined economic basis at all, "Christian Socialism" is anti-socialistic, it might seem hardly necessary to criticise it further, but as a matter of fact the whole scheme is so vague and intangible, that it is quite possible some persons may really believe in the accomplishment of vast changes (whether the *modus operandi* be the expropriation of competition rents, or what not) of a really socialistic nature through the instrumentality of a clarified Christianity, a Christianity which shall consist apparently of the skins of dead dogmas stuffed with an adulterated Socialist ethics, and of formulas which though to the simple mind they seem plain enough, the brotherhood of the Guild of St. Matthew will show us mean something quite different from what they seem.

In justice it must be said, that the Ritualistic priests we are here criticising, exhibit a generosity and a charity which they may call Christian, but which seem to us very much better than anything in the way of those commodities we have seen produced by Christianity outside the Guild of St. Matthew. There is, however, one thing that appears to ruffle the usually equable temper even of these gentlemen, and that is, to be confronted with any definite dogma, text, or formula. Not that we have ever found them at a loss to explain away the irrational and immoral in such into something perfectly harmless, rational, moral, and worthy of all acceptation, when

called upon to do so, but they, nevertheless, appear to think such things as recognised Christian doctrines quite irrelevant even when the possibilty of such a combination as Christian Socialism is in question. Our Neo-Christian friends may, without any special inconsistency, refuse to be saddled with "Semitic myths," or may even contend, as did Canon Shuttleworth, that the Christianity they profess is independent of the Canonical Hebrew Scriptures considered as a whole. But surely they at least must be prepared to stand by the accepted character and teaching of their titular founder. It is surely fair to confront them with this. Now it is upon the ground of the traditional character and teaching that we are prepared to join issue with them when they assert its Socialistic nature. We can readily understand the charm it exercises on certain minds. We know that inherited tendencies, upbringing, and the like, all conduce in sensitive natures to clothe with the rich and glowing hues of their own beauty and emotion, a shadowy figure, in which those who have divested themselves of those tendencies, and view things with the colder eye of impartiality, see at best a weak but impulsive personality. But it is only natural that these latter should resent with some indignation the continual reference of ideal perfection to a semi-mythical Syrian of the first century, when they see higher types even in some now walking this upper earth, but in vulgar flesh and blood, and without the atmosphere of nineteen centuries to lend enchantment to them. How many such are there not and have there not been in the modern Socialist movement who do their work, give up their all, without posing as Messiahs, but choosing rather the nobler part of sinking their individuality in their cause?

As to the ethical teaching of Christ with its one-sided, introspective and individualistic character, we venture to assert that no one acquainted with the theory of modern scientific Socialism can for one moment call it Socialistic. Socialism aims rather at a rehabilitation (in a higher form) of

the classical utilitarian morality of public life. It has no sympathy with the hysterical eternally-revolving-in-upon-itself transcendent morality of the gospel discourses. This morality, like that of the whole Oriental movement of which it is a development, is essentially subjective, its criterion lying in the individual conscience, and its relation to a divinity supposed to reveal himself in it, It sets up a forced, to the vast majority, impossible standard of "personal holiness," which, when realised, has seldom resulted in anything but (1) an apotheosised priggism (*e. g.* the puritan type), or (2) in an epileptic hysteria (*e. g.* the catholic saint type), and which at the best is a *tour-de-force* involving an amount of concentrated moral energy that may excite our wonder perhaps, just as may the concentrated physical energy of the tight-rope dancer, but which we feel to be just as useless. But if it is useless in those exceptional cases where attained, it is worse than useless, in its effects on the generality of men. With Christian asceticism as the ethical standard which all good men are supposed to attain, but which as a matter of fact no good man really thinks of attaining, men are driven to the compromise of pretending to attain it. It is thus that hypocrisy arises. In the classical world hypocrisy was all but unknown. Aristotle, in his elaborate analysis of virtues and vices in the Ethics, hardly alludes to it. It was born of the Oriental-introspective ethics of Christianism, and with their establishment in Europe it took its place as an integral factor of social life. This has been more than ever the case since the triumph of its most purely individualist form in Protestantism. The success of Christianity as a moral force has been solely upon isolated individuals. In its effect on societies at large, it has signally and necessarily failed. Though Socialism has no sympathy with anti-Semitism as generally understood, it certainly represents the assertion of the Aryan ethics (whether classical or Norse) of social utility as against the Semitic ethics of personal holiness—(I say the Semitic ethics since the

so-called Christian ethic was no more the discovery of Jesus than of Hillel, of Philo, or of any other individual, but like all great movements and discoveries, was the result of the concentrated thought of generations).

The brotherhood of the Guild of St. Matthew merely represents a phase common to ages of transition in which the reactionary ideal and morality endeavours to steal a march on the progressive ideal and morality. The modern broad-High church, or eclectic movement in Christendom offers an exact analogy to the eclectic movement in Paganism of the 3rd and 4th centuries, A.D. In either a *modus vivendi* is sought to be effected between the immorality and absurdity of the popular theology, Pagan or Christian, and the growing aspirations of the earnest and thoughtful. And the manner in which this is done is no less analogous. The whole external structure of dogma, legend, and ceremonial is retained, not a tittle of it is repudiated while it is carefully emptied of all its original and obvious meaning, and by a dexterous ingenuity forced to represent something which neither "Christian, Pagan, nor man" ever dreamt of its representing before.

Any attempt at mutilating or defacing the exterior of a creed or cultus is always unsuccessful. The purification of Paganism sought to be effected by the Epicureans and earlier Platonists through the rejection of the legends of the poets and popular traditions respecting the gods, and the shearing down of ceremonial, touched only a section of the cultured. The only even temporarily successful clarified Paganism was that represented by Plotinus, Porphyry, Julian, and Proclus, which held every legend and ceremonial sacred, while reading into them the Oriental ethics then becoming popular. Similarly, the barren ceremonial and unsymmetrical theology of Unitarianism has never had any success save among a limited section of the middle-classes. Taking these facts into consideration, to wit, that symmetry of creed and taste in ritual count for much in human nature

and in the popularity of a cultus, the move made by the Guild of St. Matthew and similar associations is strategically not a bad one, from the standpoint of clericalism. But its achievement of even the temporary success of the Neo-Platonists (which was owing in great measure to causes not now in operation) is more than doubtful. The working-classes see plainly enough that Christianity in all its forms belongs to a civilisation of the past and of the present, but not that civilisation of the future which signifies their emancipation.

The sentimental Socialist, though not necessarily Christian, retains essentially the introspective attitude of the Christian ethics. He forms societies, the members of which are supposed to pledge themselves to indefinitely high aims, aims that tower above the clouds from which it requires the practised eye to distinguish them. These aims "won from the void and formless infinite" seem to be only won for the sake of being handed over to the equally formless indefinite. The only shape approaching articulation into which they wreath themselves, is that of resolutions and letters. The young people of the well-to-do middle-class, for whom sentimental Socialism possesses attractions, think human nature susceptible of higher aims than the current ones, and meet in drawing rooms for the apparent purpose of passing resolutions to that effect. The sentimental Socialist desires above all things to be broad and comprehensive. Now any proposition conveying a distinct meaning is necessarily limited by that meaning, and must be taken to exclude its opposite, and *a fortiori* the society adopting it to exclude those who hold its opposite. But how can a society whose aims are so high, condescend to such small matters of detail as *meaning?* How can a man as catholic as the "Brother of the Higher Life," or the member of the "Communion of Noble Aspirations," or the New Atlantis Society be so narrow as to exclude any one. Hence in the resolutions adopted by such associations, the first requisite is the absence of meaning. All is possible in the man (or woman) who aims high enough.

Danton's motto "to dare, to dare, and again to dare," becomes in the hands of the sentimental Socialist, "to aim, to aim, and again to aim" at an ineffable O—*Voilà tout.* All this "casting of empty buckets into empty wells and drawing nothing up" may be entertaining, beautiful, ennobling for a short spell, but palls after a time, which is probably the explanation of the fact that these societies that start so rosy bright invariably die of inanition within measurable distance of their inauguration, though only to make way for new ones. The young men and women of our *blasé* middle-class civilisation require a stimulus; this stimulus may be aesthetic, philanthropic, or social. It may consist in languishing vapouring on art, on improved dwellings, on social reconstruction. Just now it wears the latter aspect. The whole movement is born of the morbid self-consciousness of our Christian and Bourgeois civilisation run to seed.

The Utopian Socialist schemes of the first half of the present century, which are conveniently brought forward by the votaries of the current *bourgeois* economy as a dummy to be battered down, under the pretence of demolishing Socialism proper, stand condemned *ab initio*, owing to their lack of a scientific basis. These attempts bear the same relation to modern scientific Socialism that astrology or alchemy do to astronomy and chemistry. The attempt of Goethe's Wagner to construct a homunculus artificially was scarcely more preposterous than those of Owen, Fourier, or St. Simon to construct a society artificially. It is as rational to introduce Owen, Fourier, &c., with their "New Harmonies" and phalansteries, into discussions on scientific Socialism as it would be to introduce Paracelsus or Van Helmont, with their *lilies* and *roses*, into discussions on chemistry. Utopian Socialism was only the pre-scientific and infantile stage of that matured Science of society which modern Socialism represents on its practical side. Yet there are people who still believe in (more or less) select little bands going into the

backwoods and founding colonies, undeterred by the numberless wrecks of shattered hopes they see around them. No experiment of this kind, as might be expected, has had (even avowedly) any other than a Christian or sentimental basis. Most of the so-called communistic societies of the United States are really nothing more than religious sects, which have found it convenient to come out of the world. They have really no more right to the special appellation "Socialist" than a body of monks.

Of course, in a sense, any monastic society may be termed communistic, inasmuch as its members practise, like the early Christians, or the Essenes, a certain primitive communism or community of goods. And in this sense of course the erratic protestant sects of the United States—the Shakers, the Perfectionists, the Separatists, &c.—who have formed themselves into similar independent communities on a somewhat larger scale, may be termed communistic or socialistic. Otherwise the term Socialist has no meaning as applied to them, least of all in the modern scientific sense of the word in which Socialism is regarded as the result of a transformation of the existent conditions of society throughout the civilised world, and to which therefore any "coming out of the world," in the sense of establishing an independent "community of saints" is an anachronism. Socialism proper, presupposes the developed industrial system, the machinery, the population &c., of the most advanced countries of modern times as its essential antecedent condition, and whether right or wrong, true or false, takes its stand on the continuity of historic evolution. It is no Utopian scheme or theory of what a model society might be, but claims to be a deduction of what the outcome of our present capitalistic civilisation itself *must* be sooner or later, unless social evolution is to be arrested by dissolution. (Political economists who interpolate chapters on "Communism" or "Socialism" into their treatises, please take note).

The last point referred to, brings us to the question

Anarchism. Now the Anarchist frankly accepts the alternation of dissolution. He desires no reorganisation. He is a logical, thorough-going individualist—none of your sham *bourgeois* individualists, whose conception of individual liberty is the liberty of themselves and their class to "exploit" those below them without restriction, under the guise of freedom of contract—but an individualist whose conceptions of individual liberty is absolute for each and all, and knows no distinction. The Anarchist would resolutely destroy all organisation whatever, however salutary. He would resolve society into its component units—in other words, as we said, his goal is social dissolution. Every bond of social union would be severed, each individual "free to make 'little hell' for himself," as Mr. Hyndman has it. Our first criticism on this is that disintegration such as the Anarchist aims at, even if brought about, could hardly endure for a day. The social organism, in its present stage is analogous to those low biological organisms which, subdivided as you will, recombine and reorganise by their very nature and that of the medium in which they exist. The result of any violent disintegration, if successful, that is, if the whole of the *bourgeois* civilisation of to-day were entirely *destroyed*—rather than *transformed* or *changed* into a new and higher civilisation, which is what the Collectivist aims at—would simply recombine on lines belonging to a lower stage of the old economic development, the old society would *re*form, but at the point arrived at fifty years ago or more, and the whole intervening period, or something similar would have to be gone over again. This is the utmost that would be achieved. The social organism is as yet in too low a stage to be more than temporarily deranged in its development by any violence that could be done it. A violent dissolution—were this possible, a point we do not argue, —would be speedily followed by redintegration on the old lines.

We have, of course, merely referred to the possibility of the permanence of Anarchism, and have said nothing as to

the desirability of the destruction of those elements of the current civilisation, bought by the bitter toil and experience of centuries of human effort, which, though under the present organisation of society, they merely serve for the enslavement of the greater portion of mankind, under a higher organisation might be the means of their emancipation from the bondage of toil, and of affording the possibility of comfort, art, and culture for each and all. The struggle between man and nature—including that which is natural, *i.e.*, merely animal and brutal in man—can with certainty only be maintained to the advantage of the former by organisation, and we think that Anarchism stands self-condemned as to desirability when once these facts are clearly seen. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that the Anarchist does *not* see this, to most thinkers, obvious truth. His goal and that of the collectivist is the same substantially. But the collectivist would take the sure historic highway of organisation to that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity which the Anarchist would seek in vain to reach by the abrupt but suicidal plunge of dissolution. It must not be supposed from what is here said that we favour the *bourgeois* prejudice as to the ineffectiveness of violent revolutions as such. On the contrary, we recognise the teaching of history that no great change has ever taken place without a convulsion or series of convulsions, and we do not believe that the transformation of material conditions which lies before us will be accomplished without some such struggle. But while a collectivist revolution would be *con*-structive at the same time that it would be *de*-structive, an anarchist revolution would be merely *de*-structive.

Of the unscientific Socialist standpoints we have passed in review, the most important, numerically and influentially, (more especially, it has the credit on the continent of being the most advanced revolutionary party), is the Anarchist. The least so, inasmuch as it is confined to this country, and to a small body of priests and a limited section of the English middle-class, is that of the Chris-

tian and sentimental Socialists respectively. Our reason for devoting so much space to these latter was the desirability in the only English Socialist Review of exposing any "red-herring" which might retard, however slightly or temporarily, the genuine Socialist movement now beginning in England. Utopian Socialism used as a convenient "aunt-Sally" by Political Economists, who know all the time it is not genuine Socialism they are expounding or attacking, is certainly an irritating, but scarcely a dangerous phenomenon from a practical point of view; while Anarchism does not as yet at least count a "party," however small, in this country. There is probably more danger in Great Britain in a Conservative "red- herring" than in a (so-called) "advanced" one such as Anarchism. With Mr. Henry George we have not dealt, inasmuch as land nationalisation is the child of true Socialism, though it has been by Mr. George "untimely ripped from its mother's womb." Land communisation can only come effectually as the natural issue of a general Socialist revolution. When torn from this connection it can but be abortive.

E. Belfort Bax.

An Unsocial Socialist.

Chapter I.

IN the dusk of an October evening, a sensible looking woman of forty came out through an oaken door upon a broad landing on the first floor of an old English country house. Her hair had fallen forward as if she had been stooping over book or pen, and she stood for a moment to smooth it, and to gaze contemplatively—not in the least sentimentally—through the tall, narrow window. The sun was setting, but its glories were at the other side of the house; for this window looked eastward, where the landscape of sheepwalks and pasture lands was sobering at the approach of darkness.

The lady, like one to whom silence and quiet were luxuries, lingered on the landing for some time. Then she turned towards another door, on which was the inscription, in white letters, Class Room No. 6. Arrested by some whispering above, she paused in the doorway and looked up the stairs, along a broad smooth handrail, which, sweeping round in an unbroken curve at each landing, formed an inclined plane from the top to the bottom of the house.

A young voice, apparently mimicking that of some music mistress, now came from above, saying,

"We will take the *Etudes de la Vélocité* next, if you please, ladies."

Immediately a girl in a white dress shot down through

space, whirled round the curve with a fearless centrifugal toss of her ankle, and vanished into the darkness beneath. She was followed by a stately girl in green, who seemed to be intently holding her breath as she flew, and also by a large young woman in brown, with her lower lip grasped between her teeth, and her fine brown eyes protruding with excitement. Her passage created a miniature tempest which again disarranged the hair of the lady on the landing, who waited in breathless alarm until two light shocks and a thump announced that the aerial voyagers had landed safely in the hall.

"Oh law!" exclaimed the voice which had spoken before, "here's Susan."

"It's a mercy your neck aint broken," replied some palpitating female." I'll tell of you this time, Miss Wylie; indeed I will. And you, too, Miss Carpenter! I wonder at you not to have more sense at your age and with your size. Miss Wilson can't help hearing when you come down with a thump like that:—you shake the whole house."

"Oh bother!" said Miss Wylie. "The Lady Abbess takes good care to shut all the noise we make out of her cell. Let us—"

"Girls," said the lady above, calling down quietly, but with ominous distinctness

A silence more expressive than Babel of utter confusion ensued. Then came a reply, in a tone of honeyed sweetness, from Miss Wylie.

"Did you call us, *dear* Miss Wilson?"

"Yes. Come up here, if you please, all three."

There was some hesitation among them, each offering the other precedence. At last they went up slowly, in the order, though not at all in the manner, of their flying descent. They followed Miss Wilson into the class-room, and stood in a row before her, illuminated through three western windows by a glow of ruddy orange light. Miss Carpenter, the largest of the three, was red and confused. Her arms hung by her

sides, her fingers twisting the folds of her dress. Miss Gertrude Lindsay, in pale sea green, had a small head, delicate complexion, and pearly teeth. She stood erect, with an expression of cold distaste for reproof of any sort. The third offender, as was apparent now that she had come from the grey eastern twilight into the warm western glow, was not dressed in white, but in holland. Her face had a bright olive tone, and seemed to have a golden mica in its composition. Her eyes and hair were hazel nut color; and her teeth, the upper row of which she displayed freely, were like fine Portland stone, and sloped outward enough to have spoiled her mouth, had they not been supported by a rich under lip, and a finely curved, impudent chin. Her half-cajoling, half-mocking air, and her ready smile, were difficult to confront with severity; and Miss Wilson seemed to know this; for she would not look at her even when her attention was attracted by a convulsive start and an angry side glance from Miss Lindsay, who seemed to have had her ribs indented by a finger tip.

"You are aware that you have broken the rules," said Miss Wilson quietly.

"We didn't intend to. We really did not," said the girl in holland, coaxingly.

"Pray what was your intention then, Miss Wylie?"

Miss Wylie unexpectedly treated this as a smart repartee instead of a rebuke. She sent up a strange little scream, which exploded in a cascade of laughter.

"Pray be silent, Agatha," said Miss Wilson severely. Agatha looked contrite. Miss Wilson turned hastily to the eldest of the three, and continued,

"I am especially surprised at you, Miss Carpenter. Since you have no desire to keep faith with me by upholding the rules which you are quite old enough to understand the necessity of, I will not trouble you with reproaches, or appeals to which I am now convinced that you would not respond" (here Miss Carpenter, with an inarticulate protest,

burst into tears); "but you can hardly be indifferent to the danger into which your childishness leads your juniors. How would you feel if Agatha had broken her neck?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Agatha, putting her hand quickly to her neck.

"I didn't think there was any danger," said Miss Carpenter, struggling with her tears. "Agatha has done it so oft—oh dear, you have torn me." Miss Wylie had pulled at her schoolfellows's skirt, and pulled too hard.

"Miss Wylie," said Miss Wilson, flushing slightly, "I must ask you to leave the room."

"Oh no" exclaimed Agatha, clasping her hands in distress. "Please don't, dear Miss Wilson. I am so sorry. I beg your pardon."

"Since you will not do what I ask, I must go myself," said Miss Wilson sternly. "Come with me to my study," she added to the two other girls. "If you attempt to follow, Miss Wylie, I shall regard it as an intrusion."

"But I will go away if you wish it. I didn't mean to diso——"

"I will not trouble you now. Come, girls."

The three went out, and Miss Wylie, left behind in disgrace, made a surpassing grimace at Miss Lindsay, who glanced back at her. When she was alone, her vivacity was suddenly extinguished. She went laggingly to the window, and gazed disparagingly at the landscape. Once, when a sound of voices above reached her, her eyes brightened, and her ready lip moved, but the next silent moment she relapsed into moody indifference, which was not relieved until her two companions, looking very serious, re-entered the apartment.

"Well," she said gaily, "has moral force been applied? Are you going to the Recording Angel?"

"Hush, Agatha," said Miss Carpenter. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"No, but you ought, you goose. A nice row you have got me into!"

"It was your own fault. You tore my dress."

"Yes, when you were blurting out that I sometimes slide down the bannisters."

"Oh!" said Miss Carpenter slowly, as if this reason had not occurred to her before. "Was that why you pulled me?"

"Dear me! It has actually dawned upon you. You are a miraculously silly girl, Jane. What did the Lady Abbess say?"

Miss Carpenter again gave her tears way, and could not reply.

"She is disgusted with us, and no wonder," said Miss Lindsay.

"She said it was all your fault," sobbed Miss Carpenter.

"Well, never mind, dear," said Agatha soothingly. "Put it in the Recording Angel."

"I won't write a word in the Recording Angel unless you do so first," said Miss Lindsay angrily. "You are more in fault than we are."

"Certainly, my dear," replied Agatha coolly. "A whole page, if you wish."

"I b-believe you *like* writing in the Recording Angel,' said Miss Carpenter spitefully.

"Yes, Jane. It is the best fun the place affords."

"It may be fun to *you*," said Miss Lindsay sharply; "but it is not very creditable to me, as Miss Wilson said just now, to take a prize in moral science and then have to write down that I don't know how to behave myself. Besides, I do not like to be told that I am ill-bred."

Agatha laughed. "What a deep old thing she is! She knows all our weaknesses, and stabs at us through them. Catch her telling *me*, or Jane there, that we are ill-bred!"

"I don't understand you," said Miss Lindsay, haughtily.

"Don't you? That's because you don't know as much moral science as I, though I never took a prize in it."

"You never took a prize in anything," said Miss Carpenter.

"And I hope I never shall," said Agatha. "I would as soon scramble for hot pennies in the snow, like the street boys, as scramble to see who can answer most questions. Dr. Watts is enough moral science for me. Now for the Recording Angel."

She went to a shelf and took down a heavy quarto-volume, bound in black leather, and inscribed, in red letters, MY FAULTS. This she threw irreverently on a desk, and tossed its pages over until she came to one only partly covered with manuscript confessions.

"For a wonder," she said, "here are two entries that are not mine. Sarah Gerram! What has she been confessing?"

"Don't read it," said Miss Lindsay quickly. "You know that it is the most dishonourable thing any of us can do."

"Pooh! Our little sins are not worth making such a fuss about. I always like to have my entries read: it makes me feel like an author; and so I always read other people's. Listen to poor Sarah's tale of guilt. '1st October. I am very sorry that I slapped Miss Chambers in the lavatory this morning, and knocked out one of her teeth. This was very wicked; but it was coming out by itself, and she has forgiven me because a new one will come in its place, and she was only pretending when she said she swallowed it. Sarah Gerram.'"

"Little fool!" said Miss Lindsay. "The idea of our having to record in the same book with brats like that!"

"Here is a touching revelation. '4th October. Helen Plantagenet is deeply grieved to have to confess that I took the first place in algebra yesterday unfairly. Miss Lindsay prompted me, and——'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Lindsay, reddening with anger. "That is how she thanks me for prompting her, is it? How dare she confess *my* faults in the Recording Angel?"

"Serve you right for prompting her," said Miss Carpenter. "She was always a double-faced cat, and you ought to have known better."

"Oh, I assure you it was not for her sake, that I did it," replied Miss Lindsay. "It was to prevent that Jackson girl from getting first place. I don't like Helen Plantagenet; but at least she is a lady."

"Stuff, Gertude," said Agatha, with a touch of earnestness. "One would think, to hear you talk, that your grandmother was a cook. Don't be such a snob."

"Miss Wylie," said Gertrude, becoming scarlet, "you are very—Oh! oh! Stop Ag—oh! I will tell Miss W—oh!" Agatha had inserted a steely finger between her ribs, and, deftly baffling her agonized efforts to get free, was tickling her intolerably.

"Sh-sh-sh," whispered Miss Carpenter anxiously. "The door is open."

"Am I Miss Wylie," demanded Agatha, relentlessly applying the torture. "Am I very—whatever you were going to say? Am I—am I— am I?"

"No, no," gasped Gertrude, shrinking into a chair, almost in hysterics. "You are very unkind, Agatha. You have hurt me."

"You deserve it. If you ever get sulky with me again, or call me Miss Wylie, I will *kill* you. I will tickle the soles of your feet with a feather" (Miss Lindsay shuddered, and hid her feet beneath the chair) "until your hair turns white. And now, if you are truly repentant, come and record."

"You must record first. It was all your fault."

"But I am the youngest," said Agatha.

"Well, then," said Gertrude, afraid to press the point, but determined not to record first," let Jane Carpenter begin. She is the oldest."

"Oh, of course," said Jane, with whimpering irony. "Let Jane do all the nasty things first. I think it's very hard. You fancy that Jane is a fool; but she isn't."

"You are certainly not such a fool as you look, Jane," said Agatha gravely. "But I will record first, if you like."

"No, you shant," cried Jane, snatching the pen from her,

"I am the eldest; and I won't be put out of my place."

She dipped the pen in the ink resolutely, and prepared to write. Then she paused, considered, looked bewildered, and at last appealed piteously to Agatha.

"What shall I write?" she said. "You know how to write things down, and I don't."

"First put the date," said Agatha.

"To be sure," said Jane, writing it quickly. "I forgot that. Well?"

"Now write, 'I am very sorry that Miss Wilson saw me when I slid down the bannisters this evening. Jane Carpenter.'"

"Is that all?"

"That's all—unless you wish to add something of your own composition."

"I hope it's all right," said Jane, looking suspiciously at Agatha. "However, there can't be any harm in it; for it's the simple truth. Anyhow, if you are playing one of your jokes on me, you are a nasty mean thing, and I don't care. Now, Gertrude, it's your turn. Please look at mine, and see whether the spelling is right."

"You may correct it yourself," said Gertrude, taking the pen. "It is not my business to teach you to spell." And, whilst Jane was murmuring at her churlishness, she wrote in a bold hand.

I have broken the rules by sliding down the bannisters to-day with Miss Carpenter and Miss Wylie. Miss Wylie went first.

"You wretch!" exclaimed Agatha, reading over her shoulder. "And *your* father is an admiral!"

"I think it is only fair," said Miss Lindsay, quailing, but assuming the tone of a moralist. "It is perfectly true."

"All my money was made in trade," said Agatha; "but I would be ashamed to save myself by shifting blame to your aristocratic shoulders. You pitiful thing! Here, give me the pen."

"I will strike it out if you wish; but I think——"

"No. It shall stay there to witness against you. Now see how I confess my faults." And she wrote, in a fine, rapid hand,

This evening Gertrude Lindsay and Jane Carpenter met me at the top of the stairs, and said that they wanted to slide down the bannisters and would do so if I went first. I told them that it was against the rules, but they said that did not matter, and as they are older than I am, I allowed myself to be persuaded, and slid.

"What do you think of that?" said Agatha, displaying the page.

They thought very ill of it, and protested clamorously.

"But it is perfectly true," said Agatha, solemnly.

"It's beastly mean," said Jane energetically. "The idea of your finding fault with Gertrude, and then going and being twice as bad yourself! I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"'Thus bad begins; but worse remains behind'; as the elocution master says," said Agatha, adding another sentence to her confession.

But it was all my fault. Also I was rude to Miss Wilson, and refused to leave the room when she bade me. I was not wilfully wrong except in sliding down the bannisters. I am so fond of a slide that I could not resist the temptation.

"Be warned by me, Agatha," said Jane impressively. "If you write cheeky things in that book, you will be expelled."

"Indeed!" replied Agatha significantly. "Wait until Miss Wilson sees what *you* have written."

"Gertrude," cried Jane, with sudden misgiving. "Has she made me write anything improper? Agatha, *do* tell me if——"

Here a gong sounded, and the three girls simultaneously exclaimed "Grub!" and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER II.

One sunny afternoon at four o'clock, a hansom drove at great speed along Belsize Avenue, St. John's Wood, and

stopped before a large mansion. A young lady sprang out, ran up the steps, and rang the bell impatiently. She was of the olive complexion, with a sharp profile, dark eyes with long lashes, narrow mouth with delicately sensuous lips, small head, feet, and hands, with long taper fingers, and lithe and very slender figure moving with serpent-like grace. There were traces of the Hindoo type of beauty in her appearance; and an oriental taste was displayed in the colours of her costume, which consisted of a white dress, close-fitting, and printed with an elaborate china blue pattern; a yellow straw hat covered with artificial hawthorn and scarlet berries; and tan-colored gloves reaching beyond the elbow, and decorated with a profusion of gold bangles.

The door not being opened immediately, she rang again, violently, and was presently admitted by a maid, who seemed surprised to see her. Without making any enquiry, she darted upstairs into a drawing-room, where a matron of good presence, with features of the finest Jewish type, sat reading. With her was a handsome boy in black velvet, who said,

"Mamma, here's Henrietta!"

"Arthur," said the young lady excitedly, "leave the room this instant, and don't dare to come back until you get leave."

The boy's countenance fell, and he sulkily went out without a word.

"Is anything wrong?" said the matron, putting away her book with the unconcerned resignation of an experienced person who foresees a storm in a teacup. "Where is Sidney?"

"Gone! Gone! Deserted me! I——" The young lady's utterance failed, and she threw herself upon an ottoman, sobbing with passionate spite.

"Nonsense! I thought Sidney had more sense. There, Henrietta, don't be silly. I suppose you have quarrelled."

"No! No!! No!!!" cried Henrietta, stamping on the carpet. "We had not a word. I have not lost my temper

since we were married, mamma: I solemnly swear that I have not. I will kill myself: there is no other way. There's a curse on me. I am marked out to be miserable. He——"

"What has happened, Henrietta? As you have been married now nearly six weeks, you can hardly be surprised at a little tiff arising. You are so excitable! You cannot expect the sky to be always cloudless; and most likely you are to blame; for Sidney is far more reasonable than you. Stop crying, and behave like a woman of sense, and I will go to Sidney and make everything right."

"But he's gone, and I can't find out where. Oh, what shall I do?"

"What has happened?"

Henrietta writhed with impatience. Then, forcing herself to tell her story, she answered,

"We arranged on Monday that I should spend two days with aunt Judith instead of going with him to Birmingham to that horrid Trade Congress. We parted on the best of terms. He *c—couldn't* have been more affectionate. I will kill myself; I don't care about anything or anybody. And when I came back on Wednesday he was gone, and there was this lett—" She produced a letter, and wept more bitterly than before.

"Let me see it."

Henrietta hesitated, but at last gave the letter to her mother, who, putting on her glasses, sat down near the window, and composed herself to read without the least regard to her daughter's vehement distress. Her calmness soon gave place to manifest perplexity and anger. The letter ran thus.—

Monday night.

MY DEAREST

I am off—surfeited with endearment—to live my own life, and do my own work. I could only have prepared you for this by coldness or neglect, which are wholly impossible to me when the spell of your presence is upon me, I find that I must fly if I am to save myself.

I am afraid that I cannot give you satisfactory and intelligible reasons for this step. You are a beautiful and luxurious creature, and life is to you full and complete only when it is a carnival of love. My case is just

the reverse. Before three soft speeches have escaped me, I rebuke myself for folly and insincerity. Before the warmth of a caress has had time to cool, a revulsion seizes me: I long to return to my old lonely, ascetic hermit life, to my dry books, my Socialist propagandism, my voyage of discovery through the wilderness of thought. I married in an insane fit of belief in my share of the natural affection which carries other men through lifetimes of matrimony, and it has failed me utterly. You are to me the loveliest woman in the world. Well, for five weeks I have walked and talked and dallied with the loveliest woman in the world, and the result is that I am flying from her, and am for a hermit's cave until I die. Love cannot keep possession of me; all my strongest powers rise up against it and will not endure it. Forgive me for writing nonsense that you won't understand, and do not think too hardly of me. I have been as good to you as my selfish nature allowed. Do not seek to disturb me in the obscurity which I desire and deserve. My solicitor will call on your father to arrange business matters; and you shall be as happy as wealth and liberty can make you. We shall meet again—some day.

Adieu, my last love.

SIDNEY TREFUSIS.

"Well?" cried Mrs, Trefusis, observing through her tears that her mother had read the letter, and was contemplating it in a silent daze.

"Well, certainly!" said Mrs. Jansenius, with emphasis. "Do you think he is quite sane, Henrietta? Or have you been plaguing him for too much attention. Men—thank heaven for it—are not willing to give up their whole existence to their wives, even during the honeymoon."

"He pretended that he was never happy out of my presence," sobbed Henrietta. "There never was anything so cruel. I often wanted to be by myself for a change; but I was afraid to hurt his feelings by saying so. And now he has no feelings. But he *must* come back to me. Musn't he, mamma?"

"He ought to. I suppose he has not gone away *with anyone*?"

Henrietta sprang up, her cheeks vivid scarlet. "If I thought that, I would pursue him to the end of the earth, and murder her. But no, he is not like anybody else. He hates me. Everybody hates me. You don't care whether I am deserted or not, nor papa, nor anyone in this house."

Mrs. Jansenius, still indifferent to her daughter's agitation, considered a moment, and then said placidly,

"You can do nothing until we hear from the solicitor. In the meantime you may stay with us, if you wish. I did not expect a visit from you so soon; but your room has not been used since you went away."

Mrs. Trefusis ceased crying, chilled by this intimation of the new fact that her father's house was no longer her home. A more real sense of desolation came upon her, and under its cold influence she began to collect herself, and to feel her pride rising like a barrier between her and her mother.

"I won't stay long," she said. "If his solicitor will not tell me where he is, I will hunt through England for him. I am sorry to trouble you."

"Oh, you will be no greater trouble than you have always been," said Mrs. Jansenius calmly, not displeased to see that her daughter had taken the hint. "You had better go and wash your face. People may call, and I presume you don't wish to receive them in that plight. If you meet Arthur on the stairs, please tell him he may come in."

Henrietta screwed her lips into a curious pout, and withdrew. Arthur then came in, and stood at the window in sullen silence, brooding over his recent expulsion. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Here's papa, and it's not five o'clock yet!" whereupon his mother sent him away again.

Mr. John Jansenius was a man of imposing presence, not yet in his fiftieth year, but not far from it. He moved with dignity, bearing himself as if the contents of his massive brow were precious. His handsome aquiline nose and keen dark eyes proclaimed his Jewish origin, of which he was ashamed. Those who did not know this naturally believed that he was proud of it, and were at a loss to account for his permitting his children to be educated as Christians. Being well instructed in business, and indifferent to all emotions outside the love of family, respectability, and money, he had maintained the capital inherited from his father, and

made it breed new capital in the usual way. He had never in his life produced material wealth, or rendered any indispensable service to society in exchange for it; but much money had passed through his hands, and some of it had always stuck to them.

He entered the room quickly, and his wife saw that something had vexed him.

"Do you know what has happened, Ruth?" he said.

"Yes. She is upstairs."

Mr. Jansenius stared. "Do you mean to say that she has left already?" he said. "What business has she to come here?"

"It is natural enough. Where else should she have gone?"

Mr. Jansenius, who mistrusted his own judgment when it differed from that of his wife, replied slowly, "Why did she not go to her mother?"

Mrs Jansenius, puzzled in her turn, looked at him with cool wonder, and concluded by remarking, "I am her mother, am I not?"

"I was not aware of it. I am sorry to hear it, Ruth. Have you had a letter too?"

"I have seen the letter. But what do you mean by telling me that you do not know that I am Henrietta's mother? Are you cultivating humour as an accomplishment?"

"Henrietta! Is *she* here? Is this some fresh trouble?"

"I don't know. What are you talking about?"

"I am talking about Agatha Wylie."

"Oh! I was talking about Henrietta."

"Well, what about Henrietta?"

"What about Agatha Wylie?"

At this, Mr. Jansenius became exasperated, and she deemed it best to relate what Henrietta had told her. When she gave him Trefusis's letter, he said, more calmly, "Misfortunes never come singly. Read that," and handed her another letter, so that they both began reading at the same time.

Mrs. Jansenius read as follows.

Alton College, Lyvern.

To Mrs. Wylie,
Acacia Lodge, Chiswick.

DEAR MADAM,

I write with great regret to request that you will at once withdraw Miss Wylie from Alton College. In an establishment like this, where restraint upon the liberty of the students is reduced to a minimum, it is necessary that the small degree of subordination which is absolutely indispensable should be acquiesced in by all without complaint or delay. Miss Wylie has failed to comply with this condition, declared her wish to leave the college, and assumed an attitude towards myself and my colleagues which we cannot, consistently with our duty to the college, pass over. If Miss Wylie has any cause to complain of her treatment here, or of the step which she has compelled us to take, she will doubtless make it known to you.

Perhaps you will be so good as to communicate with Miss Wylie's guardian, Mr. Jansenius, with whom I shall be happy to make an equitable arrangement respecting the fees which have been paid in advance for the current term.

I am, Dear Madam,
Yours faithfully,
MARIA WILSON.

"A nice young lady, that." said Mrs. Jansenius.

"I do not understand this," said Mr. Jansenius, reddening as he took in the purport of his son-in-law's letter. "I will not submit to it. What does it mean, Ruth?"

"I don't know. Sidney is mad, I think, and his honeymoon has brought his madness out. But you must not let him throw Henrietta on my hands again."

"Mad! Does he think he can shirk his responsibility to his wife because she is my daughter? Does he think that because his mother's father was a baronet, he can put Henrietta aside the moment her society palls on him?"

"Oh, it's nothing of that sort. He never thought of us."

"But I will make him think of us," said Mr. Jansenius, raising his voice, and displaying strong agitation. "He shall answer for it."

Just then Henrietta returned, and saw her father moving excitedly to and fro, repeating, "He shall answer to me for this. He shall answer for it."

Mrs. Jansenius frowned at her daughter to remain silent, and said soothingly, "Don't lose your temper, John."

"But I will lose my temper. Insolent hound! Damned scoundrel!"

"He is *not*," whimpered Henrietta, sitting down and taking out her handkerchief.

"Oh, come, come!" cried Mrs. Jansenius peremptorily, "we have had enough crying. Let us have no more of it."

Henrietta sprang up in a passion. "I will say and do as I please," she exclaimed, "I am a married woman, and I will receive no orders. And I will have my husband back again, no matter what he does to hide himself. Papa, won't you make him come back to me. I am dying. Promise that you will make him come back."

And, throwing herself upon her father's bosom, she postponed further discussion for the present by going into hysterics, and startling the household by her screams.

(To be continued.)

Record of the International Popular Movement.

FRANCE.

The French Chamber, feeling that it must pretend to do something during the crisis, has at length decided to make an enquiry into the condition of the working class. A commission of forty-four deputies has been appointed, and M. Clemenceau has come to London that he may learn how to set about his work. As this gentleman is pursuing his enquiries at the Reform Club, at dinners given in his honour by the French Embassy, and under the direction of Potter and other Broadhursts, it is not difficult to foresee in what his labours will result. Meantime some groups of working men are drawing up reports for themselves. One of these reports concludes, "To put an end to this situation, from which according to the working men's party, the only escape is in the socialization of the means of production, it is your duty, gentlemen, who do not share our views, to seek and find some other solution since you assert that such a one exists. It is for this your commission has been appointed, and we eagerly await your report. If you can suggest nothing, you pronounce the condemnation of the bourgeois order." Referring to the debate in the Chamber, a correspondent writes:—"Various panaceas were put forward. The high price of lodgings is one of the "sores" of Parisian civilization. The municipal council

instead of attacking the proprietors by taxing the lodgings—as the "parti ouvrier" demanded, has preferred sentimental twaddle about erecting working men's houses, à la Peabody. At this the financiers have pricked up their ears, and have at once offered their services; and the Crédit Foncier offers a loan of £2,000,000 guaranteed by the town. It will be an excellent business for the jobbers."

While the bourgeois Chamber is about to "enquire into the condition of the working class," the working men are preparing for their Seventh National Congress, to be held at Roubaix. Of this Congress Gabriel Deville writes: "By the side of this parliamentary enquiry, another one of like nature will be opened by those themselves interested; this enquiry will be placed first in order of discussion at the Congress. Thanks to the zeal of the various groups this inquiry will produce some result, and thus the manœuvres of the governing classes, anxious to hide the ill they neither can nor will remedy, will be frustrated." . . . . . On this subject a friend also writes me: "The Congress now being organised by the "parti ouvrier," should be one of special interest for English workmen. English capitalists, unable to exploit English women and children quite as much as they would like, owing to the Factory Acts, are beginning to transfer their capital to France, where they can exploit French women and children untrammelled by any laws. To remedy the inequality in the situations of the working classes of Europe, the International agitated for the general adoption of a normal working day of eight hours. This idea has now been revived by the Swiss working men. They have forced their Federal Government to make diplomatic overtures to the governments of Europe for the purpose of summoning a Congress with the object of fixing the working day at eight hours, just as the Postal Congress fixed the tariff of letters. The governments have, of course, refused, but what is

stranger Messrs. Broadhurst and other Trades' Unionists who lately attended a Possibilist conference here, have done their utmost to bury this question of international labour-legislation. But the Swiss workmen will not give in. They have addressed a circular* to the workmen of Europe and America, calling upon them to agitate for this question, and to force their governments to take some steps in the matter. The French "Parti Ouvrier," has warmly responded to this appeal, and the question will be discussed at the National Congress. An International Working Men's Congress will also be summoned, to consider it. French workers hope the Socialists of England will be represented at this Congress, and discuss with them this great labour question."

HOLLAND.

I have already referred to the remarkable spread of Socialism in this little country. I am now able to supplement my former note with some interesting details given me by F. Domela Neuwenhuis. I may here tell my English readers that the success of the movement in Holland is chiefly due to this man. Some years ago Mr. Neuwenhuis was a clergyman. Like the honest and brave man he is, he has left the church, and is now an outspoken Freethinker and Socialist. He writes as follows: "I have received the first number of 'To-day' with delight . . . If England takes part in our movement much is won, and I rejoice as though I myself lived in England . . . . . The movement here is going on though under the most adverse conditions, as we have no large industries nor large labour-class, and also because in this plutocratic paradise Capital is Almighty. Still our five year's work has not been fruitless, as the fears of the bourgeoisie sufficiently prove. We have our weekly organ *Recht voor Allen*, we have started a printing office of our

* Referred to in last month's *To-day*, and given in full in *Justice*, Feb. 16th.

own, and have an Assembly Hall that holds 1000 persons. Every week we gain in the estimation of the working men who once opposed us, and then too the *quality* of our adherents gets better and better, and so we pursue our way in spite of all. For scientific Socialism my extract of your father's work (all Socialists are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the second volume, that will fill the world with joy and fear) has done much, though the so-called Radicals will not hear of it. If true anywhere it is especially so of Holland, that *all* parties form one reactionary mass as opposed to us. For some weeks a ribald publication, (*Schimpfschift*) chiefly directed against myself has been published here in which Clericals and Freethinkers, Reactionists and Radicals, Believers and Unbelievers work side by side in genial good-fellowship to combat Socialism. Happily we can afford to say "les gens que vous tuez se portent assez bien." Such publications produce the very opposite effect they are intended to have, for they really make propaganda for our party and are a weapon in our hands . . . . Naturally I am hated as a very Anti-christ, the more that I belong to a bourgeois family and was formerly a priest of the Evangelical Church . . . . . but I say with Luther "Ich kann nicht anders" . . . . "Hearty greetings to our Socialist friends."

AUSTRIA.

I have received the following letter from an Austrian friend, which, at this moment, may interest readers of *To-day*. "I am, the more pleased to give you information as to the situation at Vienna that, even in Germany, it is not a little misunderstood. The attempt on the life of the Detective Bloch is treated in the same way as that on Sudeikin. But there is an immense difference. The Russians are acting in self-defence. The Vienna Anarchists merely in order to provoke. The Russians are fighting for the sake of gaining ground to

carry on the war of classes, the Vienna Anarchists start from the idea that freedom makes people conservative, (and they point to England); that one must make oppression bitter and that then the people will become revolutionary. They *wanted* the Exceptional Laws, they have frivolously provoked them. . . . . The murder of Bloch was quite unjustified. For years the Socialist movement in Austria had not enjoyed so much liberty of action as since 1881. Of course this was not due to any platonic love of liberty of Count Taaffe's, but simply because he wanted to play off the workmen against the Liberals. For this reason a Workmen's Protection Law was brought in by the *Right*, that is better than that of any other country. For instance it establishes a normal working day of 10 hours. The Anarchists have declared they will not hear of normal working days, and instead of using their greater freedom in order to perfect their class organisation, they used it to play at conspiracy.

It is only wonderful that the working men of Vienna could have approved of this folly. The reasons are, I believe, the following. There is no Austrian Working Men's Party. Just as Austria is nationally divided, so is the working men's party. We have Servian, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Tschech, German-Bohemian, and Austrian working-class movements. The German-Austrian party has never been independent, more than the German-Swiss. It has always theoretically and actually depended on the German movement. Then came the (German) Exceptional Laws; some mistakes were made; the *Vorwärts*, which had really been our central organ, ceased to appear, and was not replaced.

While Germany thus left us leaderless, Russian Terrorism achieved one victory after the other. This impressed us Austrians, who rather resemble the French, and like them are easily moved by dramatic effects. A kind of robber-romance was invented, which gained ground the more readily that the years 1878, 1879, and even 1880, represented a period of exceptional material and political oppression. Of

a class-war there was no word. No wonder the *Freiheit* was enthusiastically received, and that the Austrian workmen went over to the anarchical camp. . . . . Then, too, we have the fact that our officials have always systematically attempted to corrupt the movement, and to "buy" the leaders. Of course the men thus to be bribed were carefully chosen ; then imprisoned, given thereby a martyr's crown, and then bought over by the police. The anarchists have supplied a strong contingent of such men. Hotze, Zinner, Marschall, Bilek, etc., etc., all well-known anarchist leaders. I have reason to believe that Peukert is also untrustworthy. . . . . As a matter of fact the murder of Bloch has come more opportunely for the Minister-President than anyone else. The Right is as displeased with him as the Left, and the Left, in order to attain more easily its object of displacing him, intended to resign. Then came the Bloch business. Taaffe is now a Saviour of Society, the Left deems it "patriotic" to remain in. It remains in, and with it the Taaffe Cabinet. . . . . I never thought the Anarchists had much sense, but I believed them brave, and I had fully expected to see them attempt something. They have done nothing but voluntarily dissolve their Unions ; at the decisive moment Peukert disappeared. . . . . The Austrian movement is now in a critical condition. Let us hope, as I believe it will, that it may soon enter the true course, that of the really revolutionary Socialist movement."

Since the promulgation of the Exceptional Laws, some 300 persons have been expelled from Vienna ; and many more, it is said 3000, are still to be sent away. Endless arrests have been made, many of them due to the denunciations of the Anarchist Stellmacherr.

The condition of the houses of the Viennese workmen seems as terrible as that of their brethren in Paris and London. I take the following cases at random from a long

list. In the second Division, Wintergasse, 24, *where there is also a school*, in one house, consisting of a sitting room and two small *Kabinetten* there were *twenty-three* persons living. In the Bettlerstiege, in one room, twelve persons. In Taborstrasse, in a house, consisting of one room, and kitchen, and small *Kabinet* twenty-four persons, of whom seventeen were children. In the Tenth Division, small kitchens were frequently sub-let, in which there were often six or eight persons, in most cases several sleeping in one bed! In Strozzigasse, a scullery was let to nine persons, all of whom slept upon the floor. And M. Gambetta said "Il n'y a pas de question sociale."

GERMANY.

In no German town are the Socialists better organised than in Berlin, and consequently they are there subjected to every form of petty persecution. Of late every meeting of Socialists have been dissolved. English readers perhaps imagine that some very blood-thirsty speeches were the reasons for such a high-handed proceeding. I therefore give the words which induced the police to disperse two meetings held on Sunday week. At the one, Gönki said: "Let us now send men to Parliament who will do something to lighten the misery of the people. It is absolutely necessary that men should raise their voices there, to paint, from their own knowledge the poverty that grinds down the working-class. And when their warning words have had some effect, then future generations will at least see worthier, brighter days than ours." . . . here the Commissary interposed. At the second meeting the speech was stopped when Paul Singer said: "It is high time that working-men called Bismarck's attention to the social wrongs of the people, and pointed out to him what reforms were likely really to benefit the working class." . . . The dissolution of the meetings was received with loud ironical cheers.

ELEANOR MARX.

Correspondence.

Dr. MARX AND MR. GLADSTONE'S BUDGET SPEECH OF 1863.

To the Editors of "To-Day,"

Gentlemen,

No one can regret more than I do that Miss Marx should have been refused the public hearing to which she was so manifestly entitled. I am, however, far from thinking with her that the question whether a particular sentence did, or did not, occur in Mr. Gladstone's speech "was the only point at issue between" Dr. Marx and Professor Brentano. I regard that question as having been of very subordinate importance compared to the issue whether the quotation in dispute was made with the intention of conveying, or of perverting, Mr. Gladstone's meaning.

It would obviously be impossible to discuss in this letter the contents of the voluminous Brentano-Marx controversy without making an inadmissible demand on your space. As, however, Miss Marx has in your columns characterised as a "calumny" and "libel" an opinion publicly expressed by me, I feel bound to ask your insertion, side by side, of the two following extracts, which will enable your readers to judge for themselves whether Dr. Marx has quoted fairly or unfairly from the Budget Speech of 1863 in his great work, "Das Kapital." My reason for using the "Times'" report in preference to that of Hansard will be obvious to readers of Dr. Marx' letters in his correspondence with Brentano.

"Times," April 17, 1863.

"In ten years, from 1842 to 1852 inclusive, the taxable income of the country, as nearly as we can make out, increased by 6 per cent.; but in eight years, from 1853 to 1861, the income of the country again increased from the basis taken by 20 per cent. That is a fact so strange as to be almost incredible. . . . . *I must say for one, I should look almost with apprehension and with pain upon this intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power if it were my belief that it was confined to the classes who are in easy circumstances. This takes no cognisance at all of the condition of the labouring population.* The augmentation I have described, and which is founded, I think, upon accurate returns, is an augmentation entirely confined to classes possessed of property. Now, the augmentation of capital is of indirect benefit to the labourer, because it cheapens the commodity which in the business of production comes into direct competition with labour. But we have this profound, and I must say, inestimable consolation, that, while the rich have been growing richer, the poor have been growing less poor. Whether the extremes of poverty are less extreme than they were I do not presume to say, *but the average condition of the British labourer, we have the happiness to know, has improved during the last 20 years in a degree which we know to be extraordinary, and which we may almost pronounce to be unexampled in the history of any country and of any age.*"

"Das Kapital," 2nd edition, 1872, page 678, note 103.

"From 1842 to 1852 the taxable income of the country

increased by 6 per cent. . . In the eight years from 1853 to 1861, it

had increased from the basis taken in 1853, 20 per cent! The fact is so astonishing as to be almost incredible . . . . . .

. . . . . this intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power . . . . . .

. . . entirely confined to classes of property . . . . . .

. . . . . must be of indirect benefit to the labouring population because it cheapens the commodities of general consumption——

while the rich have been growing richer the poor have been growing less poor! At any rate, whether the extremes of poverty are less I do not presume to say."

MR, GLADSTONE, *in House of Commons, 16th April*, 1863.

I invite especial attention to the hearing on Mr. Gladstone's meaning of the passages in the "Times'" report which I have thrown into italics. The sentence, "*I must say . . . . . easy circumstances*," conveys the speaker's belief that the intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power previously described was *not* confined to those in easy circumstances. There is, it is true, a verbal contrariety with the later

sentence, "The augmentation . . . . . property," but the intervening words, "*This takes no cognisance . . . . population*," unmistakably show what Mr. Gladstone meant, viz., that the figures which he had given, being based on the income-tax returns, included only incomes above the exemption limit,* and therefore afforded no indication to what extent the total earnings of the labouring population had increased during the period under consideration. The closing passage, from "*but the average*" to the end, announces in the most emphatic language that, on evidence independent of that obtained from the income-tax returns, Mr. Gladstone recognised as indubitable an extraordinary and almost unexampled improvement in the average condition of the British labourer.

Now, with what object were these essential passages almost wholly struck out in the process by which the newspaper report was reduced to the remarkable form in which it appears in Dr. Marx' work? Clearly, I think, in order that the arbitrarily-constructed mosaic, pieced together out of such of Mr. Gladstone's words as were allowed to remain, might be understood as asserting that the earnings of the labouring population had made but insignificant progress, while the incomes of the possessing classes had increased enormously—a view which the omitted passages explicitly repudiate in favour of a very different opinion.

I must not pass over unnoticed the fact that the German translation of this docked citation in the text of "Das Kapital" is immediately followed there by the expression of Dr. Marx' contemptuous astonishment at the "lame anti-climax" presented by the sentence made to figure as the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's paragraph, when compared with his previous description of the growth of wealth among the possessing classes.—I am, Gentlemen, yours truly,

Trinity College, Cambridge. SEDLEY TAYLOR.
February 8th, 1884.

This stood at £150 from 1842 to 1853, and was then lowered to £100.

Gentlemen,

Mr. Sedley Taylor disputes my statement that, when the anonymous slanderer fell foul of Dr. Marx, the only point at issue was whether Mr. Gladstone had used certain words or not. According to him, the real question was, "whether the quotation in dispute was made with the intention of conveying or of perverting Mr. Gladstone's meaning."

I have before me the *Concordia* article (No. 10, 7th March, 1872,) "How Karl Marx quotes." Here the anonymous author first quotes the "Inaugural Address" of the International; then the passage of Mr. Gladstone's speech, in full, from Hansard; then he condenses the passage in his own way, and to his own satisfaction; and lastly, he concludes, "Marx takes advantage of this to make Gladstone say, 'This intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power is entirely confined to classes possessed of property.' *This sentence, however, is nowhere to be found in Gladstone's speech. The very contrary is said in it. Marx has lyingly added this sentence, both as to form and contents.*"

That is the charge, and the only charge, made against Dr. Marx. He is indeed accused of perverting Mr. Gladstone's meaning by "lyingly adding" a whole sentence. Not a word about "misleading," or "craftily isolated" quotations. The question simply is, "whether a particular sentence did, or did not, occur in Mr. Gladstone's speech.

Of two things, one. Either Mr. Taylor has read Brentano's attacks and my father's replies, and then his assertion is in direct contradiction of what he cannot help knowing to be the truth. Or else he has not. And then? Here is a man who dates his letters from Trinity College, Cambridge, who goes out of his way to assail my dead father's literary honesty in a way which must needs turn out to be a "calumny" unless he proves his case; who makes this charge upon the strength of a literary controversy dating as far back as 1872, between an anonymous writer (whom Mr. Taylor now asserts to be Professor Brentano) and my father; who describes

in glowing terms the "masterly conduct" in which Saint George Brentano led his attack, and the "deadly shifts" to which he speedily reduced the dragon Marx; who can give us all particulars of the crushing results obtained by the said St. George "by a detailed comparison of texts;" and who after all, puts me into this delicate position that I am in charity bound to assume that he has never read a line of what he is speaking about.

Had Mr. Taylor seen the "masterly" articles of his anonymous friend, he would have found therein the following: "Now we ask; does anyone tell a lie only then when he himself invents an untruth, or does he not tell a lie quite as much when he repeats it contrary to what he knows, *or is bound to know better*?" Thus saith the "masterly" Brentano, as virtuous as he is anonymous, in his rejoinder to my father's first reply (Concordia, No. 27, 4th July, 1872, p. 210). And on the same page he still maintains against all comers: "According to the *Times* report, too, Mr. Gladstone said he believed this intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power *not* to be confined to classes of property."

If Brentano thus appears utterly ignorant of what was the real point at issue, is Mr. Sedley Taylor better off? In his letter to the *Times* it was a quotation made in the 'Inaugural Address' of the International. In his letter to To-Day it is a quotation in "Das Kapital." The ground is shifted again, but I need not object. Mr. Taylor now gives us the Gladstonian passage as quoted on pages 678 and 679 of "Das Kapital," side by side with the same passage as reported—not by Hansard, but by the *Times*. "My reason for using the *Times* report instead of that of Hansard, will be obvious to readers of Dr. Marx' letters and his correspondence with Brentano." Mr. Taylor, as we have seen, is not of these "readers." His reason for his proceeding may therefore be obvious to others, but upon his own showing at least, it can hardly be so to himself.

Anyhow, from Hansard the Infallible we are brought down

to that very report, for using which the anonymous Brentano (Concordia, same page, 210), assails my father as quoting "necessarily bungling (stümperhafte) newspaper reports." At any rate, Mr. Taylor's "reason" must be very "obvious" to his friend Brentano.

To me that reason is obvious indeed. The words which my father was accused of having lyingly added ("an augmentation," etc.,) these words are contained in the *Times* as well as in the other dailies' reports, while in Hansard they are not only "manipulated," but entirely "obliterated." Marx established this fact. Mr. Taylor, in his letter to the *Times*, still awfully shocked at such unpardonable "hardihood," is now himself compelled to drop the impeachable Hansard, and to take refuge under what Brentano calls the "necessarily bungling" report of the *Times*.

Now for the quotation itself. Mr. Taylor invites especial attention to two passages thrown by him into italics. In the first he owns: "*there is, it is true, a verbal contrariety* with the latter sentence; the augmentation . . . property; but the intervening words: this takes . . . population, unmistakeably show what Mr. Gladstone meant," etc., etc. Here we are plainly on theological ground. It is the well-known style of orthodox interpretation of the Bible. The passage, it is true, is in itself contradictory, but if interpreted according to the true faith of a believer, you will find that it will bear out a meaning not in contradiction with that true faith. If Mr. Taylor interprets Mr. Gladstone as Mr. Gladstone interprets the Bible, he must not expect any but the orthodox to follow him.

Now Mr. Gladstone on that particular occasion, either did speak English or he did not. If he did not, no manner of quotation or interpretation will avail. If he did, he said that he should be very sorry if that intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power was confined to classes in easy circumstances, but that it was confined entirely to classes of property. And that is what Marx quoted. The second passage is one of

those stock phrases which are repeated, with slight variations, in every British budget speech, seasons of bad trade alone excepted. What Marx thought of it, and of the whole speech is shown in the following extract from his second reply to his anonymous slanderer; "Gladstone, having poured forth his panegyric on the increase of capitalist wealth, turns towards the working class. He takes good care not to say that they had shared in the intoxicating augmentation of wealth and power. On the contrary, he continues (according to the *Times*): "Now, the augmentation of capital is of indirect benefit to the labourers," etc. He *consoles* himself with the fact that while the rich have been growing richer, the poor have been growing less poor. He asserts, finally, he and his enriched parliamentary friends "have the happiness to know" the contrary of what official enquiries and statistical dates prove to be the fact, viz., "that the average condition of the British labourer has improved during the last 20 years in a degree which we know to be extraordinary, and which we may almost pronounce to be unexampled in the history of any country and of any age." *Before* Mr. Gladstone, all his predecessors "had the happiness" to complete in their budget speeches the picture of the augmentation of capitalist wealth by self-complacent phrases about the improvement in the condition of the working class. Yet he gives the lie to them all; for the millennium dates only from the passing of the Free Trade legislation. But the correctness or incorrectness of Gladstone's reasons for consolation and congratulation is a matter of indifference here. What alone concerns us is this, that from his stand-point the pretended "extraordinary" improvement in the condition of the working-class is not at all in contradiction with the augmentation of wealth and power which is entirely confined to classes possessed of property. It is the orthodox doctrine of the mouth-pieces of capital—one of the best paid of whom is Gladstone—that the most infallible means for working men to benefit themselves is—to enrich their exploiters." (Volkstaat, No. 63, Aug. 7, 1872).

Moreover, to please Mr. Taylor, the said passage of Mr. Gladstone's speech *is quoted in full* in the Inaugural Address, page 5, immediately before the quotation in dispute. And what else but this address did Mr. Taylor originally impute? Is it as impossible to get a reference to original sources out of him, as it was to get reasons out of Dogberry?

"The continuous crying contradictions in Gladstone's budget speeches" form the subject of Note 105 on the same page (679) of "Das Kapital" to which Mr. Taylor refers us. Very likely indeed, that Marx should have taken the trouble to suppress "in bad faith" one of the contradictions! Quite the contrary. He has not suppressed anything worth quoting, neither has he "lyingly" added anything. But he has restored, rescued from oblivion, a particular sentence of one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, a sentence which had indubitably been pronounced, but which some how or other had found its way—out of Hansard.

ELEANOR MARX.

Reviews.

"EVOLUTION AND NATURAL THEOLOGY." By W. F. Kirby, of the British Museum. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Row. 1883. (Pp. 208.)

We fail to see exactly the *raison d'etre* of the little book before us. It consists largely of a *réchauffé* of the well-known Darwinian arguments for the evolution of species and refutations of the theory of special creation. This, in the year 1884, reads "something musty," and is strongly suggestive of a literary Rip Van Winkle. All this stirring up of the bones of a defunct controversy (a controversy which could have lived as long as it did only in England) naturally led us to expect some new and startling result as its conclusion. We were disappointed, however, to find after wading through the old arguments that the only apparent object of their resuscitation was to prove that the doctrine of evolution, now acknowledged, to quote our author, "as a universal principle in every department of science"—a fact which one would have thought would have deprived much of the book of its purpose—harmonises better with the hypothesis of the ordinary mechanical theism than the exploded theory of special creation. We fancy to have heard something very like this before. The accommodating nature of dogma is truly wonderful. It is the old story—a new truth, which, when imperfectly established, is execrated as involving atheism, once accredited and popular beyond reach of hostile

argument or invective becomes, so far from being atheistic, a marvellous bulwark of the faith.

From various indications scattered throughout the work we gather that the author is a spiritist (not *spiritualist* as it is vulgarly but incorrectly called) or thinks "there is something in" the pretentions of spiritism. When he tells us however, that "man is immortal by reason of the indestructibility of the essence of life itself," we feel that ideas are running rather short with the author, and that a little wordy ballast is being thrown in as a makeweight. It is curious to see the tenacity with which some minds cling to the *caput mortuum* of traditional belief known as natural theology after the abandonment of Christianity and the traditional forms of supernaturalism. It is curious too how readily scientific specialists are caught by the crudest theories—theories the acceptance of which would be rendered impossible by a little systematic philosophical training. To be brief, the really sound and useful chapters of this little book, those dealing with evolution are, to our thinking, rather late in the day, while the rest we do not imagine will enhance Mr. Kirby's reputation—moral, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Mr. Kirby is well known as an able entomologist: let him stick to natural history, and leave philosophical subjects alone.

We have also received Mr. Hyndman's excellent "Historical Basis of Socialism in England," which we shall hope to notice at length next month; besides other books, which want of space precludes us from noticing in the present number.