TO-DAY.

No. 7.—JULY, 1884.

Russian Political Prisons.

(Concluded from the June No.)

WE leave this land of fogs, of skies and climate sombre as the face of a Finland fisherman crossing in his fragile vessel the Neva that washes these melancholy shores. We pass to the other end of Russia, to the province of Karkof. Here we are in a southern land, the Russian Italy. Here is the beautiful Ukraine with sky of everlasting blue, its balmy air, its bounteous climate, lying beneath a burning sun that lights up the walls of the small white houses, lights up the little gardens of the inhabitants, splendid in physical beauty, of poetic mind, whose songs are a melody, and their loves a romance.

In this land of sunshine stands that house of horrors, the central prison of Belgorod, a vast three-storied building, surrounded by a high wall with doors of iron. Constructed for the purpose of immuring the convicts who had formerly been sent to Siberia whence they escaped by hundreds, this prison was intended partly for political, partly for common prisoners. The Government itself recognises how much more severe is detention here than in ordinary prisons, in lessening by

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one half the terms to which the common felons are condemned. The best proof that the Government has not shown itself too indulgent herein, is that the mortality in this prison reaches 25 per cent. in the two first years, according to the evidence of the prison priest, published in the *Revue Ortodoxe* —a clerical journal which will certainly not be accused of wilfully exaggerating. But the justice thus shown the ordinary convicts is reversed in the case of the political prisoners; the former serve only half their time, the latter often remain for an indefinite period after the expiration of the legal term of their sentences. Thus the Dolguscinzi, condemned in 1872 to from four to eight years of hard labour for Socialistic propaganda, remained till 1883, i. e., as if they had been condemned to 22 years according to the usual mode of reckoning. As to the treatment of the political prisoners, it differs but little from that in the fortress—the same isolation, the same jobbery with regard to food, heating and clothing. But the mildness of the climate, the soft pure air of this province neutralise to a certain extent the disastrous effect of such a *régime* on the health of the prisoners. They are rather overwhelmed by moral than by physical suffering, thanks to the brutality of their gaolers, and of the director, a Cerberus *pur sang*, into whose hands they are delivered.

Let us cross the threshold of the sad abode, and enter this den. We are in a dark passage with a row of small doors on either side. Each of these doors opens upon a little cell, and each cell is a tomb, where an intelligent human being, full of the noblest and most generous aspirations—lies buried alive.

We will stay a moment before this first cell. Through the opening of the grating, after some difficulty—(for the cell is dark, half the window panes being blackened)—we see lying on the planks that are covered with thin felt, a young man of medium height, with light hair and brown eyes, grown thin and pale after the long years spent in this tomb. It is Plotnikow—one of the boldest members of the Society of Dolguscinzi. Mental suffering must find some expression—

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and rising from his hard pallet he walks up and down, and murmurs in a low voice the verses of his favourite poet. But suddenly the door opens, and the director of the prison appears. "How have you dared to recite verses?" he cries, "do you not know that absolute silence is the rule here? I will have you put in irons."

"I have already finished my probation term,* and according to the law I can no longer be put in irons," politely answers the prisoner, "and the less so that I am ill: you can ask the doctor?"

"Ah! you want to discuss," cries the Cerberus, "very well! I will teach you the law. Bring the irons at once."

The irons were brought, the young man seized, hustled about, dragged to the office and put in them. This occurred in the month of February, 1878.

Another scene of the same kind (it happened to Alexandrov in the month of June, 1877). Towards nightfall the song of some peasants returning from their work is heard in the distance. The song finds an echo in the aching heart of the prisoner. For a moment he forgets—and commits a crime—he sings. In the midst of this cemetery, from one of the tombs arises a living voice! Informed of this extraordinary fact, the all-powerful master hurries in person to the spot of the crime. The criminal has long been silent, and is lying on his bed—i. e., on the piece of felt without covering or pillow. He gets up. "Who allowed you to sing? Answer! Ah, you forget who and where you are? Well, I will remind you." The prisoner, taken aback by this unexpected address, has not had time to answer a single word, when the director gives him a blow in the face, accompanying the infamous deed with a volley of oaths.

Let us turn from this barbarous act, and pass on to another cell. But again we have the same shrill voice. "What, you have dared be rude to a gaoler?" "I said nothing rude, sir."

* A preliminary period lasting some years, during which the prisoner is treated with the greatest severity.

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"You treated him as an equal, and he is your immediate superior, whom you are to respect and venerate. Do you hear? Respect and venerate. You are always to remember that you are not a man, but a convict, that you are not free, but in gaol. You have no right to expect to be treated with deference. If a stick is set up before you, and you are told to bow down to it, you must do so without breathing a word. Do not forget what I have told you, for if another time you allow yourself to be impertinent to your warder, I will skin you from head to foot with rods. Do you understand? From head to foot!"

And for what offence has the poor prisoner incurred these brutal threats and insults? Because he the convict—an ex-student named Gerasimov—had not yet learnt to treat his warder, a common illiterate soldier with sufficient veneration, and because in answer to his question "what do you want?" answered "Bring* me some water," instead of "Would you have the goodness to bring me some water."

On another occasion, while inspecting the cells, the director saw on the table of a prisoner a French grammar (which he himself had allowed him to have) and taking it from him said with a sneer, "What is the use of your learning French? I suppose you are preparing to escape abroad." And so the prisoner was deprived of the occupation in which he had begun to be interested, and that filled up his time. And should you ask this brute why he had taken back the book he had allowed a few days previously, he himself would be unable to tell you. It pleased him! The caprice took him. He only wanted to make the prisoner feel his power. When in a bad temper, or worried in his home, he orders their beds to be taken from the sick (the sick are allowed a mattress, a cover, and a pillow).

Every new attempt by the Terrorists has its reaction in the prison. At Kieff a gendarme is killed, and the prisoners

*Speaking to him in the 2nd per. sing., *Tutoiement* of prisoner by gaoler is universal, but the prisoner must never so address any of the officials, not even common warders.

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of Belgorod are told that they shall pay dearly for it. And they do pay dearly—by an increase in the rigour and arbitrariness of their treatment. One day a book of Spencer's is allowed—the next day it is taken away; one day Thackeray is admitted—the next he is banished. Novels are a distraction, and as the prison is a place for suffering—the director explains—he gives orders that the relations of prisoners are to bring them no novels of any kind, not though they had the sanction of Holy Church. The director has heard something to the detriment of Darwin; he too is banished. "Mill, I remember, was pointed out to me as a perverse *esprit*. He wrote something about liberty, some one (it was Tchernyschewsky!) translated it," and Mill is prohibited. As to magazines and reviews, even old numbers, they are not even to be thought of. And yet to a prisoner, deprived of all occupation, and accustomed to intellectual work, a book is very dear.

One cannot but remember that 50 years ago, in the reign of the ferocious Nicolas, the Decembrists who had risen in arms against the Tzar and were condemned to the bagnios of Siberia, had the right to receive all Russian and foreign books or journals that were not forbidden by the censure. What progress for humanity and civilisation in half a century!

One might suppose that walking being a pleasure, and not a duty, the prisoners would be free to profit by it or refuse it. But when one of the prisoners, Gerasimov, being rather late, exasperated by the brutal calls from the gaoler, refused to go for exercise, the director hearing of this act of insubordination gave him the following paternal advice: "Why do you not obey the gaoler? If you are shut up—you must remain—ordered to go out—you must go—if told to walk—you must walk. That is all you have to do, and if you disobey, I'll have you flogged."

I will not tire my readers by multiplying these descriptions, I will only beg them to stop one moment in this last cell. We

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see an old man, and if he were not without beard and moustache and hair almost shaven (as stupid and barbarous a measure as that of mutilating the face) you would see that he is already grey. His hands are in irons, he is dressed in a grey jacket, and is sitting near the table, buried in sad thought. And then from behind a rough voice calls to him "Good-day." He rises, slightly bowing his head, answers "Good-day, Monsieur le Directeur." Could there be anything more polite and modest? And yet this answer infuriates the director. "How dare you answer me thus, beast that you are," he cries, "Have you forgotten that I am your superior?"

And this because according to the military rule soldiers are not allowed to answer their superior officers as men do one to the other. They have to say "I hope you are well" adding the title of the officer. For this infraction of the rules Elezki (it is he of whom I speak) was thrown into the penal cell. And would you know what the penal cells in the central prisons are like? They are cages, at the back of the *Cabinet d'aisance*, so dark, so narrow that they seem, without any exaggeration, like coffins, and coffins that for a man of middle height would be too small. The prisoners cannot stand upright in them, and after a few days in this fetid hole even a strong man is seized with giddiness, can no longer stand, and seems to have passed through a serious illness.

In the cellular compartments especially intended for the political prisoners, there are, however, five or six cells for ordinary convicts, condemned to the longest terms of imprisonment. But they are free all day, are allowed to work together with the rest of their companions, and are only taken back to their cells at night. They are neither watched, nor interfered with in their communications with each other like the political prisoners, who are forbidden to shake hands at any chance meeting. These common convicts are held up as a warning, "You, political criminals, you are pariahs even among us, convicts. There is a parricide, condemned

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for life; there a wretch who has murdered a whole family, women, children, old people, for money—and they are more free, their human rights are more respected than yours, pale and weak young man, confined in this place of horrors for having read some little pamphlet to three or four working men."

It is almost superfluous to add that no complaint from political prisoners is attended to. The director expressed his opinions on this point with remarkable cynicism. One day some political prisoners asked him, why, although the gaolers were evidently in the wrong in their frequent collisions with us he invariably decided in their favour. "I have done it, and will continue to do it. You are convicts, deprived of all rights. If I once admitted a gaoler was in the wrong, I should have lost him his *prestige* with the prisoners, a thing not to be endured."

Let us go a grade higher. The person immediately above the director is the governor of the province. For some slight infraction of the rules the director ordered a political prisoner who was suffering from consumption, and who had finished his "probation time, to be put in irons. Exasperated at this cruelty severa of his companions had the audacity to inform the director that they would complain to the governor of his brutal and unjust conduct, giving all the facts, &c. The director could not stop a letter to his superior, but he treated the prisoners with still greater rigour. He deprived them of the right of getting food from outside, forbade several to go out for exercise, shortened the exercise time for others. Finally he had the sky-lights in the cell-doors, used for purposes of ventilation, closed and nailed down. When Seriakow, who was ill, said he could not breathe, the director expressed the wish that he might choke as quickly as possible.

But most interesting of all is the decision of the governor. While admitting that the director had no right to put those who had served their probation time in irons, he none the

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less condemned the petitioners to detention in the penal cells for from one to three days, for insulting the director, and deprived those among them who had finished their probation time, of their acquired right, by again putting them in irons.

Thus the governor general of the province accepted the theory of the director of the prison, that to attend to the complaint of prisoners—no matter how just and reasonable—is very dangerous.

Let us go higher yet. In the summer of 1877 the minister of justice visited the prison of Belgorod in person. He entered the cell of Plotnikov who was almost dying, and who told him if the horrible conditions of actual prison *régime* were not changed all this mass of prisoners would ere long pass from this provisional to an eternal tomb. The highest guardian of justice, Count Pahlen, with the deliberation and German accent peculiar to him, pronounced these ferocious words: "So much the better! Suffer! You have done Russia much harm." Be it remembered that at this epoch the Russian socialists had done nothing more than distribute socialist pamphlets!

Human patience is great, but it has its limits. During several years the political prisoners of Belgorod suffered without offering any resistance. They had several times addressed complaints to the governor only to be answered by some new cruelty. At last the *famine-revolt* broke out.

This is the story.

In the beginning of 1878, one Kirpitchny was made head gaoler, and then dismissed in consequence of the complaints of the common criminals as to his cruelty. He was re-admitted, again dismissed, again taken back, and raised to the post of head gaoler in the division of the political prisoners. A dispute with this Cerberus was the last straw. On the 2nd July, 1878, Djebadari passing by the cell of Seriakow approached it in order to exchange a few words with him through the grating. Noticing this Kirpitchny

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ran up and began shouting and insulting him. "You have no right to shout at me, you can report me if you like" said Djebadari.

Then Kirpitchny rushed upon him and pushed him to his cell. "Take care," exclaimed Djebadari, "do not strike me." Here the Cerberus beside himself with rage, pulling out his revolver, aimed it at the prisoner. But terrible cries, blows and kicks against the doors resounded all along the corridor of the political prisoners, witnesses of this savage scene. The revolver was lowered and Kirpitchny walked off swearing.

The next day Dolguscin, on behalf of all his comrades in the left corridor, declared to the director that they could no longer bear such a *régime*, and that if it were not changed, they were resolved to die, by abstaining from all food. The director listened and passed on. Then on the 3rd July all the prisoners of the left corridor refused to eat anything One of them Zdanovitch only joined them on the 4th having been condemned to six days in the penal cell because a clandestine letter had been found in his possession. The director removed him from the penal cell before the expiration of his sentence, hoping that touched by this pardon, he would try and persuade his fellow-prisoners to give up their plan. Of course Zdanovitch did nothing of the kind. The prisoners of the right corridor, would also have followed the example of their comrades, but they were entirely ignorant of all that was going on. On the 3rd and 4th July, the two first days of the famine, when the prisoners refused their food it was carried off to the kitchen. But after the third day it occured to the goalers to leave it all day in the cells—and these, for once, were excellent dinners. No one however, even touched the food. The director frightened at the serious character of the affair, dismissed all the warders whose insolence had displeased the prisoners, and gave orders to their successors to be as polite and gentle as possible. He himself changed his manners completely; he begged, he

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supplicated the prisoners whom he formerly treated *en canaille* to be so good as to eat something. He tried all kinds of ruses to touch them; one he reminded of a sister, to another he spoke of a beloved son, conjuring them to live for their sakes. On the 6th day of the famine, when most of the prisoners could no longer get up, the director was seized with a great dread, and sent a report to the governor of Karkoff. On the 10th of July the Councillor Soumzer, accompanied by the chief doctor of the province arrived. They too began by exhorting the prisoners to take some nourishment, but they being categorically refused, they declared that if the prisoners persisted in starving themselves they would make them eat by force. And in fact the doctor had brought with him a machine for forcing open the mouth, and a clyster-pipe with which to inject beef-tea. But they did not dare to commit this outrage on half dead men, well knowing that such violence would have killed them. Seeing that nothing could shake the resolution of the prisoners, and fearing to wait any longer, the director capitulated, and promised that all the demands of the prisoners should be fulfilled. Thus on the 8th day of the famine i.e. the 10th July, the prisoners once again took food. During the last days none had been able to rise from their beds, and for a long time they bore traces of this horrible combat.

And what was the ultimatum of the prisoners? Surely something exorbitant if we would explain so cruel a resistance. This is what it was: the prisoners asked for nothing more than to be placed on a footing with assassins, incendiaries, thieves; they demanded the right to work in the workshops of the prison; to be together during this work; to be allowed to get food from outside—things which the common criminals had long been allowed to do. They next demanded to receive all books permitted by the State censure—and not by that of the director, of which some examples have been given. Finally they asked for more humane treatment at the hands of the director and gaolers. The last demand can hardly be

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called one, for the most ignorant man knows that not to treat man humanely is to a brutal and savage abuse.

And yet, who would have believed it? The promise of the government was a vile lie. None of the demands of the prisoners, save the last, was granted them. The director and his staff certainly took to cajoling and flattering the very men they had most insulted; but for the rest nothing was changed.

The result was that physically and morally exhausted, the prisoners could not renew their terrible struggle, well knowing that it would be no more successful than the first, and for five years, till 1882, they bore with the resignation of martyrs every torture, physical and moral, that was inflicted upon them. But the greater their resignation and patience, the greater became the arrogance and cruelty of their gaolers. Exterior events helped to add to the cruelty; terrorism was raising its head, and by a series of extraordinary attacks was shaking Russia and Europe. Powerless against these valiant combatants the police revenged themselves on the unhappy prisoners already in their clutches. At last their life became more horrible than death could be, and while conscious of their impotence with regard to their torturers, and the impossibility of bettering their condition, they resolved to kill the director. Prince Zizianov was chosen to carry out this resolve. It is not known by what means, but somehow the director was warned of the project, and went, alone and unarmed, to the cell of Zizianov. Here he began to beg for mercy, to express repentance, saying that he acknowledged the infamy of his conduct to the prisoners, alleging as an excuse the orders of his superiors, and promising to behave better for the future. Zizianov trusted to his words and pardoned him. But two weeks had hardly passed before the gaoler, who for this brief space had been a man, reverted to his accustomed brutality. Then Myshkine, the celebrated orator in the trial of the 193, undertook to execute him. One day in church he rushed upon him, striking him a violent

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blow on the head, in the hope that the director would fall against the stone floor and break his skull. It was a mad idea, but Myshkine had no other means of accomplishing his project. The thing ended in nothing. The director quickly picked himself up, striking his aggressor several blows with his sabre. The brave prisoner would have been shot there and then if the director had been willing to resort to a legal court. But he had too many sins on his conscience to dare to add to the hatred already felt for him. Myshkine was put in the penal cell for some days, and during a few weeks the director once again became polite and humane.

This was the last sign of life in this house of death. It has again sunk into its hideous nightmare. And yet, when after from six to eight years of this terrible life, 39 of the political prisoners came out of this prison in order to be transferred to Siberia, they were not as those who saw them had expected, men thoroughly crushed by suffering, but as they tell us, though suffering seriously in health, they by no means gave the impression of being despondent. "They preserve, in all its youthful freshness, their revolutionary faith, and what is still more remarkable, a belief in their own future. They think the eight years of imprisonment, with all its horrors and privations, that they have endured, has not debarred them the possibility of serving their cause." Such are literally the words of one who has seen and spoken with these men.

But whither were going these martyrs after so many years of suffering? According to the law they should have been sent to some Siberian province as colonists. But there is no relaxation for Socialists. At the expiration of their sentences the place of rest reserved for them is the bagnio—the bagnio of Siberia. As to what Siberia is, and what these bagnios, Europeans have at least some idea, and I am very glad to refer my readers to an excellent article on this subject by Pierre Kropotkine, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1884.

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I shall only add a few details of very recent date.

During the first May night of last year the sentinels of the political prison of Lower Kara noticed a man attempting to escape by the workshop window that opens upon the fields. Twice they fired at him but missed their aim. The alarm was sounded, the prisoners were immediately mustered, and it was found that eight of the chief ones, among them Myshkine, had escaped. Telegraphically informed of so important an event, the Minister of the Interior was so angry that the Governor of Labaikalie, General Hiashevitch himself, feared to be dismissed for want of exercising proper vigilance, the more that about ten days before he had inspected the prison together with the Senator Galkin-Vrasski, and had reported everything in perfect order. Inspired by fear for their posts, the local administration resolved to provoke a riot among the prisoners, with the intention of earning fresh laurels by its suppression, and to make up for the neglect that had caused the escape, and which could then be explained by saying the rules were too lax, and did not allow of sufficient surveillance with such intractable prisoners.

On the 4th of May the prisoners were ordered, without further explanation, to shave their heads. They replied that according to the rules they were allowed to wear their hair, and that the rules being drawn up by the Minister of the Interior, he only, and not the director, had a right to change them. (It may be useful to say here, in passing, that under the same circumstances the ordinary convicts do not have their hair cut either.)

On the 6th of the same month the political prisoners were officially informed that they would be subjected to no violence, that all would go on as heretofore, and that they might make themselves easy. Five days passed in this way, and the prisoners were beginning to forget this little incident. But they were reckoning without their host. The 11th of May

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was fixed on for the riot and its suppression. About three in in the morning 600 Cossacks, under the command of General Hiashevitch himself, supported by Colonel Rondenko, surrounded the prison, occupying all the issues with platoons, and ordering the bulk of the army to rush upon the sleeping prisoners, of whom, it should be added, there were only 84.

Suddenly awakened they were subjected to a search, and all their belongings, to the smallest trifles—books, clothes, combs, brushes—seized, and thrown pell-mell into a corner. Then the prisoners were dressed in convict dress and taken into the courtyard. Here 27 "promoters" and "instigators" of the "riot" were chosen, and led under the escort of Cossacks to another prison, a distance of some 14 kilometres. Encouraged by their officers the Cossacks insulted and ill-used their prisoners during their journey, and when a few tried to defend themselves Colonel Rondenko said "Tie their hands behind them, and if one of them says anything insulting give him a knock on the head with the butt-end of your guns." Meantime the prison of Lower Kara was being pillaged. Before the struggle Colonel Rondenko addressed the Cossacks as follows:—"If I order you to beat them, do so; if I order you to fire, shoot them. When you have taken the prison you shall have everything belonging to them." And the Cossacks having subdued the sleeping rioters, they set about pillaging their possessions. The Cossack officers were not to be outdone by their soldiers in appropriating the best things. They even carried off tables, chairs, stools, that had been made by the prisoners themselves, and made presents of them to the Cossacks.

After some time passed in the empty room, with no other clothing than the grey regulation cloaks, the vice-director, Boutakov, appeared before the prisoners. One of them asked:

"Is it possible that we are to remain in this state much longer?"

"Yes, always," answered Boutakov. "You were formerly

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treated well, but now after the escapes, we see that your conduct——"

Orloff observed that the administration itself had provoked those escapes, and not the prisoners, and that in any case it was unjust to make those who remained behind suffer for those who had escaped.

This modest and polite answer put the vice-director into such a rage that he ordered the Cossacks who were with him to seize Orloff, beat him, and drag him to the penal cell. Some of his comrades wished to prevent this, but he himself begged them to offer no resistance. When he was outside the door, Colonel Boutakov rushed at him, began to strike him, and ordered the Cossacks to do the same. A little later while the prisoners were dining the director himself arrived to muster them, and told them to "get up." Some had not time to do it immediately. "Make them get up with blows," ordered the director, and a fresh summary execution began. "This is how we muster," said the director, with great satisfaction, going out after the disturbance. In the next room an identical scene was being enacted, only this was presided over by the captain of the guard. When he entered, the student Bobokhov was lying on the plank. The captain turning to his Cossacks ordered them to "drag him up by the hair," and so by the hair he was dragged up.

And thus it goes on since the beginning of the imaginary riot, although all the eight who had escaped were re-captured (Myshkine at the moment when he was embarking on an American vessel at Vladivostok). This will explain a letter from one of the wretched prisoners, who after recounting all the horrors perpetrated after the escape, concludes thus:—"I do not, however, think all this happened in consequence of the escape of our comrades. The new rule begins with these words: considering the escape of several prisoners, His Excellency has resolved to introduce immediately and in their entirety, the following regulations, which it had been intended to introduce gradually."

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It is therefore evident that the recent rigorous treatment had been meditated long since and the escape was only a pretext for introducing it.

Now the prisoners are deprived of everything that could ameliorate their miserable existence. The women who have come out to their husbands are forbidden to bring them any food. To write letters to friends, or one's nearest relations, is prohibited. Those, who according to the law should have the irons removed, are kept in chains; those who have finished their time in the bagnio and ought to be "internés" as colonists, remain in prison. "What the devil do you mean with your 'time'?" the director says when the prisoners' wives remonstrate with him. "For me there is no 'time'; I set a prisoner free when I choose, or if I feel inclined I will let him rot in his cell." And this is the mere truth, the simple statement of the position of the political prisoners in Siberia, where the absence of all supervision, the arbitrary habits acquired from the tradition of centuries, transforms every gaoler into a despot. "I am chief, tzar, god, for you," is the favourite cynical expression of the Siberian Cerberus.

I have not space to enumerate a hundredth part of the atrocities committed everywhere in Siberia, on every pretext, by the *employés* of the Government. And how much greater is the number of those we do not, never shall know!

But I must still nail to the pillory of European opinion a characteristic example of the position of women in Siberia.

It happened to Olga Lioubatovitch, one of the heroines of the "trial of the Fifty" at Moscow, where the Socialist propagandists gained to so remarkable an extent the sympathy of the public.

On the 30th August, 1883 on passing through Krasnoiarsk on the way to her destination in Eastern Siberia, she was called before the "ispravnik," (chief of the police of an arrondissement) who told her she must exchange her own clothes for a convict dress. But as she was condemned to

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transportation by administrative order, and not to hard labour, she had a right to wear her own clothes. This she tried to explain to the ispravnik. At her first words, however, he become furious, and repeated that she must not only change her dress, but do it there and then in the bureau before everybody. To this unheard-of intimation Olga Lioubatovitch answered by a categorical refusal. Then at a sign from the police officer his subordinates seized hold of the prisoner in order to undress her by force. A barbarous struggle ensued. This crowd of men began to beat this woman, to pull her hair and tear off her clothes. So long as she kept her feet she defended herself as best she could, but the chief of the police by a violent kick felled her to the earth. This is how she herself describes this infamy :—

"I fell into a kind of stupor. I remember confusedly how the heavy boot of the ispravnik struck my chest. Some one was pulling my hair, another was striking my face with his fists ; the rest were tearing off my clothes, and at last, naked, crucified on the floor, in the presence of a crowd of men, I felt all the shame and horror of a woman violated. Frightened of their own deed, the cowards fled, and when I recovered consciousness I saw around me only my companions, pale as death, while Fanny Moreiness was writhing in hysterical convulsions."—

Such is the position of political prisoners in Russia. Such are the prisons intended for them. I have described three—the fortress, the central prison, and the bagnio of Kara. Where is one better, where worse off? It would be difficult indeed to say—they are so alike.

I have mentioned three, for each one presents some special development: the fortress means slow decay, the physical and intellectual collapse of the prisoner ; the central prison means brutality ; Siberia, violence. But all three elements are found in each case. Thus in the fortress of Peter and

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Paul, which is so to say the most refined, we find summary executions by the soldiery, who under orders from their officers, assault the prisoners with the butt end of their muskets, by blows and kicks. It always begins in the same way by a case of such flagrant injustice to one of the prisoners that the others, excited by long suffering, lose their self-control, and cry out, knock at the doors of their cells, and break the windows; then by order of an officer the soldiers of the garrison, gendarmes, and police divide themselves into groups of four or five men, burst into the prisoners' cell, bind them with cords, and the game begins. Of such summary executions I can remember four in the single fortress of Petersburg. Not less well known there is the terrible protest by starvation. Twice all the prisoners of the fortress made this horrible strike which lasted the one eight, and the other ten days, without counting the numerous isolated attempts, as for example that of Olga Lioubatovitch who refused all food for seven days. And this in order to obtain—is it credible?—a needle and a reel of cotton, that she might have some sort of occupation! On the other hand according to the latest news from Kara, life there had become so unbearable that thirty of the prisoners had resolved to kill themselves by starvation—and they intended doing this without presenting any ultimatum, without entering into any negotiations with their gaolers—only to protest and by so fearful a death of so many men to call the attention of the civilised world to the horrors of Russian prisons.

Happily they had no need to carry out their intention. The heroic attempt of a young girl, Koutitonskaia, the Zassoulitch of Siberia, on the person of General Hiashevitch, some of whose exploits I have narrated above, called forth an inquiry, which to some extent has modified the rules of the Kara prisons. There is even a project for abolishing them by transferring the prisoners to the fortress of Schlusselbourg, an exact duplicate of that of Peter and Paul. We shall thus return to whence we started—the ravelin

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Troubetzkoi, described in my first article. Only that from Schusselbourg no plaint can ever reach us, for there nature unites with man to completely isolate the unfortunates immured there. It is not a citadel built in the midst of a large town: Schlusselbourg is a block of granite, entirely occupied by fortifications, and surrounded on all sides by the waves.

STEPNIAK.

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Personal Experiences in the Chartist Movement.

IN the early part of 1839 the Chartist movement began to attract general attention, and many of the working classes joined the Chartist ranks. Meetings were held in all the principal towns in the North, and in March or April meetings began in the counties of Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby. Many men of talent had joined the movement, some of whom travelled from town to town to spread the new light among the people. At the close of March or beginning of April, a Rev. Mr. Simmons was announced to preach at Earl Shilton on a Sunday afternoon. This village is 3½ miles from Hinckley, and about 10 from Leicester. Some hundreds of people attended from Hinckley and the villages round. Although but a youth, I attended with my father and others. The Rev. gentleman dwelt at great length on the sufferings of the poor and very ably expounded the principles of Chartism as the one thing needful. I felt pleased with his sermon, and when he announced that he should preach there again the following Sunday I was delighted. In the course of the week it was rumoured that an Irishman of the name of Duffy would lecture at Hinckley on the following Monday.

But the following Sunday was a day of anxiety and trouble to me, and not a day of pleasure. Belonging to a Roman

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Catholic family I was brought up to that faith. For several years I had been a member of the choir at the Catholic church, my father being a leading member of the same. Of course I believed the Church of Rome to be the only true Church, and its faith essential to salvation. I also believed that the Church would accept every new truth, and that every priest would become an advocate of Chartism. Judge then of my surprise when, mass being over on the following Sunday, Father Proctor, on entering the pulpit, took for his text the well known words, "All power comes from God," &c., &c. His sermon was a political one. He commenced a violent attack on the French Revolution; condemned the Republicans as atheists, robbers and murderers, declaring that they were the scourge of France, accursed by heaven, and abhorred by every good man. He next came to Chartism, which he condemned as synonymous with atheism and infidelity, and concluded by calling on every member of the congregation not to attend another Chartist meeting. The sermon produced a great impression, but I remember more than one of the congregation who refused obedience. Not so with my father. His motto was, the church first—other things after. I had strict orders to attend class at 3 o'clock. But I hastened to Earl Shilton, and at 3 o'clock was listening to the Rev. Mr. Simmons. A second sermon was given at 6 o'clock, after which a committee was formed for Hinckley and district. I was appointed secretary of that committee. On returning home that evening I received a lesson which only parental authority combined with religious intolerance could give. But neither parental authority, nor the threats nor the exhortations of the priest, could ever shake my adhesion to the cause of Chartism. I did not, however, leave the Church entirely for some ten years afterwards. Those ten years were devoted to close reading and careful study. I left the Church only when I was thoroughly convinced that its claims were incompatible with human liberty and human dignity.

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During the years 1840—1—2 I never missed a meeting that it was possible to attend. The well known leader at Leicester, Thomas Cooper, I always listened to with much pleasure, though Bairstow was a more eloquent lecturer. But Cooper was the man for the working classes of Leicester. There were Beedham, (or some such name), and others that I well remember. But the Chartists of Leicester, the same as elsewhere, and as was even the case during the old Radical movement of 1817-1833, became divided on the absurd question of moral or physical force. There were also the complete Suffragists who would accept all the points of the Charter, but not the name. The quarrels on moral or physical force were most lamentable; as though the use of physical force could never be moral; or as though the moral and the legal were synonymous terms. The fact being that the legal and the moral are generally the very opposite of each other, while, as a rule, the quickest way to put an end to tyranny and oppression is the most moral and the most legitimate.

During the stormy year 1842 business compelled me to be in Lincolnshire for two or three weeks in July and August. I was at Bourne part of the time. Going down the principal street one morning I saw at a distance a large crowd of people. On getting near I found a tradesman reading an account from the *Times* of the rioting in different places. The people were evidently alarmed at the reports from the North of England. In the course of the day a rumour spread through the town that a Chartist army of several thousands was collecting at Nottingham, intending to march through Lincolnshire on its way for Dover. The greatest alarm prevailed. The next morning it rained rather heavily, and a large number of tradesmen and others assembled in the club room of the public-house at which I was staying to hear the reports from the *Times* newspaper; one tradesman read for nearly an hour. Of course the name of O'Connor was frequently mentioned. The faces of the listeners expressed

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the utmost seriousness. On the tradesman reading a report of a meeting at which O'Connor himself had been present, an incident occurred, which provoked a smile on the part of many present. An old farmer over 70 years of age, who sat only a few seats from where I was sitting, his hands placed on the top of a very heavy stick and his head resting on his hands, suddenly raised his head and inquired, "Who is this Feargus O'Connor? Is he the queen, or who is he?" A gentleman sitting near him explained that O'Connor was the leader of the rebel Chartists. "Then" says the old farmer "he wants hanging." But the company were all greatly relieved when the gentleman who had been reading announced that there was nothing about a Chartist gathering at Nottingham, or of any rebel force approaching Lincolnshire.

Two or three days later I had to go to a village a few miles from Bourne. On reaching the village I called at a farm-house by the road-side to inquire where the party I wanted to see lived. But no sooner had I rapped at the door than some one ran along the passage and to my surprise the door was instantly both locked and bolted. I rapped two or three times but to no purpose. But just as I was coming down the steps from the door the farmer came round from the back, gun in hand, and loudly demanded my business. I approached him to explain. But no. He declined to give any information. He kept a firm hold of his gun and watched me far beyond his house as though I were the advanced guard of a rebel army. Further down the village I came to a grocer's shop. I walked in to inquire where So-and-so lived. But in an instant and without a word, the grocer was round the counter and desired me to stand outside the door. He then answered my question, and inquired whether any news from Nottingham had reached Bourne before I left that morning. Anxious to see if others of the inhabitants were alarmed as well as the farmer and grocer, I knocked at three or four other doors as I went through the village, but to no purpose. From the statement of the grocer I had got not far from two miles

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further to walk, and was pleased to find at the end of the village the usual way-side inn. Two or three gentlemen were present, and the landlady appeared to be uncertain as to whether she should supply me with a glass of beer. On reaching my destination the greatest safe-guards were taken to prevent me entering the door until I had explained who I was. I found the wildest rumours were afloat in all the villages round. On returning to Bourne two days after, I told the landlord of the inn at which I was staying of the panic-stricken state of the people. Well, he said, the same was the case everywhere. That evening, there being a large company of tradesmen and others in the smoke-room, I assured them that there was not the slightest reason for any alarm, that the Chartists would never come through Lincolnshire, and that the rioting was the result of the dreadful condition the people were in. I told them that, were it not for the vile misrepresentations of the press, they would never feel fear at the Chartist movement. I assured them that I was a Chartist, that I was the secretary of the branch in South Leicestershire, and I explained the different points of the Charter. It had a very good effect, but most of them still entertained the belief that the Chartists wanted to plunder all the rich and divide their property. Two days more and I was back at Leicester, only four or five hours before Cooper was arrested for the Staffordshire riotings. The storm of 1842 closed with the arrest of large numbers of the leaders; the people became more or less demoralised; the movement collapsed for the time, and the people found that something more was needed than resolutions, cheers, petitions, and even threats of violence.

I will pass on to the year 1848, the year of great hopes and grand victories; of stupid compromises and easy defeats. Revolution for a time was the order of the day. Despots trembled on their blood-stained thrones and promised to obey the popular will. The proclamation of a republic in France sent a thrill of hope through the ranks of the working classes as though a republic in France meant liberty to

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all the peoples. Chartism, which had become little more than O'Connorism, was at once revived. There was to be another national convention and another monster petition. The work of reorganisation was everywhere commenced. The Government, while recognising the republic in France, prepared for the work of slaughter to prevent a republic at home. The most tyrannical measures were adopted and the provinces again filled with spies—those dirty tools of every execrable despotism. The infamous Crown and Government Protection Bill was hastily passed, making the advocacy of republicanism an act of felony. Not content with this, they brought to the front an old and obsolete Act for the suppression of all open air meetings. On the strength of this meetings were suppressed throughout the country as far as possible. The committee in South Leicestershire, of which I was again secretary, issued bills announcing a public meeting on Burbage Common. Immediately a notice was issued prohibiting the meeting. The meeting was called for Sunday. On the Saturday, shortly after noon, the Superintendent of Police brought me a copy of the notice prohibiting the said meeting. He stayed while I read it. I then placed it on the fire, at which he seemed very indignant. He stormed out at the top of his voice, "Is that how you act?" to which I replied, "Yes, have you another to spare?" He then inquired whether I intended to hold the meeting, to which I replied, "Yes, most certainly." On leaving, he warned me that if I occupied the chair as announced he would arrest me himself. Well, we held the meeting, I occupied the chair, and although plenty of police were present, the superintendent was not to be seen, and I was not arrested.

The work of organisation went on, and the enthusiasm of the people and the excitement of the public increased. Special constables were sworn in in large numbers. At Leicester there were about 1,500 of them. There were about 600 or 700 Infantry, as well as the Yeomanry. But

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their presence excited no alarm. I was a member of the committee for the county which was intrusted with the necessary arrangements for any emergency. We prohibited, even in the general committee, all discussion of the worse than idle questions about moral or physical force, the question being settled that when force is used in defence of tyranny the people have a right to use force in defence of their liberties. We knew too that we had a Government agent as a member of the general committee. This gentleman on one occasion laid down a very elaborate plan for the destruction of the Yeomanry. It was at once proposed by another member of the committee that the author of the said plan be entrusted with its execution, which was at once agreed to. The Government tool protested loudly against *that* part of the arrangement, but to no purpose. We knew the man and we knew his position. We heard no more of his elaborate scheme, and he shortly disappeared from the scene. But the committee never troubled themselves about the Yeomanry, knowing perfectly well that, if the worst came to the worst, the Infantry would at once take care of the Yeomanry. But the 10th of April passed without an insurrection in London. Though London had fallen through the fault of some one, in the midlands at any rate we did not despair. The work of organisation still went on, and drilling, &c., became the order of the day. As autumn approached this became more general.

In September an absurd case of false alarm occurred. About half a mile from the town and not far from a number of allotments, about 100 men were being drilled. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and very dark. As they were marching along the middle of the road a man was returning from his allotment with a barrow full of potatoes. The noise of the men approaching in military style alarmed him, and not knowing whether they were police or specials, or would-be rebels (?) the poor fellow hastened with his potatoes to the side of the road, where he and his barrow toppled over into

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the ditch. The party marched rapidly on, leaving the man to extricate himself and his potatoes in the best way he could.

A week or two after this, I received a message from a local official stating that a certain member of the committee of which I was secretary had turned a traitor; that he was at that moment closeted with the superintendent and two others at a certain inn; that he had given information where certain things were concealed; that the police were to march to his house at three o'clock that afternoon where he would surrender his things, and that the police were then to search my house and those of several others where the things were said to be concealed. I knew my informant could be depended on. It was then twelve o'clock. Precisely at 3 p.m., the police went with great show to the house of the traitor, but the things had fled; so the traitor demanded of his wife why the things had been touched. But all she could say was that So-and-so fetched them shortly before one. Baffled at the outset of their little game, the police returned to the station and further search was given up.

About this time a searching affair also broke down at Leicester. An order arrived from the Home Office for the authorities to search for certain things, whether musical instruments or not, is not now the question. The Mayor at the time was a professed Chartist or complete Suffragist. He was in sympathy with the movement; but he obeyed the order of the Home Office, and the search began. They wen to the house of Mr. J——, who, I believe, was a tailor. They searched upstairs and down, and even removed a part of the firegrate in the kitchen, but failed to find the things they were sent to find, although plenty were in the building. As they had tried their hands and failed, as all believed in the midst of plenty, the Mayor determined to give it up.

But the end was coming. The arrest of so many of the leaders, the severe measures of the Government, the vigilance and the growing feeling that there was no great leader left

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able to lead the people to victory, were all tending to demoralize the party, and to thin its ranks. On the 1st or 2nd of October I learnt from the same local official that it had been determined to arrest, or to attempt to arrest me that evening. It was stated that no warrant had been issued; that it was to be noised about during the day that I was to be arrested for high treason, or something else; and that it was thought the rumour would induce me to endeavour to escape from the town, which would, to some extent, justify my arrest. I was living at the time up a court, or rather a terrace—houses up the right hand side and gardens facing. Just at dusk, however, a man came running in to tell me that two constables were coming to arrest me. Several others came in, and in a moment, as it were, a dozen plans were suggested for my escape. I put on my hat and walked out, and going down the terrace I met the two constables within a few yards of my door. They looked rather curious as I passed them, but I took no notice. I walked down the street (some 200 yards), went along the Borough to what was known as Harrison's Corner, the two gentlemen close behind me with a large crowd of people; I then turned round, retraced my steps till I reached home, the constables following till they reached the bottom of the terrace, where they stopped for a minute or so, and then returned to the station. I heard no more of my intended arrest.

But I did not give up the Chartist Movement. I still clung to what I believed to be right; I was still prepared to labour on, and dare all things in the cause of liberty. The hope of success was gone for the time, but that did not alter the principle of right; it did not alter the question of duty, and I for one was not going to run from the field of battle—of work. There was still left one of the two men in whom I had the greatest confidence, George Julian Harney. As the time drew near for the liberation of the other—the late Ernest Jones—a general committee was formed to establish a paper to be jointly edited by them. I was one of that committee.

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But on the liberation of Ernest Jones we found a joint editorship would not be possible. In 1850—1, I began to study the writings of the immortal Mazzini, and the documents sent forth by the Central European Democratic Committee, and in the latter year I organised a Republican group in connection with the Republican Movement inaugurated by W. J. Linton. Nor is there much difference between the programme then put forward and the most advanced programme of to-day.

Chartism is a thing of the past. We can see to-day the many causes of its failure. The French Republic existed only in name; the Roman Republic had fallen by the arms of Republican France. The reaction was everywhere triumphant, the people everywhere again in chains. At home, "the ever base and brutal Whigs" had destroyed every vestige of liberty. The principal leaders in prison, and the party demoralized, there was nothing left but to give to Chartism a decent burial in the full hope of a more glorious resurrection, a resurrection that shall sweep away every form of tyranny and oppression, that shall destroy for ever empires, kingdoms, and principalities, and prepare the way for the triumph of eternal justice and the brotherhood of the human race.

J. SKETCHLEY.

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An Unsocial Socialist.

CHAPTER VII.

AGATHA was at this time in her seventeenth year. She had a lively perception of the foibles of others, and had no reverence for her seniors, whom she thought dull, cautious, and ridiculously amenable by commonplaces. But she was subject to the illusion which disables youth in spite of its superiority to dull and cautions age. She always looked upon herself as an exception. Human nature as she saw it in others and as she felt it in herself seemed two different conditions, to wit, a grovelling consciousness of a few vulgar material facts enjoyed by Mr. Jansenius and the general mob of mankind, and an exquisite sense and all-embracing conception of nature peculiar to herself and to her favorite poets and heroes of romance and history. Hence she was in the common youthful case of being a much better judge of other people's affairs than of her own. At the fellowstudent who adored some Henry or Augustus, not because she was subject to the drivelling sentimentality which the world calls love, but because this particular Henry or Augustus was a phœnix to whom the laws which govern the relations of ordinary lads and lasses did not apply, Agatha laughed in her sleeve. But the more she saw of this weakness in her fellows, the more satisfied she was that, being forewarned, she was also forearmed against an attack of it in her own person. Much as if a doctor were to conclude that he could not catch small pox because he had seen many cases of it; or as if a master mariner, knowing that many ships were wrecked in the British

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channel, should venture there without a pilot, thinking that he knew its perils too well to run any risk by them. Yet, as the doctor might hold such an opinion if he believed himself to be of a different species to ordinary men, or the shipmaster adopt such a course under the impression that his vessel was a star, Agatha had founded a kindred transcendental view on that misleading difference between her fellows seen from without and herself known from within. And so, happening at this time to fall in love with Mr. Jefferson Smilash, her imagination invested the pleasing emotion with a sacredness which, to her, set it far apart and distinct from the frivolous fancies of which Henry and Augustus had been the subject, and she the confidant.

Agatha always strengthened her illusions by criticising them severely. She would not deify Smilash.

"I can look at him quite coolly and dispassionately," she said to herself. "Though his face has a strange influence that must, I know, correspond to some mystical power within me, yet it is not a perfect face. I have seen many men who are, strictly speaking, far handsomer. If the light that never was on sea or land is in his eyes, yet they are not pretty eyes —not half so clear as mine. Though he wears his common clothes with a nameless grace which betrays his true breeding at every step, yet he is not tall, dark, and melancholy, as my ideal hero would he if I were as great a fool as girls of my age usually are. If I am in love, I have sense enough not to let my love blind my judgment."

She did not tell anyone of her new interest in life. The strongest in that student community, she had used her power with goodnature enough to win the popularity of a school leader, and occasionally with unscrupulousness enough to secure the privileges of a school bully. Popularity and privilege, however, only satisfied her when she was in the mood for them. Girls, like men, want to be petted, pitied, consoled, and made much of when they are diffident, in low spirits, or in unrequited love. These are services which the weak

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cannot render to the strong; and which the strong will not render to the weak except when there is also a difference of sex between them. Agatha knew by experience that though a weak woman cannot understand why her stronger sister should wish to lean upon her, she may triumph in the fact without understanding it, and give chaff instead of consolation. Agatha wanted to be understood and not to be chaffed. Finding herself unable to satisfy both these conditions, she resolved to do without sympathy and to hold her tongue. She had often had to do so before; and she was helped on this occasion by a sense of the ridiculous appearance her passion might wear in the vulgar eye.

Her secret kept itself, as she was supposed in the college to be insensible to the softer emotions. Love left her externally unchanged. It made her believe that she had left her girlhood behind her, and was now a woman with a newly developed capacity of heart which she would childishly have scoffed at a little while before. She felt ashamed of the bee on the window-pane, although it somehow buzzed as frequently as before in spite of her. Her calendar, formerly a monotonous cycle of class times, meal times, play times, and bed time, was now irregularly divided by walks past the chalet and accidental glimpses of its tenant.

Early in December there came a black frost; and navigation on the canal was suspended. Wickens's boy was sent to the college with the news that Wickens's pond would bear, and that the young ladies should be welcome at any time. As the pond was only four feet deep, and as Miss Wilson set much store by the physical education of her pupils, leave was given for skating; and Agatha, who was expert on the ice, immediately proposed that a select party should go out before breakfast next morning. Actions not in themselves virtuous often appear so when performed at an hour which compels early rising; and some of the candidates for the Cambridge Local, who would not have sacrificed the afternoon to amusement, at once adopted her suggestion. But for them,

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it would never have been carried out; for when they summoned Agatha, at half-past six next morning, to leave her warm bed and brave the biting air, she would have refused without hesitation had she not been shamed into compliance by these laborious ones who stood by her bedside, bluenosed and hungry, but ready for the ice. When she had dressed herself with much shuddering and chattering, they allayed their internal discomfort by a slender meal of biscuits; got their skates; and went out across the rimy meadows, past patient cows breathing clouds of steam, to Wickens's pond. Here, to their surprise, was Smilash, on skates, practising complicated figures with intense diligence. It soon appeared that his skill was not equal to his ambition; for, after several narrow escapes, and some frantic staggering, his calves, elbows, and occiput smote the ice almost simultaneously. On rising ruefully to a sitting posture, he became aware that eight young ladies were watching his proceedings with interest.

"This comes of a common man putting himself above his station by getting into gentlemens' skates," he said. "Had I been content with a humble slide, as my fathers was, I should ha' been a happier man at the present moment." He touched his hat to Miss Ward, and began to take off his skates, saying, "Good morning, Miss. Miss Wilson sent me word to be here sharp at six to put on the young ladies' skates; and I took the liberty of trying a figure or two to keep out the cold."

"Miss Wilson did not tell me that she ordered you to come," said Miss Ward, surprised.

"Just like her to be thoughtful and yet not let on to be! She is a kind lady, and a learned—like yourself, Miss. Sit yourself down on the camp-stool, and give me your heel; if I may be so bold as to stick a gimlet into it."

His assistance was welcome; and Miss Ward allowed him to put on her skates. She was a Canadian, and could skate well. Jane, who was the first to follow her, was anxious as to the strength of the ice; but when reassured, she surpassed

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all the rest. She could not prove Euclid's theorems, but she could ride, shoot, and skate, and had the satisfaction of laughing in the field at those who laughed at her in the study. Agatha, contrary to her custom, gave way to her companions this morning, and her boots were the last upon which Smilash operated.

"How d'you do, Miss Wylie?" he said, dropping the Smilash manner now that the rest were out of earshot.

"I am very well, thank you," said Agatha, shy and constrained. This phase of her being new to him, he paused with her heel in his hand, and looked up at her curiously. She collected herself; returned his gaze steadily; and said, "When did Miss Wilson send you word to come? She only knew of our party at half-past nine last night."

"Miss Wilson did not send for me!"

"But you have just told Miss Ward that she did."

"Yes. I find it necessary to tell almost as many lies now that I am a simple labourer as I did when I was a gentleman. More, in fact."

"I shall know how much to believe of what you say in future."

"The truth is this. I am perhaps the worst skater in the world; and therefore, according to a natural law, I covet the faintest distinction as a skater more than immortal fame for the things for which nature has given me aptitude. I envy that large friend of yours—Jane is her name, I think—more than I envy Plato. I came down here this morning, thinking that the skating world was all a-bed, to practise in secret."

"I am glad we caught you at it," said Agatha, maliciously; for he was disappointing her. She wanted him to be heroic in his conversation, and he would not.

"I suppose so," he replied. "I have observed that Woman's dearest delight is to wound Man's self-conceit, though Man's dearest delight is to gratify hers. There is at least one creature lower than man. Now, off with you. Shall I hold you until your ancles get firm?"

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"Thank you," she said, disgusted. "*I* can skate pretty well; and I dont think you could give me any useful assistance." And she went off cautiously, feeling that a mishap would be very disgraceful after such a speech.

He stood on the shore, listening to the grinding, swaying sound of the skates, and watching the growing complexity of the curves which they were engraving on the ice. As the girls grew warm and accustomed to the exercise, they laughed, jested, screamed recklessly when they came into collision, and sailed before the wind down the whole length of the pond at a perilous speed. The more animated they became, the gloomier looked Smilash.

"Just like a parcel of puppies," he said. "Not two-pence to choose between them; except that some of them are conscious that there is a man looking at them, although he is only a blackguard labourer. They remind me of Henrietta in a hundred ways. Would I laugh, now, if the whole sheet of ice burst into little bits under them?"

Just then the ice cracked with a startling report; and the skaters skimmed away in all directions from the spot where the crack had occurred, and about which Jane continued careering fearlessly.

"You are breaking the ice to pieces, Jane," said Agatha, calling from a safe distance. "How can you expect it to bear your weight?"

"Pack of fools!" retorted Jane indignantly. "The noise only shows how strong it is."

The shock which the report had given Smilash settled the doubt which he had expressed. "Make a note that wishes for the destruction of the human race are insincere," he said, recovering his spirits. "Besides, what a precious fool I should be if I were working at an international association of creatures who ought to be destroyed! Hi, lady! One word, Miss." This was to Miss Ward, who had skated into his neighbourhood. "It bein' a cold morning, and me having a poor and common circulation; would it be looked on as a

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liberty if I was to cut a slide here, or take a turn in the corner all to myself?"

"You may skate over there if you wish," she said, after a pause for consideration, pointing to a deserted spot at the leeward end of the pond, where the ice was too rough for comfortable skating.

"Nobly spoke!" he cried, with a grin, hurrying to the place indicated, where, skating being out of the question, he made a pair of slides, and gravely exercised himself upon them until his face glowed and his fingers tingled in the frosty air. The time seemed to pass quickly; and when Miss Ward sent for him to take off her skates, there was a general groan, and a declaration that it could not possibly be half-past eight o'clock yet. Smilash knelt before the camp-stool, and was presently busy unbuckling and unscrewing. When Jane's turn came, the camp-stool creaked beneath her weight, and Agatha again remonstrated with her, but immediately reproached herself with flippancy before Smilash, to whom she wished to convey an impression of deep seriousness of character.

"Smallest foot of the lot," he said critically, holding Jane's boot between his finger and thumb as if it were an art treasure which he had been invited to examine. "And belonging to the finest built lady."

Jane snatched away her foot, blushed, and said, "Indeed! What next, I wonder?"

"T'other un next," he said, setting to work on the remaining skate. When it was off, he looked up at her; and she darted a glance at him as he rose which showed him that his compliment (her feet were in fact small and pretty) was appreciated.

"Allow me, Miss," he said to Gertrude, who was standing on one leg, leaning on Agatha, and taking off her own skates.

"No, thank you," she said coldly. "I dont need your assistance."

"I am well aware that the offer was overbold," he replied,

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with a self-complacency which made his profession of humility exasperating. "If all the skates is off, I will, by Miss Wilson's order, carry them and the camp-stool back to the college for you."

Miss Ward handed him her skates and turned away. Gertrude placed hers on the stool and went with Miss Ward. The rest followed her example, and left him staring at the heap of skates, considering how he should carry them. He could think of no better means than to interlace the straps, and hang them in a chain over his shoulder. By the time he had done this, the young ladies were out of sight; and the intention of enjoying their society during the return to the college, with which he had undertaken the task of carrying their impedimenta, was defeated. They had entered the building long before he came in sight of it.

Somewhat disgusted at his own folly, he went round to the servants' entrance at once, and rang the bell there. When the door was opened, he saw Miss Ward standing behind the maid who admitted him.

"Oh," she said, looking at the string of skates as if she had hardly expected to see them again. "So you have brought our things back."

"Such were my instructions," he said, a little taken aback by her manner.

"You had no instructions. What do you mean by getting our skates into your charge under false pretences? I was about to send the police to take them from you. How dare you tell me that you were sent to wait on me, when you know very well that you were nothing of the sort?"

"I couldnt help it, Miss," he replied submissively. "I am a natural born liar—always was. I know that it must appear dreadful to you that never told a lie, and dont hardly know what a lie is, belonging as you do to a class where none is ever told. But common people like me tells lies just as a duck swims. I ask your pardon, Miss, most humble; and I hope the young ladies 'll be able to tell one set of skates from the other; for I'm blest if I can."

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"Put them down. Miss Wilson wishes to speak to you before you go. Susan, show him the way."

"Hope you aint been and got a poor cove into trouble, Miss."

"Miss Wilson knows how you have behaved," she said severely.

He smiled at her benevolently, and followed Susan upstairs. On their way they met Jane, who stole a glance at him, and was about to pass by, when he said:

"Wont you say a word to Miss Wilson for a poor common fellow, honoured young lady? I have got into dreadful trouble for having made bold to assist you this morning."

"You need not give yourself the pains to talk like that," replied Jane, in an impetuous whisper. "We all know that you are only pretending."

"Well, you can guess my motive," he whispered, looking at her with obvious admiration.

"Such stuff and nonsense! I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Jane, and ran away, plainly understanding that he had disguised himself in order to obtain admission to the college, and enjoy the happiness of looking at her.

"Cursed fool that I am!" he said to himself. "I cannot act like a rational creature for five consecutive minutes."

The servant led him to the study, and announced, "The man, if you please, ma'am."

"Jeff Smilash," he added, in explanation.

"Come in," said Miss Wilson sternly.

He went in, and disconcerted a determined frown which she cast on him from her seat behind the writing table, by saying courteously,

"Good morning, Miss Wilson."

She collected herself involuntarily, as if to receive a gentleman. Then she checked herself and looked implacable.

"I have to apologize," he said, "for making use of your name unwarrantably this morning—telling a lie, in fact. I

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happened to be skating when the young ladies came down; and as they needed some assistance which they would hardly have accepted from a common man—excuse my borrowing that tiresome expression from our acquaintance Smilash—I set their minds at ease by saying that you had sent for me. Otherwise, as you have given me a bad character—though not worse than I deserve—they would probably have refused to employ me; or at least I should have been compelled to accept payment; which I of course do not need."

Miss Wilson affected surprise. "I do not understand you," she said.

"Not altogether," he said, smiling. "But you understand that I am what is called a gentleman."

"No. The gentlemen with whom I am conversant do not dress as you dress, nor speak as you speak, nor act as you act."

He looked at her, and her countenance confirmed the hostility of her tone. He instantly relapsed into an aggravated phase of Smilash.

"I will no longer attempt to set myself up as a gentleman," he said. "I am a common man; and your ladyship's hi recognizes me as such and is not to be deceived. But dont go for to say that I am not candid; for I am as candid as ever you will let me be. What fault, if any, do you find with my putting the skates on the young ladies, and carryin' the campstool for them?"

"If you are a gentleman," said Miss Wilson reddening, "your conduct in persisting in these antics in my presence is insulting to me. Extremely so!"

"Miss Wilson," he replied, unruffled; "if you insist on Smilash, you shall have Smilash: I take an insane pleasure in personating him. If you want Sidney—my real Christian name—you can command him. But allow me to say that you must have either one or the other. If you become frank with me, I will understand that you are addressing Sidney. If distant and severe, Smilash."

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"In either capacity," said Miss Wilson, much annoyed, "I forbid you to come here or to hold any communication whatever with the young ladies in my charge."

"Why?"

"Because I choose."

"There is much force in that reason, Miss Wilson; but it is not moral force in the sense conveyed by your college prospectus, which I have studied with interest."

Miss Wilson, since her quarrel with Agatha, had been sore on the subject of moral force. "No one is admitted here," she said, "without a satisfactory introduction or recommendation. A disguise is the reverse of either."

"Disguises are generally assumed for the purpose of concealing crime," he remarked sententiously.

"Precisely so," she said, emphatically.

"Therefore, I bear, to say the least, a doubtful character. Nevertheless, I have formed with some of the students here a slight acquaintance of which you disapprove. You have given me no good reason why I should discontinue that acquaintance; and you cannot control me except by the influence of your wish, which is a sort of influence not usually effective with doubtful characters. Suppose I disregard your wish; and also that one or two of your pupils come to you and say, 'Miss Wilson; in our opinion Smilash is an excellent fellow, and we find his conversation most improving. As it is your principle to allow us to exercise our own judgment, we intend to cultivate the acquaintance of Smilash.' How will you act in that case?"

"Send them home to their parents at once."

"I see that your principles are those of the Church of England. You allow the students the right of private judgment on condition that they arrive at the same conclusions as you. Excuse my saying that the principles of the Church of England, however excellent, are not those which your prospectus led me to hope for. The course you propose is coercion pure and simple."

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"I do not admit it," said Miss Wilson, ready to argue, even with Smilash, in defence of her system. "The girls are quite at liberty to act as they please; but I reserve my equal liberty to exclude them from my college if I do not approve of their behaviour."

"Just so. In most schools children are perfectly at liberty to learn their lessons or not, just as they please; but the principal reserves an equal liberty to whip them if they cannot repeat their tasks."

"I do not whip my pupils," said Miss Wilson indignantly. "The comparison is an outrage."

"But you expel them; and as they are devoted to you and to the place, expulsion is a dreaded punishment. Your system is the old system of making laws, and enforcing them by means of penalties; and the superiority of Alton College to other colleges consists, not in the superiority of the system, but in the comparative reasonableness of its laws, and the mildness and judgment with which they are enforced."

"My system is radically different from the old one. However, I will not discuss the matter with you. A mind occupied with the prejudices of the old coercive system can naturally only judge the new as a modification of the old, instead of, as mine is, an entire reversal or abandonment of it."

He shook his head sadly, and said, "You seek to impose your ideas on others, ostracising those who reject them. Believe me, mankind has been doing nothing else ever since ideas took the place of appetites as motive powers. It has been said that a benevolent despotism is the best possible form of Government. I do not believe that saying, because I believe another one which means that hell is paved with benevolence, which most people, the proverb being too deep for them, translate into unfulfilled intentions. As if a benevolent despot might not by an error of judgment destroy his kingdom, and then say, like Romeo when he had got his

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friend killed, 'I thought all for the best!' Excuse my rambling: I meant to say, in short, that though you are benevolent and judicious, you are none the less a despot."

Miss Wilson was at a loss for a reply. She felt that she ought to have dismissed him summarily, instead of tolerating a discussion which she did not now know how to end with dignity. He relieved her by adding unexpectedly,

"Your system was the cause of my absurd marriage. My wife acquired a degree of culture and reasonableness from her education here which made her seem a superior being among the chatterers who form the female seasoning in ordinary society. I admired her dark eyes, and was only too glad to seize the excuse her education offered me for believing that she was a match for me in mind as well as in body."

Miss Wilson, astonished, determined to tell him coldly that her time was valuable. But curiosity took possession of her in the act of utterance, and the words that came were, "Who was she?"

"Henrietta Jansenius. She is Henrietta Trefusis; and I am Sidney Trefusis, at your mercy. I see I have roused your compassion at last."

"Tut!" said Miss Wilson hastily; for her surprise was indeed tinged by a feeling of pity for the man who had made Henrietta his wife. Smilash continued,

"I ran away from her, and adopted this retreat and this disguise in order to avoid her. The usual rebuke to human forethought followed. I ran straight into her arms; or rather she ran into mine. You remember the scene, and were probably puzzled by it."

"You seem to think your marriage contract a very light matter, Mr. Trefusis. May I ask whose fault was the separation? Hers, of course."

"I have absolutely nothing to reproach her with. I expected to find her temper hasty; but it was not so: her behaviour was unexceptionable. So was mine. Our bliss was perfect. But unfortunately I was not made for domestic

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bliss, or, at all events, I could not endure it; so I fled; and when she caught me again I could give no excuse for my flight, though I made it clear to her that I would not resume our connubial state just yet. We parted on bad terms. I fully intended to write her a sweet letter to make her forgive me in spite of herself; but somehow the weeks have slipt away and my intention remains unfulfilled. She has never written; and I have never written. This is a pretty state of things, isn't it, Miss Wilson, after all the advantages she enjoyed under the influence of moral force and the movement for the higher education of women?"

"By your own admission, the fault seems to lie upon your moral training, and not upon hers."

"The fault was in the conditions of our association. Why they should have attracted me so strongly at first, and repelled me so horribly afterwards, is one of those devil's riddles with which we have somehow managed to fill the world. But I am wasting your time, I fear. You sent for Smilash; and I have responded by practically annihilating him. In public, however, you must still bear with his antics. One moment more. I had forgotten to ask you whether you were interested in the shepherd whose wife you sheltered on the night of the storm?"

"He assured me, before he took his wife away, that he was comfortably settled in a lodging in Lyvern."

"Yes. Very comfortably settled indeed. For half-a-crown a week he obtained permission to share a room with two other families in a ten roomed house in not much better repair than his blown-down hovel. This house yields to its landlord over two hundred a year, or rather more than the rent of a commodious house in South Kensington. It is a troublesome rent to collect; but on the other hand there are no drawbacks for repairs or sanitation, which are not considered necessary in tenement houses. Our friend has to walk three miles from this undesirable family residence to his work, and three miles back. Exercise is a capital thing for a

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student or a city clerk; but a shepherd who has been in the fields all day looks upon a long walk at the end of his day's work as somewhat too much of a good thing. He begged for an increase of wages to compensate him for the loss of the hut; but Sir John pointed out to him that, if he was not satisfied, his place could be easily filled by less exorbitant shepherds; and that the laws of political economy bind employers to buy labour in the cheapest market. As this law prevails everywhere except in Downing Street and a few other privileged places, I suggested that our friend should go to some place where higher prices rule in the labour market than in merry England. He was willing enough to do so, but unable from want of means. So I lent him a trifle; and now he is on his way to Australia. Workmen are the geese that lay the golden eggs; but they fly away sometimes. I hear a gong sounding somewhere, to remind me of the flight of time and the value of your share of it. Good morning."

"Good morning," she said, quite cheerfully. She was beginning to think that he was, after all, only a wrong headed young enthusiast, whose education had been neglected, or at least not conducted on the Alton system. He shook his head, as if he saw no reason to be cheerful just then, and went out slowly.

"I wonder," he said, as he crossed the landing, "whether, by judiciously losing my way, I could catch a glimpse of that girl who is like a golden idol."

He descended, and presently saw Agatha coming towards him, pre-occupied with a book which she was tossing up to the ceiling and catching. Her melancholy expression, habitual to her when alone, showed that she was not amusing herself, but simply giving vent to her restlessness. As her gaze travelled upward, following the flight of the volume, it was arrested by Smilash. The book fell to the floor. He picked it up and handed it to her, saying,

"And, in good time, here *is* the golden idol!"

"What?" said Agatha, confused.

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"I call you the golden idol," he said gravely. "When we are apart, I always imagine your face as a face of gold, with eyes and teeth of bdellium, or chalcedony, or agate, or whatever wonderful unknown stones may exist of appropriate colors."

Agatha, witless and dumb, could only look at him deprecatingly.

"You think you ought to be angry with me; and you do not know exactly how to make me feel that you are so. Is that it?"

"No. Quite the contrary. At least—I mean that you are wrong. I am the most commonplace person you can imagine—if you only knew. No matter what I may look, I mean."

"How do you know that you are commonplace?"

"Of course I know," said Agatha, her eyes wandering uneasily.

"Of course you do not know: you cannot see yourself as others see you. For instance, you have never thought of yourself as a golden idol."

"But that is absurd. You are quite mistaken about me."

"Perhaps so. I know, however, that your face is not really made of gold, and that it has not the same charm for you that it has for others—for me."

"I must go," said Agatha, suddenly in haste.

"When shall we meet again?"

"I dont know," she said, with a growing sense of alarm. "I really must go."

"Believe me, your hurry is only imaginary. Do you fancy that you are behaving in a manner quite unworthy of yourself, and that a net is closing round you?"

"No. Nothing of the sort."

"Then why are you so anxious to get away?"

"I dont know," said Agatha, affecting to laugh as he looked sceptically at her from beneath his lowered eyelids.

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"Perhaps I do feel a little like that; but not so much as you say."

"I will explain the sensation to you," he said, with a subdued ardor that affected Agatha strangely. "But first tell me whether it is new to you or not."

"It is not a sensation at all. I did not say that it was."

"Do not be afraid of it. It is only the sensation of being alone with a man whom you have bewitched. You would be mistress of the situation, if you only knew how to manage a lover. It is far easier than managing a horse, or skating, or playing the piano, or half a dozen other feats of which you think nothing."

Agatha coloured, and raised her head--

"Forgive me," he said, interrupting the action. "I am trying to offend you in order to save myself from falling in love with you; and I have not the heart to let myself succeed. On your life, do not listen to me or believe me; I have no right to say these things to you. Some fiend enters into me when I am at your side. You should wear a veil, Agatha."

She blushed, and stood burning and tingling, her presence of mind gone, and her chief sensation one of relief to hear—for she did not dare to see—that he was departing. Her consciousness was in a delicious confusion, with the one definite thought in it that she had found a lover at last. The tone of Trefusis's voice, rich with truth and earnestness; his quick insight; and his passionate warning to her not to heed him; convinced her that she had entered into a new relation destined to influence her whole life and character.

"And yet," she said with remorse, "I cannot love him as he loves me. I am selfish, cold, calculating, worldly, and have doubted until now whether such a thing as love really existed. Oh, if I could only love him recklessly and thoroughly, as he loves me!"

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Smilash was also soliloquizing as he went on his way.

"Now I have made the poor child—who was so anxious that I should not mistake her for a supernaturally gifted and lovely woman—as happy as an angel; and so is that fine girl whom they call Jane Carpenter. I hope they wont exchange confidences on the subject."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Trefusis found her parents so unsympathetic on the subject of her marriage, that she left their house shortly after her visit to Lyvern, and went to reside with a hospitable friend. Unable to remain silent upon a matter which was constantly in her thoughts, she discussed her husband's conduct with this friend, and elicited an opinion that the behaviour of Trefusis was scandalous and wicked. Henrietta could not bear this, and sought shelter with a relative. The same discussion arising, the relative said,

"Well, Hetty, if I am to speak candidly, I must say that I have known Sidney Trefusis for a long time; and he is the easiest person to get on with I ever met. And you know, dear, that you are very trying sometimes."

"And so," cried Henrietta, bursting into tears, "after the infamous way he has treated me, I am to be told that it is all my own fault."

She left the house next day, having obtained another invitation from a discreet lady who would not discuss the subject at all. This proved quite intolerable; and Henrietta went to stay with her uncle Daniel Jansenius, a jolly and indulgent man. He opined that things would come right as soon as both parties grew more sensible; and, as to which of them was in fault, he believed it to be six of one and half a dozen of the other. Whenever he saw his niece pensive or tearful, he laughed at her, and called her a grass widow. Henrietta found that she could bear anything rather than this. She

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declared that the world was hateful to her; and she hired a furnished villa in St. John's Wood, into which she moved in December. But she suffered so much there from loneliness that she wrote a pathetic letter to Agatha, entreating her to spend the approaching Christmas vacation with her, and promising her every luxury and amusement that boundless affection could suggest and boundless means procure. Agatha's reply contained some unlooked for information.

Alton College. Lyvern.
14th December.

Dearest Hetty,

I dont think I can do exactly what you want, as I must spend Xmas with mamma at Chiswick; but I need not get there until Xmas Eve, and we break up here on yesterday week, the 20th. So I will go straight to you and bring you with me to mamma's, where you will spend Xmas much better than moping in a strange house. It is not quite settled yet about my leaving the college after this term. You must promise not to tell anyone; but I have a new friend here—a lover. Not that I am in love with him, though I think very highly of him—you know I am not a romantic fool—; but he is very much in love with me; and I wish I could return it as he deserves. The French say that one person turns the cheek and the other kisses it. It has not got quite so far as that with us: indeed, since he declared what he felt, he has only been able to snatch a few words with me when I have been skating or walking. But there has always been at least one word or look that meant a great deal.

And now, who do you think he is? He says he knows you, Can you guess? He says you know all his secrets. He says he knows your husband well; that he treated you very badly; and that you are greatly to be pitied. Can you guess now? He says he has often kissed you—for shame, Hetty! Have you guessed yet? He was going to tell me something more when we were interrupted; and I have not seen him since except at a distance. He is the man with whom you eloped that day when you gave us all such a fright,—Mr. Sidney. I was the first to penetrate his disguise; and I had taxed him with it, and he had confessed it, that very morning. He said then that he was hiding from a woman who was in love with him; and I should not be surprised if it turned out to be true; for he is wonderfully original—in fact, what makes me like him is that he is by far the cleverest man I have ever met, and yet he thinks nothing of himself. I cannot imagine what he sees in me to care for, though he is evidently ensnared by my charms. I hope he wont find out how silly I am. He calls me his golden idol—"

Henrietta, with a scream of rage, tore the letter across, and stamped upon it. When the paroxysm subsided, she picked up the pieces, held them together as accurately as her trembling hands could, and read on.

"—but he is not all honey, and will say the most severe things sometimes if he thinks he ought to. He has made me so ashamed of my ignorance that I am resolved to stay here for another term at least, and study as hard as I can. I have not begun yet, as it is not worth doing so at the eleventh hour of this term; but when I return in January I will set to work in

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earnest, So you may see that his influence over me is an entirely good one. I will tell you all about him when we meet; for I have no time to say anything now, as the girls are bothering me to go skating with them. He pretends to be a workman, and puts on our skates for us; and Jane Carpenter believes that he is in love with her. Jane is exceedingly kindhearted; but she has a talent for making herself ridiculous which nothing can suppress. The ice is lovely, and the weather jolly; we do not mind the cold in the least. They are threatening to go without me—good-bye!

ever your affectionate
AGATHA.

P. S. I will write to tell you by what train I shall come; and you need not send anyone to meet me: I can get a cab myself. A. W.

Henrietta looked round for something steel-cold and pointed. She grasped a pair of scissors greedily, and stabbed the air with them. Then she became conscious of her murderous impulse, and shuddered at it; but in a moment more her jealousy swept back upon her, and she cried as if suffocating, "I dont care! I should like to kill her!" But she did not take up the scissors again.

At last she rang the bell violently, and asked for a railway guide. On being told that there was not one in the house, she reproached her maid so angrily that the girl said pertly that if she were to be spoken to like that, she would wish to leave when her month was up. This check brought Henrietta to her senses. She went upstairs, and put on the first cloak at hand, which was fortunately a heavy fur one. Then she took her bonnet and purse; left the house; and, hailing a passing hansom, got into it and bade the cabman drive her to St. Pancras.

When the night came, the air at Lyvern was like iron in the intense cold. The trees and the wind seemed icebound, as the water was; and silence, stillness, and starlight, frozen hard, brooded over the country. At the chalet, Smilash, indifferent to the price of coal, kept up a roaring fire which glowed through the uncurtained windows, and tantalized the chilled wayfarer who did not happen to know, as the herdsmen of the neighborhood did, that he was welcome to enter and warm himself without danger of rebuff from the tenant. Smilash was in high spirits. He had become a proficient skater; and frosty weather was now a luxury to him. It

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braced him, and drove away his gloomy fits; whilst his sympathies were kept awake and his indignation maintained at an exhilarating pitch of earnestness by the sufferings of the poor, who, being unable to afford fires or skating, warmed themselves in such sweltering heat as overcrowding produces in all seasons.

It was Smilash's custom to make a hot drink of oatmeal and water for himself at half-past nine o'clock each evening, and to go to bed at ten. Some water remained in the saucepan since his last meal; and he opened the door and threw it out. It froze as it fell upon the soil. He looked at the night, and shook himself to get rid of an oppressive sensation of being clasped in the icy ribs of the air; for the mercury had descended below the familiar region of crisp and crackly cold, and marked a temperature at which the numb atmosphere seemed on the point of congealing into black solidity. Nothing was stirring.

"By George," he said, "this is one of those nights on which a rich man daren't think."

He shut the door, hastened back to his fire, and set to work at his caudle, which he watched and stirred with a solicitude which would have amused a professed cook. When it was done, he poured it into a large mug, where it steamed invitingly. He took up some in a spoon, and blew upon it to cool it. Tap tap tap tap! hurriedly at the door.

"Nice night for a walk," he said, putting down the spoon. Then, shouting, "Come in."

The latch was raised unsteadily; and Henrietta, with frozen tears on her cheeks, and an unintelligible expression of wretchedness and rage, appeared. After an instant of amazement, he sprang to her and clasped her in his arms; and she, against her will, and protesting voicelessly, stumbled into his embrace.

"You are frozen to death," he exclaimed, carrying her to the fire. "This seal jacket is like a sheet of ice. So is your face" (kissing it). "What is the matter? Why do you struggle so?"

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"Let me go," she gasped, in a vehement whisper. "I h—hate you."

"My poor love, you are too cold to hate anyone—even your husband. You must let me take off these tight boots. Your feet must be perfectly dead."

By this time her voice and tears were thawing in the warmth of the chalet and of his caresses. "You shall not take them off," she said, crying with cold and sorrow. "Let me alone. Dont touch me. I am going away—straight back. I will not speak to you, or take off my things here, or touch anything in the house."

"No, my darling," he said, putting her into a capacious wooden armchair, and busily unbuttoning her boots; "you shall do nothing that you dont wish to do. Your feet are like stones. Yes, yes, my dear, I am a wretch unworthy to live. I know it."

"Let me alone," she said piteously. "I dont want your attentions. I have done with you for ever."

"Come, you must drink some of this nasty stuff. It is only oatmeal and water; but it is hot, and good for you."

"I will not. Give me my boots. I dont care if I die on the road."

"My best beloved," he said, bringing a cupful of the caudle to her, "you have not yet told me what you came to say. You will need strength to tell your husband all the unpleasant things that your soul is charged with. Take just a little."

She turned her face away, and would not answer. He brought another chair, and sat down beside her. "My lost, forlorn, betrayed one——"

"I am," she sobbed. "You dont mean it, but I am."

"You are also my dearest and best of wives. If you ever loved me, Hetty—even if we must part for ever immediately afterwards, you must, for my once dear sake, drink this before it gets cold."

She pouted, sobbed, and yielded to some gentle force which he used, as a child allows itself to be half persuaded, half compelled, to take physic.

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"Do you feel better and more comfortable now?" he said.

"No," she replied, angry with herself for feeling both.

"Then," he said cheerfully, as if she had given him a hearty affirmative, "I will put some more coals on the fire; and we shall be as snug as possible. It makes me wildly happy to see you at my fireside, and to know that you are my own wife."

"I wonder how you can look me in the face and say so," she cried, recovering her energy from the stimulus of the hot oatmeal.

"I should wonder at myself if I could look at your face and say anything else. There, that will make a magnificent blaze presently."

"I never thought you deceitful, Sidney, whatever other faults you may have had."

"Precisely, my love," he said gravely. "I understand your feelings. Murder, burglary, intemperance, or the minor vices you could have borne; but deceit you cannot abide."

"I will go away," she said despairingly, with a fresh burst of tears. "I will not be laughed at and betrayed. I will go barefooted." She rose, and attempted to reach the door; but he intercepted her, and said,

"My love, there is something serious the matter. What is it? Dont be angry with me."

He brought her back to her chair. She took Agatha's letter from the pocket of her fur cloak, and handed it to him with a faint attempt to be tragic.

"Read that," she said. "And never speak to me again. All is over between us."

He took it curiously, and turned it over to look at the signature. "Aha!" he said; "my golden idol has been making mischief, has she?"

"There!" exclaimed Henrietta. "You have said it to my face! You have convicted yourself out of your own mouth!"

"Wait a moment, my dear. I have not read the letter yet."

He rose and walked to-and-fro through the room, reading as

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he walked. She watched him, angrily confident that she should presently see him change countenance. Suddenly he drooped, and bent slightly forward, as if his spine had partly given way; and in this ungraceful attitude he read the remainder of the letter. When he had finished, he threw it on the table, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and roared with laughter; huddling himself together as if it were necessary that he should collect himself into the smallest possible compass in order to enjoy the joke. Henrietta, speechless with indignation, could only look her feelings. When his mirth was exhausted, he remained a moment in his cramped attitude, but with a serious expression. Then he came and sat down beside her.

"And so," he said, "on receiving this, you rushed out in the cold, and came all the way to Lyvern. Now, it seems to me that you must either love me very much——"

"I dont. I hate you."

"—— or else you love yourself very much."

"Oh!" And she wept afresh. "You are a selfish brute; and you do just as you like without considering anyone else. No one ever thinks of me. And now you will not even take the trouble to deny that shameful letter."

"Why should I deny it? It is true. Do you not see the irony of all this? I amuse myself by paying a few compliments to a schoolgirl for whom I do not care two straws more than I care for any agreeable and passably clever woman I meet. Nevertheless, I occasionally feel a pang of remorse because I think that she may love me seriously, although I am only playing with her. I pity the poor heart I have wantonly ensnared. And, all the time, she is pitying me for exactly the same reason! She is remorseful because she is only indulging in the luxury of being adored by 'by far the cleverest man she has ever met,' and is as heart-whole as I am! Ha, ha! That is the basis of the religion of love of which poets are the highpriests. Each worshipper knows that his own love is either a transient passion or a

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sham copied from his favourite poem; but he believes honestly in the love of others for him. Ho, ho! Is it not a silly world, my dear?"

"You had no right to make love to Agatha. You have no right to make love to anyone but me; and I wont bear it."

"You are angry because Agatha has infringed your monopoly. Always monopoly! Why, you silly girl, do you suppose that I belong to you, body and soul?—that I may not be moved except by your affection, or think except for your benefit?"

"You may call me as many names as you please; but you have no right to make love to Agatha."

"My dearest, I do not recollect calling you any names. I think you said something about a selfish brute."

"I did not. You called me a silly girl."

"But, my love, so you are."

"And so *you* are. You are thoroughly selfish."

"I dont deny it. But let us return to our subject. What did we begin to quarrel about?"

"I am not quarreling, Sidney. It is you."

"Well, what did I begin to quarrel about?"

"About Agatha Wylie."

"Oh pardon me, Hetty: I certainly did not begin to quarrel about her. I am very fond of her,—more so, it appears than she is of me. —One moment, Hetty, before you recommence your reproaches. Why do you dislike my saying pretty things to Agatha?"

Henrietta hesitated, and said, "Because you have no right to. It shows how little you care for me."

"It has nothing to do with you. It only shows how much I care for her."

"I will not stay here to be insulted," said Hetty, her distress returning. "I will go home."

"Not to-night: there is no train."

"I will walk."

"It is too far."

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"I dont care. I will not stay here, though I die of cold by the roadside."

"My cherished one, I have been annoying you purposely because you show by your anger that you have not ceased to care for me. I am in the wrong, as I usually am; and it is all my fault: Agatha knows nothing about our marriage."

"I do not blame you so much," said Henrietta, suffering him to place her head on his shoulder; "but I will never speak to Agatha again. She has behaved shamefully to me, and I will tell her so."

"No doubt she will opine that it is all your fault, dearest, and that I have behaved admirably. Between you I shall stand exonerated. And now, since it is too cold for walking; since it is late; since it is far to Lyvern and farther to London, I must improvise some accommodation for you here."

"But —"

"But there is no help for it. You must stay."

(To be continued.)

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The Modern Revolution.*

THERE is an old German legend, embodied in a well-known poem, which relates how, in the days when Prussia and Austria were rent by the feuds of king and empress, there lived in a quiet country town of the former country the maiden Leonora, whose lover, Wilhelm, was away, fighting with Frederick's army. One day, the legend relates, when, for a long time, no tidings had been heard of him, news came of the battle of Prague, and of the conclusion of peace, and following thereupon, arrived the victorious troops on their way home. But among all the host, Wilhelm is looked for in vain; there is none who can tell what fate has befallen him. Leonora knows no consolation. In a moment of despairing grief, she throws herself on the ground and blasphemes heaven. At nightfall, a charger, in full speed, is heard, and at the gate a rider dismounts. He calls to Leonora to dress quickly, for

"Thou must ride a hundred leagues this night,
My nuptial couch to share."

She mounts the charger in haste. In furious gallop they hurry along, amid a cloud of dust and showers of sparks. As they whirl o'er heath and bog and road, the ravens flap their wings, the bells toll, the frogs croak in chorus. There passes a funeral procession, and a spectral rabble dancing round a gibbet sweep along in their train. At cock-crow they reach a graveyard, when, in an instant, the rider's mantle and jerkin fall in pieces, disclosing no Wilhelm, but a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass. The charger vanishes in flame. Wails

* A Lecture delivered before the Hastings Athenæum Society, 15th January, 1884.

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issue from an open grave, into which Leonora sinks, while, in the moonlight, phantoms dance around in giddy circles; the burden of their song:—

"Thy body's knell we toll;
May God preserve thy soul!"

We may, I think, in the story of Leonora's ride, possibly find some parallel to the history of humanity in this nineteenth century. The civilization in whose embrace we have been clasped and whose mantle has been covering us, and of whose praises we are never tired: what is its nature? What is beneath that fair-seeming jerkin; is it a thing of flesh and blood or is it a ghastly skeleton? Whither is it leading us—to an idyllic love-scene or to a graveyard and a tomb? Will the steed on which we are dashing forward, as we fondly imagine, to untold havens of commercial bliss, vanish in flame—it may chance of nitro-glycerine or of some other flame—or will it endure?

These are the questions involved in our subject of to-night and they are questions which in some form or other are being asked by all thinking men in the present day. The majority will concede that we are passing through a period of change though the true nature of that change they may not be so willing to admit.

It is our business now to examine briefly the nature of the stuff or raw material that is woven into our state system, our manners and customs, and even our religion. A moment's glance at these elements of our civilization will show us that they have as their material basis two institutions, viz: land-ownership and capital. With the principle of land-ownership I do not propose especially to detain your attention to-night; 1stly, because it has been dealt with at length—though it is true nowhere throughly—in many recent works which, doubtless, many present have read; and 2ndly, because the existence of private property in land, important as it is, is really of minor importance to the existence of a capitalistic mode of production. Hence

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into the fallacy of the theory of which we have heard so much lately, that the mere confiscation of competition rents would effect any vast change in our civilization, I do not propose to enter otherwise than by implication.

The foregoing then are the factors constituting the texture of our social system—the mantle in which we are enwrapped. Steam, electricity—the inventions, the discoveries, in the vast development of machinery distinguishing the nineteenth century from all other ages—these things are the steed bearing us along the giddy whirl of modern life. The middle-class man, the merchant, the manufacturer or his hanger-on, dreams of the universal spread of this, his civilization, with its churches and chapels; its missionary organizations "for spreading the light of the gospel into foreign parts"; its shunting-yards; its factory-chimneys; its trans-continental railways; its West-end houses; its suburban villas; as the end of all progress, the bourne of humanity. In his impetuous course he never thinks of stopping to ask the question, "What is happiness? What is the ideal having possession of me? What is the hope I am clasping?" Like Leonora, human nature has been deprived of its ideal; the dream of classicism, of the ideal city, or of the perfect life of wisdom, has passed away. The dream of the middle-ages, of the perfect life after death in communion with a supra-mundane godhead and a company of glorified saints, has passed away also, so far as constituting a practical life-object for men is concerned. Commercialism in the shape of money, capital, competition, success in life, has, in the mock vesture of an ideal, summoned the human Leonora to a reckless ride to an unknown bourne. The summons has been accepted with unquestioning faith—a faith so unquestioning that the cry of the frogs and the ravens; the gibbet, crime; the ever-increasing phantom crew—starvation, misery, disease and pauperism—go for nothing as they scour along in mad career in the track, mocking the rider. It remains to tear asunder the vesture of our hypothetical Wilhelm to discover whether he be real or spectral. We shall, I think, in this disclose

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another line of parallel to the legend; we shall find, namely, that he is indeed a hideous skeleton, heartless, eyeless, the issue of a blasphemy, not against any god, perhaps, but against what are higher than any god—the principles of justice and truth.

In doing this I shall have first of all to call your attention to the following dry statement of figures. The annual production of the United Kingdom amounts to thirteen hundred millions. Of this, ten hundred millions are absorbed by the minority (as regards population) of capitalists, land-owners, and the middle classes generally, leaving three hundred millions only for the working-classes, *i.e.* at once for the bulk of the community and those classes that make the wealth. The land-owners of the country take out of the thirteen hundred millions, directly, only one hundred and thirty five millions, while at least half of this income is mortgaged back to the capitalist class for loans. So that the amount absorbed by land-ownership, as such, is by no means so important an item as some would have us believe.

Such, then, are the facts. The major part of the wealth of the community is absorbed in the form of interest or profit; or, in other words, in the circulation of money as capital. It remains to investigate the true meaning of this circulation of money as capital. It is, I imagine, unnecessary to enter at length into the well-known economic distinction of utility-value—the value which the commodity possesses in its consumption—and exchange-value, the value which it possesses in the market: it will suffice to say that commodities simply representing the result of labour—value in a strictly economical sense—*i. e.* exchange-value—means nothing more than the differential amount of labour that they severally embody. Hence exchange-value has but one quality, that of being the embodiment of labour; and hence its differences are in point of quantity alone. For this reason the exchange-value of one commodity can be expressed in the substance of another; the

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value of a particular quantity of linen can be expressed in a coat, for example.

The ultimate issue of the various forms in which value may be represented is the money form. In this form the value of any commodity from out the complex of commodities is embodied not in any other commodity from out this complex, but in a *tertium quid*. This *tertium quid* is money. Thus, a pound sterling is the sign and symbol of a definite amount of concrete labour—it matters not in what commodity it may be embodied—whether in a coat, in ten ells of linen, in five pounds of tea, in ten pounds of coffee, in a quarter of wheat, or in a quarter of a ton of iron. The sole primary function of money is, to act as a medium of exchange on the primitive system of barter becoming impracticable or inconvenient. Instead, therefore, of the simple and direct barter of one commodity for another, we have now a third term interposed, *the process of exchange becomes indirect*. One commodity is sold, *i.e.*, is parted with for money, and the other commodity purchased with that money. But the appearance upon the scene of a standard of value, a commodity having no other than an exchange value, *i.e.*, possessing no utility value in itself, carries with it remarkable and unforeseen consequences. "With the possibility of obtaining commodities in the form of pure exchange value, or *vice versâ*," says Karl Marx, the founder of the new Socialist economy, "The greed for gold awakens. With the extension of the circulation of commodities, the power of gold grows; the ever-ready, unconditionally social form of riches. Through gold, said Christopher Columbus, one could even get souls into Paradise." Circulation—in other words, the indirect process of exchange—is the great social retort into which everything flows, to come out crystallised into money in some form or shape. The issue of this is, that the original money-formula, which we may represent thus:—1st. term, Commodity; 2nd term, Money; 3rd term, Commodity again—becomes supplemented by another and far more recondite process. This second process is that of

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buying in order to sell again, changing money for money; and may be expressed by another formula, of which the 1st term is Money; the 2nd Commodity; and the 3rd Money again. The entry of this second money-process upon the arena denotes the transition of money, or exchange-value pure and simple, into capital. For, since money has no utility-value but only an exchange-value which is, of course, uniform as to quality, there can be nothing gained by the process except it be in point of quantity. And in fact, money circulating in this way does gain in quantity. In short, the movement or circulation of money as capital has for its end the return of the money, *plus an increment*. This increment is termed by Karl Marx, *surplus value*.

But now arises the question, "By what process of economical magic is this result obtained? Where does the increment or profit, or surplus value come from?" It cannot come out of exchange-value or money itself. Every capitalist cannot have the advantage of every other capitalist. The mere circulation cannot effect this marvellous change. It must therefore be looked for outside the circulating medium or capital. But the complimentary factor to capital in all production is labour. Hence it is from labour—or, to put it concretely, from the labourer—that the surplus value must be derived; but, to this end, the labourer's capacity for labour, his *labour-force*, must come into the market as any other commodity. Now, the value of labour-force or work is determined, like that of every other commodity, by the average time necessary to its production or reproduction. Again: this labour force exists only as a quality of a living individual; but to the existence and maintenance of a living individual a certain supply of the means of living is necessary. Hence, the value of labour force resolves itself into the value of a determinate supply of the means of living, and changes with the value of these means of living, *i.e.*, with the length of time necessary for their production. This fact furnishes the magic thread to the unravelment of the woof of the whole

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modern capitalistic system; and here I must quote from Marx somewhat at length:

That half-a-day's work is necessary to maintain the workman in life during the twenty-four hours, does not in any way prevent him from working a whole day. The value of the capacity for labour, and its exploitation in the process of labour are two distinct quantities. The first determines its exchange-value, the second its utility-value. This difference the capitalist has in his eye in purchasing the capacity for labour. Its useful characteristic, that of making thread or boots. was merely a *sine quâ non*, because labour must be expended in a useful form to make value. The decisive element was the specific utility-value of the commodity, labour, that of being the source of value and of more value than it has itself. This is the specific service the capitalist requires of it. And he acts thereby in accordance with the eternal laws regulating the exchange of commodities, ... The capitalist has foreseen this situation 'dass ihn lachen macht.' Hence the workman finds in the workroom the necessary means of production, not for a six, but a twelve hours process of labour.

The second period of the process of work, beyond the boundaries of this necessary work, though it costs him work, expenditure of the capacity for labour, yet realises no value for him. It realises a surplus value, that smiles on the capitalist with all the charm of a creation out of nothing. I call this portion of the working day *surplus working time*, and the work expended thereon *surplus labour*. It is as important for the knowledge of surplus value to understand it as a mere flux of surplus working time, as merely embodied surplus work, as it is for a knowledge of value generally to understand it as mere flux of working time, as mere embodied work. Only the form, in which this surplus work is extracted from the immediate producer, the labourer, distinguishes the various economical formations of society, for instance, a society founded on slavery from one based on wage labour.

John Stuart Mill observes, in his 'Principles of Political Economy,' that it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. Such is, however, by no means the object of machinery as applied under the capitalist system. Like every other development of the productive power of labour, its object is to cheapen commodities, and to shorten that portion of the working day which the workman has for himself, in order to lengthen the other part of the working day which he gives to the capitalist for nothing. It is a means to the production of Surplus Value.

The capitalist has purchased Labour-force at its current rate. Hence its utility-value belongs to him during a working day. He has acquired the right to make the workman labour for him during the day. But what is the working day? At all events less than the actual day. By how much? The capitalist has his eye on this *ultima thule*, the necessary limits of the working day. As capitalist he is only personified capital. His soul is the soul of capital. But capital has but a single impulse in life, that of realising itself as Surplus, creating Surplus Value, and with its constant factor the means of production, of sucking in the greatest possible amount of Surplus Value. Capital is dead labour, which lives vampire-like by sucking in living labour, and lives the more, the more it sucks in. The time during which the workman labours is the time during which the capitalist consumes the Labour-force purchased from him. If the workman consumes his available time for himself he robs the capitalist. The capitalist falls back upon the law regulating the exchange of commodities. He, like every other purchaser, seeks to wring the greatest possible use out of the utility-value of his commodity. But suddenly the voice of the workman, drowned in the storm and stress of the process of

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production, makes itself heard :—'The commodity which I have sold to you is distinguished from all other commodities by its creating a utility value greater than it costs itself. This was the reason why you bought it. What appears on your side as realisation of capital, appears on my side as superfluous expenditure of my Labour-force. You and I recognize on the arena of the market but one law, that of the exchange of commodities (supply and demand). And the consumption of the commodity does not belong to the seller, who delivers it, but to the buyer who acquires it. To you belongs, therefore, the use of my daily Labour-force. But by means of its daily sale-price I must daily reproduce it, and hence can sell it anew. Apart from natural decay through old age, &c., I must be able to work again to-morrow in the same normal condition of power, health and freshness, as to-day. You are continually preaching to me the gospel of 'saving' and 'abstinence.' Good! I will, like a sensible, saving, business man, preserve my only faculty, my Labour-force, and abstain from any foolish expenditure of it. I will only spend as much of it—daily convert as much of it into work—as is consistent with its normal continuance and healthy development. By a measureless lengthening of the working day, you use up more of my Labour-force than I can replace in three days. What you thus gain in work I lose in the substance of work. Using my capacity for labour and robbing me of it are quite different things. I demand therefore a working day of normal length, and I demand it without any appeal to your heart, for in money matters compassion has no place. You may be a model citizen, perhaps a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and stand in the odour of sanctity in addition, but the thing that you represent to me carries no heart in its breast. What seems to beat therein is my own heart's pulse. I demand a normal working day because I demand the value of my commodity like every other vendor.' "

Hence the modern economic régime must be a perpetual strife. The capitalist maintains his right as a buyer to make the working day as long as possible, and the workman maintains his right as seller to limit the working day.

And now, before concluding this portion of our subject, I have a word to say on the argument employed to account for the existence and action of capital by the current economist. Capital, it is said, is the reward of abstinence. Now the conception of capital, as we have seen, has its root in the conception of money. Money—which is nothing more than the abstract expression for all possible commodities, *i.e.*, products of labour—has become hypostasized, and acquired a special, material, value and function of its own, apart from its merely formal value as a medium of exchange. This hypostasization found its crudest theoretical expression in the infancy of economic science as the mercantile theory (so called); but the same fallacy, in a practical and far more insidious form, underlies the idea of capital, which, as we

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have shown, consists in the ascription to money of a faculty of quantitative increase in the mere course of circulation, a faculty which it does not and cannot legitimately possess.

Economists, in the vain search for a scientific explanation of profit and interest on capital, lighted upon the näively brilliant idea that *interest* was the reward a beneficent Nature had provided for "*thrift*." Now as every small boy knows, if he abstains from eating his cake one day, or a portion of it, he has the pleasure of consuming the same another day. But the only reward of the small boy's virtuous thrift is the future pleasure of consumption as against the present or past. With this he has to be satisfied, as the cake does not increase or multiply with keeping. But we are asked by the economists to believe that the virtue of the small boy, like Samson's locks, grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, insuchwise that when he becomes a big capitalist it has acquired proportions entitling it to a reward altogether incommensurate with what satisfied it in its earlier stages. Now he expects his cake, under the abstract expression, "commodity in general," or its concrete symbol money, to grow by keeping to indefinable proportions, like the good fairy's cake in the nursery tale. So far, so good; but here the uninitiated stumbles across the puzzling fact that to the carnal eye the abstinence and the increment do not run hand in hand together, but that the abstinence lags behind the increment, and finally stops altogether, while the pace of the increment is accelerating by leaps and bounds. To the carnal eye, for example, the abstinence of a Nathaniel Rothschild or a Samuel Morley is below the *minimum visibile*. The unfortunate student is thus driven to accept the economist's assurance on the strength of that unsatisfactory surrogate the "eye of faith." Given a causal relation between abstinence and increment, he naturally expects to find *cæteris paribus* a progressive increase in the cause to precede or accompany a progressive increase in the effect. Experience, however, shows the reverse.

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What, then, becomes of abstinence as a scientific *raison d'être* of capital? Surely it is something like effrontery for a doctrine which has at its basis such childishness as this, to arrogate to itself the name of science, as is done by the orthodox economy.

We have, I think, seen the mantle and jerkin of our Wilhelm fall piece by piece. We have disclosed no warm-blooded hero showing the earnest of a nobler life of progress in the higher human attributes, but the grinning skull of fraud and force.

Let us now look back, for a few moments, upon history, and see whether what we have arrived at logically is borne out politically and historically. As all of you are doubtless aware, the industrial system of antiquity was founded on slavery; production was carried on entirely, or almost entirely, by slaves. This system of slave industry became gradually modified, after the disruption of the Roman empire, into serfage. Slaves could not now be bought or sold at pleasure, but were inseparable, in most cases, from the land on which they were born. Hence it was the interest of the feudal lord-of-the-soil to maintain them as far as possible in a healthy and contented condition, since, if by ill-treatment he diminished their numbers or impaired their labour-power, he was himself the loser by it. With the decline of the medieval system and the rise of towns a new industrial organization appeared—that of guilds of independent burghers. The township got the feudal services of the citizens within its boundaries commuted for an annual tribute. In this way free labour arose; each man now worked for himself and his family at a particular handicraft to which the guild supplied a regular training. In this way too an organized system of distribution—of commerce—came into existence; leagues for mutual protection against the military robbers of the period were formed, of which the most important was the famous Hanseatic League. With the Renaissance, and still more, the Reformation, the main strength of the medieval system

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pure and simple was broken up. The middle-class of the towns became more and more powerful, and, with their power, more and more restive at the imposts laid upon them, and at the restriction of their liberty and dignity by governments constituted of the aristocratic lords of the soil, and of the crown with its advisers. Risings began to take place in various parts of Europe; as, for instance, the Fronde in France, the civil war between King and Parliament in England, and the revolt in the Netherlands under Johann van Arteveldt.

The growing breach between the "Commons," or "Third Estate"—a name originally applied to the smaller land-holders—as the trading classes now came to be called, and the two feudal estates, consisting respectively of the superior clergy (bishops and archbishops, &c.) and the nobility, surmounted by the crown with its councillors, culminated in the great French Revolution of 1789. In this revolution the third estate was arrayed against the clergy, nobility, and the sovereign. The monarchy, which in the feudal system was merely the crowning of the edifice, had, on the first symptoms of decay in that system, endeavoured to utilize the anomalous state of things then arising for the strengthening of its prerogative. This was attempted with varying success by well-nigh all the sovereigns of England from Henry VIII. to Charles I., and was successfully accomplished by Louis XIV. of France; but on the outbreak of the great French Revolution all jealousy between monarchy and aristocracy was banished throughout Europe in the face of the threatening danger from the third estate; but burgher and noble—or, as the French have it, *bourgeois* and *grand seigneur*—in their struggles for supremacy, were oblivious of the rise above the social horizon of "a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand," in the shape of a new political factor—a fourth estate—destined to prove a menace alike to both their interests. This fourth estate, distinct from the peasantry of the country, as the new commonalty, or third estate, was distinct from the land

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holding commonalty or yeomanry of feudal times, was none other than the modern Proletariat or working-class.

On the first rise of the town system every tradesman (burgher or citizen) combined in his own person or immediate household the functions of workman, supervisor, and distributor, wholesale and retail; but with the development of industry these functions became separated, and with their separation the distinction between employer and employé, master and workman, *bourgeois* and *proletaire*, arose. This distinction, although apparent socially from the 17th Century, first became definitely marked in a political sense during the course of the French Revolution. In its earlier stages the Girondist party may be roughly characterised as that of the middle-classes against the "Mountain," or Jacobin party, round which the working-classes rallied: but on the fall of the Girondist party, and the supremacy of the popular party, it was discoverable that the so-called Party of the Mountain itself consisted for the most part of men such as Robespierre, St. Just, and their followers, *i.e.*, men who represented only a further phase of the revolution of the third estate, or middle class. One man only can be named at this time who clearly grasped the situation, and deservedly won the confidence of the people, alike for his political insight and his honesty of purpose, and this man was Jean Paul Marat. After the reaction had set in throughout Europe, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the present century, party lines became distinctly set on the new class basis. The capitalistic, or middle-classes were unconsciously driven to feel the necessity of a compromise with the landed aristocracy. This compromise took the form of constitutional government, in which Toryism, or landed interest, and Liberalism, or capitalistic interest, took it by turns to prey upon the people. The prodigious development of capitalism in this century—the polarization of wealth and luxury on the one hand (oftentimes colossal fortunes realised in a few years) and starvation on the other—in short, the exhibition of the class antagonism between capitalist and

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workman reaching proportions dwarfing all other class-distinctions, is due to the transformation of the whole process of industrial production by what, up to the present time, has proved the greatest curse mankind has ever suffered under, *viz.*, machinery. To machinery we owe the factory system with all its attendant horrors. This replacement of the old *petite industrie* by the new *grande industrie*, it is needless to say, is the greatest economic revolution the world has yet seen, and to this, modern Capitalism and modern Socialism alike owe their origin.

As we have seen, the old war between the third estate, the *bourgeois*, or middle-class on the one side, and the aristocracy and clergy on the other, which was the main issue in the French Revolution, has been replaced to-day by another class war, that of *bourgeois* and *proletaire*, or employer and workman. This is a war between the producers and the trading, or capitalist class, whose "hangers-on" the landowners have become. On this question let us hear Mr. Hyndman: I quote from a letter of his which appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* during the early part of 1883:—

> Labour being the basis and measure of the exchange-value of all goods which are useful according to the conditions of the time, the accumulation of capital in the hands of the upper and middle classes is due to the fact that the workers are robbed as a class of the value of their labour under the guise of "freedom of contract" between employer and employed. That sanctity of private property which applied to the fruits of a man's own labour has now been extended to property which has been got at the expense of other people's labour. When each labourer owned his own means of production and raw materials—his land, his tools, his looms, etc.—he produced with a view to immediate use, and only the superfluity was exchanged. The exchange too, like the production, was in the main under the control of the individual. Most of the raw material, such as the wool of England or the silk of France, was grown and worked up in the country. Thus, as in the fifteenth century in this island, the people were free and as a mass well-to-do; but the whole of production and exchange was carried on upon a small scale, the methods being adapted to individual work. Gradually, through (1) simple co-operation, (2) manufacture by division of labour, (3) machine industry with steam or water power, and the simultaneous uprooting of the bulk of the people from the soil, the entire system was changed. Production has now become almost completely socialized or collective. Authority is pushed to its extreme limit in the factory, in the mine, on the farm. The workers are, so to say, dovetailed into one another, and the stoppage of one set of workers, or curtailed hours, as in the case of women in mills, affects all. The workers however, do not own the means of production or the product itself either

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individually or collectively. Farm labourers, miners, factory hands work under the control of the capitalist class, competing against one another for the privilege of getting back a portion of the value of the commodities they produce, in the shape of wages. Here, until within the last thirty or forty years, there has been absolutely no regular authority. *Laissez-faire* had full swing and still has to a great extent. Production, too, is now carried on not primarily for immediate use but for profit to the capitalist, Though, also, the work of production has become quite social in its character, exchange still remains a business at the control of the individual; from which results relentless competition and underselling, with adulteration and other petty tricks of trade. As the workers, having nothing in the world but their bare labour-force to sell, compete with one another for a starvation wage, so the capitalists, anxious to get the better of one another, compete at low prices to take what old Petty calls the maidenhead of a market. Such a rush do they make that a glut comes, a crisis follows, the capitalists can no longer get the profit which is the only reason why they produce at all, and out go the the workers on to the streets to lament the "bad times." Yet the men, women, and children are quite ready to work, and want boots, shirts, coats, victuals as much as or more than they ever did. Machinery, used as it is to-day for the profit of a class and not for the benefit of the community, does but intensify this frightful anarchy for the workers. To speak technically, the socialized system of production revolts against the individualized system of exchange. As a general result, we have on the one side a class with a fringe of paupers and unemployed working far too hard for health, and living in miserable social conditions; on the other side (the gradations between are being gradually crushed out) there is a class which works not at all with its hands and enjoys luxury in excess of what is reasonable.

We have spoken of the way in which Capitalism with its immediate result, competition, indirectly ramifies throughout our whole social system, affecting not only its direct victims, the workers, but the middle-classes themselves. Its physiological effect is seen in the prevalence of mental and and nervous disease, in shortness of life, and in a generally lower physical tone than that characterising former ages. Its moral effect is seen in (1) the prevalent spirit of universal distrust and suspicion necessarily generated by the desire of every man to outbid his neighbour, and still worse (2) in the organised hypocrisy which pervades our body social. The good man, the clear-sighted man, dare not express his views, much less act up to them, lest, forsooth, he should be ruined by the withdrawal of the patronage of the knaves or fools upon whom he is dependent for his livelihood. There are, doubtless, some present who can personally corroborate my statement in this matter.

The political pendant of Capitalism is annexation, with its

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slaughter of helpless savages, its poisoning of them by bad spirits; its openings up of commercial centres; in short, its extension of empire, at all cost. Just as the inevitable tendency of Capitalism industrially is, for independent smaller capitalists to be absorbed into a few large firms, so it is its tendency politically for small free States to be sucked into great Empires.

Finally the religious aspect of our capitalistic civilisation is dogmatic Protestantism. The Reformation which began among the middle-classes has continued, generally speaking, to coincide with them. The predominantly commercial States of Christendom are the predominantly Protestant ones, while even in Catholic countries the main strength of the Protestant minority lies in the trading-classes. The religious creed of the capitalist *bourgeoisie* is dogma, *minus* sacerdotalism. The religious creed of the land-owing aristocracy is sacerdotalism, with a nominal adhesion to dogma. The watchword of one is, an infallible church; the standard of the other, an infallible Bible. The Romish or High-Anglican squire represents incarnate land, on its religious side; the Baptist haberdasher, incarnate capital.

But it is unnecessary to particularize. What is our whole system? What is Constitutionalism; but, (as we before said), a compact between Land and Capital, whereby the one agrees to subserve the interests of the other? The Conservative land-owner pledges himself to support the Liberal capitalist in his self-interested reforms, and the Liberal capitalist promises to preserve intact for the Conservative landowner the fundamental bases of hereditary privilege. And so the game has gone merrily on, barring little quarrels now and then, for a century past.

And now we come to the question, what is to be the end of these things? The polarisation of wealth and poverty goes on daily. We hasten towards a catastrophe of some kind. The weight of capital must sooner or later become intolerable, for the simple reason that the tendency is for its worst

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features to become more and more marked, while with the natural increase of the population, the workers become less and less able to cope with them. What Karl Marx calls the "reserve army of industry," that floating mass of population just on the verge of starvation and ready to work for wages which mean death within a few years, is daily and hourly augmenting. To the question so commonly asked us, "What do you propose as a succedaneum to the present system?" our answer is, the only lasting alternative and indeed the necessary issue, logical and historical, of the present situation—that for which the working classes have to strive is —a collectivist Socialism :—which means the assumption by the people, in other words the concentration in the hands of a democratic state, of land, raw material, instruments of production, funded capital, &c., insuchwise that each citizen shall obtain the full product of his daily labour, neither more nor less, inasmuch as each citizen shall have to contribute his share to the necessary work of society.

A calculation has been made by Mr. William Hoyle (a non-Socialist) that were every person to do this, under a scientifically organised system, and with the highly developed machine-power we possess properly applied, the working day might be reduced to somewhat less than two hours—*i.e.* that this time would suffice to supply us with all the necessities and real comforts of life, only excluding useless luxury. It must be remembered that under a properly organised industrial system the number of those claiming wages of superintendence would be incalculably reduced, thus freeing for productive purposes large numbers of hands now practically, if not nominally, idle. The same may be said with even greater force of distribution. The waste of labour in these two departments, in the present disorganised state of industry, is so enormous as to strike every thinking man. The work in these departments moreover would be remunerated on the same basis as that of production pure and simple, and not at fancy-tariffs as at present.

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This applies also to what is known as the labour of scarcity-talent. It may seem to those accustomed to the present system an injustice that the clever doctor, advocate, artist, author or composer should be able to absorb no more of the good things of life than the man of average ability. This is only one of the countless instances of custom perverting the mental, or rather moral, vision. The theorem that it is just for Society, (the moral order) to stereotype and intensify the inequalities of Nature (the pre-moral order), is only defensible on a new rendering of the "to-him-that-hath-shall-be-given-and-he-shall-have-more-abundantly" principle. Why the man who possesses faculties, which must bring him of themselves "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," besides the joys of original creation and the intrinsic sense of power that the possession of such faculties always gives, should expect, in addition to all these things and by way of right, to have a lion's share of mere material luxuries is perhaps one of the strangest moral phenomena engendered by our intrinsically non-moral social state. The natural and unperverted moral sense would seem to declare for the very reverse, namely, that inasmuch as the gifted man is placed by nature on a higher level than the ordinary man, a circumstance which must, to some extent at least, render him independent of the things which concern the peace of the latter, he should the rather forego a portion of his own legitimate share in such things. The utmost, however, that is contemplated by the Socialist is his being placed on an *equal* economical footing with his naturally inferior brother.

The aim of Socialism, in other words our aim in the Democratic Federation, is thus to organise a collective existence for Humanity—to replace the lower, the *physically disordered "struggle for existence"* by the higher, the *intelligently ordered "co-operation for existence."* Socialism would at a blow root out the cancer *competition*, which is consuming the vitals of society, "the iron law" by which wages are reduced to starvation point, and thus the greater part of civilised man-

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kind are condemned to perpetual slavery, and the remainder degraded in other ways physically, intellectually, and morally. The craving for wealth,—fortune-making as an end in life—would die of inanition since it would be impossible for any human being to make a fortune. Men would be driven to the cultivation of higher intellectual aims once the lower were effectually removed from their grasp. For by Socialism the real source of physical and moral degradation, which is not the craving for drink we hear so much of, but the even more repulsive craving for gain and material success, a craving which permeates the whole of society, not excepting the (so-called) higher professions, would be dried up.

The collective existence we speak of must inevitably, in the end, become international. With a Socialist *régime* established throughout the world the *raison d'être* of nationalism and of statesmanship would be at an end. Be-decorated cowards whose claims to recognition rest upon their ability to sit in a comfortable saloon or tent well out of harm's reach and order the bombardment of a practically defenceless town or the slaughter of ill-armed barbarians, so far from being allowed to steal public money through the agency of their friends the governing classes, in the shape of pensions, would sink to their just level of contempt among men. The workers of all nations (*i.e.*, the thinking portion of them), who now feel that their interests are one, would then practically give effect to the doctrine of human solidarity. Our whole modern system of production, exchange, communication, education, which though essentially international, is used for national ends, (just as our essentially socialised system of industry is used for individual ends) would then be completely internationalised.

Socialism has been well described as a new conception of the world presenting itself in industry as co-operative Communism, in politics as international Republicanism, in religion as atheistic Humanism, by which is meant the recognition of

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social progress as our being's highest end and aim. The establishment of society on a Socialistic basis would imply the definitive abandonment of all theological cults, for the simple reason that the notion of a transcendent god or semi-divine prophet is but the counterpart and analogue of the transcendent monarch or governing-class. Once get rid of the desire of one section of society to enslave another and the dogmas of an effete creed will lose their interest. As the religion of slave industry was Paganism; as the religion of serfage was Catholic Christianity, or Sacerdotalism; as the religion of Capitalism is Protestant Christianity or Biblical dogma; so the religion of collective and co-operative industry is Humanism, which is only another name for Socialism.

There is a party among us who think to overthrow the current theology by disputation and ridicule. They fail to see that the theology they despise is so closely entwined with the current mode of production that the two things must stand or fall together—that not until the establishment of a Collectivist *régime* can the words of our great modern poet be fulfilled:

> Though before thee the throned
> Cytherean be fallen and hidden her head,
> Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean,
> Thy dead shall go down to the dead.

But ere we reach our reconstruction we have the last agonised throes of Revolution to pass through. The privileged classes, it is too much to hope, will surrender without a struggle. But we are nearing the consummation. Our churches and chapels, our prisons, our reformatories, our workhouses, may be full to overflowing, but the end is approaching. Already the discerning may see the open tomb in the distance, already hear the chant of the goblins of destiny indicating the termination of the mad chase and the dissolution, it may be by a quiet euthanasia, it may be in blood and fire, of the ghastly mockery of human aspiration we call "the civilisation of the nineteenth century."

E. Belfort Bax.

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The Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

(By a Rare Visitor).

IT has been noticed that those who seldom go to the theatre are more critical and exacting than regular playgoers, to whom their modicum of that mild excitement has become necessary by force of habit; this is doubtless a kind provision of nature which would seem to have ordained that those who must be amused should not suffer *too* much from their amusement; so they go, and laugh and cry at the right places; or at any rate sit out placidly such entertainment as is offered them, gravely comparing one nonentity with another, balancing their respective merits and demerits without much consciousness of any standard of dramatic excellence outside the twaddle they are used to.

On the other hand, those who seldom go carry with them some hope of receiving special pleasure from what they think should be a work of art, and if the entertainment falls short of that, they are not ashamed to confess their disappointment, and so perhaps run the risk of being considered ill-natured and exacting persons.

That risk I am now prepared to run; for though there may not be so many people who find it necessary to frequent

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exhibitions and studios without caring for the pictures (often without looking at them), as there are who are bound to sit through plays night after night without being interested in them, still there is a considerable body of such unfortunates; and it would even seem to have a literature of its own in the press, the critics in which literature seem to feel bound to make the best of a bad job, whatever happens, as regards those artists to whom the public has got used, and concerning whose works it has learned certain catch words; while on the other hand, some other artists who have the luck (good or ill as it may be thought) to trouble the public mind by the possession of genius, have to fight hard enough to win a place in this too good-natured criticism—a place usually several degrees lower, if that matter, than that of men immeasurably their inferiors.

With this levelling criticism I, though a Socialist, have no sympathy, and yet I do not see how the critics can do otherwise, as far at least as the good natured part, the indiscriminate praise, goes; for the general opinion is that the fine-arts are in a flourishing and progressive condition, and this impression the critics are bound to share, therefore they must make their facts square in detail with this confident mood, and if they are wrong, "so much the worse for the facts."

I admit indeed that there are some (but a few) who have misgivings as to the value of modern art; but these for the most part believe that any short-coming therein is accidental, and may be mended by the individual efforts of a few men of of genius and character now alive, who by some means or other will be able to form a living school in the midst of a population ignorant and careless of art.

It is to these doubters that I really address what follows, which is written not in the wantoness of one who wishes to relieve his mind by the expression of unusual opinons couched in strong terms, but with the hope of instilling into them some of the hope which I feel for the future,

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amidst all the disgust and disappointment of the present.

In fulfilling my task of giving my impressions of the chief picture exhibition of the year, it will be necessary for me to mention the works of some artists in high favour with the public in an unconventional manner. I must ask most of these at least to consider, in case they read these lines (which is improbable), that unless I respected their talents, their works would be useless to me as illustrations of principles; since the pictures of an incapable dauber or so can prove nothing but his own individual incapacity, while misdirected talent may show us the error of the ways of art collectively.

Now in considering such an exhibition as that of the Royal Academy as an indication of the present state and tendencies of art, it is surely necessary to have a clear idea of what the aims of a painter should be. Something like this, I think, will embrace them all:—1st. The embodiment in art of some vision which has forced itself on the artist's brain. 2nd. The creation of some lovely combination of colour and form. 3rd. The setting forth a faithful portraiture of some beautiful, characteristic, or historical place, or of some living person worthy to be so portrayed; in either case so as to be easily recognisable by a careless observer, and yet to have a reserve of more intimate facts for a careful one. 4th. Mastery over material; the production of a finished and workmanlike piece, as perfect in all ways as the kind of work admits of.

Or more briefly:—1st. Expression of imagination. 2nd. Decorative beauty. 3rd. Realization of Nature. 4th. Skill of execution.

Success in any of the three first of these aims, *together with the last*, will give a picture existence as a work of art. Most pictures that impress us seriously have achieved success in more than one of the three joined to the 4th, while great works of art have all the four qualities united, yet in due subordination to the master one of them, whichever it may be, which produces the greatest impression on us; this subordination is what is meant by the word "style."

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These aims have been, unconsciously maybe, always before the artists all living schools of art, and according to the lights of their period were attained to by them. This is agreed to by artists generally to-day, mere deficiencies resulting from an archaic period not destroying the claim of a school to attention except with men quite ignorant of the history of their art. The standard of excellence, therefore, by which we must judge the pictures of to-day would be admitted by all thoughtful artists, who look with great and genuine admiration on the painters of the end of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. and one must think, since they study them intensely, cannot fail to know what their aims were; they must have found out that the pictures which they admire so much and with such good reason, do mostly express imagination, always have decorative beauty in them, show a real sympathy with nature, and never fail in workmanlike execution.

Let us therefore apply this standard of excellence to the works in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, which though it is below the average of the past ten years, is so simply because it lacks the one or two remarkable pictures that other exhibitions have had : and again I say that we must remember that our standard is no mere ideal one, but has been reached by many works, and approached at least by almost every picture remaining to us of the time before the seventeenth century.

Skill of execution is the first thing we must seek for, since without it a picture is incapable of expressing anything, is a failure and not a picture. Well there are signs here and there on the walls of the Academy of skill of a certain kind, but what does it amount to? does it give us any reasonable hope of establishing by our present method of artistic life a workmanlike traditional skill, continuous and progressive, so that while there may be hope for a man of genius for pushing forward the standard of excellence, no one, be he of genius or not, need waste half the energies of his life in half-fruitless individual experiments, the results of which he cannot pass

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on to others. What signs are there of collective skill, the skill of the school, which nurses moderate talent and sets genius free? Scanty signs indeed: at best a plausible appearance of workmanlike execution, a low kind of skill which manages to get through the job, but in so dull and joyless a way that one's eye almost refuses to rest upon the canvas, or one's brain to take in any idea it may strive to express. That is all I fear that can claim to represent anything like traditional workmanlike skill. What other skill of execution is visible, is chiefly, almost entirely, an amateur-like cleverness, experimental, uncertain, never successful in accomplishing a real work, in expressing a fact or an imagination simply and straightforwardly, but often enough succeeding in thrusting itself forward and attracting attention to itself as something dashing, clever, and—useless; the end not the means.

Of this kind of skill there is a good deal; and to speak plainly it is on this quality, such as it is, that most of the pictures must rest their claim to attention.

For even the most obvious of the other qualities of our standard, realisation of nature has been cultivated by the painters, it seems to me, with but little enthusiasm. Mr. Alma-Tadema's Romano-British Pottery, though unsuccessful as a whole, shows indeed delight and skill in painting all the details of still-life, and in its flesh painting, especially of the accessory figures, a great advance in realisation over his former works: it is really quite refreshing to find an artist among the exhibitors who cares about anything, and tries conscientiously to realise it. So I thank Mr. Tadema heartily for his onions and mosaic and beautiful black ware: nor, I feel, ought I to object to the very "British" legs which are walking upstairs, though I rather wish they would walk away. "The interior of a country druggist's" by Mr. Chevalier Taylor, a name unknown to me, is a quite unpretentious picture which is considerately hung near the ceiling, but which in spite of that can be seen to be effectively painted at any rate, to be good colour and tone, and to contain excellent portraiture of persons and things; amongst the

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pictures of this year it is quite remarkable, and though it pretends to nothing but prose, is more interesting even in subject than most of the figure pictures in the place.

I shall return to the landscape art presently, but must at this point where we are considering realization, say a word about Mr. Peter Graham's pictures; for in spite of all drawbacks they must be considered successes from that point of view; I shall have to speak of his "Dawn" again. Mr. Brett also spares no pains and labour and skill over his sea-pieces; Kingsley's young Alton Locke would have owed an extra debt of gratitude to him if he had been painting in those days; but with one exception to be noticed presently they are not interesting in subject.

For the rest there is nothing to praise on this head; Mr. Luke Fildes' work does I suppose lay claim to realistic qualities, but can by no means support that claim: his pictures show a contented resting in most common-place conventionality except as regards minor pieces of still life, and in the "Venetian flower girl," a rough, and I must add repulsive skill of representation of the mass of flowers, which is by reason of slap-dash execution and a peculiar deficiency in sense of colour turned into a piece of downright ugliness, and consequently has no raison d'être whatever. For to paint flowers and to miss the beauty of them is too great an insult both to nature and art: especially if it be so missed by reason of hasty or insolently confident execution: a painter whose forte lies in that direction had better leave flowers alone: it is now many years since Mr. Millais has painted flowers which have not injured his pictures instead of adorning them. There are, by the bye, several pieces of this kind of representation of Italian proletariat life scattered about the gallery, which all seem to be founded on Mr. Van Haanen's work, of which there is a specimen called "Afternoon Coffee," which I cannot say impresses me, in spite of the artist's reputation; it certainly aims at an effect of realism, which it by no means attains to: the painting is in a way skilful, but quite joyless and uninteresting;

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there is no pleasure in the colour, though it does not show the repulsive qualities of Mr. Fildes' work: in short, there is nothing in it but a facility which is shared by Mr. Fildes, and, amidst its pretence of truth to character, a vulgarity of feeling which he is more or less free from.

So much for the attempts at realisation, the most obvious and commonplace of the painter's aims: we now come to decorative beauty, or let us say beauty simply as expressible by form and colour: I am sorry to say the task of speaking of this quality is as easy as the good Norwegian merchant found the subject of the "snakes in Iceland": for in sober truth there is not one single picture (nor has been for years) which even aims at decorative beauty; except Mr. Albert Moore's "Reading aloud"; and of that I am bound, very unwillingly, to say that it is not successful as a piece of decoration, and like Mr. Moore's work generally, of late at least, is at once poor and weak in painting on the one hand, and on the other so obtrusively proclaims contempt for all intellectual qualities, that in spite of the great talent of the artist, it is almost a nullity.

Here then is a body of art which is careless of beauty or incapable of producing it; a strange outcome of modern "culture." But do we fare any better when we come to the most intellectual of the qualities of our standard, expression of imagination? Scarcely if at all better; it is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a trace of it in the pictures which pretend most to it, the figure pictures: and we have to fall back on the choice of subject in landscape to discover what feeble signs of imagination are left to our school of painting to day.

To begin then with those landscapes which show any tokens of discrimination as to subject; I hope that Mr. Peter Graham's 'Dawn' is a real portraiture and not 'composed' in any way, for apart from the skill and one may add the feeling with which the aspect of sky and earth are realised, the subject cannot but move anyone who has visited the northern latitudes; there is a sense about it of romance and

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interest in life amidst poverty and a narrow limit of action and maybe of thought, which is characteristic of a poor but historic country side, and reminds me of many a morning's awakening in a country which one may call the northern limit of history as it is certainly one of its richest treasure houses; Iceland to wit.

Another Scotch artist Mr. David Murray has a very interesting picture of Loch Linnhe, drawn and painted with much sympathy for the subject, although the refined painting is open to the charge of weakness; his other picture, "My Love has gone a Sailing," is not so interesting as the subject, but well deserves the honour (if honour it be) of being one of the pictures purchased by the Academy from the funds of the Chantry Bequest; Mr. Murray has strange companions in this doubtful honour, as we shall see hereafter.

'Grez Sur Loing' by Mr. Stirling Dyce, is hung too high for the visitor to see the execution; but in its absolute greyness, and in an indefinable charm of form possessed by the ordinary trees, and the houses which are not strictly speaking architectural or even picturesque, it is quite in sympathy with that French landscape which some of us have learned to love.

Then there is Mr. Brett's most careful picture of McLeods Maidens, for which all reasonable people owe him deep gratitude; it is no little thing for us stay-at-homes to be able to see as in a glass these shores and skerries of the Gael, which may before long be enlightened by new tales and deeds of heroism, and become a holy land for us Socialists. Only I will ask Mr. Brett to hold his hand a while from mere wastes of sea and sky, and to paint portraits of places like these McLeods Maidens, strange and romantic in form and bearing historical memories with them; I am not ashamed for instance to remind him of what a mine lies untouched in Iceland; I could tell him of places there as wild and strange as the back ground of a fairy story, every rood of which has a dramatic tale hanging by it; and scenes moreover not

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unpaintable for a man like him, who mingles so much patience and determination with his skill.

Nay, while I am on this subject, I will once more make an appeal to our painters which Mr. Ruskin made to them years ago; the change of seasons and shift of weather we have always with us to give artists opportunities of painting sunrise, sunset, moonlight, autumn, spring, shower, mist, and snowstorm; the mountains and rocks will last our time and longer; but there is one thing which is passing away from the world quicker and quicker every year, and that is fair human building mingled with sweet and unspoiled country; we cannot have too many records of this before it is all gone and it is much to be feared that it will all go before Commercialism gives place to that reasonable life which Socialists long for; it would surely be most desirable to have records of the genuine works of our fathers, which were raised before the supremacy of the present bourgeois barbarism, for the days when that barbarism shall have passed away, but when we shall still be cumbered and hampered by its material results; for the days when we shall be patiently getting rid of the blotches of filth and misery now called towns which the barbarism has cursed us with. I do not mean to say that we get none of this now; several landscape painters do some of this work, but intermittently and without much enthusiasm; Mr. Boyce of the Old Water Colour Society indeed has done a great deal of it, and done it too with skill and full sympathy with his subjects, and we owe him all thanks for his good service; but surely many might do it, and not landscape painters only, but also many or most of those (who have sense enough) who at present are driven into painting inane and ridiculous figure subjects, which I don't think they themselves can care about, and which I am sure no one else *ought* to.

It must be understood, that I am not speaking of mere pieces of what is called picturesqueness, but of buildings which, often unpretentious, are nevertheless real architecture;

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and which are so beautiful and so fitted for their *past* uses at all events, that they often make what would otherwise be a dull piece of country-side lovely and interesting; will not painters see to this? I am sure such works would be saleable; indeed just as one of these old houses will make a piece of Norfolk or Essex interesting, so also, and that is much more of a miracle, will the careful portrait of one make an Academy Exhibition interesting. Would it not be worth while for our artists to form a Society for painting the old houses of England? I will undertake that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings will help them to subjects and so forth.

Such a scheme of work might do something to call the attention of the public to the treasures which they are daily losing without ever having known of them even; and possibly might shame some of the owners of them out of the habits of careless brutality with which they usually deal with the work of centuries, and which we, the public at large, are fools enough to allow them to treat as their private property.

It would be unfair after saying this not to notice the two or three pictures exhibited this year in which portraiture of old buildings has been attempted in an unambitious and simple manner, leaving, altogether alone such pieces of dull conventionality as Mr. Vicat Cole's 'Bisham,' which as they are like nothing existing, or possible to exist, are clearly not meant for portraits of places.

The original of "An Old English Country Inn" by Mr. H. H. Olivier I know the name of, though I have never seen it; it is the only 15th century inn left in England as far as I know, except the "George" at Glastonbury; I suppose Mr. Olivier has reasons for not naming it, so I will not disoblige him by doing so; but would suggest to all artists making portraits of places when they want to keep the name dark, to add to their title, 'a real place,' or something of that sort; this picture is again hung up too high to be seen properly, but seems to be fairly well painted.

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Mr. Eyre Crow has been good enough to give us the likeness of an interesting building in his school of the Aitre St. Maclou Rouen; by the way it is now thirty years ago since I first saw Rouen, then almost entirely a Mediæval City and more romantic and beautiful than words can say; I wonder how many beautiful houses have been wantonly or commercially destroyed in those thirty years leaving no record behind them.

Mr. Charles Stoney has painted a piece of Malmesbury town, with its beautiful spire showing over the houses. If, as seems probable, Mr. Stoney has a real liking for this sort of work, I can tell him of several places in the country lying west of Oxford which would suit him, I think; only he might paint some of them more minutely than he has done with this piece of Malmesbury, as the detail of them and the way their stones have weathered is so delightful; the silvery greyness of these western towns he has rendered well in his "Malmesbury Spire."

Mr. Phene Spiers has a rather dull water colour of the beautiful buildings at Stoke Say in Shropshire. Mr. Newton Bennet has a careful study of the Mill at Streatly also in water colours, but this often-painted subject is scarcely architectural enough for a painstaking artist as things go.

It is likely enough that I have missed several more unpretentious works of this sort among the ocean of stupidity that one has to wade through at the Academy. I beg the painters of such works to pardon me for having missed them.

Very reluctantly, before I make some general observations on the state of intellectual art among us, I must speak of one or two *crimes*, for I can call them nothing short of this, which disfigure the present exhibition.

The first of these is Mr. Orchardson's "Marriage de Convenance," which is certainly clever enough to force the attention of the passer by; but on what terms? The subject, which is surely trite enough to have been let alone, is repulsive; but I will let that pass, although it is of itself enough to con-

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demn the picture in the eyes of a reasonable person. It may be said that it is dramatic, and it is, but again at what an expense! The drama is laid on with a trowel. Hogarth, direct and blunt as he was, did not find it always necessary in his very bourgeois moralizations to have figures accessories, and all of the most hideous and degraded kind. But once again, granted that it was necessary to make the luckless pair both man and wife in this picture attain to the very height of repulsiveness, and that the black ugliness of the surroundings was also necessary, was it essential that the colouring and execution should be thoroughly repulsive also? Again, Hogarth did not find it necessary to point his morals by scrawling and daubing his background in. Does the wretched colour help the drama really? Mere lamplight is not of such a horrible quality, even when a bourgeois tragedi-comedy is going on. The fact is Mr. Orchardson was determined at any cost to attract attention, and has chosen to do so by heaping one ugliness on another, from the laying on of the paint to the subject and its dramatic treatment, and so has achieved his end indeed, but in doing so has insulted art and produced a monstrosity.

Near this picture, so worthless in its aim and so false in its method, hangs another—a sorry sight indeed; the record of a ruined reputation. of a wasted life, of a genius bought and sold and thrown away—Mr. Millais' Idyll; the subject of which, when we first heard of it, seemed good enough for a painter of whom it must be said at his best that his treatment of a subject reconciles us to the subject itself. But the first glimpse of the picture made an end of any hopes the subject had given us. It is true that the drummer-boy, both face and figure, does recall, not Mr. Millais at his best, but yet Mr. Millais as one yet hoped he might be; although he has made not the slightest attempt to temper into something tolerable the horrible red and yellow of an English drummer's coat as worn to-day, though not, if Mr. Millais knew it, in the Pretender's time. But beyond this one figure there is abso-

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lutely nothing in a biggish canvass; the heads of the three Highland girls are mere caricatures of the artist's former work; the glen in which they are seated, which the painter of Ophelia could, if he had pleased, have made beautiful by merely painting a glen as it was without selection, the glimpse the royal army, the drummer's companion, are so much meaningless scrabble the very drum is painted without pleasure: the canvass is filled up, and, since it has Millais' name on it: is now ready for market—that is all. To judge Mr. Millais by this picture one would suppose he is now heartily sick of his art, regrets his past career, and laments that he does not live a life of pure commercialism.

So much for two individual crimes against art, the second of which seems to me much the most grievous, as it means the loss of what might have been. The other crime I must mention is a corporate one, and the criminal is the Royal Academy itself. It has bought out of the funds of the Chantrey bequest a picture called the "Vigil," by Mr. Pettie. In common with most artists, I am curious to know why? Will the half dozen academicians who do know what a good picture really is inform the public what the merits of Mr. Pettie's picture are? Will they deny that they do not know that it is one of the worst pictures of a bad year? Of their other purchases this year, no one I should think would object to that of Mr. David Murray's "My Love has gone a Sailing," mentioned before in this paper. But I must say the third one, that of "After Culloden," does not mend the matter much; it is commonplace and conventional to the last degree, reminding one of a sort of picture turned out in the early Victorian days, and which the great Mr. Fred. Bayham used to blame sometimes or praise sometimes according as they were the works of friend or foe. This is the sort of thing which gets the Academy the bad name it has got, and makes it perhaps the most contemptible public body in England—which is saying much.

There are three pictures by foreigners of note in the exhibition. Mr. Van Haanan's I have already noticed. "La

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Nuit," by M. Bourgereau, is the second; there is little remarkable about it except a plentiful supply of that sham workmanlike dextrity of execution I have mentioned; the invention is of the commonest and most conventional kind, the colour cold and ill-managed as to relations of the flesh with the drapery and background; it is in short not an "artist's picture," but is painted for the lower section of the picture-hunting public, and no merits of drawing or modelling that it may have can really redeem it from this commonness of aim. I should not have mentioned it, except for its being a non-English picture, and because I may have to meet the possible objection that the faults I have been noticing in the present exhibition are due to its being a collection of English pictures.

The third picture, by a foreigner, I think, I should have noticed in any case and added it to the list of crimes against the arts I have been drawing attention to: this is M. Van Beer's "Soir d'été"—a most detestable picture; careful and smooth in execution, but with little merit even on that ground save the capacity of laying on oil-paint minutely; a very token it seems of the last corruption of the bourgeoisie, a conscious pandering to the worst tastes of that part of it which consciously preys upon others: it might well serve to illustrate such a book as Gaboriau's "L'Argent d'autrui."

I have now mentioned all the pictures I could see worthy of special praise or blame: most of the public favourites are not noticeable enough to be mentioned; it is scarcely worth while to say that this or the other painter is duller than usual, if he is always dull: and to say the truth this article is as short as it is because there are so many who are always dull. I am afraid that to many, as I began by saying, what criticism I have made on this exhibition will seem harsh enough; I can only say it it not careless or light-hearted; and for the rest I know that there are many artists who will in the main agree with me, nay, who think worse than I do on some points of the pictures I have called in question: what

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is their excuse or explanation? If they have none, and can only say that this low condition of painting amidst our modern culture is an inexplicable accident, then I must say it seems to me that there is no hope for Art. Indeed, some of them will say that there are painters outside the Academy of the highest genius, and ask, does not that fact redeem the Modern School, and give us hope of its future? Hardly, I fear: these artists (there have been few better at any time) are "not understanded of the people" at all; the public sometimes treats them with open scorn, sometimes with indulgence, but always considers them mere eccentricities: the real favourites of the public are painters whose pictures I could not even consider in going through the Academy; while fully admitting the genius of those few men—I will not say how few I think them—I see no hope of continuity in it; no chance of their establishing that tradition which alone can keep a great school of art alive, and educate the people to such an extent, that from their ranks recruits will continually be drawn who will be artists, of various degrees of intellect indeed, but all genuine.

I have indeed a hope, and my hope lies in this, that I know that the low condition of the painter's art is not accidental, but is the necessary outcome of our present society. I have tried to show before in the pages of To-Day that the degradation of architecture and the lesser arts is as much the consequence of the supply and demand system, the system of unbridled competition, as the recurring crises in trade or any other economical phenomenon; is it conceivable that while these arts are degraded, the intellectual arts of which they are the very food can flourish? What, I say, is to feed the imagination, the love of beauty of the artists of to-day while all life around them is ugly; sordid poverty on the one hand, insolent or fatuous riches on the other? I will be plain and say that with the one exception of Mr. Millais, who has now indeed turned his back upon himself, those only among our painters do work worth considering, whose

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minds have managed to leap back across the intervening years, across the waste of gathering commercialism, into the later Middle Ages; they are steeped through and through with the manner and ideas of the great Italian painters and their forerunners, and it is through this alone that they are able to produce their beautiful and, paradox as it may seem, *original* works; anyone who wants beauty to be produced at the present day in any branch of the fine arts, I care not what, must be always crying out "Look back! look back!" It is no use playing with the question: those who wish to have art in these passing days must forget three hundred years and go to school with the craftsmen and painters of the 15th and 16th centuries; the alternative is to accept as art the useless cleverness of Mr. Orchardson or Mr. Fildes, or the meretricious platitudes of M. Bourgereau; and I say emphatically that this is not art.

Now I ask again, with all solemnity and with pain enough, is it possible that a living school of art can be founded on these fragments of retrospective art nursed by the brains of one or two strangely imaginative men? I can only answer the question one way myself—it is impossible. The art of modern Europe, whose roots lie in the remotest past, undiscoverable by any research, is doomed, and is passing away; that is a serious, nay an awful thought; nor do I wonder that all artists, even the most thoughtful, refuse to face the fact. I cannot conceive of anyone who loves beauty, that is to say, the crown of a full and noble life, being able to face it, unless he has full faith in the religion of Socialism.

It is in that faith that I have written the past pages; in that faith that I look on the obvious corruption of the fine arts going on faster and faster every year, step by step with the general bankruptcy of society, not without grief certainly, yet with a certain exultation also, because I can feel in it the coming of the new day, and even such a piece of wretched twaddle as the exhibition we have just been considering is a token of the coming change.

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In what way the new art will come who can say for certain? It seems to me that the ideas of the older art still linger too much in the minds of cultivated men to allow any germination of the new amidst them. I believe, as I have done for long, that the new art will come to birth amidst the handicrafts: that the longings of simple people will take up the chain where it fell from the hands of the craft-guilds of the 15th century, and that the academical art which was developed from that misreading of history which we call the Renaissance, will prove a barren stem. However that may be I know surely that the new society, which we hope and work for, will develope a new art, fit for the life that will be lived under it, and furthered in a way which we slaves of Competition cannot conceive of by that new life of the COMMONWEALTH.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

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Record of the International Popular Movement.

FRANCE.

The fact that although Socialists obtained a seventh of the votes at the late Municipal Elections in Paris, only two Socialist candidates were returned, has strongly impressed our Parisian friends with the necessity for a better organisation of their forces and especially for greater union among the different groups that compose the party. The Communist, or as it is called in France, the "Marxist," Party has taken the initiative in trying to bring about an understanding between the groups, and convened a conference composed of delegates from all those Socialist sections and trades unions whose only aim is the political and economic expropriation of the bourgeoisie. At a large meeting held at Menilmontant (one of the working men's quarters of Paris), this proposition for union in the Socialist Party was discussed and adopted. That English readers may see how important the movement for union is, I translate some passages from a letter describing the different parties within the Party: "There are four different fractions among the Socialists. The French Working Men's Party was founded at the Congress of Marseilles, where 160 delegates of the French working classes voted the nationalisation of the instruments of labour, (land, mines, machinery, railways, &c). So great was the enthusiasm called forth by this Congress that for a time it

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paralysed the action of the party in favour of co-operation. From 1880 to 1881, there was but one Socialist Party in France. The organs of the party were the weekly journal *L'Egalité*, and the Socialist review, edited by Guesde, Deville, Lafargue, &c. It is these two papers, together with Engel's pamphlet "Utopian and Scientific Socialism," that propagated the Socialist theories of Marx in France. Since the Marseilles Congress many other Congresses, national and local (*régional*), have upheld these theories, and established the "Parti Ouvrier" which has sections in almost every town in France. All the sections of a town unite to form a local council. All the local councils of a region (France is divided into five regions) unite to form a federal council for the region, and the five regional councils are connected by a national council, that consists of five members who are elected at the Annual National Congress. The seat of the present national council is Rheims. After a short period of depression the co-operative party took heart again, and started a new Socialist Party. But not daring to come out with their co-operative theories, which have no chance of success with the French working class, they disguise them as "service publique." They do not speak of politically and economically expropriating the bourgeoisie, but of competing with them by means of co-operation which would take a municipal form. Thus at Paris instead of demanding, like the communist party the legal reduction of rents, they wish the town to spend some millions annually in constructing workmen's lodging houses on the Peabody plan. They thus wish the town to construct railways, &c., &c. The "Possibilistes," of whom the co-operative party consists, are practically what the Lassalle party was in Germany—only they have no Lassalle. Indeed there is not a man of talent among them. These two parties, Communist and Possibilist, have long been at daggers drawn. The personalities indulged in by them have had a most disastrous effect on the movement. It must be said that the Communists were forced

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to become "personal" in self-defence, and they have for a long time now closed this kind of warfare, which the Possibilists however are pursuing with unabated vigour, for it is here that they shine."

"By the side of these two parties there are yet two others—the Blanquist and Anarchist. The Blanquists, although there are many Communists in their ranks, are a merely revolutionary party. The end of all their efforts is to organise a part of the working class, to agitate the population about general political questions, to wait for a propitious moment in order to possess themselves of political power. The question that they are agitating at the present time is that of the abolition of the standing army; large meetings have been held by them on this subject in Paris and the provinces. What distinguishes the Blanquists is that they have never quarrelled with the other groups. Thus during the last election in the 20th arrondissement the Marxists and Blanquists made common cause in order to support Vaillant, one of the most remarkable members of the Blanquist Party. And Vaillant in the very first sitting of the Municipal Council, emphasized the two-fold character of his election. As Blanquist he demanded an amnesty for all political prisoners now in gaol, and as Communist he proposed the creation of a labour-bureau to examine all questions of especial interest to working men."

"As to the Anarchists, they themselves do not know what they want; they are everything and nothing. About eight months ago there was a discussion between various Anarchists, on the subject of their economical theories, which by its absurdity convulsed all Paris with laughter. Individualism pushed to its last consequences seems the theory advocated by the greater number of Anarchists, and there are some who do not hesitate to tell you that one will have to go and heat his own steam-engine if he wants to make a journey. During the well-known Lyons process, where the Anarchists were so unjustly condemned, they drew up a manifesto in which

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while they called themselves communist anarchists (an impossible combination), they state that the end and aim of anarchism is the establishment of a right of free contract perpetually revisable and revocable. This manifesto was written by Krapotkine and Gauthier. Anarchists, for the most part, have a profound contempt for knowledge and for logic, and do not understand that the only result of their system would be an augmentation of profits for the lawyers. For a little time French Anarchists spoke a great deal about propaganda "*par le fait*," *i.e.*, by dynamite and the revolver, but since the terrible Lyons sentences they have talked less of this kind of action. To-day Anarchists differ from the other groups in their refusal to make use of elections and in their attacks on universal suffrage."

"These are the four principal Socialist groups in France. Beyond them there are a few others that belong to none of the existing parties, but which are loudly demanding "union," and will shortly no doubt join one or the other faction.

"It is almost certain that only the Blanquist and Marxist groups will unite. The other two—really mere transition parties—will probably dissolve with time, a certain number of the Possibilists going over to the bourgeois camp (their true place), while others, more especially working-men, being deserted by the rest, will throw in their lot with the Communists."

All Socialists must heartily wish to see this union of the Blanquists and Communists, and that we shall hear no more of all the small personal questions that have already done enough harm. Like my correspondent, Guesde has pointed out in the *Cri du Peuple* that the Communists only for a time, when absolutely forced to it, condescended to these personalities, and that in the true Socialist party there can only be differences on questions of principle.

It will be remembered that last winter Guesde and Lafargue

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were in prison for six months for Socialist propaganda in central France. They are now to be prosecuted by the treasury to recover the fine they were also condemned to, and the costs of the process. They will have to pay or go to prison for another four months.

BELGIUM.

All the bourgeois Liberal-Radical papers are bemoaning the defeat of the Liberals at the late election. Socialists know that not even an Ultramontane government can commit greater infamies than this "Liberal" one. They remember how these Liberals for the last six years fawned and cringed to the Czar and to Bismarck, and at their behest persecuted the unhappy victims of German and Russian tyranny who had taken refuge in Belgium. Socialists remember the delivering up of Cyvoct to France—an act so shameful that some of the bourgeois press, not lost to all sense of honour, protested; they remember how bayonet and sabre have again and again been placed at the disposal of capitalist exploiters who wanted to use "energetic measures" with their work-people on strike; they remember how only last year when the working men asked for their political rights* the Liberal government answered by raising new taxes that are crushing the people. "The late election," writes our Socialist contemporary of Gand, the *Toekomst*, "was no political struggle, but a struggle of material interests."

It is characteristic also that a Belgian friend writing to me, says: "I hope the International Congress will be held at Anvers instead of London, for now the Liberals are gone we should probably be allowed to hold it!"

From Gand—where our party is strong—another friend

* It must be remembered that the Belgian working class has, so to say, no political power whatever, since only those who pay 20 gulden *direct taxes* are entitled to a vote.

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writes me that the misery among the weavers and spinners is terrible, and threatens to become worse. Several of the largest mills are closed. Others are trying to introduce new machines, which they are to some extent already working in villages near Gand. At one of these villages "the peasants work," my correspondent says, "for a ludicrous salary, 9 to 11 francs for 72 hours of labour." Under such conditions it is at least some comfort to think that Socialism is making immense progress, especially in Flanders. The men and women who work 72 hours for 9 to 11 francs find the present slavery harder to bear than anything Mr. Spencer could foreshadow in the future.

HOLLAND.

The Dutch Party Organ, "Recht Voor Allen," of which I have already spoken, has now so good a circulation that the paper is beginning to be a paying one. For years our friend Domela Nieuwenhuis who was its founder, published it at his own expense, not only giving his money but his whole time to it. Now that (thanks to his energy) the paper is a success, Citizen Nieuwenhuis has made a present of it to the party, which has thus become possessed of a property that will be of great help in the fight. How many bourgeois radicals, I wonder, would be capable of such an act of generosity as this Socialist? Citizen Nieuwenhuis sends me a report on the condition of the party in Holland, which I am sure readers of To-Day will like to see. He says: "We have had a fight with the official Freethinkers here, and when at the beginning of last year Socialist-baiting began, we withdrew from their party. With this split the Freethought Party has lost its most thorough (tüchtigen) members, and is doomed to drag on a miserable existence. All this bears a strong resemblance to your own position in England, where the best people among the Freethinkers are becoming Socialists. From the Freethinkers as a party we expect nothing. Too

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lazy to think, they believe that under the cloak of "Free-thought" they may be free from thinking. It is a convenient game for tenth-rate people, who do not understand the a.b.c. of philosophy."

"We have also had our debate. A bourgeois, a lawyer, Mr. Cohen Stuart challenged me to meet him, which of course I did. We took care to have a verbatim report, from which everyone may see that here as with you, the bourgeois speaker was absolutely ignorant of the subject. The debate has brought us many new friends, and has made hundreds think on this great question."

"The Socialist movement has made giant strides here. The fear of the Government, the pamphlets and daily attacks in the press give us proof of it. Many understand the question so little, that they actually look upon it as a personal fancy of my own. To these I am the devil incarnate, who has for a time been let loose on society."

"The Government makes one blunder after another, and is our greatest helper. Last year at the opening of Parliament the gallery for the public had been filled with young girls from the Orphan Asylum, for fear that a demonstration might be made in favour of universal suffrage. The military was kept in readiness in the barracks! We have been agitating about the waste of public money. For instance £120 on the through-journey of the Queen of England. Even these small questions are useful in stirring up the people."

"The crisis is also very much felt here in all branches of trade; thousands are without work—*i.e.* without bread. We are in fear of famine-riot, which could do no good, and would be a great danger."

"Our fellow-workers in the Lower Netherlands are making enormous progress. Lately a large fête was held by them to celebrate the opening of a new hall, which went off admirably, and it was decided that we Dutch Socialists should publish fly-sheets, pamphlets, etc., together with them."

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"Everything here is very promising, and though we are not at the head of the movement, when the great time comes I hope we shall not be far behind."

"The English movement interests us extremely, and we read To-Day with the utmost pleasure and interest. It is one of the best organs the Socialists have."

GERMANY.

The newest panacea for saving Germany suggested by the intelligent German bourgeois—is colonisation. Meantime while Bismarck is playing with that two-edged tool the "right to labour," and the bourgeois press is proving that over-production and over-population must, in a well-ordered society, go together and can only be cured by emigration, the Socialists are quietly going on with the great work in spite of all difficulties.

The following report, re-printed by the Sozial-Democrat, of a sitting of the Agricultural Society of Riesengebirg, illustrates very sufficiently the condition of the German agricultural labourers. Regret was expressed that the railways and industry drew so many agricultural labourers away. "As especially bad," says the report, "the fixed wages and hours of labour on the railroads, etc., were pointed out, as these had a depressing effect on the agricultural labourers. If the workmen on the railways and railroads, with higher wages were free in the evening just when the agricultural labourer began to sweat hardest (recht zu schwitzen anfange) this must cause discontent. The society will therefore petition the railway-directors to make some changes in this respect, so that the agricultural labourers may no longer have reason to envy the working men on the railways." What must the position of the people be, who envy the worst-paid and hardest-worked of workmen ?

Eleanor Marx.

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*Six Centuries of Work and Wages.

THIS is a curious book indeed. To begin with, the publisher has cut it in half in the middle of a chapter, so that two volumes are made out of one in the most hap-hazard way; next, it is almost impossible to tell of what period the author is specially writing at any particular page, references to all the centuries being jumbled together in hopeless confusion; thirdly, the book has no guiding theory whatsoever, no attempt being made to explain how or why the labourers held such different relations to landlords and employers at different periods; fourthly, the author presumes upon the ignorance of his readers, and gives credit for originality to himself and his friends to an extent almost inconceivable. What has been done by other Englishmen and foreigners in the same field he coolly ignores. Thus, at p. 522, we have the following ridiculous passage with reference to that most commonplace writer the late Mr. Newmarch: "My late friend Mr. Newmarch discovered and announced in the last volume of the 'History of Prices,' that the best condition of the English workman was during the fifteenth century and subsequently, but in a less degree, in the first half of the eighteenth." "Discovered," "announced!" why these have been the stock statements of every economist since Eden and Cobbett, to say nothing of Thornton and others. The truth

* "Six Centuries of Work and Wages: A History of English Labour." By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.P. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square, London.

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is, that Mr. Thorold Rogers has imagined that because he has done some good work—and his larger book on the history of prices contains a great deal of useful matter rather clumsily put together—therefore he can lay down the law on all points as an "authority." This assumption is, as might be expected, most apparent in the last part of the book, where Mr. Rogers' incapacity to deal with the complications arising out of the complete capitalist system of production, with its world-market and constantly recurring industrial crises, renders his dogmatic, supercilious tone nothing short of ridiculous. Here and there he seems himself to have a consciousness of his own doubtful position, as at p. 74, when he says "It is not clear that the man who gets wealth does not destroy at least as much as he gets, and sometimes more—a thief does so plainly as society concludes. A speculator often does, as those who have to purchase the materials of industry discover." That surely leads, if followed out, very far away from the third-rate buy-cheap-and-sell-dear economy of which Professor Rogers is one of the chief champions. Shade of Richard Cobden, a middle-man likened unto a thief and by a prominent member of the Cobden Club!

Again, at p. 557, we read that "it is possible that the struggle for existence, unless controlled and elevated, may be the degradation of all." Not only possible but certain. It is so to-day. Yet our Professor never loses a chance of sneering at Socialism, of which he knows no more than is to be found in that very weak book of M. Emile de Laveleye's *Le Socialisme Contemporain*. Socialism, however, not only explains this anarchical struggle for existence, but shows how alone it can be "controlled and elevated," by taking account of that very development of the power of man over nature, resulting in the class struggle of to-day, between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, which Professor Thorold Rogers systematically ignores. In short, but that Professor Rogers has succeeded in doing it, we should have said it was quite impossible for any man

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to write a work on English labour which covers the period of the great industrial revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, and the vast development of colonisation and emigration in the middle of the nineteenth, without throwing one single ray of light upon these two great social and economical changes. That he should have done this shows how a long course of bourgeois economy must have weakened the intelligence of a naturally clever man. Trade Unions and Co-operative Societies are his ideas of the extreme remedies for our present anarchical state of society. He is persuaded "that an attempt to relieve distress, provide proper lodging, and find work for the inhabitants of large towns, would in the end produce even worse evils than that condition which the expedients would seek to relieve." It is, therefore, in Professor Rogers' opinion, "natural," and in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that capitalists who never labour should live in luxury beyond all reason, and that those who provide the wealth should go starved and in rags. Landlords our Professor looks upon with a much less favourable eye; but his favourite capitalists—notwithstanding the passage quoted above—may rob labourers under existing economical forms as much as they please. Neither is any class war necessary; though we read with some satisfaction the following passage in the preface: "The charge of setting class against class has always been made use of by those who wish to disguise their own indefensible advantages by calumniating the efforts of those who discover abuses and strive to rectify them."

We gladly pass from the puerilities and irrelevancies of the later period to say a few words on that portion of the book which alone is of any value.

Thus Professor Rogers tells us, that even as early as the thirteenth century almost everyone in England not only possessed land but cultivated it, and the production of clothes and hosiery was mostly a home industry. "There can be no doubt," says Professor Rogers (p. 83), "that in the thirteenth

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century every peasant had his pig in the stye. It is even more certain that he had his fowl in the pot." They lived in short in rude plenty, though there were plenty of shortcomings. Adulteration was kept down with a strong hand, however, and regulated prices—which Professor Rogers thinks may even yet be extended greatly!—were common. "The mass of men had that interest in public affairs *which is bred by the possession of property*," and most of the people were also far better educated than is commonly supposed. Now all this from Mr. Rogers is very important. Not because we can put the clock back, or wish to do so, to those days of small but not altogether unpleasant things; but because such facts make it quite clear that the system of unregulated competition has relatively greatly degraded the mass of the people, though the power of man over nature and the wealth of the country have almost infinitely increased since the Middle Ages. For "the Englishman of the Middle Ages disliked intermediaries in trade and strove to dispense with them as far as possible." Further, he took a view of contracts most revolting to the middle class economist; for he did his very best to prevent the rigid enforcement of usurious claims, and, looking to the position of the two parties to a contract, took care to see that "freedom of contract" should not be wholly illusory as it is to-day. Possibly for these reasons we find that not only had the people plenty to eat and drink and good clothes to wear, but—think of this, you wage-slaves of the nineteenth century—"The poorest and meanest man had no absolute and insurmountable impediment put on his career if he would seize his opportunity and use it" (p. 184). These were the days of personal relations and individualism in short; much oppression, much brutality existed, but good food and moderate labour made hardy, independent people of the English of the Middle Ages.

Professor Rogers' account of the Peasants' War, though not so long as in his larger work, is important; and his account of the function of the "hedge-priests" is really admirable.

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This is the best portion of his book and well worth any man's reading. To the Catholic Church Professor Rogers seems afraid to be just. These very revolutionary hedge-priests—answering by the way almost exactly to such men as Stevens and Bull in the Chartist movement—were sons of the Church, though no doubt, and very rightly, they were opposed to the domination of Rome, corrupt and altogether abominable as the Papal Court had become. The fifteenth century also Professor Rogers treats satisfactorily showing clearly the reasons for the exceptional prosperity of the labouring class at that period and their indifference to the faction fights of the barons.

Thenceforward we have reason to complain. Too much stress is laid upon Henry VIII's debasement of the currency as a cause of the impoverishment of the people; too little upon the destruction of the monasteries and the uprooting of the people from the soil. The seventeenth century also is not well done. It seems to us, we confess, as if Professor Rogers had been forced by the recent agitations and publications of Socialists to write a hasty work quite ahead of his researches. This is the impression produced by the extraordinary falling off both in matter and in style after the period of the middle ages. Possibly he may remedy this serious blunder later.

As it is, the book though it contains a few good points, is as a whole an unsatisfactory and superficial jumble, very unpleasant to the ordinary reader from its deficiencies in style, and almost useless to the student owing to its extraordinary shortcomings at the most important periods.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

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