TO-DAY.

No. 8.—AUGUST, 1884.

An Unsocial Socialist.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT day, Smilash obtained from his wife a promise that she would behave towards Agatha as if her letter had given no offence. Henrietta pleaded as movingly as she could for an immediate return to their domestic state; but he put her off with endearing speeches, promised nothing but eternal affection, and sent her back to London by the twelve o'clock express. Then his countenance changed: he walked back to Lyvern, and from thence to the chalet, like a man pursued by disgust and remorse. Later in the afternoon he took his skates and went to Wickens's pond, where, it being Saturday, he found the ice crowded with students from the college and their usual half-holiday visitors. Fairholme, who was describing circles with his habitual air of concentrated resolution, stopped and stared with indignant surprise as Smilash lurched past him.

"Is that man here by your permission?" he said to Farmer Wickens, who was walking about as if superintending a harvest.

"He is here because he likes, I take it," said Wickens

stubbornly. "He is a neighbor of mine, and a friend of mine. Is there any objections to my having a friend on my own pond, seein' that there is nigh on two or three ton of other people's friends on it without as much as a with your leave, or a by your leave?"

"Oh no," said Fairholme, somewhat dashed. "If you are satisfied, there can be no objection."

"I'm glad on it. I thought there mout be."

"Let me tell you," said Fairholme, nettled, "that your landlord would not be pleased to see him here. He sent one of Sir John's best herds out of the country, after filling his head with ideas above his station; and I heard Sir John speak very warmly about it last Sunday."

"Mayhap he did, Muster Fairholme. I have a lease of this land—and gravelly, poor stuff it is—; and I am no ways beholden to Sir John's likings and dislikings. A very good thing too for Sir John that I have a lease; for there aint a man in the country 'ud tak' a present o' the farm if it was free tomorrow. And what's a' more, though that young man do talk foolish about the rights of farm laborers and such-like nonsense; if Sir John was to hear him laying it down concernin' rent and improvements, and the way we tenant farmers is put upon, p'raps he'd speak warmer than ever next Sunday."

And Wickens, with a smile expressive of his sense of having retorted effectively upon the parson, nodded and walked away.

Meanwhile Agatha, skating hand in hand with Jane Carpenter, heard these words in her ear. "I have something very funny to tell you. Dont look round."

She recognised the voice of Smilash, and obeyed it.

"I am not quite sure that you will enjoy it as it deserves," he added, and darted off again, after casting an eloquent glance at Miss Carpenter.

Agatha disengaged herself from her companion; made a circuit; and passed near Smilash, saying, "What is it?"

Smilash flitted away like a swallow, described several circles around Fairholme, and then returned to Agatha and proceeded side by side with her.

"I have read the letter you wrote to Hetty," he said.

Agatha's face began to glow. She forgot to maintain her balance, and almost fell.

"Take care. And so you are not fond of me—in the romantic sense?"

No answer. Agatha dumb, and afraid to lift her eyelids.

"That is fortunate," he continued; "because—good evening, Miss Ward; I have done nothing but admire your skating for the last hour—because men were deceivers ever, and I am an arch deceiver, as it appears."

Agatha murmured something that was unintelligible amid the din of skating.

"You think not? Well, perhaps you are right: I have said nothing to you that is not in a measure true—you have always had a peculiar charm for me. But I did not mean you to tell Hetty. Can you guess why?"

Agatha shook her head.

"Because she is my wife."

A sudden dismay seized Agatha, and her ancles became limp. With an effort she kept upright upon her skates until she reached Jane, to whom she clung for support.

"Dont," screamed Jane. "You'll upset me."

"I must sit down," said Agatha. "I am tired. Let me lean on you until we get to the chairs."

"Bosh! I can skate for an hour without sitting down," said Jane. However, she helped Agatha to a chair, and left her. Then Smilash, as if desiring a rest also, sat down on the margin of the pond near her.

"Well," he said, without troubling himself as to whether his conversation with her attracted attention or not, "What do you think of me now?"

"Why did you not tell me before, Mr. Trefusis?"

"That is the cream of the joke," he replied, poising his

heels on the ice so that his skates stood vertically at legs length from him, and looking at them with a cynical air. "I thought you were in love with me, and that the truth would be too severe a blow to you. Ha! ha! And, for the same reason, you generously forbore to tell me that you were no more in love with me than with the man in the moon."

"There are some things so unmanly, so unkind, and so cruel," said Agatha, "that I cannot understand any gentleman saying them to a girl. Please do not speak to me again. Miss Ward! Come to me for a moment. I—I am not well."

Miss Ward, passing just then, was struck by her tone, and hurried to her side. Smilash, after staring at her for a moment in astonishment, and in some concern, exclaimed, "Then my farce is your tragedy! I never thought of that;" and skimmed away into the crowd. When he reached the opposite bank, he took off his skates, and asked Jane, who strayed intentionally in his direction, to tell Miss Wylie that he was gone, and would skate no more there. Without adding a word of explanation, he left her, and made for his dwelling. As he went down into the hollow where the road passed through the plantation on the college side of the chalet, he descried a boy, in the uniform of the post office, sliding along the frozen ditch. A presentiment of evil tidings fell upon him like a darkening of the sky. He quickened his pace.

"Anything for me?" he said.

The boy, who knew him, fumbled in a letter case, and produced a buff envelope. It contained a telegram.

Jansenius,	TO	*J. Smilash,*
London.		*Chamounix Villa, Lyvern.*

Henrietta dangerously ill after journey wants to see you doctors say must come at once.

There was a pause. Then he folded the paper methodically,

and put it in his pocket, as if he were quite done with it.

"And so," he said, "my farce is her tragedy too."

He looked at the boy, who retreated, not liking his expression.

"Did you slide all the way from Lyvern?"

"Only to come quicker," said the messenger, faltering. "I came as quick as I could."

"You carried news heavy enough to break the thickest ice ever frozen. I have a mind to throw you over the top of that tree instead of giving you this half crown."

"You let me alone," whimpered the boy, retreating another pace.

"Get back to Lyvern as fast as you can run or slide, and tell Mr. Marsh to send me the fastest trap he has to drive me to the Railway Station. Here is your half-crown. Off with you; and if I do not find the trap ready when I want it, woe betide you."

The boy came for the money with misgiving, and ran off with it as fast as he could. Smilash went into the chalet, and never reappeared. Instead, Trefusis, a gentleman in an ulster, carrying a rug, came out, locked the door, and hurried off along the road to Lyvern, where he was soon picked up by the trap which the boy had ordered, and which carried him swiftly to the railway station, just in time to catch the train to London.

"Evening paper, sir?" said a voice at the window, as he settled himself in the corner of a first-class carriage.

"No, thank you," he replied, adding, to himself, "I have enough, for once, to keep my mind employed without reading."

"Footwarmer, sir?" said a porter, appearing in the newsvendor's place.

"Ah! That's a good idea. Yes, I will have a footwarmer."

The footwarmer was brought, and he composed himself comfortably for his journey. It seemed very short to him;

for he fell into a train of thought which seemed to sweep time with it; and when the substantial train which carried his body had carried it to London, he could hardly believe that he had been nearly three hours on the way.

There was a sense of Christmas about the travellers and about the people who were at the terminus to meet them. The porter who came to the carriage door reminded Trefusis that the season was one at which it became a gentleman to be festive and liberal, by his manner and voice as he cried,

"Wot luggage, sir? Ensom or fourweoll, sir?"

For a moment Trefusis felt inclined to resume the language of Smilash, and fable to the man of hampers of turkey and plum-pudding in the van. But he repressed the vagabond impulse; got into a hansom; and was driven to his father-in-law's house in Belsize Avenue, studying in a gloomily critical mood the anxiety which surged upon him as he drew near his destination, and which made his heart beat like a boy's. There were two carriages at the door when he alighted, recognizable as doctor's carriages by the reticent expression of the coachmen.

The door was opened before he rang. "If you please, sir," said the maid in a low voice, "will you step into the library, and the doctor will see you immediately."

On the first landing of the staircase, two gentlemen were speaking to Mr. Jansenius, who hastily moved out of sight, but not before a glimpse of his expression, curiously compounded of grief and discomfiture, had given Trefusis a strange twinge, succeeded by a sensation of having been twenty years a widower. He smiled unconcernedly as he followed the girl into the library, and asked her how she did. She murmured some reply, and hurried away, thinking that the poor young gentleman would alter his tone presently when the truth was made known to him.

He was joined at once by a grey whiskered gentleman, scrupulously dressed and mannered. Trefusis introduced himself, and the physician looked at him with some interest. Then he said,

"You have arrived too late, Mr. Trefusis. All is over, I am sorry to say."

"Was the long railway journey she took in this cold weather the cause of her death?"

The physician had heard some bitter words upstairs which made him aware that this was a delicate question. But he said quietly, "The proximate cause, doubtless. The proximate cause."

"She received some unwelcome and quite unlooked for intelligence before she started. Had that anything to do with her death, do you think?"

"It may have produced an unfavourable effect," said the physician, growing restive under this questioning, and taking up his gloves. "The habit of referring such events to such causes is carried too far, as a rule."

"No doubt. I am curious because the event is novel in my experience. I suppose it is a commonplace in yours."

"Pardon me. The loss of a lady so young, and so favourably circumstanced, is not a commonplace either in my experience or in my opinion." The physician held up his head as he spoke, in protest against any assumption that his sympathies had been blunted by his profession.

"Did she suffer?"

"For some hours, yes. We were able to do a little to alleviate her pain—poor thing!" He almost forgot Trefusis as he added the apostrophe.

"Hours of pain! Can you conceive any good purpose that those hours may have served?"

The physician shook his head, and left the other to guess whether he meant to reply in the negative, or to deplore considerations of that nature. He also made a movement to depart, being uneasy in conversation with Trefusis, who would, he felt sure, presently ask questions or make remarks which he could hardly deal with without committing himself in some direction. His conscience was not quite at rest. He did not believe that Henrietta's pain had served any good

purpose, but he did not want to say so, lest he should acquire a reputation for impiety and lose his practice. He did believe that the general practitioner who attended the family and had called him in when the case grew serious had treated Henrietta unskilfully; but professional etiquette bound him so strongly that, sooner than betray his colleague's inefficiency, he would have allowed him to decimate London.

"One word more," said Trefusis. "Did she know that she was dying?"

"No. I considered it best that she should not be informed of her danger. She passed away without any apprehension."

"Then one can think of it with equanimity. She dreaded death, poor child! The wonder is that there was not enough folly in the household to prevail against your good sense."

The physician bowed, and took his leave, esteeming himself somewhat fortunate in escaping without being reproached for his humanity in having allowed Henrietta to die unawares.

A moment later the general practitioner entered. Trefusis, having accompanied the consulting physican to the door, detected the family doctor in the act of pulling a long face just outside it. Restraining a desire to seize him by the throat, he seated himself on the edge of the table, and said cheerfully,

"Well, doctor, how has the world used you since we last met?"

The doctor was taken aback, but he maintained the solemn disposition of his features as he almost intoned, "Has Sir Francis told you the sad news, Mr. Trefusis?"

"Yes. Frightful, isn't it? Lord bless me, we're here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"True, very true!"

"Sir Francis has a high opinion of you."

The doctor looked a little foolish. "Everything was done that could be done, Mr. Trefusis; but Mrs. Jansenius was very anxious that no stone should be left unturned. She

was good enough to say that her sole reason for wishing me to call in Sir Francis was that you should have no cause to complain."

"Indeed?"

"A sad event! Ah yes, yes! Dear me! A very sad event!"

"Most disagreeable. Such a cold day too. Pleasanter to be in heaven than here in such weather, possibly."

"Ah!" said the doctor, as if much sound comfort lay in that. "I hope so; I hope so; I do not doubt it. Sir Francis did not permit us to tell her; and I, of course, deferred to him. Perhaps it was for the best."

"You would have told her, then, if Sir Francis had not objected?"

"Well,—there are, you see, considerations which we must not ignore in our profession. Death is a serious thing, as I am sure I need not remind you, Mr. Trefusis. We have sometimes higher duties than indulgence to the natural feelings of our patients."

"Quite so. The possibility of eternal bliss and the probability of eternal torment are consolations not to be sneezed at by a dying girl, eh? However, what's past cannot be mended. I have much to be thankful for after all. I am a young man, and shall not cut a bad figure as a widower. And now tell me, doctor, am I not in very bad repute upstairs?"

"Mr. Trefusis! Sir! I cannot meddle in family matters. I understand my duties, and never overstep them." The doctor, shocked at last, spoke as loftily as he could.

"Then I will go and see Mr. Jansenius," said Trefusis, getting off the table.

"Stay, sir! One moment. I have not finished. Mrs. Jansenius has asked me to ask—I was about to say that I am not speaking now as the medical adviser of this family; but although an old friend—and—ahem! Mrs. Jansenius has asked me to ask—to request you to excuse Mr. Jansenius, as he is prostrated by grief, and is, as I can—as a medical

man—assure you, unable to see anyone. She will speak to you herself as soon as she feels able to do so—at some time this evening. Meanwhile, of course, any orders you may give—you must be fatigued by your journey, and I always recommend people not to fast too long: it produces an acute form of indigestion—and any orders you may wish to give will, of course, be attended to at once."

"I think," said Trefusis after a moment's reflection, "I will order a hansom."

"There is no ill-feeling," said the doctor, who, as a slow man, was usually alarmed by prompt decisions, even when they seemed wise to him, as this one did. "I hope you have not gathered from anything I have said——"

"Not at all: you have displayed the utmost tact. But I think I had better go. Jansenius can bear death and misery with perfect fortitude, provided it be on a large scale, and hidden in a back slum. But when it breaks into his own house, and attacks his property—a sense of property was the vertebral column of his love for Henrietta—he is just the man to lose his head and quarrel with me for keeping mine."

The doctor was unable to cope with this speech, which conveyed vaguely monstrous ideas to him. But, seeing Trefusis about to leave, he said in a low voice, "Will you go upstairs?"

"Upstairs! Why?"

"I—I thought you might wish to see—" He did not finish the sentence, but the blank expressed what he meant; for Trefusis flinched.

"To see something that was Henrietta," he said, "and that is a thing which we must cast out and hide and get rid of, with a little superstitious mumming to save appearances. Why did you remind me of it?"

"But, sir, whatever your views may be, will you not as a matter of form, in deference to the feelings of the family—?"

"Let them spare their feelings for the living, on whose

behalf I have often appealed to them in vain," cried Trefusis, losing patience. "Damn their feelings!" And, turning to the door, he found it open, and Mrs. Jansenius there listening.

Trefusis was confounded. He knew what the effect of his speech must be, and felt that it would be folly to attempt excuse or explanation. So he put his hands into his pockets, leaned against the table, and looked at her, mutely wondering what would follow on her part.

The doctor broke the silence by saying, tremulously, "I have communicated the melancholy intelligence to Mr. Trefusis."

"I hope you told him also," she said sternly, "that, however deficient we may be in feeling, we did everything that lay in our power for our child."

"I am quite satisfied," said Trefusis.

"No doubt you are—with the result," said Mrs. Jansenius, hardly. "I wish to know whether you have anything to complain of."

"Nothing."

"Please do not imply that anything has happened through our neglect."

"What have I to complain of? She had a warm room and a luxurious bed to die in, with the best medical advice in the world. Plenty of people are starving and freezing to-day that we may have the means to die fashionably: ask *them* if they have any cause for complaint. Do you think I will wrangle over her body about the amount of money spent on her illness? What measure is that of the cause she had for complaint? I never grudged her money—how could I? seeing that more than I can waste is given to me for nothing. Or how could you? Yet she had great reason to complain of me. You will allow that to be so."

"It is perfectly true."

"Then, when I am in a reproachful humour, I will reproach myself and not you." He paused, and then turned forcibly

on her, saying, "Why do you select this time, of all others, to speak so bitterly to me?"

"I am not aware that I have said anything to call for such a remark. Did *you*" (appealing to the doctor) "hear me say anything?"

"Mr. Trefusis does not mean to say that you did, I am sure. Oh no. Mr. Trefusis's feelings are naturally—are harrowed. That is all."

"My feelings!" cried Trefusis impatiently. "Do you suppose my feelings are a trumpery set of social observances, to be harrowed to order and exhibited at funerals. She has gone as we three shall go soon enough. If we were immortal, we might reasonably pity the dead. As we are not, we had better save our energies to minimise the harm we are likely to do before we follow her."

The doctor was deeply offended by this speech; for the statement that he should one day die seemed to him a reflection upon his professional mastery over death. Mrs. Jansenius was glad to see Trefusis confirming her bad opinion and report of him by his conduct and language in the doctor's presence. There was a brief pause; and then Trefusis, too completely out of sympathy with them to be able to lead the conversation into a kinder vein, left the room. In the act of putting on his overcoat in the hall, he hesitated, hung it up again irresolutely, and suddenly ran upstairs. At the sound of his footsteps, a woman came from one of the rooms, and looked enquiringly at him.

"Is it here?" he said.

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

A painful sense of constriction came in his chest; and he turned pale and stopped with his hand on the lock.

"Dont be afraid, sir," said the woman, with an encouraging smile. "She looks beautiful."

He looked at her with a strange grin, as if she had uttered a ghastly but irresistible joke. Then he went in, and, when he reached the bed, wished he had stayed without. He was

not one of those who, seeing little in the faces of the living, miss little in the faces of the dead. The arrangement of the black hair on the pillow, the soft drapery, and the flowers which the nurse had already placed there to complete the artistic effect to which she had so confidently referred, were lost on him: he saw only a lifeless mask which had been his wife's face; and at sight of it his knees failed, and he had to lean for support on the rail at the foot of the bed.

When he looked again, the face seemed to have changed. It was no longer a waxlike mask, but Henrietta, girlish and pathetically at rest. Death seemed to have cancelled her marriage and womanhood: he had never seen her look so young before. A minute passed; and then a tear dropped on the coverlet. He started, shook another tear on his hand, and stared at it incredulously.

"This is a fraud of which I have never even dreamed," he said. "Tears, and no sorrow! Here am I crying! growing maudlin! whilst I am glad that she is gone and I free. Would I restore her to life if I could? Perhaps so: I am therefore thankful that I cannot." He folded his arms on the rail, and gravely addressed the dead figure, which still affected him so strongly that he had to exert his will to face it with composure. "If you really loved me, it is well for you that you are dead—idiot that I was to believe that the passion you could inspire, you poor child, could last. We are both lucky: I have escaped from you; and you have escaped from yourself."

Presently he breathed more freely, and looked round the room to help himself into a matter-of-fact vein by a little unembarrassed action, and the commonplace aspect of the bedroom furniture. Then, selfpossessed, and with dry eyes, he went to the pillow, and bent over it, examining the face closely.

"Poor Hetty!" he said.

Compassion soon faded from his expression, and speculative interest came in its place. He touched the cheek

cautiously, to feel how cold it was. Then he touched his own, and remarked thoughtfully,

"And so this is what I am hastening toward at the express speed of sixty minutes an hour!" He stood looking down at the face and tasting this sombre reflection for a long time. When he roused himself, he exclaimed more cheerfully,

"After all, she is not dead. Every word she uttered—every idea she formed and expressed, was an inexhaustible and indestructible impulse." He paused; considered a little further; and relapsed into gloom, adding, "And the dozen others whose names will be with hers in the *Times* to-morrow? Their words too are still in the air enduring to all eternity. Humph! How the air must be crammed with nonsense! Happily, two sounds sometimes produce a silence; so there is hope that ideas may neutralise one another in some analogous way. No, my dear; you are dead and gone and done with; and I shall be dead and gone and done with too soon to leave me leisure to fool myself with hopes of immortality. Poor Hetty! Never! What a word!"

All this was uttered in a half articulate whisper. When he ceased, he still bent over the body, gazing intently at it. Even when he had exhausted the subject, and turned to go, he changed his mind, and had another brief look. Then he stood erect, apparently nerved and refreshed, and left the room with a firm step. The woman was waiting outside. Seeing that he was less distressed than when he entered, she said,

"I hope you are satisfied, sir!"

"Delighted! Charmed!" he said, with a grim smile. "The arrangements are extremely pretty and tasteful. Most consolatory!" And he gave her half-a-sovereign.

"I thank you, sir," she said, dropping a curtsey. "The poor young lady! She was anxious to see you, sir. To hear her say that you were the only one that cared for her! And so fretful with her mother, too. 'Let him be told that I am dangerously ill,' says she, 'and he'll come.' She didnt know

how true her word was, poor thing; and she went off without being aware of it."

"Flattering herself, and flattering me. Happy girl!"

"Bless you, I know what her feelings were, sir: I have had experience." Here she approached him confidentially, and whispered, "The family were again' you, sir; and she knew it. But she wouldnt listen to them. She thought of nothing, when she was easy enough to think at all, but of your coming. And—hush! Here's the old gentleman."

Trefusis looked round, and saw Mr. Jansenius, whose handsome face was white and seamed with grief and annoyance. He drew back from the proffered hand of his son-in-law, like an overworried child from an ill-timed attempt to pet it. Trefusis pitied him. The nurse coughed, and discreetly retired.

"Have you been speaking to Mrs. Jansenius?" said Trefusis.

"Yes," said Jansenius offensively.

"So have I, unfortunately. Pray make my apologies to her. I was rude. The circumstances upset me."

"You are not upset, sir," said Mr. Jansenius, speaking loudly in his agitation. "You do not care a damn."

Trefusis recoiled.

"You damned my feelings, and I will damn yours," continued Jansenius, in the same tone. Trefusis involuntarily looked at the door through which he had lately passed. Then, recovering himself, he said quietly,

"It does not matter. She can't hear us."

Before Jansenius could reply, his wife hurried upstairs, caught him by the arm, and said, "Dont speak to him, John. And you," she added, to Trefusis:—"*Will* you begone."

"What!" he said, looking cynically at her. "Without my dead! Without my property! Well, be it so."

"What do you know of the feelings of a respectable man?" persisted Jansenius, breaking out again in spite of his wife. "Nothing is sacred to you. This shows what Socialists are."

"And what fathers are, and what mothers are," retorted Trefusis, giving way to his temper. "I thought you loved Hetty; but I see that you only love your feelings and your respectability. The devil take both! She was right: my love for her, incomplete as it was, was greater than yours." And he left the house in dudgeon.

But he stood awhile in the avenue to laugh at himself and his father-in-law. Then he took a hansom, and was driven to the house of his solicitor, whom he wished to consult on the settlement of his late wife's affairs.

CHAPTER X.

The remains of Henrietta Trefusis were interred in Highgate Cemetery the day before Christmas Eve. Three noblemen sent their carriages to grace the funeral; and a large number of the friends and clients of Mr. Jansenius attended in person. The bier was covered with a profusion of costly flowers. The undertaker had received a liberal order, and he provided an extensive display of long-tailed black horses, with black palls on their backs, and black plumes upon their foreheads. The coachmen were decorated with scarves and jack-boots; and there were black hammer-cloths, cloaks, gloves, and hired mourners, who, however, would have been instantly discharged had they presumed to offer any expressions of sympathy, or otherwise overstep their function of walking beside the hearse with brass-tipped batons in their hands.

Among the genuine mourners were Mr. Jansenius, who burst into tears at the ceremony of casting earth on the coffin; the boy Arthur, who was pre-occupied by the novelty of appearing in a long cloak at the head of a public procession, and who felt that he was not so sorry as he ought to be when he saw his papa cry; and a cousin who had once asked Henrietta to marry him, and who

was now so full of tragic reflections that he was enjoying himself intensely under the impression that he was in despair.

The rest were whispering, whenever they could decently do so, about a strange omission in the arrangements. The husband of the deceased was absent. Members of the family, and intimate friends, were informed by Daniel Jansenius that the widower had acted in a blackguard way, and that the Janseniuses did not care two-pence whether he came or stayed at home; that, but for the indecency of the thing, they were just as glad that he was keeping away. Others, who had no claim to be informed, privately made enquiries of the undertaker's foreman, who said that he understood that the gentleman objected to large funerals. On being asked why, he said he supposed it was on the ground of expense. This being met by a remark that Mr. Trefusis was very wealthy, he added that he had been told so, but believed that the money had not come from the lady, and that people seldom cared to go to a great expense for a funeral unless they came into something good by the death, and that some parties, the more they had, the more they grudged. By the time the ceremony was over, the report spread by Mr. Jansenius's brother had got mixed with the views of the foreman, and had given rise to a story of Trefusis expressing joy at his wife's death with frightful oaths in her father's house whilst she lay dead there, and refusing to pay a farthing of her debts or funeral expenses.

Some days later, when gossip on the subject was subsiding, a fresh scandal revived it. A literary friend of Mr. Jansenius's helped him to compose an epitaph, and added to it a couple of stanzas which were pretty and touching. It set forth that Henrietta's character had been one of rare sweetness and virtue, and that her friends would never cease to sorrow for her loss. A tradesman who described himself as a "monumental mason" furnished a book of designs for tombs; and Mr. Jansenius selected a highly ornamental one, and proposed to defray half the cost of its erection, with the epitaph

inscribed upon it, over the grave. Trefusis objected that the epitaph was untrue; and said that he did not see why tombstones should be privileged to publish false statements. It was accordingly reported that he had followed up his former misconduct by calling his father-in-law a liar, and that he had ordered a common tombstone from some cheap-jack at the East-end. He had, in fact, spoken contemptuously of the monumental tradesman as an "exploiter" of labour, and had asked a young working mason, who was a member of the International Association, to design a monument for the gratification of Jansenius.

The mason, with much pains and misgiving, produced an original design. Trefusis approved of it, and resolved to have it executed by the hands of the designer. He hired a sculptor's studio; purchased blocks of marble of the dimensions and quality described to him by the mason; and invited him to set to work forthwith.

Trefusis now encountered a difficulty. He wished to pay the mason the just value of his work, no more and no less. In order to do this, it was necessary to ascertain the value of labour. This proved impossible. He could find no other criterion than the market price, and this he rejected as being fixed by competition among capitalists who could only secure profit by obtaining from their workmen a larger share of labour than they paid them for, and could only tempt customers by offering them a share of the unpaid-for part of the labour in the shape of a reduction in price. He found that the system of withholding the material of subsistence from the labourers, except on condition of their supporting an idle class, and accepting a lower standard of comfort for themselves than for that idle class, rendered the determination of value, and consequently the practice of just dealing, impossible. He had at last to ask the mason what he would consider fair payment for the execution of the design, though he knew that the man could no more solve the problem than he, and that his demand would be limited by his poverty and

by the competition of the monumental tradesmen. Trefusis settled the matter by giving him double what he asked, only imposing such conditions as were necessary to secure that the workmanship should be executed by the mason himself and not by hired assistants, and that the monument should be completed with reasonable speed.

But the design was to be paid for as well as the daily labour at its realization. The mason, after hesitating for a long time between two-pounds-ten and five pounds, had been emboldened by a fellow-workman, who treated him to some hot whiskey and water, to name the larger sum. Trefusis paid the money at once, and then set himself to find out how much a similar design would have cost from the hands of an eminent Royal Academician. Happening to know a gentleman in this position, he consulted him, and was informed that the probable cost would be from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. Trefusis expressed his opinion that the mason's charge was the more reasonable, somewhat to the indignation of his artist friend, who reminded him of the years which a Royal Academician had to spend in acquiring his skill. Trefusis mentioned that the apprenticeship of a mason was quite as long, twice as laborious, and not half so pleasant. The artist now began to find Trefusis's Socialistic views, with which he had at first fancied himself in sympathy, both odious and dangerous. He demanded whether nothing was to be allowed for genius. Trefusis warmly replied that genius cost its possessor nothing; that it was the inheritance of the whole world incidentally vested in a single individual; and that if that individual employed his monoply of it to extort money from others he deserved nothing better than hanging. The artist lost his temper, and declared that the prerogative of art was divine. A lively quarrel ensued; Trefusis denouncing the cupidity of artists, and their attempts to arrogate to themselves the privileges of a priestly caste; and his friend (temporarily his enemy) sneering bitterly at levellers who were for levelling down instead of

levelling up. Finally, tired of disputing, and remorseful for their acrimony, they dined amicably together.

The monument was placed in Highgate cemetery by a small band of workmen, whom Trefusis found out of employment. It bore the following inscription :—

THIS IS THE MONUMENT OF
HENRIETTA JANSENIUS,
WHO WAS BORN ON THE 26TH JULY, 1856,
MARRIED TO SIDNEY TREFUSIS ON THE 23RD AUGUST, 1875,
AND WHO DIED ON THE 21ST DECEMBER IN THE SAME YEAR.

Mr. Jansenius received this as an insult to his daughter's memory ; and he and his family cited the tomb, which was much smaller than many which had been erected in the cemetery by families to whom the Janseniuses affected superiority, as an example of the widower's meanness. But by other persons the tomb was so much admired that Trefusis hoped it would ensure the prosperity of its designer. The contrary happened. When the mason attempted to return to his ordinary work, he was informed that he had contravened trade usage, and that his former employers would have nothing more to say to him. On applying for advice and assistance to the trades-union of which he was a member, he received the same reply, and was further reproached for treachery to his fellow-workmen. He returned to Trefusis to say that the tombstone job had ruined him. Trefusis, enraged, wrote an argumentative letter to the *Times*, which was not inserted ; a fierce one to the trades-union, which did no good ; and a fiercer one to the employers, who threatened to take an action for libel. He had to content himself with setting the man to work again on mantel-pieces and other decorative stone-work for use in certain house property which he possessed.

During these occurrences, Agatha's school-life came to an end. Her resolution to study hard during another term at the college had been formed, not for the sake of becoming

learned, but in order that she might become more worthy of Smilash; and when she learned the truth about him from his own lips in words which seemed brutally cynical, the idea of returning to the scene of that humiliation became intolerable to her. She left under the impression that her heart was broken; for her smarting vanity, by the law of its own existence, would not perceive that it was the seat of the injury. So she bade Miss Wilson adieu; and the bee on the window-pane was heard no more at Alton College.

The intelligence of Henrietta's death shocked her the more because she could not quite stave off a certain exultation, which seemed horribly wicked to her, in the reflection that the only person who knew of her folly with regard to Smilash (himself excepted) was now silenced for ever. Under the influence of this discovery of her own depravity Agatha became almost religious, and caused some anxiety about her health to her mother, who was puzzled by her unwonted seriousness, and, in particular, by her apparent determination not to speak of the misconduct of Trefusis, which was now the prevailing topic of conversation in the family. She listened in silence to the gossipping discussions of his desertion of his wife, his heartless indifference to her decease, his violence and bad language by her deathbed, his parsimony, his malicious opposition to the wishes of the Janseniuses, his cheap tombstone with the insulting epitaph, his association with common workmen and low demagogues, his suspected connection with a secret society for the assassination of the royal family and blowing up of the army, his atheistic denial in a pamphlet addressed to the clergy of a statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the effect that spiritual aid alone could improve the condition of the poor in the East-end of London, and the crowning disgrace of his trial at the Old Bailey for seditious libel, and condemnation to six months' imprisonment for the same: a penalty which he escaped through the ingenuity of his counsel, who discovered a technical flaw in the indictment, and succeeded, at great cost to Trefusis, in

getting the sentence quashed. Agatha at last got tired of hearing of his misdeeds. She believed him to be heartless, selfish, and misguided; but she knew that he was not the loud, coarse, sensual, and ignorant brawler that most of her mother's gossips supposed him to be. She even felt, in spite of herself, an emotion of gratitude to the few who ventured to defend him.

She sought to distract her thoughts from him by preparation for her first season. She "came out" in due time; and an extremely dull season she found it. So much so, that she sometimes asked herself whether she should ever be happy again. At the college there had been goodfellowship, fun, rules and duties which were a source of strength when observed and a source of delicious excitement when violated, freedom from ceremony, toffee making, flights on the bannisters, and appreciative audiences for the soldier in the chimney. In society there were silly conversations lasting half-a-minute, cool acquaintanceships founded on such half-minutes, mutual suspicion, overcrowding, insufficient ventilation, bad music badly executed, late hours, unwholesome food, intoxicating liquors, jealous competition in useless expenditure, flirting, dancing, theatres, and concerts. The three last, which Agatha liked, helped to make the contrast between Alton and London tolerable to her; but they had their drawbacks, for she found good partners scarce at dances, and the music at the opera and concerts was venal and spiritless. Flirting she could not endure: she drove men away when they became tender, seeing in them the falsehood of Smilash without his wit. She was considered rude by the younger gentlemen of her circle. They discussed her bad manners among themselves, and agreed to punish her by not asking her to dance. She thus got rid, without knowing why, of the attentions she cared least for (she retained a schoolgirl's cruel contempt for "boys"), and enjoyed herself as best she could with older or more sensible men who were not intolerant of girls.

But at best the year was the least happy she had ever spent; and she repeatedly alarmed her mother by broaching projects for becoming a hospital nurse, a public singer, or an actress. These projects led her to some desultory studies. In order to qualify herself as a nurse, she read a handbook of physiology, which Mrs. Wylie thought so improper a subject for a young lady to investigate, that she went in tears to beg Mrs. Jansenius to remonstrate with her unruly girl. Mrs. Jansenius, better advised, was of opinion that the more a woman knew, the more wisely she was likely to act; and prophesied that Agatha would soon drop the physiology of her own accord. This proved true. Agatha, having finished her book by dint of extensive skipping, proceeded to study pathology by the aid of a volume of clinical lectures. But finding that her own sensations coincided exactly with the symptoms of the direst diseases described in the book, she put it by in alarm, and took up a novel, which turned out to be quite free from the fault she had found with the lectures, inasmuch as none of the emotions it described in the least resembled any she had ever experienced.

After a brief interval, she consulted a fashionable teacher of singing as to whether her voice was strong enough for the operatic stage. He recommended her to study with him for six years, assuring her that at the end of that period—if she followed his directions—she should be the greatest singer in the world. But to this there was, in her mind, the conclusive objection that in six years she should be an old woman (twenty-four). So she resolved to try privately whether she could not get on more quickly by herself. Meanwhile, with a view to the drama in case her operatic scheme should fail, she took lessons in elocution and gymnastics. Practice in the latter improved her health and spirits so much that her previous aspirations seemed too limited, and she tried her hand at all the arts in succession, but was too much discouraged by the weakness of her first attempts to continue them. She knew that as a general

rule there are feeble and ridiculous beginnings to all excellence; but she never applied general rules to her own case, still thinking of herself as an exception to them, just as she had done when she romanced about Smilash. The illusions of clever adolescence were thick upon her.

Meanwhile her progress was creating anxieties in which she had no share. Her paroxysms of exhilaration, followed by a gnawing sense of failure and uselessness, were known to her mother only as "wildness" and "low spirits;" to be combated respectively by needlework as a sedative, and beef tea as a stimulant. Mrs. Wylie's cares were for the future. She had learnt by rote that the whole duty of a lady is to be graceful, charitable, helpful, modest, and disinterested, and to await passively whatever lot these virtues may induce. But she had learnt by experience that a young lady's business in society is to get married; and that virtues and accomplishments alike are important only as attractions to eligible bachelors. As this truth is shameful, young ladies are left to find it out for themselves: it is not expressly told to them. Hence they often throw away capital bargains in their first season, and are compelled to offer themselves at greatly reduced prices subsequently, when their attractions begin to stale. This was the fate which Mrs. Wylie, warned by Mrs. Jansenius, feared for Agatha, who, time after time when a callow gentleman of wealth and position was introduced to her, drove him brusquely away as soon as he ventured to hint that his affections were concerned in their acquaintanceship. The anxious mother had to console herself with the fact that her daughter drove away the ineligible as ruthlessly as the eligible, formed no unworldly attachments, was still very young, and would grow less coy as she advanced in years and in what Mrs. Wylie called sense.

But as the seasons went by, it remained questionable whether Agatha was the more to be congratulated for having begun life after leaving school, or Henrietta for having finished it.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

"The Red International." *

DR. ZACHER has undertaken "to supply a want" of our time. He announces that the Socialist movement is making great advances in all civilised states, that the social question is a burning one in the politics of the day, and that its meaning and purpose remain unknown to large circles of society owing to the lack of trustworthy information. We congratulate Dr. Zacher on his attempt to enlighten these ignorant circles, and it seems that, as far as his little rush-light of a book can go, he is doing it successfully since we hear that it has run through three editions in a few weeks. This, however, testifies more to society's interest in the subject than to the intrinsic worth of the book. His readers would do well to study the Socialist literature itself, without taking their information second-hand, even from a "Government Assessor" like Dr. Zacher, who doubtless has special and peculiar sources of knowledge on the subject. His account of the English movement exhibits several inaccuracies both of date and description, which he might have avoided if he had applied to us direct. But perhaps he was afraid that we might hoax him. We hasten to assure him that any such apprehension would be utterly groundless.

It is when Dr. Zacher is dealing with the German movement that he naturally finds himself most at home, though he

* Die Rothe Internationale, von Dr. Zacher. Berlin, 1884. Verlag von Wilhelm Hertz.

is obliged (in spite of his excellent resolution to give the facts only, and to let his readers draw the inferences), to express his regret and amazement at the numerical strength of the strange bedfellows with which the course of his investigation unfortunately makes him acquainted. His account of the Congress at Copenhagen on March 29, 1883, is worth reading. He tells us that the situation of the Socialist party was there shown to be very encouraging—to Socialists. Congratulations were exchanged on the fact that in spite of the Exceptional Laws, in spite of the economic oppression, in spite of all the persecution to which they had been subjected, the German Socialists had every reason to look with confidence and hope to the future. The elections of 1881 had been extremely satisfactory, and, thanks to the exceptional laws, the party had for the first time been, so to speak, tried in the fire, and gained a thorough knowledge of its own real strength, while the circulation of their organ in the Press was growing daily. They had indeed reason to congratulate themselves on the recent elections. Since the organisation of the German Empire the Socialist votes for members of the Reichstag had exhibited a steady increase, with the exception of a slight decline in 1878. They had numbered in 1871, 123,975; in 1874, 351,952; in 1877, 493,288; and in 1878, 437,158. It was confessed on all hands that the elections revealed a large relative strength of the Socialist party, though its votes had been so scattered that it had not had its proportionate number of representatives in Parliament. The Socialist members of the Reichstag numbered two in 1871, nine in 1874, twelve in 1877, and nine in 1878. But before the elections of 1881 the full fury of the police was let loose upon the party. The power of the Goverment and the majesty of the law were turned against them with a vengeance. All their newspapers were suspended, the sale of their books prohibited, and the possibility of public agitation in any shape completely prevented. Their associations were dissolved, and for a hotel-keeper even to let them rooms for

a meeting was made an offence punishable with imprisonment for a length of time varying from one month to a year. And not only were these laws passed, but they were enforced with the utmost rigour, and Socialists were seized and locked up in all directions. Yet in spite of all the persecution, in the elections which took place in 1881, the Socialists secured thirteen seats, the largest number they had ever yet gained.

To the attitude of the Social Democracy towards the trumpery tinkering at social reform which Prince Bismarck affects, Dr. Zacher attaches great importance. He quotes the resolution on this subject, which the Congress unanimously passed, and certainly from his point of view it is disappointing. For it is to the effect that the Congress puts no trust either in the ability or the honesty of purpose of the ruling classes, but is convinced that the so-called social reform is intended to be used merely as a tactical method for turning away the workers from the right course. Their representatives in Parliament are instructed to accept any real amelioration of the condition of the workers, without for a moment neglecting to urge the whole of the Socialist claims. The resolutions passed by the Congress declared that even if the exceptional laws were withdrawn, which was not at all likely, the Social Democracy would find exactly the same foes opposed to it as before. It would be worse than foolish to cherish any hope with regard to the social reforms so pompously announced, since under the present *régime* they could never be realised. Such views as these must be extremely annoying to the soul of a Government Assessor. He quotes again from the preface to the report of the Congress:—"We are a revolutionary party, our aim is revolutionary, and we allow ourselves no illusions as to the possibility of carrying it out by parliamentary methods." And again from the *Sozial Democrat*, published in Zurich:—"Social reform must either be a miserable humbug, or it must be identical with the social revolution."

Dr. Zacher quotes extensively from several Socialist sources;

we will return the compliment by quoting from him:—"If we glance at the present position of the German Social Democracy, we must freely admit that it appears to feel more certain of victory than it ever has before; this was most clearly established at the Copenhagen Congress. If we look at their followers, this is quite as clear; in spite of the Socialist laws, they have managed to create an organisation which is the envy of all the Socialist party abroad; in spite of the poverty of their adherents, they have no lack of money to satisfy all the claims upon them, although the support of the so-called 'victims of the Socialist laws,' the maintenance of the Press and the whole agitation, and the cost of contesting elections must demand very considerable means; in spite of the watchfulness of the censors, they know how to invent ever-new methods of spreading broadcast their literature, though it is proscribed by law; and finally several elections have shown that the members of the party have hardly suffered any diminution in consequence of the Socialist laws. Many readers will ask upon this, what then is the use of the laws, if such has been the result?" It is in answer to this very reasonable question on the part of his readers that Dr. Zacher indulges in some rather remarkable lucubrations. He says that when the laws were passed, there were two opposite opinions as to their probable result. One party expected that they would annihilate the Social Democracy, the other that they would cause a volcanic eruption of Socialism. The result showed that the mean between these two extreme opinions was correct, and that they were entirely successful. For, according to Dr. Zacher, their motive was the stopping of the wider spread of this pernicious movement by the suppression of Socialist meetings, organisation, and literature. "But if it is asked," says the Assessor, "what has so far been effected in this line, the answer is that the *overt* agitation may already be said to be entirely suppressed, and that thus the social relations have regained their former quiet and security; so much so, that in some exclusive circles one may frequently

hear the surprised question whether there really is any Socialist movement at all. It is certainly true that secret organisation has stepped into the place of open agitation. But yet it can scarcely be said that this is really stronger than it was before the laws were passed; on the contrary, by means of their steady enforcement the secret organisation, especially at the centres of the movement, has been repeatedly broken up, its leaders have been prosecuted, mutual distrust has been sown in its ranks, &c., &c.," for it is thus that Dr. Zacher consoles himself for the failure which it is impossible even for him to deny. In conclusion he ventures to express the pious wish "that in the future greater success in this direction may be achieved, and that with the assistance of all parties the burning question of social reform may be so far solved, that the ground shall be gradually cut from under the feet of the revolutionary Socialists."

If the above question had been put by the immortal Captain Cuttle to the oracular Captain Bunsby, we have no doubt that that worthy might have excogitated from the depths of his inner consciousness a somewhat similar reply, though even for him it would have been a master-piece of meaningless periphrasis. For if it means anything, it means that the Socialist movement has not increased of late in Germany; but lest perchance any of his readers might fall into error and entertain this idea, Dr. Zacher has been at the utmost pains to collect and publish the facts and figures which prove its utter falsity. The truth is that in his post of observation as Government Assessor, assessing with dismay the numerical strength of his Socialist fellow-countrymen, he has quite as much reason to be downcast and dispirited at his outlook, as had the authority we quoted just now when detected by Captain Cuttle in church; and if he were fairly asked the simple question "What cheer?" and compelled to give a perfectly straightforward answer, he would have to reply, in Captain Bunsby's own expressive words, "Damned bad"; while, instead of concluding with a pious wish, he

would be irresistibly impelled to utter an impious imprecation.

It is unnecessary to follow Dr. Zacher in his laborious but puzzle-headed peregrinations through the mazes of the various shades of Socialism in France, and the multifarious organisation of slightly different sections, since the situation has been excellently described in our July issue as part of the "International Popular Movement." But to show that he is not at all satisfied with the measures which the reactionary Republican Government has taken against the party in the way of prosecuting and imprisoning outspoken individuals, we will quote the spiteful sentence with which he concludes his summing up of the French situation. "Since the organisation and management of all Socialist Congresses have always originated and centred in Paris, Socialism seems there to have successfully found a foster-city, which elsewhere throughout Europe has been altogether denied it; it is therefore not at all surprising that it will have nothing to do with mere reform, and that it looks on to the immediate future with the utmost self-confidence."

Switzerland is a country, as Dr. Zacher is obliged to confess, where the most objectionable principles prevail; and he is driven to find comfort in the fact that the difference of language in its different cantons presents a certain obstacle to the rapid spread of Socialist ideas, and that in 1880 the party could not count upon more than 15,000 Swiss adherents. Yet he admits that it was here that Socialism first developed its international character, and regrets that it "offers a rallying point for all the unquiet elements of European society, and being in the very heart of Europe, makes a better centre than even the equally free-thinking England." He gives a long account of the difficulties which the party has met with in Switzerland at every attempt to organize its forces, owing to its frequently recurring dissensions with the anarchist element. In 1881 an attempt was made to separate political from industrial questions, and an industrial association was

started which was open to all nationalities, since industrial questions are nothing if not international; while for political questions the various nationalities were kept distinct under the titles of "Swiss Socialist Party" and "Party of German Socialists in Switzerland." But in all organisations there has been a disruptive element present owing to the opposition between the section represented by Johann Most and that whose leaders are Liebknecht and Bebel.

In 1883 a further attempt was made to federate all the associations scattered throughout Switzerland, and a Congress, with this object, was held in Zurich last September, which was attended by 176 delegates; but since within two months of its meeting this federation had not enrolled more than 3,680 members, Dr. Zacher has great hopes that it will not be more successful than its predecessors as an element of conciliation between opposing sections. But the Government Assessor has been so frequently disappointed of his hopes in similar cases, that he must be getting used to his disappointments, and one more of them will hardly do him any harm. Otherwise one would be half inclined to be sorry for him, he is so naïve in the expression of the inmost feelings of his innocent heart.

In the pages devoted to the description of the movement in Austria-Hungary, Dr. Zacher does little else than give a detailed account of the quarrels between the Socialist and Anarchist parties. In this he shows some of the wisdom of the serpent, as it is his evident policy to magnify the dissensions among his enemies, and also to paint the Anarchists in very terrible colours, while he secretly tries to convey the impression that they are the growing party, although exactly the opposite is really the case. But we may suggest that in an account which aims at being historical, it is rather futile to begin with the Congress in Vienna in 1875, when the work of propaganda had been busily going on for years before, as many of our friends who have since been hunted out of their own country like wild beasts, and have taken refuge in England, can testify from their own experience.

This section is largely devoted to accounts of the murder of policemen by anarchists, but our readers will have been familiarised with this already by the aid of our daily press, and the second-hand descriptions read a little stale. Of the strength of the sections of the party Dr. Zacher gives no statistics, and there is very little information to be gleaned from him even by those who are unacquainted with the subject. But we may quote his account of the influence of the *Freiheit* :—"When in the autumn of 1879, Johann Most in London started the *Freiheit*, whose circulation in Germany and Austria has been pushed with every device which cunning could suggest, and in that paper defended the opinion that the workers of all lands can only obtain an improvement in their position by the violent upsetting of the existing conditions of state and society, and by the annihilation of the principle of private property and the abolition of distinctions of class, tendencies were also developed within the Austrian working class which gradually conduced to urge no inconsiderable section of them into revolutionary courses. By means of fly-leaves, thousands of which were scattered broad-cast like fire-brands among the masses at every available opportunity, the ground was gradually undermined, and the secret organisation of clubs among the workers was through the influence of emissaries successfully carried out." Dr. Zacher is evidently of opinion that Austria is honeycombed with revolution in embryo, and he considers that the Slav element in the population gravitates more naturally towards Anarchism, the Teutonic towards organic Socialism.

In Belgium, on account of its vicinity to France, and owing to its highly organised form of industry, the "International" struck deep root, and as early as 1869 must have numbered between sixty and seventy thousand members. Since that date Socialist Congresses have been held every year. The success of the German Socialists at the poll in 1881 seems to have roused the rivalry of their Belgian com-

rades, and with a view to consolidating the party and building up a solid organisation they held a great meeting in Liège in September 1882, to which they invited delegates from Germany. This was followed by the definite formation of a comprehensive "Socialist Workmen's Party." Of all this Dr. Zacher gives a useful account, and then makes a manful attempt to extract from it a crumb of comfort for his capitalist friends. We will quote the crumb entire, since it is, like the molecule of scientific theory, too small for subdivision :—"For all this, however widely Socialism may have spread its doctrines in Belgium, it does not yet seem to have awakened any such deep interest in its adherents there, as would cause them to undergo any considerable personal sacrifice for its sake." That remains to be seen.

Holland has a Socialist organisation of its own, and since the spring of 1879 the party has had a weekly paper, chiefly owing at the outset to the exertions of our friend Domela Nieuwenhuis. In Denmark the International could count several thousand adherents as early as 1871, and in the following years many Socialists were condemned to terms of imprisonment of varying length. More recently the Congress which was held at Copenhagen has instilled new life and energy into the party, to such an extent that their journal has reached a daily circulation of 12,000 copies. But in Scandinavia Dr. Zacher discovers another comfortable crumb, for there "Socialism has not yet been able to celebrate any triumphs, since the deeply religious spirit of the people still offers a strong obstacle to its spread, and the workers are for the most part still in the bonds of Schulze-Delitsch (*i.e.* co-operative) ideas." Yet he is obliged to admit in the next sentence that the Socialist agitation is finding its way from Germany and Denmark even into these regions; and that here and there, especially in larger towns, Socialist groups are being formed and organised.

In Spain the "International" took firm foothold as early as 1868, and obtained at once numerous supporters in

Barcelona, Madrid, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, and other large towns, so that by the end of 1869 it could count twenty thousand members, and in June, 1870, was able to hold in Barcelona, the Manchester of Spain and centre of the Socialist movement, a congress at which the Spanish Federation was duly constituted. Persecution by the Government practically broke up this organisation, and for a time it seems to have been regarded as defunct, but when in 1879 public attention was again directed towards the movement, it became evident that in the meanwhile the Socialist doctrines had been spread far and wide. But the Spanish temperament seems to be more inclined to Anarchism than to Socialism, and in 1882 the more advanced section at a congress held at Seville, could boast of fifty thousand members, and more than ten thousand subscribers to their weekly organ in Madrid; besides which they had local papers in every considerable town, and a yearly income of 600,000 francs. Even the most advanced party, however, disavowed and discountenanced the excesses committed by the *Mano Negra*, the secret "Black Hand" society in Andalusia. It is certainly true that Spain is the stronghold of Anarchism, which seems to have a special attraction for the Spanish mind.

In Portugal Dr. Zacher declares that Socialism has as yet made hardly any way, but he has the sense to see that this is due to the backwardness of its ill-developed industries, and to the low education of its people.

In Italy, on the contrary. its success has been striking. In 1871 the party could count upon ten thousand members; in 1882 fifty thousand votes were given for Socialist candidates at the elections, entirely apart from those cast for Republicans pure and simple. The party has used parliamentary methods as a means of propaganda, while distinctly declaring that from the existing form of Government no real social reform can be expected. The Anarchists, who had separated from the Socialists in 1880, condemned entirely the use of such

methods, counselled complete abstention from the poll, and denounced those who wished to avail themselves of legalised means as traitors to the cause.

With reference to Russia, Dr. Zacher has nothing of importance to tell us; and of this he is perfectly conscious, since he only devotes three pages to the subject, and confines himself to giving a very short sketch of the rise of Terrorism, and a few more or less hackneyed remarks on that theme.

We have not the space to follow Dr. Zacher in his encouraging account of the spread of our principles in trans-Atlantic countries. But we are pleased to see that he considers that the description of Socialism so often reiterated by the American Press as "an imported plant which cannot strike root in America," merely argues a perverse self-deception on the part of American journalists. It is eminently satisfactory to find so many points of agreement between us and Dr. Zacher, and we can only hope that the next historian of the movement will be able to give an equally encouraging report of the progress and success of the Socialist cause.

Dr. Zacher devotes five final pages to the expression of his regret and annoyance at the *international* character of modern Socialism. He sees that the new International has progressed far beyond the principles of the old International of 1864, which he rather unfairly declares to have been devoted more to the exchange of ideas than to anything practical. There can be no doubt that modern Socialism is perfectly practical in its internationality, and what in that case is to become of the fatherland, propped as it is by bayonets and Bismarck to the envy and fear of all foreigners and French? Clearly, thinks Dr. Zacher, a German must be nothing if not national. Accordingly he concludes his conclusion with such a feeble and funny little piece of claptrap, addressed in all sincerity to his misguided compatriots as a means of recalling them from the error of their ways, that we must find space to quote it for the edification of our readers. It is printed in italics entire, but ordinary type

must suffice for it here. "Let every German always be mindful that it was his aged Emperor to whose individual decision the grand idea of a social reform was due; and that it was with this object that the German Chancellor, for a shining example to all civilised states, began the noble work of union. Let every German hold fast to this, and do also his bounden duty and service, and then the time cannot be far off when peace and orderly behaviour will again revisit our social life, and make for the true interests of the greatness and unity of Germany." For this beautiful sentiment we trust that Dr. Zacher will speedily reap the reward which he undoubtedly merits, however little he may expect it; and we are convinced that ere long we shall learn that he is serving his country in a yet higher position than that of Government Assessor.

J. L. JOYNES.

Conflicting Interests.

THERE is one idea, at least, beginning nowadays to dawn upon the minds of the industrial and unprivileged classes in general, which a short time since was absolutely unrecognised, except perhaps by a prophet here and there, crying alone in the wilderness, or by a seer or two in the study, and that is, that poverty and social pressure are susceptible, not only of mitigation, but of complete removal and prevention. Up to a very late period the almost universal belief was that poverty was inevitable—a provision of nature—an ordinance of heaven—a part and parcel of human destiny, susceptible merely of partial alleviation in individual cases through relief afforded by public or private charity; or otherwise through personal efforts by self-denial or self-control. So long as this belief was usually held there was little hope of any thorough and permanent improvement in the social condition of the unprivileged and industrial classes.

Happily there are no uncertain indications that we are upon the eve of a period when this ancient dogma, so far at least as the industrial community is concerned, will be reckoned among the superstitions of the past. Another truth, by no means of less moment, has been by degrees revealing itself in men's consciousness, till it has grown into a firm conviction, and that is the doctrine that the people—the unprivileged themselves—are the sole agency through which any change affecting their own welfare can be wrought.

Ere these two ideas will ever turn out productive of good work they must, however, be supplemented by a belief, resting upon reason and fact, in the practicability of their project, and a rational conviction of the justice or the righteousness of their cause.

It cannot indeed be too often reiterated that conviction is indispensable to the success of all worthy undertakings; without it no important object was ever achieved. Without conviction no great work or hazardous enterprise, fraught with vital and far-reaching results, was ever undertaken, or accomplished without genuine zeal and passion. Passion itself, however, is a dangerous instrument to work with; it is prone to run riot, and end with accomplishing nothing. Hence arises still more the need of basing our conviction upon reason and fact, and of placing passion under the calm control of the understanding.

What is the most effective way of inducing a conviction of the necessity of a reconstitution of society on a new basis, simply and solely because justice demands it? Surely to show the unsoundness and rottenness of the old basis, and the consequent danger and loss to which the entire structure is constantly exposed. What is it exactly we want—what is our aim? How are we going to accomplish it—what is our method of procedure? What is the nature of the obstacles we propose to overcome—especially who are our foes—who our friends? Is it a social state we are aiming at, wherein there will be equality of conditions, with no privilege, no monopoly, no aristocracy? If so, we must be able to show why we want it, and how we propose to obtain it. The how is not so difficult to point out on paper, it has been oftentimes exemplified in past reforms; it lies chiefly in organisation, and this can only be brought about by argument and persuasion. The materials we have to work upon are human minds and human hearts. The intellect and the moral consciousness of people must be satisfied, the reasonableness and rightness of our project must be proved. But it must be

remembered that the gospel of reform finds its first converts among those who are dissatisfied with the existing state of things. It is to the poor, the unprivileged, and the oppressed that reform proves itself a gospel of glad tidings. And therefore our immediate object will be to bring about a strong organisation of those whose lot is similar, who are drawn together by like sympathies and like complaints, and are therefore united by the bond of a common interest.

But some one will object, "You introduce that cold matter-of-fact principle of interest into the discussion; we must have something more ideal than that as the source of our inspiration." Let me not be misunderstood. I am aware that mere egoism has always been the chief obstacle in the way of every real and permanent reform. By interest here is meant, not an individual, momentary self-interest; but the lasting collective interest of classes similarly circumstanced. There is recognised here the fact that individual interests are inseparably bound up with those of the whole. But what whole? The answer to this will justify the introduction of the question of interest. It is of paramount importance for all who cry for social and political reform to recognise as early as possible the fact that all modern civilised communities are composed of at least two quite distinct wholes, which have interests absolutely opposed to one another. What is gain to the one, is loss to the other. What promotes the welfare or growth of the one, brings about the decline or dissolution of the other.

Now the society or nation which presents such diversity and opposition of interests as this, cannot possibly be a whole—it is a house divided against itself, which, as an old authority has said, cannot stand. And as a well-known fact of history, the fall of nations, the collapse of civilisations, has invariably been caused by the dual character of the social structure, by the final collision of the two sections, or the opposition of the interests of the ruling and the ruled, the non-productive and the productive, the privileged and the oppressed.

Moreover, the history of politics has been little more than a mere record of the tactics to which the regulating and privileged section have resorted in order to avoid an actual collision, their special efforts being ever directed to an endeavour to conceal from the public gaze the existence of this opposition of interests. Nevertheless the opposition is there; and this I want to make as clear as possible, as it is the only basis for a true social and political creed.

No nation, no society, will ever flourish, as long as an opposition of interests is allowed to remain; its life and welfare as a whole can only be hoped for after a unification and fusion has been effected among the units that compose the entire structure, and all contrariety of interests destroyed.

But we have learnt from history that if ever these two opposing interests are to be fused, it must be after a trial of strength, as the result of a fair conquest. It need not be physical strength; strength none the less. If this be brought about, then it will be time to talk of universal mutual love, if you like; but as yet we cannot afford to do it. Armageddon must be over first, then we can talk of a millennium, a reign of peace and goodwill, based on the principle of disinterestedness and universal mutual esteem. Before this can be done, however, the old structure must be torn down, which has been erected on the very opposite principle—the principle of self-interest or egoism.

In studying the history of politics and society in general, amid an apparent chaos of conflicting opinions, motives, ideas and parties, the attentive student cannot fail to discover one uniform principle underlying all the seeming diversities, one mainspring which puts all the divergent forces in motion, and that is, the principle of self-interest, or egoism. And, indeed, this is freely acknowledged, as an undoubted fact, by modern historians. And nobody presented this truth more strongly, and at the same time more clearly, than Adam Smith when, writing one hundred years ago, he observed:—

"All for ourselves, and nothing for other people, seems, in

every age of the world to have been the vile maxim of the masters of mankind." And this statement he corroborated by facts drawn from history.

To the observer of the past there is yet another truth disclosed, that the public policy of the "masters of mankind" has been a policy of dissimulation—a policy of persistent endeavour to conceal their egoism from public observation.

If the principle of egoism were carried out impartially throughout the social state, as it is upon nature's field, there would be nothing to say against it, at least on the score of justice, for then there would be the same law for all. In human civilised society this is not found to be the case, for some men have entirely exempted themselves from its conditions, and taken upon themselves the duty of imposing it upon others as the inevitable law of their existence. And this it is that constitutes the injustice of the constitution of modern civilised societies—there are two distinct laws regulating the two distinct sections of the community, the propertied and the working classes.

Egoism in itself is not what we condemn, but the unjust application of it. In itself it demands recognition, it is the oldest law of our being, it is none other than the instinct of self-preservation which man possesses in common with all living things; it is a law of nature.

There probably was a time when this was universally acknowledged among mankind. As long as it was so acknowledged and acted upon by all, there was nothing to say against it. There was an equality of conditions at any rate. This was a state of things at least intelligible. It was a law that placed all upon the same footing. There was no privilege allowed. Within historic times, however, we do not find this state of things. Nature's law has been considerably modified; and frequently not for the better.

When mankind began to form societies and live in large groups, this living together could not take place except upon some acknowledged principle. In the more ancient societies

it appears that the weaker and the less artful members sought the protection of the stronger and more artful, and in return for such protection gave their labour and their submission. And labour, it must be remembered, before the agricultural and industrial stages, was far from irksome. This was quite a fair bargain. What people in an unsettled condition of society wanted mostly was protection against foes, both of the animal creation, as well as of their own kind, and this was given them by the powerful chief or the despot. Now, subjection to a ruler who protects you—from whom you derive advantage—is by no means unnatural. And even the condition of slavery is justifiable. In that state the master undertakes always to provide for the wants of those who serve him. To the hard-working slave, sleep at any rate is pleasant, his mind is free from anxiety and care; if he is worked hard, he is also fed well, and generally housed comfortably. There is both give and take.

Again, the condition of serfdom was at one time a very natural state of things. The feudal system was probably, at one time, the best condition of society that could be adopted. And besides, the old barons of the Middle Ages, many of them, were men worth serving. They were brave and powerful in body and soul, and always ready to face all dangers on behalf of their clients. Here again there was both give and take. Did the villein work for his master—his master in return undertook to find bread or land for his villein. Did the tiller of the soil pay tribute to his lord for the use of the land—in return he received its value from his lord in the shape of protection, peace of mind, and freedom from attacks of the external foe.

Observe that in social conditions like these, the opposition of interests is hardly manifest. The relationship which existed between the slave and his master, or the serf and his lord, partook very much of the nature of mutual interest. It was to the interest of the master or the lord to feed well his slave or serf; and it was to the interest of the slave or serf

to render to his master or lord a conscientious service. And it seems to me that to this reciprocity and identity of interests between master and servant we are to ascribe the superiority of ancient workmanship, the thoroughness and durability that we discover to-day indelibly carved upon the remnants of primitive structures. But all that is now changed; we have been civilised in these latter days; we are blessed with a state of things wherein one class work and maintain both themselves and another class who do nothing, and protect themselves and these others as well—a state of things in which there is give but no take, a state in which the interests of the master and servant are sharply opposed. And this opposition of interest is manifest wherever we turn. There is a total absence of reality, thoroughness, and conscientiousness in all our modern workmanship. Instead of these we are everywhere met with scamped work, perfidy, and deception. But this is nothing but what would be expected from the obvious want of unity in the social structure. Modern society is not a whole.

In ancient times the head of the family, the tribal chief, the slave-master, the feudal baron, all had responsibilities and obligations to those who served them. But in our modern civilisation, obligation on the part of our masters is done away with. And yet they claim absolute right over all the sources of wealth, comfort, and even over the very means of existence. What a relief is this to our masters! What a fine bargain they have made! They have got rid of the responsibility of finding bread for a lot of slaves, they have exempted themselves from the disagreeable duty of guarding the lives and interests of their retainers from the sword of the external foe as well as from the fraud and rapacity of the lawyer and the trader at home, while at the same time they reap all the benefits of the slave-master or of the feudal baron. To the millions of men and women that have been born upon these islands during the last forty or fifty years they haughtily say, "The land is ours, the houses are ours, the ships, the

railways, the warehouses and machinery, all are ours; but as to you millions we know nothing of you. Where or how you subsist we know not, and care not either, provided we get our profits out of you." Instead of being tied at home by responsibilities they can spend their time in London, Vienna, or Paris; idle their hours away within their well furnished palaces, or in visiting, hunting, gaming, or feasting. While all this is going on the millions work hard in mines, factories, and small ill-ventilated rooms, in order to provide luxuries for their masters, while they are permitted to retain for themselves only just enough to keep the human machinery a-going.

But it is not against work that people complain, or even hard work, but against the small remuneration of work, and especially against the constant dread of having no work at all to do. The burden of the complaint of modern civilisation is the constant suspense in which people are held as to the security of their livelihood. Men would not complain if decent livelihood could be got by work, but there is often no work to be had. It is this that makes our modern civilisation intolerable. Every place, both land and water, from which livelihood can be got by work is under the control of our masters. And see what this comes to. While the workman tramps the streets in search of work, his children cry at home for bread which is not to be had, his wife pawns the furniture to keep hunger from the door. While this drama is acting, there is another of a very different character acted by our masters. They have superabundance of all earthly goods, and revel in all manner of excesses, perfectly ignorant of all that is going on outside, and quite careless and indifferent to everything beyond the sphere of their own pleasures. Our masters have cut themselves quite adrift from the world of toil and woe. They do not even fight against external enemies as the ancient masters of mankind did. The masters of old braved all perils and hazards of war on behalf of their dependants. Our masters arm themselves only against

partridges and deer—the most timid of animals. The poor must fight, and their masters must get the glory. That is modern civilization.

Here is a man who has physical strength, mental vigour and culture, and yet not only possesses not an inch of his native land, but is also absolutely shut out from the means of making a subsistence, unless after much fawning and begging he at last succeeds in selling himself body and soul to a person who has obtained a licence from dead men to rob the living under the cover of law. While there is another, torpid through gluttony and excess, or wasted through debauchery, whose intellect is a blank and who is devoid of both public and domestic virtue, yet this man possesses thousands of acres of the land, and lives most sumptuously all his days, though he never in his life did a day's work either with his hands or with his brain.

Individualism—where nature's law has its full scope—where egoism reigns supreme, is intelligible and is a just state of existence. But the prevailing forms of society are absolutely indefensible, as they are based upon injustice and fraud.

What we have in modern society is this: one section of it, consisting of the law-maker, the capitalist and their dependents, have agreed to shape their own lives and their policy on the principle of pure egoism in their conduct and relationship to the unprivileged, but have succeeded in persuading the latter that it was their duty to conduct themselves on purely disinterested feelings towards their superiors. The unprivileged, of course, may shape their own lives upon nature's law, in their conduct towards people of their own class and condition; they may push and trample under foot as many weaklings as they please, but they must behave themselves decently towards their superiors. Should, for instance, their masters wish to shift the taxation from their own shoulders upon those of their inferiors, the latter ought cheerfully to accept it. Should they desire praise, fame, glory at their hands, the people ought to burst forth at once with hosannas of eulogy of "long live our masters."

If at any time their lords and masters showed a desire for enlarging their estates by the enclosure of the public lands or commons, the people ought to assist them in erecting the fence. If they desired to turn the land into sheep walks and deer forests, the people ought at once to abandon their homes and go anywhere they please provided they do not trouble their masters. Throughout the whole course of history the privileged acted towards the people strictly upon the principle of egoism; while they persuaded and successfully persuaded the unprivileged to act towards them upon quite another principle. What the privileged have done is this: they marked out every tree that bore fruit and ordered the riper products thereof to be gathered and stored up for their own private use, that they may afterwards be distributed at leisure and proportionately among their own circle of friends and adherents, and when this was done, then they of their great mercy let in the hungry crowd to crush, tear and trample one another in a promiscuous scramble for the refuse and the fragments that were left. Where our masters live we see nothing of this vulgar scramble. They quietly and good-humouredly partake of the sumptuous viands set before them. They have agreed to allot their portions by rule among themselves. They have well fortified their house from all intrusion.

And this is no metaphorical picture or imaginary fiction; but it is a sad reality. Are there not thousands of people constantly driven out of employment through pressure of competition? Are there not hundreds who have set up in small businesses, repeatedly failing? and that simply because there are too many in the same occupation. And as it is well known success generally depends on dissimulation, fraud and daring. How many thousands of people say that they sell the best article, when they well know that their article is no better than another's, perhaps worse. The lawyer will make you rich if you give him his fee, though you very soon discover that he has succeeded in making you poor. As a general rule the successful man is he who steals, dissimulates,

and tells most lies undetected. Still little blame can be cast on persons for stooping to such tactics. They are driven to this by circumstances. It is a mere struggle for existence, and the stronger or the more skilful prevails, that is all.

Nevertheless, fault we must find, not with the poor or the unprivileged for maintaining this unseemly struggle, but with those who have contrived to confine the struggle to the poor, who have exempted themselves from its hard conditions, who have marked both land and water private property, and who have fortified and barricaded all the productive spots of the earth for their own exclusive use, and for their horses, their deer, and their dogs, and have shut the vast multitude outside, to trample one another to death through want of space and the means of subsistence.

Moreover, all the friends, relations, and dependents of those in power are provided for through influence in Government offices, with salaries fixed and no fear of competition. And that is not all, the office-holder after a few years of service is pensioned or compensated if he loses his employment, whether through ill health or otherwise.

Who compensates the thousands that were driven out of employment this year in the sphere of industrialism? Who compensates the hundreds that lost their all in their little business, which had been crushed to fragments by the pressure of competition? Why make a distinction between the two classes of workers? And, indeed, if compensation at all were admissible, it should be given not to the well paid official, but to the under-paid unofficial worker; his responsibility is great, his anxiety is intense, whereas the official goes through his routine careless of all outside, indifferent to the intensity of the struggle or the rise and fall of prices, his sleep is undisturbed by anxiety for the success of the morrow. And yet this easy going life must be pensioned and compensated. But nobody dreams of compensating the care-worn independent worker, be he mechanic, small trader, working man, shop assistant, or school teacher.

Why do people think it right that only the official whose livelihood is secure and remuneration high, should be compensated? Simply because our masters have wished it so to be. They have hired the press to tell the people that it *ought* to be so. It is the same old story, egoism has been at work. Pensions and compensations our masters thought very fine things, many of themselves as well as their friends and relatives would be benefited by them. Being law makers, their personal wishes could be soon converted into law, eulogized by the press they own and sanctified by the church they subsidize.

Officialism is a huge exclusive social fabric most carefully wrought out in all its details. Here you have every member receiving a fixed salary, which is not affected by competition, and is certain of his remuneration whether he works or not; the fact of his being a member of this exclusive corporation is a guarantee of his being taken care of. The remunerations are regulated by a fixed scale, not perhaps according to a just rule, but none the less regulated. And if we examine the standard according to which it is done, we shall discover that even here again egoism has been at work. If you propose to do the work of Lord Lyons in Paris, or that of Lord Dufferin in Constantinople, on the twentieth part of the salary, you will be disappointed, and treated as a maniac, and probably will be recommended to the special care of the guardian of the public peace. Those who had the principal hand in the formation of the corporation, have taken care to award the best prizes to their own dear selves.

This certainty of livelihood and absence of competition is not confined to the highest posts alone, but runs through almost the entire fabric. Besides state officialism, there are various other minor interests—always however, in close league with it—completely exempted from competition; landlordism, for instance, and state churchism. Here are exclusive corporations that stand entirely outside the industrial struggle;

yet their well-being, and even their existence solely depend upon that struggle. Indeed the keener or the fiercer the contest on the industrial arena—the more persons trampled to death in the gladiatorial show—the more serene is the atmosphere within these circles. The more people die of hunger upon the industrial field, the more sumptuous my lord's dinner becomes, and the more wine is found in his cellar.

The higher officials enjoy all the benefits of socialism. Competition is absent and the maintenance of the members is guaranteed, their livelihood is certain. And this, as I conceive it, is the very essence of socialism. But the moment the unorganised many begin to talk of combination, our existing protected corporations take alarm, they scout Socialism as though it were a most hideous thing, though they themselves have practised it within their own limited circles throughout their lives, and thriven upon it. But it is too good a thing to be shared with others, especially with the common herd; it must, therefore, be denounced, it must be called bad names, and the priest and the press must be engaged to frighten it out of the minds of the crowd. For the socialism of these exclusive corporations is spurious socialism, they are organisations that have been set up by fraud, and are maintained by the forced labour of all outside them.

TH. DAVID.

The Roll Call of the Ages.

Hark the voice of every nation mid its toil and tribulation
Working out its own salvation, pressing onward to the goal;
Bidding no man turn or tarry, bidding each his burden carry,
Till the bride her bridegroom marry, till earth's wounded hearts be whole;
Till the world-wide Revolution in its triumph of ablution
Sweep each outworn institution down the flood Time's waters roll.

Come then, lest we be benighted ere the world-old wrong be righted,
Let our promise here be plighted that we will not shun the strife;
Though our host should be a stranger, or our hiding-place a manger,
Though our path be dark with danger of the noose or of the knife,
We in spite of foes will never stay or slacken our endeavour,
Till the shears of fate shall sever our thin-woven threads of life.

Hark to those who went before us, hero hearts whose death-pangs bore us,
Us they call to swell their chorus though they know not of our name.
Let us follow where they lead us, caring nought who hate or heed us,
For the sake of them that need us recking lightly of the shame.
Our's the faith that wins believers, our's it is to scorn deceivers,
Our's to know the world's great weavers of the storied weft of fame.

Ah, but how our foes would jeer us, knowing nought of need to fear us,
If they did but overhear us making music of our wrong;
Hark how one saith to his neighbour, "Put away the pipe and tabor;
"What hath mirth to do with labour? what hath toil to do with song?
"Yea if yet ye must be singing and your silly rhymelets ringing,
"Better were it ye were stringing words in praises of the strong.

"Oh ye fools and blind and dreamers, call ye these men your redeemers?
"Nay, a knave's name and a schemer's is the name whereon ye trust,
"Nay, the throat of Night shall swallow them that lead and ye that follow,
"And your hope be proven hollow and your heart be turned to dust,
"When this pleasant-seeming madness shall have lost its taste of gladness,
"And your sweetest song be sadness, and your bright new armour rust."

What though all our hopes were failing, every effort unavailing,
All our music turned to wailing, all our hearts with grief foredone,
Though our story were forgotten, and no grace or glory gotten,
Though our faith and friends prove rotten, though thick night blot out our sun,
Let them threaten us or palter, let them proffer gold or halter,
We at least will never falter in the race we have to run.

Nay, no threat can e'er appal us, no mishap that may befall us;
Hark, the voice of those that call us from the silence of the tomb,
Saying, "Our's the world-old story; is not this enough of glory,
To have paved the path before ye ere we went unto our doom?"
Yea, we cry, though darkness hide ye, yet a little while abide ye,
We give thanks that still beside ye e'en for us too there is room.

J. HOPE.

Recent Poetry

"A Minor Poet, and other Verse." By Amy Levy. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1884.

"Marcia." A Tragedy. By Pakenham Beatty. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co., 1884.

"Measured Steps." By Ernest Radford. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1884.

"Callirhöe: Fair Rosamund." By Michael Field. London: Bell & Sons.

I have often wondered why Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps he could not help it. In that case there is nothing more to be said on the subject. Perhaps he thought that it would gratify his fellow-creatures. If so, I think he was wrong; for the humiliation of the literate but lazy persons who are ashamed of not having read his work, and the fatigue of the more resolute who have read it from a sense of duty, and disliked it, probably outweigh the pleasures of those who have relished it. Perhaps he thought he had something to tell which a few people would be the better for hearing. I am not in a position to deny that he had; although it remains to be considered whether the something might not have been put more briefly. But on the whole I do not think that Milton ever raised that question betwixt himself and his genius, because nothing had really occurred, from the time of Eschylus to that of Spenser, to discredit great poems as things admirable and desirable for their own sakes. Nor do

the authors of the four books cited above, although their Muses are frequently low-spirited, seem to have been troubled with doubts any more than Milton was. They must have known, as Milton knew, that the faculty of writing a good poem cannot be acquired, and that the chances are a million to one against its existence in any particular individual. For venturing at these heavy odds they deserve some gratitude, which might perhaps be more practically expressed by leaving Milton out of the question in dealing with their works.

The chief piece in Miss Levy's volume is *Medea*; but that title having been anticipated by Euripides, she has put *A Minor Poet* in the place of honour. A Minor Poet is, presumably, one whose verse falls short, not only of Shakspere's and Shelley's, but of average excellence, just as a short man is not one who fails to attain gigantic stature, but one who is beneath the medium height. In the absence of any means of determining average excellence in an art which eludes analysis, I shall not now commit myself to any distinction between major and minor poets. I have an impression, nevertheless, that the great poets deal honestly with us by giving us their experiences rather than their fancies, and affect us by the irony—tragical or farcical, as may happen—of the contrast between the two. Minor poets, on the contrary, finding their experiences uninteresting because they have not much capacity for experience, give us their fancies exclusively. As the combinations and permutations of experience are inexhaustible, great poets, reproducing their experience, are original and interesting. And as the fancies of any two or two hundred imaginative people are as like as eggs, minor poets, reproducing their fancies, are commonplace and dull. Miss Levy's minor poet, for example, has failed to persuade anyone to believe in him. Feeling out of sorts because he is not quite all that he ignorantly wishes to be, he demands whether mortal or divine brain ever devised a Hell more fraught with torment than the world for such as

he. Tom Leigh, his friend, described as a philosopher, but evidently a twaddling imposter, replies with "neatest, newest phrases, freshly culled from works of newest culture." These fail to relieve the overcharged heart of the minor poet. He bids farewell to his books, to "lofty Shakspeare with the tattered leaves and fathomless great heart," to Goethe, with "triumphant smile, tragic eyes, and pitiless world-wisdom," and to "one wild singer of to-day, whose song is all aflame with passionate bard's blood lash'd into foam by pain and the world's wrong." As this wild singer is unnamed, Mr. Pakenham Beatty, Mr. Ernest Radford, and the author of *Callirhöe* are all in a position to draw the most flattering conclusions from the passage. Finally, the poet comes to the usual intolerable intimation that "there was a woman once," after which he wisely poisons himself. All this is told in Browningesque blank verse with an intelligence and taste which are in direct contrast to the common-place worthlessness of the subject. Curiously enough, on page 4 of the poem occurs a passage in which the writer comes within an ace of the truth, apparently not yet familiar to her, that we are so strongly affected by our mere fancies that the rudest criticism can hardly convince us that they are stale and uninteresting to others. The mock-tragic note of *A Minor Poet* runs through all the other poems, though it is occasionally made acceptable by description and versification which are throughout superior to the conceptions to which they are applied. Some of the smaller poems in the book deserve nothing but praise; and even when the immaturity of the writer is most evident, she is, for the moment at least, quite sincere. In *Xantippe*, which is good enough to suggest comparisons which it can hardly sustain, occur the following lines:—

> Then, as all youthful spirits are, was I
> Wholly incredulous that Nature meant
> So little, who had promised me so much.

I hope to find, in some future poem of Miss Levy's, a heroine incredulous that Nature means so much though she seems—in our Minor Poet stage—to promise so little.

Mr. Pakenham Beatty is an old offender in the jurisdiction of critics of poetry. Fortunate are the poets or patriots whom he admires; for they are certain of a sonnet, or at least a dedication, describing them in terms by comparison to which the Psalmist's praises of Jehovah are tame and qualified. Mazzini, Garibaldi, and "Orion" Horne, have passed out of reach of his hyperbole; but Victor Hugo, Mr. Swinburne, and several less known gentlemen who apparently enjoy Mr. Beatty's private acquaintanceship, must find considerable difficulty in fulfilling the expectations which his references to them are calculated to raise. He has enthusiasm enough for four poets, and discrimination enough for rather less than one. He does not take up his subjects by halves. His erotic poems, published in 1879, though free from coarseness and from the ineptitudes of most first essays in poetry, breathed infatuation rather than love. Two years later, in a transport of revolutionary fury, he issued a collection of poems in which his indignation at the tyranny of Napoleon III., revived after a lapse of ten years by the persecution of the Nihilists in Russia under the administration of Loris Melikoff, found vent in language of such astonishing rancour, that the unlucky editor of the *Freiheit*, then in prison for suggesting measures for which Mr. Beatty positively clamoured, must have felt the truth of the proverb that one man may steal a horse where another may not look over a hedge. Since then, Mr. Beatty's feelings on the state of affairs in Russia, far from having cooled, have led him to write a drama entitled *Marcia*, which issued from the press in June of the present year. Marcia is a Pole, and mistress of the Czar of Russia, whom the poet, possibly from a desire to spare the feelings of his original as far as possible, denominates "The Tyrant" without further particularization. She has gained the privilege of releasing at her discretion one of a batch of her countrymen who are on their way to Siberia. The forethought with which she exercises this dispensing power is apparent from her remark to an old man that the remainder

of his life is not worth saving, and that his daughter does not look as if she should live much longer than he. Eventually she releases Michael Stolskoi, a poet, who repays her by an impressive lecture upon the infamy of her behaviour. She falls in love with him; and he, though coy at first, soon returns her affection. The Czar discovers this, and Stolskoi is arrested and tried with three confederates, one of whom an Englishman, has the impudence to boast, with reference to India, that

> The indignant spirit of an Englishman
> Chafes at the fetters on another's limbs,
> And freedom finds a champion of her cause
> Where'er her swords strike or her banners wave.

They are condemned to death. Marcia, however, obtains access to Stolskoi's cell with a pistol and some poison. The lovers drink the poison, and, on the Czar entering to superintend the execution personally, Stolskoi shoots him and expires. The story is not in any way founded on facts. The materialist conspirators of real Russia, plotting against a bigoted despot who is but the figure-head of a corrupt bureaucracy, are misrepresented in Mr. Beatty's imagination by pious victims appealing to heaven against a godless autocrat whose malicious disposition has made his people miserable, who gloats over instruments of torture, and who has state criminals hanged with a frayed rope, which breaks, and so prolongs their agony. The scenes between Michael and Marcia are the best in the play, and compel a measure of respect for the author's powers in spite of the commonplace fiction with which he has replaced the tragic truth of Russian history in 1880. Soberer than his *Three Women of the People*, and more mature than his early love-poems, "Marcia" is an advance on both.

> I would be with the workers in the van
> For somehow, somewhere, rises godlike Man.

says Mr. Beatty on the title page of *Three Women of the People*, quoting the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy. It may be wort while to suggest to him, and to all enthusiasts for liberty and

progress, that the claims of collective Socialism to be the somehow, and of the ranks of the Democratic Federation to be the somewhere, are worthy of consideration in view of the general paucity of results from the publication of fervid verse.

Mr. Ernest Radford is too shrewd, and has too keen a sense of the ridiculous, to disregard common sense and polite taste so outrageously as Mr. Beatty, in his wilder moments, has done. He is a critic, and knows how to refine his verse. He is also a humourist, and can, on occasion, help himself across the shallows of inspiration by sportive essays in the vein of the late Mr. Calverly. Sometimes, indeed, the humourist gets the better (or the worse) of both critic and poet. Mr. Radford is not very industrious, apparently. His *Measured Steps* are short and do not carry him very far: *Fits and Starts*, as he calls his humorous pieces, are more fitful than startling. Out of twenty-seven of the former, ten were published at Cambridge in 1882; and five out of the twenty jocular trifles are also reprints, whilst eight of the new ones are astonishing attempts to impart a sane aspect to the repetitions of the triolet by taking familiar street cries for the recurring lines, and intercalating them with bitter asides. The remainder of the volume consists of translations from Heine. The *Measured Steps* are so good as far as they go that it is difficult to account for the feeling of dissatisfaction which some of them leave. In two trivial verselets, *Christmas at Plymouth*, Mr. Radford complains that he is "sad and seedy." And his pathos does not at any place suggest deeper tragedy than this. Even at his saddest and seediest, he tacitly refuses to be serious, having apparently no settled convictions, and too much sincerity to excite himself without conviction. The comparative infertility of his Muse may be due to his labour as an art-critic, or to his fastidiousness in selecting poems for publication; but her egotistical disregard of any wider feelings than the vague regrets and undefined aspirations of the sad and seedy Individual is less excusable.

"Michael Field," the author of *Callirhöe* and *Fair Rosamund* is a woman who, following the example of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, pays the other sex the compliment of attempting to pass as a member of it. Why this senseless mystification should be dealt with more tenderly than any other species of fraud probably does not now appear plainly to the generous critic who, in the *Spectator*, announced as a great poet the author who was unprovokedly duping him by a misleading title page. In *Callirhöe*, however, the relations between the heroine and the priest Coresus are such as women invent for themselves with delight, whereas nothing analogous to them is to be found in the work of any virile poet. It has been stated on several hands—and certain expressions in the drama and preface seem to countenance the opinion—that the moral of Callirhöe is that people should be enthusiastic. With all my kindly feeling towards the Californian parson who, whether swearing, praying, or gambling, "done it with a zest," a cultus of pure enthusiasm seems to me so preposterous that I cannot believe that Michael Field really means it; nor is it made attractive by the Mænads of the drama, drunken furies whose tie to the altar of Bacchus is their jealous love of his priest. The scene is Calydon. The classical and the romantic—the respectable and the Bohemian—patience and impulse, are at war there as usual. Coresus, the priest of Bacchus, attempts to convert Callirhöe. His motives being obviously personal, she repels him; and he, irritated by the rebuff, calls upon his god to smite Calydon with a plague. This extraordinarily unreasonable demand being complied with (a circumstance which surely does not place the god of enthusiasm in a favourable light), the oracle is consulted by the citizens. The reply is that Callirhöe has offended the gods, and must either die or find a substitute willing to die for her. Coresus leads her to the sacrificial altar, but stabs himself. The plague is stayed; and Callirhöe, struck by the conduct of Coresus, embraces his faith, and enthusiastically commits

suicide. The most remarkable character is her brother Emathion, a champion athlete, but a hopeless cur. He it is who is sent, because of his fleetness of foot, to consult the oracle. At the sacred grove he inspires passion in an old pythoness; and the scene in which the wind rises in the grove until the oracle is delivered, he almost beside himself with terror at the supernatural tempest and with loathing at the proffered caresses of the decrepit priestess, is so brutally grotesque, and at the same time so terrible and pitiful, that it is hard to decide whether it is above criticism or beneath it. Whichever it be, the drama is worth reading for its sake. Squeamish readers will be shocked by the tragi-comic old woman, in whose mouth a single tooth appears like a stalagmite in a vast cavern, and from whose peaky nose hangs "a drop." But squeamish readers will not take kindly to so vigorous and frank a writer as Michael Field, who, if she has not yet the originality of a mature poet, has a large share of the freshness of a young one. *Callirhöe*, however, is admirable only for the sake of such episodes as that cited above, and for a charming scene in which a Faun, like Taglioni in *La Sylphide*, or Cabel in *Dinorah*, dances to his own shadow. As an organic whole it comes to nothing. Machaon, a physician who takes a common-sense and somewhat sceptical view of the proceedings, and who sees, one would think, enough of the cultus of enthusiasm to prejudice him against it for the rest of his life, becomes its high priest in the last act on grounds which he fails to make clear. A cultus of pure enthusiasm is perhaps not unlikely to lead to a practice of pure inconsistency, or, as the modern American calls it, pure cussedness; but unfortunately for the dramatic effect, Machaon seems the last man in the antique world to give way to cussedness in the presence of an impressive national calamity, and a touching domestic tragedy.

In *Fair Rosamund*, Michael Field reminds us, not for the first time, of Charlotte Brontë, by the force of her execution,

and by her entire want of sympathy with the evil personages she portrays. The old knight, Sir Topaz, seems to be the result of an attempt to create an interesting character out of a passing fancy without any substantial materials. The atmosphere of *Fair Rosamund* is Gothic, as that of *Callirhöe* is Greek, each play being as fresh after the other as if they were from different hands, although the individuality of the author asserts itself with equal force in both.

L. O. STREETER.

An Old-fashioned Tory.

IT is much to be regretted that so little is known of our fellow-countrymen who took the side of the people in the earlier part of the century, and that the sources of information about them are so difficult of access. For there is much in their lives and teaching to encourage us of the generation destined to see some of the fruits of the thought and labours of these men whose names are covered with the dust of fifty years. And at this time when the growing Socialist movement in England is decried as importedfrom the Continent, it is interesting to compare with our own ideas the writings and actions of the men who undoubtedly were the first in Europe to advance opinions which, elaborated by French and German thinkers, have come back in added strength to the country of their origin.

One of the ablest of the advocates of the people's cause, when much courage was needed to embrace it, was Richard Oastler. Of this remarkable man some account is contained in a pamphlet, printed in 1838, by "Joshua Hobson, 5, Market Street, Briggate, Leeds, for Cobbett, 137, Strand, London," at a time when it was proposed to raise a national subscription to procure an independence for Oastler as he had been, on account of his agitation, deprived of the stewardship of Mr. Thornhill's estate in Yorkshire. From it we propose to give some extracts which will throw some light on Oastler's career

and show how far he had anticipated the most advanced modern thinkers on some subjects which are of pressing importance at this moment.

Richard Oastler was born at Leeds on the 20th December, 1789, the son of Robert Oastler, a member of the Methodist New Connection. Of the father it is said that he was a cloth merchant by trade, "but gave up business when the newly-invented gig-mills came into use, looking upon such an application of machinery as a means of oppression on the part of the rich, and of corresponding degradation and misery to the poor." The philanthropy of which he thus gave so solid a proof led him to take a part in protecting the chimney sweepers' boys who were at that time cruelly treated. Richard's mother seems to have been a woman of kindly, cheerful disposition, whose life was a record of unaffected piety and unostentatious charity. The child of such parents, Richard, who in childhood had been blessed by Wesley and had been for eight years educated at Fulneck, the Moravian Settlement, might easily have grown up a pious Nonconformist and nothing more. His early training must have affected the ideas of his manhood; but in later life by none was he more bitterly assailed than by the Pharisaical element of society, more powerful at that time but quite as unscrupulous as at present. After an attempt to become an architect, a profession he was obliged to relinquish on account of weakness of sight, he commenced business in Leeds. In 1820, the general peace having disturbed his trade prospects, he determined to give up his business rather than run the risk of inflicting injury upon others by failure. At this time his father, who had been for many years Mr. Thornhill's steward, died, and Oastler was offered the position which he retained till 1838. It was during these eighteen years that most of his political work was done.

Oastler is described as a man of singular simplicity and directness of character with a strong dash of native humour. As a writer his style was rough and trenchant, and he wrote

much, and in a very telling manner, on the topics of the day. But it was as a speaker that his chief work was done. The rugged simplicity of the language in which he set forth his argument appealed to his audiences no less effectively than the passion with which he was wont to denounce the cold-blooded hypocrisy of the advocates of the new Poor Law and the opponents of the limitation of the hours of factory work for children. This naturally made him many enemies. "He was frequently under the necessity of exposing the hypocrisy of the sanctimonious professor of religion who, under the cloak of piety, was in reality a monster of impurity, oppression and deceit. One of this class, Mr. William Moore, of Huddersfield, was ill-advised enough to bring an action against him, and thus gave him an opportunity of justifying the attack and proving the truth of of his charges. This cause excited much interest and Mr. Oastler conducted his own defence in a manner which would have reflected credit on the first counsel at the Bar. He so well satisfied the Special Jury before whom the cause was tried, that, though the law of libel obliged them to find for the plaintiff, even granting the allegations to be true, they assessed the damage of Mr. Moore's reputation which he he valued at £1000, at the very moderate sum of one farthing."

Oastler always described himself as "an old-fashioned Tory" though he was in no sense a party man. What his political and social creed actually was may be gathered from his opinions on the various burning questions of the day. These we reproduce from the pamphlet before us and leave our readers to judge how far political land-marks have been removed in half a century. It seems to us that William Cobbett would not be more out of place in the Radical Cabinet that decreed the bombardment of Alexandria than would the "Factory King" among the Tories of our more enlightened days.

Oastler defended Wilberforce as early as 1807, "when it

was almost death to defend the man who advocated the rights of humanity against the hypocritical professions of liberality and religion." He lived to see Negro Emancipation become sufficiently popular to be advocated by the very same 'practical politicians' who had derided and denounced his own views thirty years before. Those views, consistently held by him, were never accepted by the ruling classes. They will however be of interest to land-nationalisers whose souls are vexed on the subject of compensation.

Mr. Oastler always contended for the immediate and entire emancipation of the slaves in our West Indian Colonies, and that, contemporaneously with the declaration of their liberty, a Poor Law founded upon Christian principles, should be established for their protection and benefit, in the event of distress, sickness and old age. Without this, he contended, they would be much worse off, as free men, than they had been, as slaves. Liberty, without a roof and a loaf, is death, and is so far worse than slavery with the means of life. The former must produce strife and death; the latter may not always be *intolerable*, and, when it is so, death closes the scene. He also contended, that compensation to the slave-owner was arrant injustice, and that the *twenty millions* was a dead robbery on our poor labourers at home, which he now asserts the New Poor Law is intended to oblige them to pay. He argued from indisputable facts that slavery had ceased to be profitable to the planter—that the only way to restore the value of his property was to emancipate his slaves. As well, in Mr. Oastler's opinion, might a person whose house is on fire, demand that the owner of a fire engine should pay him a sum of money, for compensation, before the engine should be used in protection of his property, as that the Planters should claim compensation for our increasing the value of their estates. Compensation, Mr. Oastler asserts, was only due to the injured negro, who, if released from the care of his master, would require the protection of a fund to be raised for that purpose, or his last state would be worse than the first. Without this legal right to relief, the fatherless, the widow, the old, the maimed and helpless, who in slavery are housed and maintained by the owner, would be left to perish—as the same class are now in England, since their right to relief has been so wickedly and wrongfully taken from them.

The High Church principles held by Oastler did not prevent him from associating on friendly terms with men of every other religious persuasion; from treating their peculiarities of creed with the utmost respect; and wishing them to enjoy the fullest and freest toleration. Further they led him to see and withstand "the tendency of the Church of England to yield to the base and sordid maxims of the age, lending her solemn sanction to the wicked schemes of the enemies of God and man."

Mr. Oastler holds, that if the Clergy are to be compelled to give up the Church property to the nation, so must every person, lay or clerical, who holds any property which once belonged to that Church. Nay, he goes farther, and maintains that, supposing it to be right to appropriate Church property to national purposes, and to destroy the national Church; that the despoilers of Church lands on a large scale, such as the House of Bedford and other Noble Robbers (whom he deems little better than highwaymen) should be compelled themselves, first, to set the example, instead of railing against the receipts of the Clergy, who at least do some service for their share of the property.

It was not only in his attitude towards the supporters of the New Poor Law that Oastler showed his independence of party ties. He indignantly opposed the Tory prosecution of Queen Caroline on the ground that the King, her accuser, did not come into court with clean hands. The Gagging Bills, and other similar acts of Tory administrations he always condemned as arbitrary and tyrannical; and declared that the strength of a government ought never to be measured by its success in forcing bad laws on an unwilling people, but by the devoted attachment of a united people to good laws and free institutions; in short, that coercion is sufficient evidence of bad and of weak government.

But it is for his bold defence of the Factory children that Oastler chiefly deserves our gratitude and admiration. It was in the year 1829 that his attention was drawn to the subject by his friend John Wood, a large worsted manufacturer of Bradford, who was practically acquainted with the baneful results of child labour in factories. Fired by the disclosures of his friend, Oastler, with the co-operation of some Radical working men at Huddersfield, at once threw all his energies into an agitation against the systematic slaughter of children then going on, and more generally against the acceptance of the theories of modern political economy with regard to the rights of labour.

As soon as Mr. Oastler began to advocate the cause of the suffering factory children, he became the butt, against which were aimed the poisoned shafts of every species of malevolence and hatred. It was more than the vaunting professor of extreme sanctity in religion and exclusive liberality in politics could bear, to be convicted of a worse than Russian despotism at his own door—a worse than heathen idolatry in his own sanctuary—a worse than brutish cruelty towards the children of his own fellow Christians! He could not brook such a "*thou art the man*" kind of

application of the principles of truth and righteousness, which had so long been his peculiar boast. Hence the malignity—the deadly malignity—with which Mr. Oastler has been pursued by the *Christian* worshippers of Mammon and of Moloch. But their wrath, instead of hurting him against whom it was levelled, has rebounded upon themselves. Most of our readers have heard Mr. Oastler styled the "King," without perhaps being aware of the origin of so august a title. It was first applied to him in derision and contempt by Mr. Baines, who thought to laugh the Ten Hours' Bill and its advocates to scorn. For this purpose he adopted every method of throwing reproach or ridicule on the cause and its friends. The factory children were treated with contempt, and Oastler was mocked with the title of "King" of these despised little ones. But in this, as in most other things, ill-feeling overshot its mark. Oastler's extraordinary powers soon marked him out as eminently qualified to be the leader—the head of the question. His disinterestedness and unshaken heroism gained him the devotion and affection of the people—and the "King" of Baines' derision has become the "King" of the people's love and spontaneous homage.

By this time, of course, the emancipation of the negroes had become popular with the influential classes, who nevertheless opposed the emancipation of their own white slaves in spite of Oastler's appeals in the name of the religion the mill-owners themselves professed. Socialists of our own day will feel no surprise in reading the following passage:

It may seem startling to such of our readers as never heard a factory bell, never saw a factory population, and never felt the torpedo touch of factory influence, that any considerable portion of their fellow countrymen are to be found enduring all the horrors of actual slavery in the midst of so much anxiety and sensitiveness about slavery abroad; and still more incredible that when the mournful truth is addressed to the piety and philanthropy of a Christian people, so far from exciting their sympathy or arousing their indignation, almost the only effect it produces is that of revenge and implacable resentment towards the benevolent individuals who have had the courage to defend the cause of the widow, to plead for the fatherless, and to defend the oppressed poor. Yet so it has been, and so it still is.

In spite of his devotion to Church and Crown, of which he made no secret, Oastler never quarrelled with his Radical supporters, for they were at one on the main point—the right of the labourer to the enjoyment of life and liberty. Then as now emigration was urged as a panacea for all distress. His views were exactly the same as those which recently have been unanimously applauded by the working men of London at every open meeting held in the metropolis during the past year by the "Society for the Punishment of Poverty by Transportation under Aristocratic Patronage." He wrote in his letters to the Duke of Wellington :—

I have stood on the dock side at Liverpool—I have seen a vessel *leaving* England, with a cargo of emigrants; some of them with large sums of money, some with small fortunes: and the rest with £10 or £20 each, *paid them by the overseers of their parishes*, to "get rid of them." I have seen her sail, and have wept at the sight. *These were sent off because there was no room —no food for them in England—no work—no employment.* The returning tide has brought in an Irish steamer, *laden with Irish labourers*, penniless and in rags; who come here and lower the prices of labour, in the very country which is *exporting* her inhabitants, and *bribing* them to go, *because she cannot maintain them!*

I have seen these things and wondered why so much turmoil. The same result might be produced if the steamer stopped at home; and if the first vessel, instead of sailing many thousands of miles with her cargo, were just to pop beyond the Black Rock, *drop every farthing of money she had on board into the sea*, and then return to Liverpool and land HER cargo penniless, to seek for work in the land they had just left with plenty of money in their pockets. The effect is precisely the same on the country, although we now employ *two* sets of hands, one to *go out*, the other to *come in*—and this we call sound political economy!

Again in 1834, Oastler recommended, in a letter to the Editor of the *Agricultural and Industrial Magazine*, the measures which have lately been proposed by that body of "foreign incendiaries," the Democratic Federation.

Instead of proposing *emigration* to the labourers of England, or building "Prison Poor Houses" for them as recommended by the Poor Law Commissioners, it would be much more wise, much more patriotic, and infinitely more "profitable" to close those millions of acres of waste land, which now disgrace the surface of this country; and apportion to each unemployed family, a little farm at a low rent, to build them cottages, and allow them to *try*, if the *union* of their hitherto unproductive labour, with *that* unproductive soil, might not be made *productive* to themselves, and thus *profitable* to the nation at large. They would much rather pay a reasonable return for the outlay, under such circumstances, than be pent up in prisons or banished from their native soil."

From early youth Oastler was the intimate friend of Michael Thomas Sadler, and shared his contempt to the over-population craze. He was unceasing in his efforts to awaken the political party with which he was nominally allied to the real meaning of the New Poor Law. The results which he anticipated from it were partly avoided by the immense impetus given to the trade of the country by the rapid advance in all means of production and transport. But now that we are no longer sure of our commercial superiority, while the Poor Law is being enforced with unheard-of severity at a time of serious depression, his opinions are worth consideration.

Never was there such a libel on Englishmen as this Poor Law, Malthusian Act, which is framed on the presumption, that "*the labourers of England are idle and will not work*," and that they deserve to be pined to death, or banished from their native soil. "This Poor Law *Amendment* Act," absolutely severs the poor from the soil, it alienates them from the land of their birth, it declares open war against them in their homes, it surrenders their daughters to the lascivious arms of their seducers, it breaks every link between them and the institutions of society, it leaves them without hope, it must drive them to frantic madness. If they are human, they must rebel:—Frenzy will seize on them; their own arms will vindicate their rights: their daughters' wrongs and sufferings will impel them to revenge! If the government had wished to promote rebellion, I know not that it could have taken a surer step. There can be no doubt, however, that the accursed Act was intended to relieve property from the payment of Poor Rates. The cunning devisers of that plundering scheme will soon find that they are caught in their own crafty net. Yes, it will soon be discovered that this attack on the *property* of the poor, has removed the foundation which supported the title of the rich. Does any man form such a contemptible opinion of the people of England as to believe that they can swallow this dogma. "The Laws of property are invincible only to protect the rich, and powerless when required to protect the poor!" If such infatuated beings live, it will not be long, ere they find out their great mistake. This Act, say what they may, does destroy the equitable title to ALL property, by repealing *legal* and attacking the *constitutional* and *natural* RIGHTS of the poor! It must be repealed, or very soon it will have to be proved which side is strongest! The rich or the poor? Yes, it must ere long be decided by the people of England whether virtue, humanity, justice and patriotism shall be enthroned; or they shall be dragged at the chariot wheels of cold, calculating, Malthusian philosophy! If the hundreds of thousands of Britons who assembled to promote the passing of the Reform Bill could have been informed that the very first gift which the reformed parliament had to bestow was an Act to encourage the seduction of their daughters, and the profligacy of their sons; an Act to make poverty a crime, and at the same time to give a premium to cowardice and vice; an Act to uproot the power of law, by *attacking* the natural and *destroying* the legal rights of the poor. I say, if these vast multitudes could have forseen this, they would have cursed the delusion, they would have rejected the gilded bait. Nor can they be expected long to submit to such an attack on virtue and justice. If the gallant English band of warriors on the field of Waterloo had been told that the effect of their victory would be to enable their unrivalled commander to help Brougham to plunder *their* children, even of parish relief, would they, I ask, would they *then* have panted for victory? Would they *then* have presented their hearts a living sacrifice to the love of country? Would *then* their arms have been strong in *that* day of battle? Let Wellington himself declare, he knows the bearings of a soldier's hopes, and if upon the field of battle, he ever thinks of home and its endearments. I dare not pursue this subject further, yet I cannot leave it without asserting that if there be no TITLE to *relief*, there *can* be no TITLE to RENT.

His efforts to appeal to the humanity or the prudence of hereditary legislators were almost altogether fruitless. To his astonishment and grief he met with little but apathy and unconcern from the Bishops and Barons of the Upper House, whom he believed to be the true friends of the people. He expressed the determination which this repulse kindled in

another letter to the Duke of Wellington in words which should inspire all those who, in these democratic days, are proud of bearing the reproach of stirring up social discontent.

> I do hope your Grace will excuse me, I must write freely. I do write truly. I seek for nothing but the good of my country, which I believe can only be secured by a "strong" Government ruling, *as in former times*, for the good and in the hearts of the people. If this "Poor Law Bill" passes, *the* CONSTITUTION *will be* DESTROYED, and he will be the *greatest* PATRIOT who can produce the *greatest dissatisfaction*, *and* I WILL STRIVE TO BE THAT MAN.

We shall endeavour, when able to find space, to give our readers further information about the later life and writings of Oastler, as we believe it cannot fail to be of interest to those who agree with his social opinions, disabused as they have been, by the labours of other not less worthy Englishmen of the past, of the political hopes which failed him in his hour of need.

Reviews.

"BISHOPSPOOL." A Romance of the Last Generation. By William Renton. London: Chapman and Hall.

"Bishopspool" is a disappointing book, and it disappoints even more by reason of its good qualities than of its faults. It is good enough to have been much better. Much of it is so well written, many of the situations so finely observed, some of the characters so cleverly sketched, that we cannot avoid a sense of irritation that the book should fail as a whole.

Mr. Renton's theory—and, alas! his practice—seems to be that no two chapters of a novel must hang together. The consequence is that in each chapter one is introduced to a new set of people, and hurried hither and thither, "Ohne Rast, ohne Ruh," till the bewildered reader is fain to close the book in despair. Towards the end an attempt is certainly made to gather all the threads together. But it is too late.

The "story," despite the enormous number of incidents, is simply a history of the various love affairs of the two heroes —the brothers Lancelot and Arthur Fale, and the complications arising therefrom, Arthur is in love with three heroines, Lancelot with one.

Although Mr. Renton is very "realistic"—almost *naturaliste* —in some of his descriptions, it would be difficult to find anything less real than his story or his heroes and heroines. Possibly, all he records is "true;" his characters may be

photographs, and all the incidents may have happened. But we never feel this. No one of the chief actors ever says or does anything from any necessity arising from their character. They say or do this, that and the other, because it is necessary for Mr. Renton's story that they should. There is nothing "inevitable" in any of their acts. Mr. Renton has yet to learn that, as the greatest of modern novelists has said, "*le génie a pour mission de chercher, à travers les hazards du vrai, ce qui doit sembler probable à tout le monde.*" It is not enough for an author to describe the beauty and sweetness of his heroine; he must make us feel them. It will not suffice to tell us of the hero's charms; we must be charmed by him. Mr. Renton's heroes, the brothers Fale, have no reality for us. His favourite heroine, Eleanor Renton, bores rather than bewitches, while Alice and Marion are both so hazy, that they "come like shadows, so depart."

With his minor characters Mr. Renton is far more successful. The Chirples and Miss Jonathina, Mr. Godling, Polly Mittit and Josh, the footman Miffins, and the butler Molliver, the Merryweather children, and above all the Morrocks, are delightful, notwithstanding a tendency to exaggeration, and an almost painful spinning out of the comic scenes.

Mr. Renton s style is uneven. There are passages of real beauty, passages full of genuine humour and wit; but only too often the language is strained and unnatural. The influence of Dickens—as well in certain of the *dramatis personæ* as in style—is very evident. The following sentences are thoroughly Dickensonian:—"Across the way an enclosure of trees drooped their forsaken boughs over a grass-grown recess, where the wall gave place to iron railings, and a gate sunk in stone pillars, and taking heart again at a weather-beaten door, besieged with faded leaves, swept round by the milestone out of sight. The leaves lay everywhere, on the sweep and in the path, on the grass and between the railings, on the coping of the low wall, and, as the gate closed, a shower of them fell as if in protest at the intrusion." For a sample

of Mr. Renton at his worst, we may take the speech—or, rather, we will take about a fourth of the speech—of Arthur Fale to his love:—"Alice, do you know what love is? If you do, you know more than I or all the world can tell you. Those who have kept faith with love for one short summer's day know that there is not anything so faithful, so faithless, so false, so true, so sweet, so bitter, so sad, so gladsome, so free, so fettered, so zealous, so generous, so kind, so cruel, so warm, so cold, so inconstant, so abiding beneath or beyond the sun. To sleep with love, is to lie down with truth; to wake with him is to rise ashamed; and if to scorn love is to be afar from the golden gates, to follow him is to fall in the ways of despair. The mystery of him is the power by which he lives, and the secret is an open one, save to those who desire most to be free from his spell. If you do *not* know, then you have not stood with me in the summer fields, where the breath comes quick as rain, and kisses fall like leaves when the wind is spent; then, indeed, those are not the lips I have pressed, nor those that have been as a light and fire to my own, nor this the gold of the hair that I have spread as a curtain against the night." To all this—and a great deal more of the same sort—Alice replies by opening her eyes wider, or by trying to direct his attention to the scenery, and "breaking her silence" to say "See." Could any reader believe in the love of such a lover? Cupid has not even "clapped him o' the shoulder."

Having seen Mr. Renton at his worst, it is but fair that we should see him at his best—in one of those admirable little scenes where with a few touches he paints a character. The Morrocks—two rich, fat, stupid, but innately kind, lovable and delicate-minded old people have been out to dinner. The wife of their host, Dr. Drewer, and mother of the heroine, Eleanor Renton, has suddenly burst in upon the company—drunk. On their drive home "'I wonder,' said Mrs. Morrocks, aloud to herself, a long hour afterwards as the horses were cordially toiling up the last steep hill; 'if young Mr. Fale is

very fond of Eleanor?' '*I* don't,' returned Mr. Morrocks. . . . 'Dear me,' she said with a start, 'I thought you were asleep, John. What a pleasant evening we've had.' 'Ah! wasn't it?' 'What a fine, intelligent man Dr. Drewer is, and how well he took your part, John. I didn't expect to enjoy it half so much as I did. But I'm so glad now that we went.' 'So am I,' said Mr. Morrocks, 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything!' And with this mutual understanding they lapsed into silence, so loyal to their friends, these simple people, that they would not even admit the existence of anything untoward in the events of the evening; nor was the subject ever mentioned between them."

Despite its too great length and many shortcomings, "Bishopspool" is a book well worth reading. It has many qualities, and not the least, assuredly, is the absence of every kind of social or religious cant.

"ART AND SOCIALISM": A Lecture delivered before the Secular Society of Leicester by William Morris. London, W. Reeves, Fleet St.: Heywoods, Manchester.

The last of the attractive series of the Leek Bijou Reprints is a most excellent lecture by Mr. William Morris. It is on the now familiar theme, which cannot be too often reiterated, that the growth of Commerce in its modern meaning of competition for profit on the exchange of goods is the cause of the wide-spread decay of Art. In the Socialist organisation alone does Mr. Morris see any hope for its recovery, or any chance of its success in beautifying the homes and the minds of the people. It is the dissociation of the idea of work from the idea of pleasure that Mr. Morris chiefly deplores, and this he justly ascribes to the conditions of work which are necessitated by the capitalist system. The hopelessness and helplessness which are the chracteristics of the unfortunate victims who are caught in the toils of the profit-mongey's net, and the indifference to better things which results from the conscious-

ness of their helpless position, are well expressed by the sentence which he puts into their months; "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die—choked by filth."

We must quote the paragraph in which he contrasts the actual with the possible effects of the invention of machinery:—"The wonderful machines which in the hands of just and foreseeing men would have been used to minimise repulsive labour and to give pleasure—or in other words added life—to the human race, have been so used on the contrary that they have driven all men into mere frantic haste and hurry, thereby destroying pleasure, that is life, on all hands: they have instead of lightening the labour of the workmen, intensified it, and thereby added more weariness yet to the burden which the poor have to carry."

Then, after pointing out that in all civilised countries, but most of all in England, the terrible spectacle is exhibited of two peoples, living street by street, and door by door, of the same blood and tongue, and at least nominally under the same laws—but yet one civilised and the other uncivilised, he proceeds as follows;—"All this, I say, is the result of the system that has trampled down Art, and exalted Commerce into a sacred religion; and it would seem is ready, with the ghastly stupidity which is its principal characteristic, to mock the Roman satirist for his noble warning by taking it in inverse meaning, and now bids us all 'for the sake of life to destroy the reasons for living.'

"And now in the teeth of this stupid tyranny I put forward a claim on behalf of labour enslaved by Commerce, which I know no thinking man can deny is reasonable, but which if acted on would involve such a change as would defeat Commerce; that is, would put Association instead of Competition, Social order instead of Individualist anarchy.

"Yet I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilisation.

"This, then, is the claim:--

"It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious."

There are few indeed of our readers who will dissent from the reasonableness of this claim, or disagree with Mr. Morris's description of the means of realising and satisfying it." The price to be paid for so making the world happy is Revolution: Socialism instead of *Laissez faire*."

Revolution or Reform.

THAT we are in a revolutionary period would now be scarcely disputed, even by those who a few months ago were laughing at the very idea that in this staid, sober, old England of ours the wage-slaves would ever demand that they should have some enjoyment of the wealth they create, and who jeered at the notion that revolution could really be worth consideration on this side of the Channel. Men and women need but look around them to-day to see the change which is taking place. Even the agitation which has been whipped up against the House of Lords depends for its vitality upon the hope that it will lead to the Abolition, not to the Reform, of the hereditary chamber. Yet that would be in itself a small political revolution. It would be a final declaration of the supremacy of the middle class, just at the very moment when that class has reached the point of decay and decrepitude.

"But," it is said by many, "we have passed through critical times before, notably the era of the French Revolution, the stormy years succeeding the great war, and the Chartist agitation; yet our Constitution and social arrangements withstood those shocks: with some little readjustment the same will be the case now. Besides, we ourselves are against revolution. Revolution is a very terrible business. It means civil war, class against class, bloodshed and anarchy—altogether too horrible to contemplate. No, no; if you Socialists mean that you will stir up revolution we have no

sympathy with you at all, We are all for law and order; that is the watchword of all decent, well-to-do, respectable people, fathers of families and the like; no matter what may be their political or religious opinions, when the very existence of society is at stake their views are quite sound. Order and Progress, such even as M. Auguste Comte spoke of, we have no objection to; but, above all, Order. We are most anxious to help the people, who you say, and we quite believe, are living in miserable social conditions, we should be very glad indeed to hear that they were comfortable and contented; it is rather dangerous that they shouldn't be, we even admit that; but we are, before everything, a law-abiding people—the English, you know, always are, above all, a law-abiding people—and if you go against the law we shall be obliged to give you in charge to the police. That will be using force? Not at all, it will merely be a precautionary measure against *your* using force. We have a profound belief in the saving virtues of public opinion: move public opinion, that is what you have to do, and leave private property alone. In short we are Social Reformers, not Socialists: we can make the best omelette gourmet ever smacked lips over, without breaking a single egg. That is the way in which all really great advances have been gained. Yes, if you will have it so, our revolution shall be a nice little rose-water revolution, in which nobody shall be called upon to make any real sacrifices and everybody shall be much better off than he was before. We wish to see greater simplicity of life as much as you do, we wish to see the people well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed, well-educated, with plenty of leisure and amusement, as much as you do. It is true that they breed too fast and drink too much beer and spirits; but we won't enlarge upon those points now. Enough for us that it is quite easy to put everything right gradually, and in a peaceful, pleasant way: it is only violent, crazy, ignorant fanatics like you revolutionary Socialists who can doubt it. Class struggle going on even now? Fiddlesticks! There

must always be poor people; there always have been, and there always will be. The land is in too few hands very likely, and we daresay the capitalists are not overscrupulous. But as to nationalising land and taking capital under the control of the community, well, really we haven't patience to discuss such utopian nonsense, and we don't believe that you believe in it yourselves. In short we say again, we are Social Reformers and Practical Politicians. You are Socialists and Dreamers. It's useless to argue any more."

That is a fair representation of what is commonly said in public and in private by men who pride themselves upon holding what they call "advanced opinions." Many of them mean well enough. Social Reform too, like adversity, makes very strange bedfellows. When we find a professional Christian like Mr. Samuel Smith, and a professional Atheist like Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, an ambitious ecclesiastic like Cardinal Manning, and a tub-thumping merry-andrew like Mr. Spurgeon, a conventicle-building capitalist like Mr. Samuel Morley, and a free-thinking individualist like Mr. Herbert Spencer, a Republican sycophant like Sir Charles Dilke, and a Royal voluptuary like the Prince of Wales, all huddled together under this one threadbare coverlet of Social Reform, we must at once admit that some very strong pressure of circumstances could alone have brought this queerly-assorted crew together. Nor can we deny that their views, with plenty of money to back them, still find favour with large numbers even among the workers. Trimming is such an easy business. It needs an effort, to which the common-place bourgeois mind is as at present unequal, to allow that its most cherished economical dogmas are but the shallowest sophisms, and that its most boasted triumphs are but records of increasing incompetence. There is, no doubt, something rather alarming in the phrases "class war," "social revolution," "the overthrow of competition," "the removal of class distinctions," "the complete revolution of society," to people with whom compromise and tinkering have become a political

religion. Yet if we find that a structure is leaky at the roof, that the timbers are rotten from floor to attic, that the staircases are dangerous, the walls buckling in, the cellars damp and unwholesome, and the basement honeycombed with cesspools, he would be a fool indeed that should recommend the tenants or the owner to patch up such a ramshackle edifice. It must be either pulled down and rebuilt, or abandoned altogether. The only difference with society is, that when such a period of rottenness sets in, destruction and reconstruction go on at one and the same time. Socialists say plainly that mere reform of our existing society is impossible, or if possible, useless. When the foundation is insecure, and the superstructure crumbling, there is nothing for it but to build anew, even if we have to take to our tents in the meantime. Such analogies must not be pushed too far. Enough that we Socialists are Revolutionists, not Reformers; that we have no confidence in any measures of amelioration, even though put forward by ourselves, save in so far as they may help on the period of complete and radical change; that we should prefer to see all our enemies over in one camp, rather than that by quack nostrums and temporising puerilities they should defer the time when each must make his choice between two clearly conflicting sets of principles. This is the reason why Socialists are the only organised party which is gaining ground in England to-day; because we alone look with hope and even exultation to the future, because we alone base our confidence on the assured truths of science and political economy, because we alone can see reconstruction on a sure basis inevitably arising out of the rottenness around us, because we alone chant no patter-song of compromise, but march fearlessly onwards with the set determination that the economical revolution going on all round us shall not find us unprepared to turn it to account for the advantage and enfranchisement of mankind.

Take now any portion of our modern society. What do we find? This surely is strange. By common consent every

department needs—what? Reform. But if everything calls for reform at the same time, if the whole social machine is creaking at every turn of the wheel of production, this in itself bears a strange resemblance to a necessity for a revolution. The very uneasiness occasioned by such a universal outcry for reform tends to bring about revolution, and tends also to show that the time for mere reform has gone by. This is true of every great revolutionary period of which we have any record in ancient or modern times. All were due to deep economical causes which had been at work long before, but which were only taken account of by the dominant classes or castes too late to save them from utter overthrow. The cry for reform here, reform there, reform all round, simply betokened that a revolution was upon them, and the moment they tried to reform even a portion of the decaying old society the whole fabric fell and crushed them in its ruins.

Thus it certainly was in the great French Revolution. The monarchy, the nobility, and the clergy were unable any longer to carry on the government; the whole machinery was rusty and worn out; the economical causes which had given power to the middle-class, while the heads of the nation looked on, were not understood; the manner in which progress was hampered by the old forms few saw. Those, therefore, who prophesied smooth things were the "saviours of society;" social reformers like Necker and Co. came to the front with their infallible pills against the popular earthquake; reforms were brought forward, old statutes were furbished up, the prettiest constitutional means were tried. All in vain. No sooner did the social reformers begin their political tinkering than the Revolution broke out in earnest. There was no sound basis for reconstruction whatever. The people, goaded on by oppression, misery, and hunger, rose in a tumultuous, unorganised mob, and the rotten superstructure fell before the least formidable rising that ever threatened a ruling class. The very consciousness of their own incapacity seemed to

paralyse the aristocracy. A few of their ablest leaders sided with the bourgeoisie, and that class, being the stronger, more dexterous and economically more fully developed, juggled the proletariat out of the victory. Then, and not till then, was it generally understood that the collapse was due to the fact that the ruling class had outlasted its usefulness ; that whereas they had been a necessary portion of a feudal society based upon reciprocal personal relations, and received their dues and tithes as a return for definite duties—however much neglected even at the best time—done towards the people on their estates in regular succession up to the king, now tax-gatherers and grasping agents alone reminded the people of their existence ; that in times gone by, however tyrannous their rule, the failure of the formidable risings of the Jacquerie showed it was still necessary, now it had become more tyrannous and had even ceased to be strong. In short they had become mere rent-chargers living in Paris, revelling in gluttony, debauchery, and obscenity, and rendering themselves more and more contemptible by their ravening greed for gain. Money relations, the ideal of the bourgeoisie, had taken the place of personal relations between the various grades of a feudal society : new forms of production and exchange were taking the place of the old. An overturn was necessary : the Revolution came. Neither Mirabeau nor Robespierre, neither Voltaire nor Rosseau, made the Revolution, or even prepared the way for it. The French Revolution of the eighteenth century, like the English Revolution of the seventeenth century, was due to a long series of economical developments, which, when the time had come for a change, for the emancipation of the class next to be enfranchised, was inevitable. In both cases the relics of feudal times still lingered on as we see a dewclaw on a dog or the remains of the breasts in a man, but the power of real action on their part had passed away.

"What, however, has all this to do," it may be asked, "with the situation in England to-day ? History is all very

well in its way, but we are far removed from the feudal period; the antagonism of classes, if such antagonism there be, is of a very different character from what it was in the eighteenth century in France, or a hundred years earlier in our own country." No doubt. But here is precisely the point where we ourselves, we of the dominant middle-class, have something to learn from the downfall of the old French nobility. They fell, not because they were volatile, indifferent, greedy, or vicious, but because they were useless, and, more than that, because they absolutely stood in the way of human progress. Their very ideas could not be made to fit in with the new order of things which had become inevitable; they ground down men, debauched women, and even corrupted children, not because all were ruffians and dissolute, but because the very system of society rendered such results certain. They prevented the development of new industries, and the proper cultivation of the land; the rents they got they spent in Paris or Versailles. They had become mere appendages where before they had been active participators in the life of the nation.

Is there nothing in the present position of our landlord and capitalist class which bears home to the mind irrefragable evidence that they too hamper progress; that their ideas also can no longer accord with the inevitable changes going on around us; that they too crush men, debauch women, and ruin children under their Juggernaut's car of production for profit; that they further prevent the full development of new industries and have already ruined the culture of the land? —is there not evidence enough and to spare, I say, that they too, the corrupt bourgeoisie of nineteenth-century England, have become mere luxurious parasites who suck the life-blood of our people, and have ceased even to handle themselves the machinery which squeezes profit out of the health and happiness of mankind? I will give proof of their impotence, of their greed, of their brutality, proof of the manifest growth of new forms of production which they cannot manage, and

yet whose development they hamper. And then I will ask whether we, who have thrown in our lot with the people in the great class war of modern times, shall waste another moment in considering the contemptible social reforms of silly or self-seeking charlatans, whether we shall not rather brace every nerve and strain every faculty to bring about that great social revolution whose causes we Socialists alone can fully comprehend?

To begin with, it is quite clear that large numbers, if not the majority, of the well-to-do classes no longer directly attend to the business from which they derive their incomes. Certainly, leaving numbers out of the question, by far the greater part of the rents from land and the interests on capital are taken by men and women who exercise no direct supervision, no organising control, over the wage-slaves manual or intellectual, who provide them with the means of living in luxurious idleness. The whole work is done for them by salaried officials, they themselves spending the proceeds of their "investments" in such manner as they think fit, often in countries far remote from those whence their revenues are derived. The shareholders in the railways, in the banks, in the infinite number of limited companies formed for working factories, mines, new inventions, what not, are in no sense organisers of labour, nor even business administrators. They are mere drones who inhabit the best portions of the human hive; the choicest sites in our great cities, the finest scenery in our country, the healthiest air in the lounger-towns along our coasts, fall to their lot; they consume the best and most costly food and wear the richest raiment. Such people are utterly useless in every sense of the word. Nay more, they are a curse to the human race. They are not only idle themselves, but the cause of idleness and wasted labour in others. Their domestic servants, their purveyors of luxuries, their makers of frivolous or even harmful articles to gratify their vitiated tastes—all the innumerable hangers-on of the contemptible appropriators of

other men's labour, are forced to spend their lives to no purpose, often amid hopelessness and squalor, because the arrangements of our society give the landlords, capitalists and middle-class the legal power thus to degrade their brethren and sisters of the human kind.

Thus the bourgeoisie, that portion of the capitalist or middle-class who live by their drafts on the labour of others, together with the landlords who are now mere sleeping partners with the direct robbers, are to-day to the full as effete and as injurious as the haughty noblesse of the ancien régime. It is childish to talk of reforming such people as these. Their very existence is at stake. If they turn to useful work they cease to be as a predatory class. They can only be reformed, that is, by being forced to forego their wretched privilege of living in uselessness on the misery and murder of their fellows. This reform means and must mean revolution.

But the capitalists and middle-class, who are now dominant, show daily that they are incapable of handling their own economical, social and political machinery even by proxy. So utterly anarchical has the whole business become, that their ablest salaried employés can but wring their hands in helplessness over the growing disorganisation in the system they are called upon to administer. Competition not only means starvation wages for the workers, but it leads of necessity to underselling, and a perpetual rush to get rich among the "employers." Such underselling and greed inevitably result in adulteration and other tricks of trade. Adulteration indeed is the great feature of our epoch. In every department the overmastering necessity for making a profit—there is no fair means of making profit; but starvation and adulteration are the foullest means—such overmastering necessity, I say, forces even those who begin by being honest, into a process which, unless checked, must end in the universal rottenness of commodities. The very markets upon which they depend are closed to our manu-

facturers; and their customers turn in despair in other directions, hoping that other traders may be a trifle less rascally than the English. Here again where do our Social Reformers come in? Stop adulteration? Stop production for profit? Stop competition for gain ground out of half-starved wage-slaves?—why then my worthy generation of trimmers you have taken in hand surely not a reform but a revolution. I wish you joy of your half-measures and your two-penny-half-penny squirt-ful of rose-water then. Only don't be surprised if we, who are Revolutionists first and reformers afterwards, pay no attention to your silly efforts. We have something more important to do.

Again. We are in the midst of a serious financial, commercial and industrial crisis which seems likely to prove the worst of this century. All around us strikes are taking place, men are being discharged, works are being closed; throughout our great centres of industry men and women are being thrown into a state of starvation or semi-starvation, though eager for work. And this is the case not in England alone with free trade, free speech, constitutional monarchy, and the rest of it, but all over the world; in the United States, in France, and in Switzerland, which are all Republics, as much as in Russia, Germany, Italy or Spain; under protective tariffs as under free-trade. Universal suffrage does not check the depression; limited suffrage or despotism has no greater influence. It is a great social dead-lock resulting in absolute anarchy for the workers; and this is the seventh such universal crisis that we have seen in this century since 1825, the date of the first. Everywhere there is over-production; over-production of iron, over-production of cotton-cloth, over-production of woollen goods, over-production of boots and shoes, over-production—yes, it has literally come to that—over-production even of food! What is the reason of these recurring periods of crisis and collapse? How is it that although men possess greater command over the forces of nature than at any previous period in the history of the race,

can produce an infinitely greater amount of wealth with less labour than ever before, those who do labour and produce all this wealth are thus crushed by the forces they themselves should command? Why is there over-production of wheat and meat? Why are the very necessaries of life unsaleable, as in America to-day, when hundreds of thousands, nay even millions, would gladly exchange their labour-force embodied in useful goods for this very food which they want but cannot get, which the owners wish to exchange for such articles, but cannot sell?

I have given the explanation often: I will give it once more. The reason is because the workers, who produce by working together as a portion of a great social machine, have no control whatever over the exchange of what they do produce. Manufacturers, mine-owners, iron-masters, &c., &c., compete one with another to take advantage of the period of inflation which has always followed periods of depression. They do not confer even with one another, still less with their "hands." Their one object is to make as much profit as quickly as possible. The whole is one whirl of competition as to who shall produce most at the lowest price and so "command the market." This goes on all over the world now, in all departments of trade. There is no orderly co-operation, but anarchical, self-destructive competition from which, in time of crisis, the smaller capitalists themselves suffer by bankruptcy and forced sales. Just at the very moment when all seems going well also, the crash comes. The workers are not allowed to work for their employers, are not allowed to exchange their labour-force embodied in useful articles with the goods produced by their fellows at home and in other countries, because those who own the means of production, the luxurious, the idling, the brutal bourgeoisie will not allow them to produce except at a profit; and this profit, the glut which the capitalists have themselves created, itself prevents. The wage-slaves cannot sell themselves even for the miserable pittance which but yesterday they were forced to accept. So the wheel

works round. Inflation, depression—crisis and "boom" succeed one another continually, as if men were helpless to control their own means of creating wealth. The very introduction of new machines, which lessen labour, do but enhance the anarchy and aggravate the uncertainty for the working class.

Once more how is this to be reformed? Where will you begin the reorganisation which shall give the workers control over the exchange of their own products—which will make distribution social as production is already inevitably social? I say that only to state the problem is to show conclusively that mere reform is impossible; that revolution peaceful or bloody, the absolute victory of those who live by labour over those who live upon labour, can alone place the whole community in a position to protect its members against these recurring periods of crisis and ruin. Revolution not reform, is the watchword not of Socialists but of the hard, cruel facts upon which they base their irrefragable conclusions.

Yes that is the truth. The Revolution is upon us even as we reason; and the capitalist "reformers" themselves do but force this truth home to the people, as they chant their incantation of platitudes over the chaos they have made.

Now look at such reforms as are chiefly demanded to-day, and the manner in which the Social Reformers deal with them.

Housing the Poor for instance. It is needless to enlarge upon the farce now being enacted with relation to this important business. When an agitation for a thorough change had once been stirred up, in great part thanks to the work of the Democratic Federation and the Labour Emancipation League, a Royal Hole and Corner Commission was appointed to allow the real as well as the sham excitement to die down. The sensational journalists and the sensational ministers are already nearly forgotten. Slums have almost ceased to be fashionable. As I predicted in the January number of this Review the male and female "mashers" of philanthropic taste

have turned to some newer and more enticing form of pretended sympathy. Meretricious charity at the West is pleasanter than bogus solicitude for the welfare of the poor in the East. It has less of calculating hypocrisy about it. But the Commission is collecting evidence. Why so it is—evidence of its own fraudulent intention and deliberate attempt to gull the public. All the other evidence has been collected years ago in official reports of the most elaborate character. A Royal Commission only means a shelving of the question if possible.

Yet even so it is clear—is it not?—that the moment there comes any talk of remedy our present admirable society is found to be leaking at every seam. It is impossible to get present enactments carried out. Why? Because of the jobbery of officials and the pressure of vested interests. The filth and overcrowding are found to be direct sources of revenue to the Tartufian class that mourns over the degraded, drunken habits of the poor in country and in town. If more land is needed the ground landlord comes in. How are you to deal with him? By full compensation, and thus municipalise or nationalise the urban land? Call Mr. Fawcett into Court, and he will show you, on the most approved huckster principles, that this must be ruinous. Take the land without compensation? Well if that is not Social Revolution then we are—Social Reformers. A step further. Why not use the unoccupied land under the Metropolitan Board of Works, the splendid sites in Tooley Street for instance which have lain desolate for years, in order to erect good dwellings? Why not? because these sites must be sold at high competitive prices in order to reduce the pressure on the ratepayers. And if a sufficient number of good dwellings were erected and rented at cost, what effect would this have but to increase the rates enormously, and at the same time to reduce competitive rents of the very houses which the bourgeoisie themselves let out and gain money from? As members of the Commission, I am informed, themselves admit, it is im-

possible to touch the present system of housing in our great cities, without finding that any attempt to carry really drastic reform will inevitably shake the all-important basis of private property—for the non-producing classes be it understood. That is, in fact, that good housing for the people is an impossibility in our great industrial centres until the competitive principle is destroyed, until not reform but revolution is brought about. "As long as there are poor they will be poorly housed" as Mr. William Morris well said. As long as profit-mongers rule the roast, profit-providers cannot be materially benefited. Nay, even if the workers got good houses cheap, the difference in rent would go into the pockets of the capitalists, and their improved health would only make them more competent wage-slaves. No "Social Reformer" can reform them out of that position.

So with the schools. We call for free schools and at least one wholesome meal to be gratuitously provided in those schools. It has become another "topic of the day." No one disputes that the pressure of the fees upon poor parents is very heavy; none contest that much of the break-down among the children is due to want of food, which their parents cannot provide. Further, there is scarcely such a fool left even among the middle-class as to say that it is not to the advantage of a State that all its youth should be bought up well-educated and in good health. Yet because such a manifestly beneficial reform would cost the rate-payers a percentage of the income they have robbed from the workers, no such proposal is so much as before the middle-class Debating Club at Westminster. And, even if it were carried, still must we find that the crushing law of competition would decree that these educated, well-fed children should on reaching maturity be only better wage-slaves for capitalists. The class antagonism, the class war, meets us at every turn. At every path we take, the necessity of the abolition of non-producers encounters us, the inevitable class revolution, in a word, jostles aside the foolish figment of middle-class reform.

Probed to the bottom we find exactly the same with the reduction of the hours of labour. Here again there is a unanimity of sentiment. Men and women working in mines and factories, attendants in shops, drivers and carmen, workers in various trades, agricultural labourers, are all admitted to be suffering from excessive toil. Yet there is no chance whatever of a compulsory eight hours Bill being carried—until when? Until the classes which are now the mere wage-slaves of capital are able to dominate the causes of their own embrutement and injury, that is,—the very repetition becomes wearisome—until the ideas of reform are pushed contemptuously aside, and the necessity for a national revolution, with an international alliance of the workers of the civilised world, is universally recognised.

Thus we arrive at this same point even when touching upon such common-place subjects, such manifestly "social reform" questions, as good housing for the producers of wealth, good education and good food for their children, the limitation of over-work. Conservative measures all, yet not to be attained—or why have they not been attained?—without a class war and a class victory. And, even when obtained, of no permanent value to the producers, unless the present system of competition among property-less workers for subsistence wages is put an end to. Who could hope even for a minimum wage being made the law, so long as the very essence of our profit-mongering society is to screw the last fraction of labour-force out of the exhausted toiler? It is essential to middle-class supremacy that the workers should, as a class, be deprived of every vestige of economical freedom, and allowed the fullest "freedom of contract" to pile up more capital for the confiscating class. Change *that* by vote or by force and the revolution is made.

As it is, though on this I will not now linger, the very power of the State itself, as in the Post Office, is used to screw extra work, more surplus value, out of the competitive wage-slaves, in order to reduce the taxation of the middle-

class to the amount of £2,500,000 a year. "Abolish competition," you say. Certainly, that is what we are striving for; but then you abolish a good deal more than mere misery; you abolish, and therefore do not merely reform, our precious profit-mongering society.

Take the land of which Englishmen have been robbed for more than three centuries. A few thousand people own the agricultural land of our country, and the private ownership of city land property hampers reform at its very basis. Mr. Chamberlain, the capitalist champion, denounces the landowners as robbers. Do you set to work to "social reform" persistent robbers? Nay, that is not the meaning of such language. The land is "starving for want of labour"; infinitely more food might be grown in England than is grown, at a profit. Yet year after year passes and nothing is done. Are we to have a social reform at the expense of the landlords then, at the call of the monopolist millionaire Mr. Chamberlain, simply for the benefit of the farmers and the capitalist class? No, no, Socialists are not quite so easily gulled as Mr. Henry George, or quite so much in love with the capitalist slave-drivers as Mr. Chamberlain is. We see quite plainly where the "unearned increment" would go to, if the King of the Caucus had his way with it. The rent of land, like the profits of free-trade, would be swept into the capacious pockets of the most infamous class that has ever had control of any people, the class which has murdered children, crushed women, and embruted men simply and solely for the greed of gain. No, back to the land certainly; let us take up our heritage without one farthing of compensation to the "robbers," who make us strangers in our own country. The "Land for the People" means in itself a revolution. It shall mean a revolution which will sweep out of existence, not only private property in the soil that is being ruined by the present system, but a revolution which will also render impossible that private property in machinery and capital, that private property in the fruits of other men's

labour, that private property in the results of degradation and deliberate murder, by which the gang of capitalist slave-drivers have made their own fortunes in the past, and mean to make their children's fortune in the future.

But, lastly, the supremacy of the middle-class hampers the progress of mankind, and prevents the use of new forms of production which, properly handled, would benefit the entire human race. This is so at this very hour. We have seen how it will need a social revolution to bring about the simplest social reforms; how impossible it is to conceive of any real improvement without revolution in relation to the land and machinery. Now we can note that this very necessity for revolution is due to the changes which are taking place in machinery and the increasing power of the productive forces. In every direction we see that small machines adapted to individual use, and vast industrial appliances which can only be handled by enormous armies of men, are being simultaneously developed. Sewing machines, tricycles moved by electricity, the type writers and printers, the small electric engines, are evidences of the movement in the one direction; the vast accumulation of power in factories, the growing ability to store and apply electrical force on a large scale show what is going on in the other. A mere list of inventions would give no idea of what is being done. But—and here is the important point—the individual ownership, the profit-mongering system in vogue, the want of any real social combination, limit the use of the small machines, and render them of no social advantage to the workers; while the greater developments are positively hindered because of the system of production for profit, which prevents the mass of mankind from having any say in the business. Just as women are used to tug barges along our canals because their starvation-wages are cheaper than the food for a horse or the coal for an engine, just as the introduction of mechanical coal-cutting appliances is kept back by the low wages of miners; so in instance after instance the application of forces which, in the

interests of society at large, could be easily and profitably used, is rendered impossible by individual ownership and vested interests. New forms of production, new powers of man over nature are kept from being used on the land, in the mines, in the factories, on the railroads, on board ship, in every department of human industry, in short, by the very system of society which at present exists. Electricity is to steam all, and more than all, that steam is to the old motive powers; but it cannot be fully applied under our happy-go-lucky, individualist, anarchical system. Society, as now arranged, creates trammels upon progress. It is necessary that those trammels should be burst asunder; burst asunder they will be from below, and society itself will be revolutionised, by the revolution in the forms of production themselves.

Thus I have shown that the landlords, the middle class, the capitalists, the bourgeoisie are useless, are harmful, are incapable of handling their own social system; I have proved that even their own "social reforms" cannot be carried without social revolution, that they and their methods stand directly in the path of human progress, preventing the adoption of new developments by reason of the very system they use to degrade their fellow men. In political affairs we trace the same brutal selfishness and hopeless incapacity. Ireland, India, Egypt, the Colonies afford perpetual evidence of their greed and cowardice, while their own favourite Chamber, the House of Hucksters at Westminster, is rapidly becoming the laughing-stock of the world.

In proclaiming therefore that Revolution not Reform is the object of organised democratic Socialism, I do but give voice to the inevitable movement that is going on below the surface of our Society. Socialists know right well that all existing parties are banded together against them, they know that Tory, Conservative, Whig, Liberal and Radical form but one party when the power to enslave the workers is definitely denounced. But that makes no difference. The forces of to-day and of the future are with us, the cause we fight for is

the noblest that ever inspired a people. We take up the battle of the proletariat in England where it was left by the great Chartist leaders. From generation to generation the noblest of our countrymen have fought for the people as we are fighting to-day. We inherit the results of their self-sacrifice and glorious heroism. It is for us then, as revolutionary Socialists, to appeal to our fellows in all lands to work for the interests of themselves and of others, in order to bring about, even in our own day, that great International Social Revolution which can alone give freedom and happiness to mankind.

July 24th. H. M. HYNDMAN.