TO-DAY.

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An Unsocial Socialist.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

BRANDON BEECHES, in the Thames valley, was the seat of Sir Charles Brandon, seventh baronet of that name. He had lost his father before attaining his majority, and had married shortly afterwards, so that in his twenty-fifth year he was father to three children. He was a little worn, in spite of his youth; but he was tall and agreeable looking, had a winning way of taking a kind and soothing view of the misfortunes of others, could tell a story well, liked music and could play and sing a little, loved the arts of design and could sketch a little in water colours, read every magazine from London or Paris which criticized the fine arts, had travelled a little, fished a little, shot a little botanized a little, wandered restlessly in the footsteps of women, and dissipated his energies through all the small channels which his wealth opened and his talents made easy to him. He had no large knowledge of any subject, though he had looked into many just far enough to replace absolute unconsciousness of them with positive ignorance. Never having enjoyed the sense of achievement, he was troubled with unsatisfied aspirations which filled him with melancholy,

and convinced him that he was a born artist. His wife found him selfish, peevish, hankering after change, and prone to believe that he was attacked by dangerous diseases when he was only catching cold.

Lady Brandon believed that he understood all the subjects he talked about, because she did not understand them herself. Though she did not know it, she was one of his disappointments. In person she resembled none of the types of beauty striven after by the painters of her age; but she had charms to which few men are insensible. She was tall, soft, and stout; with ample and shapely arms, shoulders, and hips. With her small head, little ears, pretty lips, and roguish eye; she, being a very large creature, presented an immensity of half womanly, half infantine loveliness which smote even grave men with a desire to clasp her in their arms and kiss her. This desire had scattered the desultory intellectual culture of Sir Charles at first sight. His imagination invested her with the taste for the fine arts which he required from a wife; and he married her in her first season, only to discover that the little amativeness which existed in her temperament was so languid that she made all his attempts at fondness ridiculous, and robbed the caresses for which he had longed of all their anticipated ecstasy. Intellectually she fell still further short of his hopes. She not only looked upon his favourite art of painting as a pastime for amateurs, and a branch of the house furnishing trade for professional artists, but she had no sense of being ignorant of the subject, and, when he was discussing it among his friends, would offer her opinion with a presumption which was the more trying as she frequently blundered upon a sound conclusion whilst he was reasoning his way to a hollow one with his utmost subtlety and seriousness. On such occasions her husband's disgust did not trouble her in the least: she triumphed in it. She had concluded that marriage was a greater folly, and men greater fools, than she had supposed; but such beliefs rather lightened her sense of responsibility

than disappointed her; and, as she had plenty of money, plenty of servants, plenty of visitors, and plenty of exercise on horseback, of which she was immoderately fond, her time passed pleasantly enough. Comfort seemed to her the natural order of life: trouble always surprised her. Her husband's friends, who mistrusted every future hour, and found matter for bitter reflection in many past ones, were to her only examples of the power of sedentary habits and excessive reading to make men hipped and dull.

One fine May morning, as she cantered along the avenue at Brandon Beeches on a powerful bay horse, the gates at the end opened, and a young man sped through them on a bicycle. He was of slight frame, with fine dark eyes and delicate nostrils. When he recognised Lady Brandon, he waved his cap; and when they met, he sprang from his inanimate steed, at which the bay horse shied.

"Dont, you silly beast!" she cried, whacking the animal with the butt of her whip. "Though it's natural enough, goodness knows. How d'ye do? The idea of anyone rich enough to afford a horse, riding on a wheel like that!"

"But I am not rich enough to afford a horse," he said, approaching her to pat the bay, having placed the bicycle against a tree. "Besides, I am afraid of horses, not being accustomed to them; and I know nothing about feeding them. My steed needs no food. He doesnt bite, nor kick. He never goes lame, nor sickens, nor dies, nor needs a groom, nor—"

"That's all bosh," said Lady Brandon impetuously. "It stumbles, and gives you the most awful tosses; and it goes lame by its treadles and thingamejigs coming off; and it wears out, and is twice as much trouble to keep clean and scrape the mud off as a horse; and all sorts of things. I think the most ridiculous sight in the world is a man on a velocipede, working away with his feet as hard as he possibly can, and believing that his horse is carrying him instead of, as any fool can see, he carrying the horse. You need not

tell me that it isnt easier to walk in the ordinary way than to drag a great dead iron thing along with you. It's not good sense."

"Nevertheless I can carry it a hundred miles in a day further than I can carry myself alone. Such are the marvels of machinery! But I know that I cut a very poor figure beside you on that magnificent creature—not that anyone will look at me whilst you are by to occupy their attention so much more worthily."

She darted a glance at him which clouded his vision and made his heart beat more strongly. This was an old habit of hers. She kept it up from love of fun, having no idea of the effect it produced on more ardent temperaments than her own. He continued hastily,

"Is Sir Charles withindoors?"

"Oh, it's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life," she exclaimed. "A man who lives by himself in that place down by the Riverside Road, like a toy savings bank—dont you know the things I mean?—called Sallust's House, says that there is a right of way through our new pleasure ground. As if anyone could have any right there after all the money we have spent in fencing it on three sides, building up the wall by the road, levelling, and planting, and draining, and goodness knows what else! And now the man says that all the common people and tramps in the neighbourhood have a right to walk across it because they are too lazy to go round by the road. Sir Charles has gone to see the man about it. Of course he wouldnt do as I wanted him."

"What was that?"

"Write to tell the man to mind his own business, and to say that the first person we found attempting to trespass on our property would be given to the police."

"Then I shall find no one at home—I beg your pardon for calling it so; but it is the only place that is like home to me."

"Yes: it is so comfortable since we built the billiard room, and took away those nasty hangings in the hall. I was ever so long trying to pers—"

She was interrupted by an old labourer, who hobbled up as fast as his rheumatism would allow him, and began to speak without further ceremony than snatching off his cap.

"They have come to the noo grounds, my lady—crowds of 'em. An' a minister with 'em, an' a flag! Sur Chorles he dont know what to say, an' sooch doin's never was."

Lady Brandon turned pale, and pulled at her horse as if to back him out of some danger. Her visitor, puzzled, asked the old man what he meant.

"There's goin' to be a procession through the noo grouns," he replied; "an' the master can't stop 'em. Th'ave throon down the wall: three yards of it is lyin' on Riverside Road. An' there's a minister with 'em, and a flag. An' him that lives in Sallust's House, he's there, hoddin' 'em on."

"Thrown down the wall!" exclaimed Lady Brandon, scarlet with indignation and pale with apprehension by turns. "What a disgraceful thing! Where are the police? Chester, will you come with me and see what they are doing: Sir Charles is no use. Do you think there is any danger?"

"There's two police," said the old man; "an' him that lives at Sallust's dar'd them stop him. They're lookin' on. An' there's a minister among 'em. I see him pullin' away at the wall with his own hands."

"I will go and see the fun," said Chester. (His name in full is Chichester Erskine.)

Lady Brandon hesitated. But her anger and curiosity vanquished her fears. She overtook the bicycle; and they went together through the gates, and round by the highroad to the scene which the old man had described. A heap of bricks and mortar lay in the roadway on each side of a breach in the newly built wall, over which Lady Brandon, from her eminence on horseback, could see, coming towards her across the pleasure ground, a column of persons march-

ing three abreast. They marched in good order and in silence: the expression of all except a few mirthful faces being that of devotees fulfilling a rite. The gravity of the procession was deepened by the appearance of a clergyman in its ranks, which were composed of men of the middle class, and a few workmen carrying a banner inscribed THE SOIL OF ENGLAND THE BIRTHRIGHT OF ALL HER PEOPLE. There were also four women, upon whom Lady Brandon looked with intense indignation and contempt. None of the men of the neighbourhood had dared to join: they stood in the road whispering, and occasionally venturing to laugh at the jests of a couple of tramps who had stopped to see the fun, and who cared nothing for Sir Charles.

He, standing a little way within the field, with a little knot of his servants behind him, was remonstrating angrily with a man of his own class, who stood with his back to the breach, his hands in the pocket of his snuff-coloured clothes, contemplating the procession with elate satisfaction. Lady Brandon, at once suspecting that this was the man from Sallust's House, and encouraged by the loyalty of the crowd, most of whom made way for her and touched their hats, hit the bay horse smartly with her whip, and rode him, with a clatter of hoofs and scattering of clods, right at the snuff-coloured enemy, who had to spring hastily aside to avoid her. There was a roar of laughter from the roadway, and the man turned sharply on her. But he suddenly smiled affably; replaced his hands in his pockets after raising his hat; and said:—

"How do you do, Miss Carpenter? I thought you were a charge of cavalry."

"I am not Miss Carpenter: I am Lady Brandon; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Smilash, if it is you who have brought these disgraceful people here."

His eyes as he replied were eloquent with reproach to her for being no longer Miss Carpenter. "I am not Smilash," he said: "I am Sidney Trefusis. I have just had

the pleasure of meeting Sir Charles for the first time; and we shall be the best friends possible when I have convinced him that it is hardly fair to seize on a path belonging to the people, and compel them to walk a mile and a half round his estate instead of four hundred yards between two portions of it."

"I have already told you, sir," said Sir Charles, flushed with annoyance, which the arrival of his wife had deepened, "that I intend to open a still shorter path, and to allow all the well-conducted work-people to pass through twice a day. This will enable them to go to their work and return from it; and I will be at the cost of keeping the path in repair."

"Thank you," said Trefusis drily; "but why should we trouble you when we have a path of our own which we may use fifty times a day if we choose, without any man barring our way until our conduct happens to please him. Besides, your next heir would probably shut the path up the moment he came into possession."

"Offering them a path is just what makes them impudent," said Lady Brandon to her husband. "Why did you promise them anything? They would not think it a hardship to walk a mile and a half, or twenty miles, to a public-house; but when they go to their work they think it dreadful to have to walk a yard. Perhaps they would like us to lend them the waggonette to drive in."

"I have no doubt they would," said Trefusis, beaming at her.

"Pray leave me to manage this, Jane: this is no place for you. Bring Erskine to the house. He must be——"

"Why dont the police make them go away?" said Lady Brandon, too excited to listen to her husband.

"Hush, Jane, pray. What can these men do against thirty or forty?"

"They ought to take up somebody, as an example to the rest."

"They have offered, in the handsomest manner, to arrest me if Sir Charles will give me in charge," said Trefusis.

"There!" said Lady Jane, turning to her husband. "Why dont you give him—or someone—in charge?"

"You know nothing about it," said Sir Charles, much vexed; for he felt that she was making him publicly ridiculous.

"If you dont, I will," she persisted. "The idea of having our ground broken into, and our new wall knocked down! A nice state of things it would be if people were allowed to do as they liked with other people's property. I will give every one of them into charge."

"Would you consign me to a dungeon?" said Trefusis, in melancholy tones.

"I dont mean you exactly," she said, relenting. "But I will give that clergyman into charge, because he ought to know better, and he is the ringleader of the whole thing."

"He will be delighted, Lady Brandon: he pines for martyrdom. But will you really give him into custody?"

"I will," she said vehemently, emphasizing the assurance by a plunge in the saddle which made the bay stagger.

"On what charge?" he said, patting the horse, and looking up at her.

"I dont care what charge," she declared, conscious that she was being admired, and not displeased. "Let them take him up—that's all."

Human beings on horseback are so far centaurs that liberties taken with their horses are almost as personal as liberties taken with themselves. When Sir Charles saw Trefusis patting the bay, he felt as much outraged as if Lady Brandon herself were being patted; and he felt bitterly towards her for permitting the familiarity. He was relieved by the arrival of the procession. It halted as the leaders came up to Trefusis, who said gravely,

"Gentlemen, I congratulate you on the firmness with which you have this day asserted the rights of the people of this place to the use of one of the few scraps of mother earth of which they have not been despoiled."

"Gentlemen," shouted an excited member of the procession;

"three cheers for the restitution of the land of England to the people of England! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The cheers were given with much spirit, Sir Charles's cheeks becoming redder at each repetition. He looked with special indignation at the clergyman, now rudely distracted by the charms of Lady Brandon, whose scorn, as she surveyed the crowd, expressed itself by a pout which became her pretty lips extremely.

Then a middle-aged labourer stepped from the road into the field, hat in hand; ducked respectfully; and said, "Look 'e here, Sir Charles. Dont 'e mind them fellers. There ain't a man belonging to this neighbourhood among 'em—not one in your employ or on your land. Our dooty to you and your ladyship; and we will trust to you to do what is fair by us. We want no interlopers from Lunnon to get us into trouble with your honour; and—"

"You unmitigated cur," exclaimed Trefusis fiercely, "what right have you to make the liberty of your unborn children a present to his unborn children?"

"They're not unborn," said Lady Brandon indignantly. "That just shows how little you know about it."

"No, nor mine either," said the man, emboldened by her ladyship's support. "And who are you that call me a cur?"

"Who am I? I am a rich man—one of your masters, and privileged to call you what I please. You are a grovelling famine-broken slave. Now go and seek redress against me from the law. I can buy law enough to ruin you for less money than it would cost me to shoot deer in Scotland or vermin here. How do you like that state of things? Eh?"

The man was taken aback. "Sir Charles will stand by me," he said, after a pause, with assumed confidence, but with an anxious glance at the baronet.

"If he does so after witnessing the return you have made to me for standing by you, he is a greater fool than I take him for."

"Gently, gently," said the clergyman. "There is much excuse to be made for the poor fellow."

"As gently as you please with any man that is a free man at heart," said Trefusis; "but slaves must be driven; and this fellow is a slave to the marrow?"

"Still, we must be patient. He does not know—"

"He knows a great deal better than you," said Lady Brandon, interrupting. "And the more shame for you, because you ought to know best: I suppose you were educated somewhere. You will not be so satisfied with yourself when your bishop hears of this. Yes," she added, turning to Trefusis with an infantile air of wanting to cry and being forced to laugh against her will; "you may laugh as much as you please—dont trouble to pretend that it's only coughing—but we will write to his bishop, as he shall find to his cost."

"Hold your tongue, Jane, for God's sake," said Sir Charles, taking her horse by the bridle, and backing him from Trefusis.

"I will not. If you choose to stand there and allow them to walk away with the walls in their pockets, I dont and wont. Why cannot you make the police do something?"

"They can do nothing," said Sir Charles, almost beside himself with humiliation. "I cannot do anything until I see my solicitor. How can you bear to stay here wrangling with these fellows? It is so undignified!"

"It's all very well to talk of dignity; but I dont see the dignity of letting people trample on our grounds without leave. Mr. Smilash, will you make them all go away, and tell them that they shall all be prosecuted and put in prison."

"They are going to the cross roads, to hold a public meeting and—of course—make speeches. I am desired to say that they deeply regret that their demonstration should have disturbed you personally, Lady Brandon."

"So they ought," she replied. "They dont look very

sorry. They are getting frightened at what they have done, and would be glad to escape the consequences by apologizing, most likely. But they shant. I am not such a fool as they think."

"They dont think so. You have proved the contrary."

"Jane," said Sir Charles pettishly; "do you know this gentleman?"

"I should think I do," said Lady Brandon emphatically.

Trefusis bowed as if he had just been formally introduced to the baronet, who, against his will, returned the salutation stiffly, unable to ignore an older, firmer, and quicker man under the circumstances.

"This seems an unneighbourly business, Sir Charles," said Trefusis, quite at his ease; "but as it is entirely a public question, it need not prejudice our private relations. At least I hope not."

Sir Charles bowed again, with a little additional stiffness.

"I am myself, like you, a capitalist and landlord—"

"—which it seems to me you have no right to be, if you are in earnest," struck in Erskine, who had been watching the scene in silence by Sir Charles's side.

"Which, as you say, I have undoubtedly no right to be," said Trefusis, surveying Erskine with interest; "but which I nevertheless cannot help being. Have I the pleasure of speaking to the author of a tragedy entitled "The Patriot Martyrs," dedicated to the Spirit of Liberty and to half a dozen famous upholders of that principle, and expressing his own enthusiastic devotion to it, besides denouncing in forcible language the tyranny of the late Tsar of Russia, Bomba of Naples, and Napoleon the third?"

"Yes, sir," said Erskine, reddening; for he felt that his drama might seem ridiculous from this description to those who had not read it.

"Then," said Trefusis, extending his hand—Erskine at

first thought for a hearty shake—"give me half a crown towards the cost of our expedition here to-day to assert the right of the people to tread the soil we are standing upon."

"You shall do nothing of the sort, Chester," cried Lady Brandon. "I never heard of such a thing in my life! Do *you* pay us for the wall and the fence your people have broken, Mr. Smilash:—that will be more to the purpose."

"If I could find a thousand men as practical as you, Lady Brandon, I might accomplish the next great revolution before the end of this season." He looked at her for a moment curiously, as if trying to remember; and then added inconsequently, "How are all your friends? There was a Miss—Miss—I am afraid I have forgotten all the names except your own."

"Gertrude Lindsay is staying with us. Do you remember her?"

"I think—no, I am afraid I do not. Let me see. Was she a haughty young lady?"

"Yes," said Lady Brandon eagerly, forgetting the wall and fence. "But who do you think is coming next Thursday?—I met her accidentally the last time I was in town. She's not a bit changed. You cant forget her; so dont pretend to be puzzled."

"You have not told me who she is yet. And I shall probably not remember her. You must not expect me to recognise everyone instantaneously, as I recognised you."

"What stuff! You will know Agatha fast enough."

"Agatha Wylie!" he said, with sudden gravity.

"Yes. She is coming on Thursday. Are you glad?"

"I fear I shall have no opportunity of seeing her."

"Oh, of course you must see her. It will be so jolly for us all to meet again just as we used. Why cant you come to lunch on Thursday?"

"I shall be delighted, if you will really allow me to come after my conduct here."

"The lawyers will settle that. Now that you have found

out who we are, you will stop pulling down our walls, of course?"

"Of course," said Trefusis, smiling, as he took out a pocket diary and entered the engagement. "Now I must hurry away to the cross roads. They have probably voted me into the chair by this time, and are waiting for me to open their meeting. Goodbye. You have made this place, which I was growing tired of, unexpectedly interesting to me."

They exchanged glances of the old college pattern. Then he nodded to Sir Charles; waved his hand familiarly to Erskine; and walked away in the direction taken by the procession, which had long since disappeared.

Sir Charles, who had been for some minutes waiting to speak, and had been repeatedly baffled by the hasty speeches of his wife, and the unhesitating replies of Trefusis, now turned angrily upon her, saying,

"What do you mean by inviting that fellow to my house?'

"*Your* house, indeed," she said, reddening. "I will invite whom I please. You are getting into one of your tempers."

Sir Charles looked about him. Erskine had discreetly slipped away, and was in the road, tightening a screw in his velocipede. The few persons who remained were out of earshot.

"Who and what the devil is he; and how do you come to know him?" he demanded. He never swore in the presence of any lady except his wife, and then only when they were alone.

"He is a gentleman, which is more than you are," she retorted, and, with a cut of her whip which narrowly missed her husband's shoulder, sent the bay plunging through the gap.

"Come along," she said to Erskine. "We shall be late for lunch."

"Had we not better wait for Sir Charles?" he asked, injudiciously.

"Never mind Sir Charles: he is in the sulks." she said,

without abating her voice. "Come along." And she went off at a canter; Erskine following her with a misgiving that his visit was unfortunately timed.

CHAPTER II.

On the following Thursday, Gertrude, Agatha, and Jane met for the first time since they had parted at Alton College. Agatha was the shyest of the three. Though externally the least changed, her judgment of herself had so altered in maturing that she fancied that she was a very different person to the Agatha of Alton. Expecting to find a corresponding alteration in her friends, she had looked forward to the meeting with much doubt, and little hope of its proving very pleasant.

She was more anxious about Gertrude than about Jane, with whom she had had a brief interview in London, when she had discovered that Lady Brandon's manner, mind, and speech, were just what Miss Carpenter's had been. But even from Agatha Jane commanded more respect than before, having changed from an overgrown girl into a fine woman, and made a brilliant match in her first season, whilst many of her pretty, proud, and clever contemporaries, whom she had envied at school, were still unmarried, and were having their homes made uncomfortable to them by parents anxious to get rid of the burthen of supporting them, or to profit in purse or position by their marriages.

This was Gertrude's case. Like Agatha, she had thrown away her matrimonial opportunities, but in a different spirit. Proud of her rank and of her exclusiveness, she had resolved to have as little as possible to do with persons who did not share both with her. She began by repulsing the proffered acquaintance of many families of great wealth and fashion, who either did not know their grandparents or were ashamed of them. Having shut herself out of their circle, she was

presented at court, and thenceforth accepted the invitations of those only who had, in her opinion, a right to the same honour. She was well educated; refined in her manners and habits; conversant with etiquette to an extent irritating to the ignorant; and gifted with a delicate complexion, pearly teeth, and a face that would have been Grecian but for a slight upward tilt of the nose, and traces of a square, heavy type in the formation of the jaw. Her father was a retired admiral, with sufficient influence to have had a sinecure made by a Conservative Government expressly for the maintenance of his son pending his alliance with some heiress. Yet Gertrude remained single; and the admiral, who had formerly spent more money than he could comfortably afford on her education, and was still doing so upon her state and personal adornment, was complaining so unpleasantly of her failure to get herself taken off his hands, that she could hardly bear to live at home, and was ready to marry anyone, however unsuitable his age or character, who would relieve her from her humiliating dependence, provided only that he should not be of base birth. She was prepared to sacrifice her natural desire for youth, beauty, and virtue in a husband if she could escape from her parents on no cheaper terms; but she was resolved to die an old maid sooner than marry an upstart.

The difficulty in her way was pecuniary. The admiral was poor. He had not quite six thousand a year; and though he practised the utmost economy in order to keep up the most expensive habits, he could not afford to give his daughter a dowry. Now, the well-born bachelors of her set, having as much blue blood as they wanted, but much less wealth than they needed, admired her, paid her compliments, and danced with her; but they could not afford to marry her. Some of them even told her so; married rich daughters of tea merchants, ironfounders, or successful stockbrokers; and then tried to make matches between her and their base-born brothers-in-law.

So, when Gertrude met Lady Brandon, her lot in life was secretly a wretched one, and she was glad to accept an invitation to Brandon Beeches in order to escape for a while from the Admiral's daily sarcasms on the marriage list in the *Times*. The invitation was the more acceptable because Sir Charles was no mushroom noble; and in the school days which were now remembered as the happiest of Gertrude's life, she had acknowledged that Jane's family and connexions were more aristocratic than those of any other student, herself accepted, then at Alton. To Agatha, whose grandfather had amassed wealth as the proprietor of gas-works (novelties in his time), she had never offered her intimacy. Agatha had taken it by force, partly moral, partly physical. But the remembrance of the gasworks remained; and when Lady Brandon told Gertrude, as a piece of delightful news, that she had found out their old school companion, and had asked her to join them, Gertrude was not quite pleased. Yet, when they met, her eyes were the only wet ones there; for she was the least happy of the three; and, though she did not know it, her spirit was somewhat broken. Agatha, she thought, had lost the bloom of girlhood, but was bolder, stronger, and cleverer than before. In truth, Agatha had summoned all her self-possession to hide her shyness. She detected the emotion of Gertrude, who at the last moment did not try to conceal it, and would have poured it out freely in words, had her social training taught her to express her feelings as well as it accustomed her to dissemble them. During the first hour, which was spent in driving from the railway station to Brandon Beeches, Jane helped to break the ice.

"Do you remember Miss Wilson?" she said. "Do you remember Mrs. Miller, and her cat? Do you remember the Recording Angel? Do you remember how I fell into the canal?"

These reminiscences lasted until they reached the house and went together to Agatha's room. Here ane, having

some orders to give in the household, had to leave them for a while. She did so reluctantly; for she was jealous lest Gertrude should get the start of her in the renewal of Agatha's affection. She even tried to take her rival away with her; but in vain: Gertrude would not budge.

"What a beautiful house, and a splendid place!" said Agatha, when Jane was gone. "And what a nice fellow Sir Charles is! We used to laugh at Jane; but she can afford to laugh at the luckiest of us now. I always said that she would blunder into the best of everything. Is it true that she married in her first season?"

"Yes. And Sir Charles is a man of great culture. I cannot understand it. Her size is really beyond everything; and her manners are bad."

"Humph!" said Agatha, with a wise air. "There was always something about Jane that attracted men. And she is more knave than fool. But she is certainly a great ass."

Gertrude looked serious, as if to imply that she had grown out of the habit of using or listening to such language. Agatha, stimulated by this, continued,

"Here are you and I, who consider ourselves twice as presentable and conversable as she, two old maids." Gertrude winced; and Agatha hastened to add, "Why, as for you, you are perfectly lovely! And she has asked us down expressly to marry us!"

"She would not presume—"

"Nonsense, my dear Gertrude. She thinks that we are a couple of fools who have mismanaged our own business; and that she, having managed so well for herself, can settle us in a jiffy. Come, did she not say to you, before I came, that it was time for me to be getting married?"

"Well, she did. But—"

"She said exactly the same thing to me about you when she invited me."

"I would leave her house this moment," said Gertrude, "if

I thought that she dared meddle in my affairs. What is it to her whether I am married or not?"

"Where have you been living all these years, if you do not know that the very first thing a woman wants to do, when she has made a good match, is to make ones for all her spinster friends. Jane does not mean any harm. She does it out of pure benevolence."

"I do not need Jane's benevolence."

"Neither do I; but it doesnt do any harm; and she is welcome to amuse herself by trotting out her male acquaintances for my approval. Hush! Here she comes."

Gertrude subsided. She could not quarrel with Lady Brandon without leaving the house; and she could not leave the house without returning to her home. But she privately resolved to discourage the attentions of Erskine, suspecting that, instead of being in love with her as he pretended, he had merely been recommended by Jane to marry her.

Chichester Erskine had made sketches in Palestine with Sir Charles, and had tramped with him through many European picture galleries. He was a young man of gentle birth, and had inherited fifteen hundred a year from his mother: the bulk of the family property having gone to his elder brother. He had no profession, but, being fond of books and pictures, had devoted himself to fine art, a pursuit which offered him on the cheapest terms a high opinion of the beauty and capacity of his own nature. He had published a tragedy entitled, "The Patriot Martyrs," with an etched frontispiece by Sir Charles; and an edition of it had been speedily disposed of in presentations to the friends of the artist and poet, and to the reviews and newspapers. Sir Charles had asked an eminent tragedian of his acquaintance to place the work on the stage and to enact one of the patriot martyrs. But the tragedian had objected that the other patriot martyrs had parts of equal importance to that proposed for him. Erskine had indignantly refused to cut these parts out; and so the project had fallen through.

Since then, Erskine had been on the point of writing another drama without regard to the exigencies of the stage; but he had not yet actually begun it, in consequence of his inspiration coming upon him at inconvenient hours, chiefly late at night, when he had been drinking, and had leisure for sonnets only. The morning air and bicycle riding were fatal to the vein in which his poetry struck him as being worth writing.

But the drama was now in a fair way to be written. It was to be entitled "Hypatia"; and the poet had lately met and fallen in love with Gertrude Lindsay, whose almost Grecian features, and the smattering of conic sections she had picked up at Alton, helped him to embody in her the heroine of his drama.

When the ladies came downstairs, they found their host and Erskine in the picture gallery, famous in the neighbourhood for the sum it had cost Sir Charles. There was a new etching to be admired; and they were called on to observe what the baronet called its tones, and what Agatha would have called its various degrees of smudginess. Sir Charles's attention often wandered from this work of art. He looked at his watch twice, and said to his wife,

"I have ordered them to be punctual with our lunch."

"Oh yes, it's all right," said Lady Brandon, who had given orders that luncheon was not to be served until the arrival of another gentleman. "Show Agatha the picture of the man in the—"

"Mr. Trefusis," said a servant.

Mr. Trefusis entered, exasperatingly unconscious of any occasion for ceremony; coat unbuttoned and attention unconstrained.

"Here you are at last," said Lady Brandon. "You know everybody, dont you?"

"How do you do?" said Sir Charles, offering his hand as a severe expression of his duty to his wife's guest, who took it cordially; nodded to Erskine; looked without recognition

at Gertrude, whose frosty stillness repudiated Lady Brandon's assertion that the stranger was acquainted with her ; and transferred his gaze to Agatha, to whom he bowed. She made no sign : she was paralysed. Lady Brandon reddened with anger. Sir Charles noted his guest's reception with secret satisfaction, but felt a share of the embarrassment which oppressed all present except Trefusis, who seemed perfectly indifferent and assured, and unconsciously produced an impression that the others had not been equal to the occasion, as indeed they had not.

" We were looking at some etchings as you came in," said Sir Charles, hastening to break the silence. " Do you care for such things ? " And he handed him a proof.

Trefusis looked at it as if he had never seen such a thing before, and did not quite know what to make of it. " All these scratches seem to me to have no meaning," he said dubiously.

Sir Charles stole a contemptuous smile and significant glance at Erskine. He, seized already with an instinctive antipathy to Trefusis, said emphatically,

" There is not one of those scratches that has not a meaning."

" That one, for instance, like the limb of a daddy-long-legs ! What does that mean? "

Erskine hesitated a moment ; recovered himself ; and said " Obviously enough—to me at least—it indicates the marking of the roadway."

" Not a bit of it," said Trefusis. " There never was such a mark as that on a road. It might be a very bad attempt at a briar ; but briars dont straggle into the middle of roads so frequented as that one seems to be—judging by those overdone ruts." He put the etching away, showing no disposition to look further into the portfolio ; and remarked, " The only art that interests me is photography."

Erskine and Sir Charles again exchanged glances ; and the former said,

"Photography is not an art in the sense in which I understand the term. It is a process."

"And a much less troublesome and more perfect process than that," said Trefusis, pointing to the etching. "The artists are sticking to the old barbarous, difficult, and imperfect processes of etching and portrait painting merely to keep up the value of their monopoly of the required skill. They have left the new, more complexly organized, and more perfect, yet simple and beautiful method of photography in the hands of tradesmen, sneering at it publicly, and resorting to its aid surreptitiously. The result is that the tradesmen are becoming better artists than they; and naturally so; for where, as in photography, the drawing counts for nothing, the thought and judgment count for everything; whereas in the old etching and daubing processes, where great technical skill is needed to produce anything that the eye can endure, the execution counts for more than the thought; and, if a fellow only fit to carry bricks up a ladder or the like has ambition and perseverance enough to train his hand and push into the van, you cannot afford to put him back into his proper place, because thoroughly trained hands are so scarce. Consider the proof of this that you have in literature. Our books are technically the work of printers and papermakers: you may cut an author's hand off, and he is as good an author as before. What is the result? There is more imagination in any number of a penny journal than in half-a-dozen of the Royal Academy rooms in the season. No author can live by his work and be as empty-headed as an average successful painter. Again, consider our implements of music—our pianofortes, for example. Nobody but an acrobat will voluntarily spend years at such a difficult mechanical puzzle as the keyboard; and so we have to take our impressions of Beethoven's sonatas from acrobats, who vie with each other in the rapidity of their *prestos*, or the staying power of their left wrists. Thoughtful men will not spend their lives acquiring sleight-of-hand. Invent a piano which will respond as

delicately to the turning of a handle as our present ones do to the pressure of the fingers, and the acrobats will be driven back to their carpets and trapezes; the sole faculty necessary to the executant musician will be the musical faculty; and no other will enable him to obtain a hearing."

The company were somewhat overcome by this unexpected lecture. Sir Charles felt that such views bore adversely on him personally, and were in the abstract iconoclastic and low-lived. He was about to make a peevish retort, when Erskine forestalled him by asking Trefusis what idea he had formed of the future of the arts. He replied promptly,

"Photography perfected in its recently discovered power of reproducing colour as well as form! Artists training, grouping, and posing fine actors and actresses into *tableaux vivants*; and photographing them! Nine-tenths of painting as we understand it at present extinguished by the competition of these photographs; and the remaining one-tenth only holding its own against them by dint of extraordinary excellence! Our mis-tuned and un-playable organs and pianofortes replaced by harmonious instruments, as manageable as barrel-organs! Works of fiction blotted out by the competition of good company and conversation, and by the growth of the human mind out of the childishness which delights in the tales told by grown-up children such as novelists and their like! Every artist an amateur; and a consequent return to the healthy old disposition to look on every man who makes art a means of money-getting as a vagabond not to be entertained as an equal by honest men!"

"In which case artists will starve; and there will be no more art."

"Sir," said Trefusis, excited by the word, "I, as a Socialist, can tell you that starvation is now *impossible*, except where food is stolen from those who produce it. And you, as an artist, can tell me that at present great artists invariably do starve, except when they are kept alive by charity, private

fortune, or some drudgery which hinders them in the pursuit of their vocation."

"Oh!" said Erskine. "Then Socialists have some little sympathy with artists after all."

"I fear," said Trefusis, repressing his energy and speaking quietly again, "that when a Socialist hears of a thousand pounds being paid for a drawing which Andrea del Sarto was glad to sell for tenpence, his heart is not wrung with pity for the artist's imaginary loss, as that of a modern capitalist is. Yet that is the only way nowadays of enlisting sympathy for the old masters. Frightful disability, to be out of reach of the dearest market when you want to sell your drawings! But," he added, giving himself a shake, and turning round gaily, "I did not come here to talk Socialism—to talk shop. Besides, what nonsense it is! We are all Socialists. Individualism began and ended with Robinson Crusoe. The only true Anarchists are the suicides. So let us be social."

"No," said Jane. "Please go on about Art. It's such a relief to hear anyone talking sensibly about it. I hate etching. It makes your eyes sore—at least the acid gets into Sir Charles's; and the difference between the first and second states is nothing but imagination, except that the last state is worse than the—here's lunch at last."

They went downstairs then. Trefusis sat between Agatha and Lady Brandon, to whom he addressed all his conversation. They chatted without much interruption from the business of the table; for Jane, despite her ample proportions, had a small appetite, and was so fearful of growing fat that she indulged it sparingly; whilst Trefusis was systematically abstemious. Sir Charles was unusually silent. He was afraid to talk about art, lest he should be contradicted by Trefusis, who, he already felt, cared less and perhaps knew more about it than he. Having previously asked Agatha whether her journey had fatigued her, and commented on the beauty of the ripening spring, he had said as much as he could think of at a first meeting, and so did little to entertain her. For her

part, she was intent on Trefusis, who, though he must know, she thought, that they were all hostile to him except Jane, seemed as confident now as when he had befooled her long ago. That thought set her teeth on edge. She did not doubt the sincerity of her hatred for him even when she detected herself in the act of protesting inwardly that she was not glad to meet him again, and that she would not speak to him. Gertrude, meanwhile, was giving short answers to Erskine, and listening to Trefusis. She had gathered from the domestic squabbles of the last few days that Lady Brandon, against her husband's will, had invited a notorious demagogue, the rich son of a successful cotton spinner, to visit the Beeches. She had made up her mind to snub him accordingly. But on recognizing in him the long-forgotten Smilash, she had been astonished, and had not known what to do. So, lest she should have done anything improper, she had stood stiffly silent and done nothing, as the custom of English ladies in such cases is. Subsequently his unconscious force of self-assertion had wrought with her as it had done with the others; and her intention of snubbing him had faded into the limbo of projects abandoned without trial. Erskine alone was free from the influence of the intruder. He wished him elsewhere; but beside Gertrude the presence or absence of any other person troubled him very little.

"How are the Janseniuses?" said Trefusis, suddenly turning to Agatha.

"They are quite well, thank you," she said in measured tones.

"I met John Jansenius in the city lately. You know Jansenius?" he added parenthetically to Sir Charles, "—the Chairman of the Transcanadian Railway Company."

"I know the name. I am seldom in the city."

"Naturally," assented Trefusis; "for who would sadden himself by pushing his way through a crowd of slaves, if he could help it? I mean slaves of Mammon, of course. Their

faces are enough to blight a thoughtful man for hours after he walks through Cornhill. Well, Jansenius being high in the court of Mammon, is looking out for a good post in the household for his son. Jansenius, by the by, is Miss Wylie's guardian, and the father of my late wife."

Agatha felt unaccountably inclined to deny this; but, as it was true, she had to forbear. Yet she resolved to shew that the relations between her family and Trefusis were not cordial ones. "Did Mr. Jansenius speak to you?" she asked, deliberately.

Gertrude looked up, as if she thought this scarcely ladylike.

"Yes," said Trefusis. "We are the best friends in the world—as good as possible, at any rate. He wanted me to subscribe to a fund for relieving the poor at the east end of London by assisting them to emigrate."

"I presume you subscribed liberally," said Erskine. "It was an opportunity of doing some *practical* good."

"I did not," said Trefusis, grinning at the sarcasm. "This Transcanadian Railway Company, having got a great deal of spare land from the Canadian government for nothing, thought it would be a good idea to settle British workmen on it and screw rent out of them. As the British workmen couldnt afford to pay their passages to Canada, the Company appealed to the benevolent to pay for them by subscription, as the change would improve their miserable condition. I did not see why I should pay to provide a rich company with tenant farmers at the expense of British industry; and I told Jansenius so. He remarked that when money and not talk was required, the workmen of England soon found out who were their real friends."

"I know nothing about these questions," said Sir Charles, with an air of conclusiveness; "but I see no objection to emigration."

"The fact is," said Trefusis, "that I am so helplessly dependent on the workmen for food, clothing, lodging, and, in short, the supply of my first necessities, that I cannot afford

to send them out of the country. Besides, the idea of emigration is a dangerous one for us. Familiarize the workman with it, and some day he may come to see what a capital thing it would be to pack off me, and you, and the peerage, and the whole tribe of unprofitable monopolists such as we are, to St. Helena: making us a handsome present of the island by way of indemnity! We are such a restless, unhappy lot, that I doubt whether it would not prove a good thing for us too. They might pick out a few of us to keep for ornament's sake. No nation with a sense of beauty would banish Lady Brandon, or Miss Lindsay, or Miss Wylie."

"Such nonsense!" said Jane, not perceiving that there was a dash of scorn in the compliment.

"You would hardly believe how much I have spent in sending workmen out of the country against my own conviction of the country's interest," continued Trefusis, addressing Erskine. "When I make a convert among the working classes, the first thing he does is to make a speech somewhere declaring his new views. His employer immediately discharges him—'gives him the sack' is the technical phrase. The sack is the sword of the capitalist, and hunger keeps it sharp for him. His shield is the law, made for the purpose by his own class. Thus equipped, he gives the worst of it to my poor convert, who comes to me and tells me that he is ruined. As I cannot afford to pension him for life, I get rid of him by assisting him to emigrate. Sometimes he prospers and repays me: sometimes I hear no more of him: sometimes he comes back with his habits unsettled. One man whom I sent to America made his fortune; but he was not a social democrat: he was a clerk who had embezzled, and who applied to me for assistance under the impression that I considered it rather meritorious to rob the till of a capitalist."

"He was a practical Communist, in fact," said Erskine.

"On the contrary, he was a somewhat too grasping Individualist. Howbeit, I enabled him to make good his

defalcation—in the city they consider a defalcation *made good* when the money is replaced—and to go to New York. I recommended him not to go there; but he knew better than I, for he made a fortune by speculating with borrowed money, or perhaps with money that only existed in the imagination of those with whom he had to deal. He never repaid me. He is probably far too good a man of business to pay money that cannot be extracted from him by an appeal to the law or to his commercial credit. Mr. Erskine," added Trefusis, lowering his voice, and turning gravely to the poet; "you are wrong to take part with hucksters and money hunters against your own nature, even though the attack against them is led by a man who prefers photography to etching."

"But I assure you—You quite mistake me," said Erskine, taken aback. "I——" He stopped; looked to Sir Charles for support; and then said airily, "I dont doubt that you are quite right. I hate business and men of business; and as to social questions, I have only one article of belief, which is, that the sole refiner of human nature is fine art."

"Whereas I believe that the sole refiner of art is human nature. Art rises when men rise, and grovels when men grovel. What is your opinion?"

"I agree with you in many ways," replied Sir Charles nervously; for a want of interest in his fellow-creatures, and an excess of interest in himself, had prevented him from obtaining that power of dealing with social questions which, he felt, a baronet ought to possess; and he was consequently afraid to differ from anyone who alluded to them with confidence. "If you take an interest in art, I believe I can shew you a few things worth seeing."

"Thank you. In return I will some day shew you a remarkable collection of photographs which I possess, many of them taken by me. Meanwhile, your art treasures will divert us from my hobby. Socialism is interesting to most people because it is fresh to them, and has an exciting promise of change about it; but to me it is stale and full of difficulties."

"No doubt," said Sir Charles, relieved. "I propose, then, that we return to the gallery. I think I can shew you something that photography is not likely to surpass for some time yet."

"Let's go through the conservatory," said Jane, "Dont you like flowers, Mr. Smi—— I never can remember your proper name."

"Extremely," said Trefusis.

They rose, and went out into a long hothouse. Here Lady Brandon, finding Erskine at her side, and Sir Charles before her with Gertrude, looked round for Trefusis, with whom she had intended to enjoy a trifling flirtation under cover of shewing him the flowers. He was out of sight; but she heard his footsteps in the passage at the other side of the greenhouse. Agatha was also invisible. Jane dared not attempt to re-arrange their procession, lest her design should become obvious; and she had to walk on discontentedly with Erskine.

Agatha had turned, without knowing it, into the opposite alley to that which the others had chosen. When she saw what she had done, and found herself virtually alone with Trefusis, who had followed her, she blamed him for it, and was about to retrace her steps when he said coolly,

"Were you shocked when you heard of Henrietta's sudden death?"

Agatha struggled with herself for a moment, and then said in a suppressed voice, "How dare you speak to me?"

"Why not?" said he, astonished.

"I am not going to enter into a discussion with you. You know what I mean very well."

"You mean that you are offended with me: that is plain enough. But when I part from a young lady on good terms; and, after a lapse of years, during which we neither meet nor correspond, she asks me how I dare speak to her, I am naturally startled."

"We did not part on good terms."

Trefusis stretched his eyebrows, as if to stretch his

memory. "If not," he said, "I have forgotten it, on my honor. When did we part, and what happened? It cannot have been anything very serious or I should remember it."

His forgetfulness wounded Agatha. "No doubt you are well accustomed to——" She checked herself, and made a successful snatch to recover her normal manner with gentlemen. "I scarcely remember what it was, now that I begin to think. Some trifle, I suppose. Do you like orchids?"

"They have nothing to do with our affairs at present. You are not in earnest about the orchids; and you are trying to run away from a misunderstanding instead of clearing it up. That is a short-sighted policy, always."

Agatha grew alarmed, for she felt his old influence over her returning. "I do not wish to speak of it," she said firmly.

Her firmness was lost on him. "I do not even know what *it* means yet;" he said, "and I want to know; for I believe there is some misunderstanding between us; and it is the trick of your sex to perpetuate misunderstandings by forbidding all allusions to them. Perhaps, leaving Lyvern so hastily, I forgot to fulfil some promise, or to say farewell, or something of that sort. But do you know how suddenly I was called away? I got a telegram to say that Henrietta was dying; had only bare time to change my clothes—you remember my disguise—and catch the express; and, after all, she was dead when I arrived."

"I know that," said Agatha uneasily. "Please say no more about it."

"Not if it distresses you. Just let me hope that you did not suppose that I blamed you for your share in the matter, or that I told the Janseniuses of it. I did not. Yes, I like orchids. A plant that can subsist on a scrap of board is an instance of natural econ——"

"You blame me!" cried Agatha. "*I* never told the Janseniuses. What would they have thought of you if I had?"

"Far worse of you than of me, however unjustly so. You

were the immediate cause of the tragedy; I only the remote one. Jansenius is not long sighted when his feelings are touched. Few men are."

"I dont understand you in the least. What tragedy do you mean?"

"Henrietta's death. I call it a tragedy conventionally. Seriously, of course, it was commonplace enough."

Agatha stopped and faced him. "What do you mean by what you said just now? You said that I was the immediate cause of the tragedy; and you say that you were talking of Henrietta's—of Henrietta. I had nothing to do with her illness."

Trefusis looked at her as if considering whether he would go any further. Then, watching her with the curiosity of a vivisector, he said, "Strange to say, Agatha," (she shrank proudly at the word) "Henrietta might have been alive now, but for you. I am very glad she is not; so you need not reproach yourself on my account. She died of a journey she made to Lyvern in great excitement and distress, and in intensely cold weather. You caused her to make that journey by writing her a letter which made her jealous."

"Do you mean to accuse me——"

"No, stop!" he said hastily, the vivisecting spirit in him exorcised by her shaking voice: "I accuse you of nothing. Why the devil do you not speak honestly to me when you are at your ease? If your real thoughts are only confessed under torture, who can resist the temptation to torture you? One must charge you with homicide to make you speak of anything better than orchids."

But Agatha had drawn the new inference from the old facts, and was not to be talked out of repudiating it. "It was not my fault," she said. "It was yours—altogether yours."

"Altogether," he assented, relieved to find her indignant instead of remorseful.

She would not be soothed by a verbal acquiescence. "Your

behaviour was most unmanly; and I told you so; and you could not deny it," she said. "You pretended that you—you pretended to have feelings—you tried to make me believe that—— Oh, I am a fool to talk to you: you know perfectly well what I mean."

"Perfectly. I tried to make you believe that I was in love with you. How do you know that I was not?"

She disdained to answer; but as he waited calmly she said, "You had no right to be."

"That does not prove that I was not. Come, Agatha, you pretended to like me when you did not care two straws about me. You confessed as much in that fatal letter, which I have somewhere at home. It has a great rent right across it; and the mark of her heel: she must have stamped on it in her rage, poor girl! So that I can show your own hand for the very deception you accused me—without proof—of having practised on you."

"You are clever, and can twist things. What pleasure does it give you to make me miserable?"

"Ha!" he exclaimed, in an abrupt, sardonic laugh. "I dont know: you bewitch me, I think."

Agatha made no reply, but walked on quickly to the end of the conservatory, where the others were waiting for them.

"Where have you been; and what have you been doing all this time?" said Jane, as Trefusis came up, hurrying uncomfortably at Agatha's heels. "I dont know what you call it; but I call it perfectly disgraceful."

Sir Charles reddened at his wife's bad taste; and Trefusis replied gravely, "We have been admiring the orchids, and talking about them. Miss Wylie takes an interest in them."

(To be continued.)

Resurgemus.

SUDDENLY, out of its stale and drowsy air—the air of slaves—
Like lightning Europe leapt forth,
Sombre, superb, and terrible,
As Ahimoth, brother of Death.
God, 'twas delicious!
That brief, tight, glorious grip,
Upon the throats of kings.

You liars, paid to defile the people,
Mark you now:
Not for numberless agonies, murders, lusts,
For court thieving in its manifold mean forms,
Worming from his simplicity, the poor man's wages,
For many a promise sworn by royal lips,
And broken, and laughed at in the breaking;
Then in their power, not for all these,
Did a blow fall in personal revenge,
Or a hair draggle in blood:
The people scorned the ferocity of kings.

But the sweetness of mercy brewed bitter destruction,
And frightened rulers come back:

Each comes in state, with his train,
Hangman, priest, and tax-gatherer,
Soldier, lawyer, and sycophant;
An appalling procession of locusts;
And the king struts grandly again.
Yet behind all, lo, a Shape,
Vague as the night, draped interminably,
Head, front, and form, in scarlet folds,
Whose face and eyes none may see
Out of its robes, only this—
The red robes lifted by the arm,
One finger pointed high over the top,
Like the head of a snake appears.

Meanwhile corpses lie in new-made graves,
Bloody corpses of young men;
The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily,
The bullets of tyrants are flying;
The creatures of power laugh aloud;
And all these things bear fruits, and they are good.

Those corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets,
Those hearts pierced by the grey lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem,
Live elsewhere with undying vitality;
They live in other young men, O kings,
They live in brothers, again ready to defy you;
They were purified by death,
They were taught and exalted.

Not a grave of those slaughtered ones,
But is growing its seed of Freedom,
In its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds shall carry afar, and resow,

And the rain nourish.
Not a disembodied spirit,
Can the weapon of tyrants let loose,
But it shall stalk invisibly over the earth,
Whispering, counselling, cautioning.

Liberty! let others despair of thee,
But I will never despair of thee:
Is the house shut? Is the master away?
Nevertheless, be ready, be not weary of watching,
He will surely return; his messengers come anon.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Struggle for Reform, 1832.

POLITICAL antagonisms are inevitable. The preservation of the State, and the questions that continually arise as to what is best to secure the permanence of institutions believed to be the best, and to promote the changes demanded by a necessary progress will, it may be fairly presumed, always divide men into two great political sections, which in Great Britain are appropriately termed Conservatives and Reformers. Included in each of these there are several subsections, the extreme one in each answering well enough to Macaulay's description as bigotted dotards, and reckless empirics. Burgh, in describing the Conservative, tells us that with him "Whatever is, is right. Whatever is law, is just. Whatever is creed, is true. Whatever is the State is constitutional." The spirit and the work of the reformer are wisely described by Pym in a speech delivered in the Parliament of 1628, in which he says: "Those commonwealths have been most durable, which have oftenest reformed, and recomposed themselves according to their first institution; for and by this means they repair breaches and counter-work the natural effects of time."

For above a hundred years now the most active in these two great sections of the community have kept political contention alive. We have had innovators, and those who, in the narrowest spirit of a bigotted Toryism, resisted even the slightest attempt to alter any law, or to improve any institution. This blind and utterly stupid opposition to change of any kind lost us the American colonies, and forced us into the

bitterest and most costly portion of our anti-French wars. Its triumphs may be said to have culminated at Waterloo, but it has left us the embarrassments of an enormous national debt, and created and preserved most disgraceful corruptions in the State. What it accomplished has passed away. We care little more now for Bourbons or Bonapartes than we do for the Neri and Bianci or the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The French people after years of frightful struggle and loss in blood and treasure are endeavouring to build up a republic that might long ere this have been solidly established had we left them to themselves. Whilst we are in the midst of a fierce agitation for the amendment of the laws connected with our representative system, which most likely would have been settled long before the present generation of Englishmen came into existence, had our Conservatives or Tories not been so stupidly enthusiastic in setting up dynasties that were rotting out of life through their own wickedness, and in preserving institutions whose evil working had made them abominable in the eyes of those who suffered under them.

Perhaps in the whole range of English history there is not anything more disagreeable than the accounts we have, principally in the published reports of the struggles and prosecutions of our political reformers, from the period of the French revolution to the close of the first quarter of the present century. The Government was timid, suspicious, and cruel. The secret agents employed were of the most degraded and unscrupulous kind. The prosecutions as a rule were conducted by men from whom all sense of decency and fairness had departed. The Judges were the servants of the Crown, who did their work with little mercy towards those whose sacrifice the authorities of the day deemed necessary. In the juries sometimes there was found a manly spirit of liberty and justice. On the whole, however, anything more humiliating by its savage bigotry, truculent meanness, and cowardly cruelty can scarcely be imagined.

When the war was concluded great suffering was felt by

the workers in our towns and cities. The many occupations in connexion with a great war expenditure were thrown idle, whilst the reduction of our military system caused large numbers of unemployed men to re-enter the ordinary labour market in search of employment. Much popular dissatisfaction began to show itself, whilst at all centres of population political agitation became again active. In 1817 the Blanketeering expedition had a ludicrous ending with just enough of the tragic element in it to excite anger in the public mind. In 1819 what is now called the Peterloo massacre took place at Manchester. The people were suffering severely, and they saw no way out of their difficulties except by a reform in the representative system of the country. Sir Francis Burdett was in vain struggling for this in the House of Commons. Henry Hunt and other popular leaders were fighting for it from the platforms of popular meetings. A great open-air meeting was called in Manchester which Hunt had agreed to attend. The people marched in procession to this meeting on the 19th of August carrying banners with inscriptions on them declaring their wants—such as "Rights of Man," "Universal Suffrage," "No Corn Laws." The man who carried the banner with the last inscription I knew well personally ten years afterwards. He was a peaceable, industrious, earnest man, a strong friend of free trade, but for his zeal on that day he was rewarded with a deep sabre gash extending from his temple to his chin. The meeting at Manchester was numerously attended, and amongst the clubs of reformers of which it was made up there were two exclusively of women. The unprovoked assault on the unarmed peaceable people that day by the Yeomanry cavalry cost the lives of fifteen persons—ten men, four women, and one child. Yet the Prince Regent, in cool official terms thanked the yeomen for what they did.

The circumstances attending this needless massacre of the people—the imprisonments that followed, and the arbitrary suppression of all adverse opinion led to years of

bitter struggle between the Liberal working men and the Tory section of the middle and upper classes. At the end of ten years Hunt came back to Manchester, and held a meeting for a reform in Parliament on the same spot, and being present at that meeting I can say that it was very numerously attended and most enthusiastic. I noted that Henry Hunt was a tall, burly man with a loud voice, who did not trouble himself with refinements of language, and who hammered away with much energy at his opponents. I had heard O'Connell and Cobbett and could not help feeling that Hunt was only fit to deal with those broader aspects of the Reform question that presented themselves most repulsively to the public mind. The Catholic claims urged by O'Connell and his friends occupied much of the attention of the public after this, when by a continued system of pure intimidation these were forced from an unwilling ministry amidst Cabinet cabals and an Irish agitation of the fiercest kind, Reform came up again.

The condition of the people became worse day by day, and as their condition became worse, their discontent increased. All classes of workers and all interests suffered. Landlords, farmers, paupers—manufacturers, merchants, shopkeepers, operatives, seemed to be involved in a common ruin. Writers and speakers acting on the public mind from the platform and through the press gave voice to public discontent. In the meantime all old grievances continued; Manchester with its great and growing population, its wonderful industries, its intellectual activities, was unrepresented. A number of the old rotten boroughs with little or no population sent two members each to the House of Commons. These seats belonged to the landed proprietors on whose estates they were. From these they sent their own nominees who voted as they were ordered by the proprietors as matter of arrangement with the Minister, or the expectant Minister. Sometimes these seats were put into the market and sold. In the first quarter of the present century their market price

was £5,000. In such cases as this the purchaser voted as he thought proper. Very low and very mean jobbery was thus carried on; pensions and positions were bargained for, and all old abuses from which private profit could be made were preserved, and as many new abuses as yielded profit were instituted. Religious monopoly and exclusion, limitations of freedom in trade, and political liberty were denied. These things were done on pretence of public utility, when in fact the chief thing meant was private advantage, and this as the conflict went on the blindest began to see what it meant.

When the Parliament of 1830 met, the people were ripe for action. Nearly all that could be said had been said, and measured by public enthusiasm and activity in agitation, it was clear matters had gone as far as they could go, peacably. A way out had to be found or a battle to be fought in the streets, as the destruction of the old rotten system had become a certainty clearly seen. The first attempt made to force action in favour of Reform through the House of Commons when matters were approaching a crisis was made by the Marquis of Blandford, who moved a series of propositions to be appended to the address from the House of Commons in reply to the King's speech. There were six of these, the last of which ran thus:—"That under such circumstances and with this knowledge before its eyes, this house would consider itself lost to every sense of duty towards your Majesty, and guilty of treason towards the people, if it did not seize this opportunity of declaring to your Majesty its solemn conviction that the state is at this moment in imminent danger, and that no effectual means of salvation will or can be adopted until the people shall be restored to their rightful share in the legislation of the country—that is, to their undoubted right, according to the true meaning of the Constitution, of choosing the Members of this House." These propositions were too strong for the Whigs, and were sustained only by eleven votes against ninety-six. A few days afterwards the Marquis of Blandford was to the front again with a properly outlined

plan of Reform. It went too far for the Whigs, and was also lost.

In this way the struggle went on in the House. Let us now look at the battle the people were fighting in the country. Lord Howick's motion for checking bribery was negatived by a large majority. Lord John Russell—the late Earl Russell—also raised the question of Parliamentary reform by proposing to give Members to Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, these towns being then unrepresented. On this occasion Lord John declared that he was not prepared to go any further as a Parliamentary Reformer. His motion, monstrous as the thing now seems, was negatived by 188 to 140. O'Connell, acting more in a popular than in a Whig spirit asked leave to bring in a bill which embraced triennial Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot, and was, as Mr. Molesworth tells us, supported by 13 Members in a House of 332. About this time an event strongly favouring Reform occurred. George the fourth died and William the fourth reigned in his place. Except as an impediment to to anything useful, the fourth George may be said to have been despised rather than hated. William, however, was believed to be a good Reformer, and much, therefore, was expected when he came to the throne. He succeeded in the latter part of June, 1830, and while people were canvassing his merits as a sovereign and his disposition as a Reformer, and after the lapse of a month barely, the July Revolution in Paris came and sent Charles the tenth spinning into space. In three days, from behind their suddenly improvised barricades, all that the British Government and its allies had been doing to make kings and enslave peoples at an unparalleled cost in men and money, was undone. A new King was made by the victorious people, and the British Goverment acknowledged him. Belgium followed France in the work of revolution, and the public mind in England, full of sympathy with the French and Belgian people, became at once so determined in favour of a Reform of their own Constitution that the ques-

tion at once became, not whether there should be a Reform measure in England, but how far the nation should move in the direction of Republicanism.

The Duke of Wellington, in his place in Parliament, made a strong declaration against Reform, whilst the people made stronger declarations in its favour, and on both sides there was an evident clearing out for action and an anger everywhere in the public mind that boded no good. There was a cry amongst the people for cheap newspapers, and the Stamp Act was attacked, not by going to Parliament with petitions so much, as by issuing papers without the fourpenny stamp, and going to prison in vindication of what was thus done. The Duke of Wellington too issued a circular-letter to the various commanding officers in the kingdom, asking whether the troops could be relied on in opposing the popular demand for Reform; the answer to which was unfavourable—or, it is said, Wellington would have forced a crisis by obstinately refusing to concede Reform, backing his refusal by the the military force at his disposal. The general public at the time knew nothing about this; but there was growing in the public mind a belief that military force might be resorted to, and a kind of quiet preparation was going forward to meet such a contingency as a war in the streets, should it arise.

There was no great conspiracy. At least, I never heard of such a thing, but there was a widespread zeal for Reform felt by nearly all the young men with whom I was then brought into contact. Some of us were readers of the London daily papers, and these communicated to such as lacked disposition or opportunity what was then going on throughout Europe, as reforming and revolutionary progress. There was also much talk about what was doing in London, all of which had a tendency to keep the fervour of Reform at a boiling point in the great provincial towns. Myself and about a dozen companions had decided to quietly arm ourselves, and we did so by subscribing small weekly sums and buying pistols and ammunition. We also had good steel pike heads manufactured by

the man who made the steel knives with which in our fustian trade we performed our work. To these we quietly fitted clothes props of an understood length and thickness, and all this was done without anybody beyond ourselves knowing anything of it. We were not part of an extensive organisation. We meant neither the destruction of person nor property. A common belief seemed to have spread amongst large numbers of the people that there would be no yielding on the part of those in power without bloodshed, and as an accession of popular power was believed to be a a necessity for preserving a healthy life and growth in the nation, considerable numbers had prepared themselves in the way I have stated, that they might not be slaughtered unresistingly, as at Peterloo, either by soldiery or yeomanry.

In the latter half of 1830, too, it should be stated that a vigorous fight for a cheap press commenced. The working people wanted cheap newspapers and could not get them. The price of the cheapest weekly paper was sixpence, and this was too much for working men to pay who desired to obtain that knowledge of public events necessary at such a juncture. Carpenter's "Political Letters and Pamphlets" was the first unstamped paper issued to fight this great battle. This paper which was well printed, and well-written and which was of a most respectable appearance, was a sixteen page quarto. It is now to be had occasionally from the old book sellers, and it is well worth securing when an opportunity occurs; though it went on for a considerable time the law officers of the crown proceeded against the sturdy and able William Carpenter, on the 14th May, 1831, for publishing these Letters, and after a trial which lasted from ten to half-past six, before Lord Lyndhurst and a special jury, the finding was for the Crown, and Carpenter, under a heavy money fine, had to abandon his original intention. In his introductory remarks to the account of his trial, he announces an alteration of his plan, thus:—"My readers will see the necessity of this, when I remind them that the public press has, *without a single excep-*

tion, passed over the proceedings of the Exchequer in silence." So little sympathy had the press of that day with the first efforts made to give it life, and power, and profit.

The *Poor Man's Guardian* however was the paper by which the great victory over the stamp laws was won. It was published by Henry Hetherington of 13, Kingsgate Street, Holborn. A quarto on poorer paper, more roughly printed but full of vigour, and with much more of the discussion then going briskly on among the people. Here too the law officers of the Crown soon commenced operations. A few precursory numbers were thrown out as a kind of skirmishing operation. The first of these appeared on October 26th, 1830 and on the corner of the first page where the Government stamp usually appeared, there was a neatly engraved printing press with the motto "Knowledge is Power." The opening address is remarkably well written and may be regarded as a sermon on the motto, as a text. There are some remarkable passages in this address but I have not space for extracts.

When these papers came regularly out as the *Poor Man's Guardian* the following notice appeared as an advertisement in No. 4 published July 1831.—"Wanted—some hundreds of poor men out of employ, who have nothing to risk, some of those unfortunate beings to whom distress *occasioned by a tyrannical government* has made a prison a desirable home. An honest and moral way of finding good bread and shelter, and moreover of earning the thanks of their fellow-countrymen, now presents itself to such patriotic Englishmen as will in defiance of the most odious laws, of a most odious tyranny, imposed on an enslaved and oppressed people, sell to the poor and the ignorant—*The Poor Man's Guardian* a weekly newspaper for the people—published contrary to law, to try the power of *might* against *right*. N.B. A subscription is opened for the relief, support, and reward of all such persons as may become victims of the Whig tyrants."—*The Poor Man's Guardian* was extensively read and possessed amongst the people in the manufacturing district very con-

siderable influence. More especially as, in addition to its uncompromising tone it contained good reports of the meetings of the "National Union of the Working Classes and others" an active and vigorous society, not easily frightened by words, and which was prepared to go any length necessary for the purpose of destroying the old corrupt and stubborn faction by which the country was so mischievously dominated. The *Poor Man's Guardian* had much influence amongst the working portion of the population, and was bought in considerable numbers for distribution amongst the soldiers, being quietly introduced into the various barracks, with the view of begetting sympathy between them and the people. Two soldiers—Somerville, and Simonds,—I think, were flogged, but it was clear that the disease was spreading and was accelerated rather than checked by severe measures.

Side by side with this active and exciting out-door agitation a fierce battle was going on in Parliament. There were debates of the wildest kind, divisions sometimes in favour of the Bill sometimes adverse to it. At one time these were in the Commons, at another in the Lords. Then there was a dissolution and the fierce excitement of a General Election, and behind all, deeply felt apprehensions of Civil War, towards which the country seemed to be advancing by rapid strides. An incident or two of deep significance as showing the reasons existing for the apprehensions entertained may be worth mentioning. The Bristol riots were of a very serious character and that they were purely political there can be no doubt. The burning of Nottingham Castle was also owing to the Reform Bill agitation, whilst the swing burnings though more immediately connected with the sufferings of the peasantry were in some measure due to the intense political excitement by which all men's minds were at that season disturbed. More significant still was the way in which a determination to oppose force by force was privately instigated and indeed openly suggested. Colonel Macerone, at one time Aide de Camp to Murat, king of Naples,

wrote a work containing defensive instructions for the people in connexion with street fighting. I cannot say now whether this was written in reference to the situation in England or to the struggles going on generally throughout Europe at the time. I am inclined to think the work was meant for the populations of towns and cities on the Continent more particularly. Whether this was so or not a supplement to the *Poor Man's Guardian* was published on the 11th of April, 1832, embellished with wood cuts, giving eight pages of instruction as to the arms, the strategy, and best method of street fighting, in which the whole art and practice was very clearly and encouragingly explained. These instructions were headed as follows: "He that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.—"Get thee a sword though made of lath." The headings of the various divisions of these introductions were very significant—"On the mode of defending a house, a church, or public edifice"—"On the defence of a village or a town." "Moveable Barricades." In these instructions every detail was precisely given. Whilst the engravings represent the mode of resisting cavalry attacks, and of meeting the advances of infantry, with much else that need not be dwelt on here.

Another curious and alarming incident is that related in the second volume, of the Life of General Sir William Napier, page 270. It appears that when Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher were tried at Clonmel in 1848 Sir William was summoned to produce a letter he had received in 1832 from certain leading men of the Whig Party, asking him to take command of 50,000 men and march on London for the purpose of forcing the Reform Bill through the House of Lords. It was denied that such a letter existed, but Sir William put in an appearance at the trial and placed it in the hands of the counsel for the defence, and although the judge ruled that it was not to be admitted as evidence, it appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* incorrectly printed; but

nevertheless perfectly true in its main fact—that the Whigs in 1832 did mean to have a march on London were it found necessary, and did apply to Sir William Napier to take command of the popular forces. There is now no doubt of the matter, as at page 275 of the volume already named we find the following in a letter of Sir William's to the Editor of the *Dublin Evening Mail*—in correction of a mistake. "I was not bound to keep (the letter) a secret, and I did not do so. I answered it scornfully; I showed it to many persons at the time; I told the Duke of Wellington of its contents in 1839; in 1841 I publicly mentioned the subject of it on the hustings at Bath. A Whig partisan, a great miller and corn dealer named Amram Sanders, backed by a body of the Whig faction called out that I *lied* in asserting that the Whigs had encouraged insurrection. I answered—'Sir, you know not what you say; I have the proof in my pocket.'—'That is *a lie* also' was his reply, whereupon I knocked him backward with a blow on the face; he prosecuted me, but dared not go through with the trial. I was in court to plead my own case in person, and the Whigs feared the exposure."

I mention these matters not for the purpose of blaming or excusing any person or party, but as facts to show the excited and dangerous character of the times, and to show also that the determination to force the position by fighting was not confined to the working people of the country. When the account of the whole agitation is read it will be seen that there was no choice between reform and revolution. Reason and argument were used as to the rights of the people, the corruptions of those who held electoral and parliamentary power in their hands, and the dangers arising out of these to the nation. There was also much excitement, much party recrimination, and behind all a marshalling of forces with a view to actual conflict. Fortunately the worst way out of the difficulty was escaped by a threat on the part of the Ministry to have as many new peers created as would carry the measure against any kind of obstruction the Lords could set

up. It was carried mainly by this threat, and if anyone is desirous to know and understand how the most important affairs of great nations are sometimes settled by vulgar intrigue and intimidation, there are few better studies for the purpose than the history of the Reform Act of 1832.

Two or three important points in connection with the working of our political and legislative machinery are here made clear. One, that people who profit by a political abuse will never reform it of themselves. Another, that people who derive profit or honour, as a class or as individuals, from things as they exist, will never of themselves change them. And also, that when the masses of the people, who cannot profit by monopolies and abuses set about the work of reform they should act together and decidedly, without losing time or opportunity by making mean compromises with wrong doing and injustice. The actual advantages gained by the people in 1832 have all worked well for the country; whilst the compromises only led to future agitations and forced concessions. And above all, it may be seen that if the people in a spirit of determination use the power they possess to enforce justice and uphold right, there is nothing in any branch of the State or in all branches put together, by which they can be successfully resisted.

And there is this further consideration as a foundation for the highest hope in connexion with popular progress, that the power so far obtained by the British people has not been abused; but in its extremest exercise day by day for now over half-a-century, it has operated more beneficially in the interest of the nation than when it was confined to the upper and educated classes, who too commonly used it for the promotion of class interests. In the practical action of the State in Great Britain the contention never has been between the ignorant many and the educated few. The struggle has been between the suffering majority and a privileged selfish minority, and the victory, so far, as it has been won is in the interest of the nation. Over the whole struggle, in large numbers of our

people of all classes and parties, there has existed a noble spirit of patriotic devotion, and this we may rest assured will always be with us as a national blessing, however long our struggles may continue, or however bitter the spirit of partizanship in which they may be fought out.

LLOYD JONES.

The Teaching of the Royal Academy.

"The imaginative faculties?" "Rude poetic ages?" "The primeval poetic element?" Oh, for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of that.
THOMAS CARLYLE.

IF, as a wise man has said, the amount of interest to be bestowed on any individual, should be determined by the manner of his employment and his perseverance in its carrying out; and if, as we believe, the essence of all religion be not what we accept but what we do, the amount of belief to which we attain being determined by our own living, still more is it true of a nation, in whose acts and admirations, the estimate of its religion and life, the exact criterion of its worth is to be found.

And at the sacrifice of one shilling and the temporary loss of umbrella there is just now* to be seen, within distance of Piccadilly, much not without significance of this to the enquiring mind. If we would read, as it were from an open book in this wide temple of man's worship—and for liturgy the scroll which its priests supply on further donation—if we would seek to know what it is men just now are hoping, striving, and doing, what the apex of belief, of highest endeavour achieved by them, a glimpse of all may be revealed. The rapt soul no longer in dim vision, but clearest seeing, may pierce the dark veil of the future, or glance as at the spring from whence flows the current of men's action, in all its mainfold windings and turnings. Here in drowsy inaction, there in swift impetuous

* This paper was written before the Academy closed its doors.

current: here again tossed o'er rocky prominences, there in oozy channels and mid stifling mud, yet ever rolling onward to join the wide ocean of eternity.

How much of flowing stream? How much of choking mud, which in despite of fierce resisting has now finally stayed its course in death-like ruin where stagnation thickens only to decay or is dissipated in foul vapours? How much of one or the other; or whether the clear stream checked in its flowing has sought and found in other channels a purer course, far from men's view, where laughing flowers and sunny banks enwreathe its azure depths, all this we may find revealed. Whatsoever there be of man's soul that is yet living, whatsoever things are lovely and pure, Art, the product of the ages, is here. We went and worshipped. Strange fallacies of belief in which we had been brought up made much mysterious, but after gleaning somewhat from their rubric that on which we doubted is now made clear. For next in value to the worship in the temple were the words of its wise men in elucidation and furtherance of the works within its walls. These we have glanced at, not without amazement, not without some grief, as our own dogmas were rudely assailed; and though we would not lightly be accused of the study of Dilettante Art Literature in the present, still if our sacrifice serve to enlighten any as to the true gospel at present revealed, we have suffered, God knows how much, yet gladly, and with hope that others shall not so suffer as we have done. And though it needed no hard reading—its matter being of width rather than depth—yet at sufficient cost, have we come at what appear the cardinal doctrines of its faith, which we have it in our purpose to declare.

And here we will say at once that in nowise can we accept for ourselves these doctrines. Fierce and uneasy appealings from our inmost self deny us freedom to accept without question. And though the flat heresy of these promptings must appear soon to all, they knock with such importunity till uttered, while the heretic must needs bear about

a life haunted by such ghastly images of ruin, thinking what he dare not think, that though warned over and over again of the danger of such course by particular friends, who having our true salvation at heart, and the interests of our purse before their eyes, repeatedly in the name of conscience bid us ignore its warnings, yet leaving our success past hoping for by them, we risk the tossing of a pebble into the muddy waters, not in hope to ruffle their surface, but that other friends of our own faith may gather together, and in better union resist their deadly influence.

It must not, however, be supposed that this religion, though in full active operation itself, admits no questionings, that some slight antagonism has not arisen from without. On the contrary, shut out from its walls of worship and subject to light sniffing and contempt, there exists a sect revealing to us that which by assiduous enquiry we find to be much in common with our own beliefs. This named by them the Fantastic School, a mixture of tradition and whim, has struggled on in precarious existence, venturing never from its own circle without mocking and scorn. Between these two religions which we have it in our purpose to describe, a gulf yawns which our own particular idiosyncracies do not tend to lessen. Or rather, to be rid of further similitude, it is now our purpose to record the teaching of the two Schools of Modern Art as they exist in England, with such brief touches of comment as may suggest their different direction.

So wide is the range of influence of the Representative Art of this country, and so ever increasing, that we may well ask in presence of such increase, what its influence on the mind of the country, what the general tendencies and aims of the responsible school of work represented as it is to-day by the Royal Academy? For whatever of good or evil is gained by the people comes from this source, it being evident that though there exists another school of aims and tendencies wholly different, it exists but for itself, holding no public influence, while its teaching is distinctly rejected. Opposed

to all of present widest acceptance, it remains unrecognised, or to be recognised only with contempt, while increasing neglect is slowly stifling its existence.

Altogether it must appear to us as somewhat remarkable, that there could exist in the same country, at the same time, any two schools so widely different. The first, and prevailing, raising its voice in tones of contempt, while the other raises its voice in pity. The one rejoicing in the pleasure of the people: the other now and again raising its voice in stern disapproval of that pleasure, as of a thing forbidden. In these few pages briefly and inadequately I would say something of both schools, venturing to judge between them, not unaware that much must seem strange to the reader as opposed to nearly all of present teaching.

And two things at outset we may note. The increasing absence from the Academy of all so-called imaginative work, and the corresponding increase in its place of work receiving its influence from the Schools of France. In the one case we see absence and neglect, in the other presence and encouragement. What are we losing, and what are we likely to gain?

Nor from this let it be thought that I would accuse the Academy of intentional disregard of qualities perceived by them. I credit them, as far as they are able, with being sincere. What they encourage is what they admire—what they recognise as of greatest value. The question is not to be met by any complaint of intention or purpose. The evil, if any evil there is, is deeper seated and more vital than is contained in any prejudices one way or another. Of those who complain so much of the neglect of work by the Academy there is no better to be expected, and disappointment as a rule, not thought, lies at the bottom of it. At the best such complaint is rather a shallow affair. For it is not the encouragement or neglect of work, or the amount to be gained by it that is of vital importance, but the kind of work done, and of this we hear nothing. As a fact, thoughtful complaint has long since with-

drawn itself, or is uttered only to be unheeded, and the struggle continues, not to benefit art, but to benefit artists; as when the life is passed out, the struggle is over the body.

Nor am I going to enter the lists with that criticism which is occupied with defects and merits of carrying out, with its manners and methods; but with the source of Art's effort and power. The difference of the two schools is not merely in detail, but sweeping rejection of the whole teaching, the denial to the work of one by the other of the name of Art at all. And it is here at last that we reach the true reason of their wide difference. Here, and here alone, that we may find sure foot-hold to judge between them.

But at the outset I am met by this difficulty, that there is something missing, the necessary link between the judgment of work and the work itself—some law to which we may appeal, some law to which all effort must bow, and in which is embraced all effort. And if these greater powers that we attribute to gift exist in virtue of no law, and may be explained as independent of our own seeking, neither will it surprise us that in our judgment of them, we submit to none. If Art itself is without law to explain its own presence, so at present is the individual taste of different persons. Opinion is tossed from lip to lip, acknowledging no law but its own idiosyncracy. These are what make and determine judgment in Art. A ceaseless turbulent sea driven hither and thither, powerless because of its own power, valueless in that it is never sure. Is there no law to end its troubling and bid its waves be still? Criticism, the judgment of the best, which may be called a great doubt, cannot it ever become sure? Am I never to say "I know?"

Now there is often noticed, as a mark of wider tolerance, the countenance given by the Representative Schools to all forms of work, against the fierce rejection by the School of Imaginative Art of nearly all forms save its own—and with the former the reasons are clear enough. Their tolerance is explained by their teaching. These things are of gift, and

we must accept what we cannot alter. In place of imagination and poetry—which belong more properly to a barbarous age—have we not skill? It is the age of science.

But how then is it with this, which is of 'opinion,' 'taste,' or what not, the 'degree of power bestowed?' Why should men have been led to bitterest denunciation on the one side as opposed to this wide tolerance on the other? The question seeks an answer, and the answer lies in one of two things, either in the exhibition of the most foolish weakness, or in the fact that those who assail recognise the presence of some frightful wrong. This wide difference stated, I have now to show more clearly in what it consists; and in simplest language the difference is briefly this, that while the one school connects Art with the deepest problems of human life, the other connects it only with its pleasure. The one says its one sole purpose is to please; the other, that it can have no other purpose than to better, and that art has a mission and literature a meaning before they become either one or the other.

So too the difference in practice is equally clear. For with one, manner and resemblance constitute the art; with the other, they are only the materials. As the mission of the artist lies beyond his skill; and consists in lifting things out of the common for us, not in reproducing; and as the value of the historian is not in the mere statement of facts, but as he points their true significance; so the value of the artist lies in his further revelation of the beauty of those facts of nature.

So far the difference in practice. But difference soon widens into complaint one of the other. And on the one side the Academy point to evidence of failing hand, added to wide intolerance of others, while their opponents answer that power lies in selection as well as expression, and we must be able to judge of the difficulty of the one before we can measure the success of the other. Success is in proportion to aim, and we must know what the artist has attempted if we would know what he has attained. All expression is imperfect, but its

success is as it conveys its meaning, and expression is not perfect when it conveys none at all. And as the sole power to judge is in proportion to that meaning—for how can we judge of that we do not know?—the denial of any meaning to art is the denial of the power to judge at all.

And so to the charge of intolerance they answer that it is not tolerance to lend oneself to wrong, or intolerance to reject it; for tolerance is of good, not of evil; and so it is not certain that the judgment of an Academy which measures its tolerance by the width of its walls is as sure as those who would measure their tolerance by the kind of work within them.

So far the assertions on either side, but I have yet to show more clearly the reasons in support of them. And as far as I am able to gather any reasons from the Academy they would appear to be these: That as you can point to no law by which these powers are governed, so in their carrying out are they related to none. And as the direction and value of the work will depend on the gift bestowed, so its judgment will be determined by individual taste and opinion—nowhere more evident than in estimates of beauty, in which so wide difference of opinion resulting from difference of taste presents itself. And with regard to this absence of Imagination and Poetry, as with any other tendencies that may develop themselves, they appeal to the spirit of the age as of some power directing all action, to which they obediently bow.

So from the school of imagination the answer I take to be this; that though the source of great power be obscure, yet we see it everywhere in its effects to be vitally related to human life and progress, directing us ever to the attainment of higher Truth. And as all power is an unfolding through long progress of attainment, so its value will be in proportion as that unfolding is directed aright—as it ministers to the spirit of man. And so is it equally capable of evil if it betrays that mission; and though the denial may be covered by the craft of its hand, yet no appeal to its skill can sanction its evil, nor lessen the ruin when done.

Again in their estimate of Beauty the difference is no less, since it is to be determined by no predisposition one way or another, but is wholly independent of particular taste or opinion, except as it is founded on actual knowledge of its source; and the power to judge will be exactly in proportion to that knowledge. For this of beauty is a constant seeking, not determined by our liking, but by our knowledge; by just what amount of faculty we have for seeing truly. And as the source of vital beauty is wholly spiritual, it can be only attained through the deep spirit of man, as the result of purer, loftier life. And here is the mission of Art that it lifts us with it, allures to brighter worlds and leads the way.

And so these powers of Imagination which show themselves always as the right development of power in Art, and are perhaps only that deeper spiritual beauty itself revealed to us through these names, and therefore only to be seen by the spirit; as it calls forth recognition from the spirit of man, so it awakens that spirit. And for the Spirit of the Age to which they appeal as directing all action? It is what we have made it. Neither is the question of the absence of those great powers of Imagination and Poetry to be met by any vague appeal to the Spirit of the Age, but by appealing frankly to the spirit of man, and whether his action has been for good or evil.

Now we see that the school of Imagination are appealing all along to some law; for though not explaining the source of their power, they trace the law that governs the effect of it. And just as they declare the greatest powers of Imagination and Poetry to exist in proportion to the Truth conveyed, and to be mysteriously allied to it; so in their estimate of Beauty, they subject it to a law of human understanding, of which our insight will be as our knowledge. And in the whole direction and temper of Art they trace its relation to the action of men, for good or evil, in opposition to that teaching which connects neither the power nor the value of Art with any law of human understanding, but with gift bestowed from without the sphere of man's action, and independent of his life.

But though we have seen the School of Imagination to recognise these powers of Imagination and Poetry as vitally connected with a nation's life, they do not quite clearly explain that relation, though pointing to much that confirms it, and by the fierce energy with which they uphold its truth, giving evidence to the earnestness of their own conviction. A mystery hangs over the teaching of the one, which gives the sole ground to the denial of the other. What is this mysterious union? And that there is union is shown in this: that the possession of these greater powers of Art have existed always in relation to the truth conveyed, and that by the possessors of these powers that relation has never yet been denied. But on the other hand we are told in contradiction of this—and be it remembered as significant, always by those unpossessed of these greater powers*—that any such relation as is said to exist can have no other significance than is contained in the accident in some cases of their alliance, as these powers of Art exist entirely independent of their truth, with no necessary ethical relation whatever. For this reason: That "we see the greatest possible virtue to exist without evidence of extraordinary power." So that though there be alliance, there is not that which can account in any way for the existence of these greater faculties, within the limits of human power. This may direct them, but it cannot call them forth.

Now in all this there is contained an assertion which we need to verify. It is said, "We see the greatest possible virtue to exist without evidence of extraordinary power." We see! How do we see? And by what do we measure? Does Virtue spread her broad horizon for all to gaze over and set her limits? Or is it of such narrow range that meanest eyes may see it all? Are we, any of us—aye, the fewest—capable of measuring her broad confine, or any adequate perception of this we name Virtue? Unless it be that prurient

* From the Royal Academy it is that this denial has most persistently come. Out of the crowds of canvasses that line its walls, of real imaginative power this year there is not one.

thing of which poor Virtue has to beg for leave to do it good; which protects itself behind established use and wont—just so much virtue as "the safety of the Constitution and 'precedent' will allow, which adapts itself to the needs of the time,* or rather to its own rapaciousness," as it is reflected in its utilities and economies, preying on the evil it creates, and drawing its virtue from that. A ghastly cant, of which, if hatred and contempt be anything, I beg here to record mine. If that be virtue, let us look for no explanation of these powers there. But if Virtue be no utility which man's wants can adapt, not only a means his stomach to satisfy, but to which all books and Parliamentary Statutes,† Economies, and Expediences are as so many dead leaves swept down before the tide. If Virtue spring not from dead Statutes, but fresh from the heart of man, if that virtue we have is to lead us to more virtue, that life to more life, shall that least fraction of ours determine the limits which an infinity cannot measure? Shall the "greatest possible Virtue" be found in what orthodoxy in Churchgoings and parchment laws can contain?

Or is it that we have mistaken for Virtue herself just so much as we can see of her? For "the greatest possible Virtue," that Virtue which the law allows? That we have taken up with the shows of Virtue, with the outward visible signs of that which is only to be seen by the Spirit? That all the time it is our own shadow we see, with all its wretched trappings of custom and cant, the patterns we have cut of Virtue in this century, in which she is as much to be confined, as a bucket can contain the sea—which is as much like virtue as are rotten packthreads the cables of a ship of war?

If all outside of this—if that is no virtue which rises higher than what respectability can grasp of her garments, the hem

* Perhaps to the "Spirit of the Age," which, the Academy would tell us, is in enforced obedience to planetary influence, "as if we were villains by necessity."

† Not without their value, though not virtue, my friend, but the result of vice. Rude protectors of our purse strings.

of which is hardly to be seen in this day by the clearest seeing —if virtue is only to be peeped at when the constitution and the Church purvey her at the price of sham loyalties, sham reverences, and our own soul at the end of it, it were indeed true, great Art never came of that.

In truth this is the mistake that the Academy in their teaching have made. They have taken for virtue all their eyes could see of her, and finding it a very worthless affair, productive—as we need not go far to see—of nothing but value in the market, they have concluded agreeably to themselves that the powers of Art lie elsewhere.

Now the question is whether the School of Imagination, in making appeal for the value of their work in proportion to the truth conveyed, its mysterious relation to which has already been seen by them, have in view such truth as is here described; or is their appeal to something far other. Is it to such truth as the Academy can see—men's opinion of her just now, valuable as its price in the market—or to nature's everlasting laws, which men's temporary opinion can neither change nor alter. Do they look for sanction and strength for their work in orthodoxy to these or to the other? When they tell us that these powers of imagination and poetry exist in proportion to the truth conveyed, is it as the further revelation of the beauty of nature's eternal laws, or to the fluctuating hearsays of to-day—what men just now agree to call truth. If only to the latter, the verdict of the Academy is true, that the powers of Art exist independently of the truth conveyed. For falsehood never brought forth great Art. Death is the product of lies. But if the school of imagination are looking to the sanction of laws, which the fluctuating beliefs of men can never alter; which, resistless, silent, go on their way, bending all to their will, not only as they are believed but in spite of all unbelief, through all seeming obscurity, amid all change, changeless alone, revealed to us ever in the record of nobler lives as they are followed, re-asserting their disputed majesty in revolution and anarchy as they were forgot—if

the school of imagination are appealing for the truth of their work in submission to these grand immutable laws, may not the explanation of these great powers of Art lie within these laws too—in greater obedience to them, in greater virtue; not as of separate gift, but as the further revelation of the same?

Cannot each man trace in all powers, small or great, a perpetual development one way or another? Can any whose life has been governed by any thought at all look back and say, "I thought as I do now, or acted as I do now?" Do we not see it to be a progress from less power to greater power, as that progress is directed aright? And is it not with others the same, for good or evil? Are there not those with whom we thought in common, whom we no longer think with now? And will any man say that he cannot trace the reason of it in his own development, which has been constant while the other has stood still? And why not the same with yet greater power? And seeing this progress of man's spirit ever going on; when in presence of greater power, more or less, how will you say, and when will you say; "Such a man's life is no longer subject to the law which governs our lives?" And if you say it, why do you say it? If you see your own right progress to be a perpetual attainment, why should not that greater attainment result from yet further progress—life in more perfect correspondence with that law? And if we see no two lives of equal attainment, how will you limit down to within a certain amount of difference, that which may result as subject to the law that governs the lives of others, from that which is no longer subject to that law? And where will you point the place of its beginning? When does the difference cease to be difference in degree, and become difference in kind? If there is progression, where will you limit the amount of that progression? If there is difference where will you limit the amount of that difference? And why and by what right do you make the one more of gift than the other? Where will you point out for me and state at what amount of power the assertion of gift begins? The

thing is absurd. You cannot point it out any more than you can point the exact moment when the child becomes a man. It is a progression, and that progress will be for good or evil as it is directed aright. There is no line to be drawn that can separate the possession of greater powers from the same law which governs the lives of others. It is the right and and further progression within that law. It is a more perfect correspondence with it. The same law that governs one life governs all.

But it will be said "you cannot trace the connection between the progress of the multitude, and the possession of these greater powers." I answer, we can trace it just so far as has been the revelation of that law to us. We can only judge of the higher æther as we breathe it. Such mystery as hangs over these powers does not exist in those powers themselves, but in our imperfect perception of them. As has been said 'the most legible hand is illegible by the twilight.'

"That they are not to be explained by any law that we can apply?" What is this, but that we have not yet reached that law? Is not the mystery of the source of these powers explained by the law of their own existence? If they exist in obedience to law, so the power to judge must be in proportion to that obedience. To partake of their power we must partake of their truth.

This is the explanation of the assertion of the one, as it is also of the denial of the other. When the Academy tells us that these powers of Art exist independently of the truth conveyed, what is this, but that they do not yet see the relation, or that such power in Art as they possess exists independently of it? But while they are appealing to one thing the School of Imagination are appealing to another.

While one School seeks its virtue in men's present interpretation of God's laws—as of no value outside church doors, 'the laws of the devil being the only practicable ones,' the other seeks its virtue in obedience to those laws themselves; the virtue of the one arising out of human evil, that of the other

out of human life. This is the explanation of the denial of the Academy, that the former they cannot believe, and the latter they cannot see. The one is no virtue at all, and of the other they have no knowledge.

And just as we have seen to accompany the denial of the Truth of Art the absence of these greater powers of Imagination and Poetry, so we see that with its recognition these powers correspondingly appear. And as this truth is most earnestly insisted on, so we see the increase of these powers. For they are but the further progression of all powers revealed to us through these names. They are not a separate gift, but the same in kind and the possession of all.

And just as the idea of God, which poets have shaped for us, is the Garment through which the inexpressible is made conceivable to us, so in this matter of Genius, Imagination and the like we cannot go up to the conception, but clothe the idea. We feel what we cannot see. Just as from dim ages past, God, Prophets, Priests have given way to the greater conception of Man of Genius, 'Poet' and the like, so poet and genius must give place to true man in obedience to one sole law. The individual mind is in greater harmony with the mind of the Universe.

We must be good before we can be beautiful, and if we are not good——

This is the fact we are enforcing to which all else must bow. The measure of a man's worth is in his work. Work is great in proportion as it is sincere.*

* What! cries the worldling. And I too? Am I not sincere? Yes. If thine own poor product were the only measure; Thy "rights" and "wrongs," thy "morals" and "immorals." But nature measures with other scales than of your own making. And for thy poor estimate, know this; that "the eye sees that which it brought with it the faculty of seeing," and we see but out of our own.

As all nature's thousand changes,
  But one changeless God proclaim;
So in Art's wide Kingdom ranges
  One sole meaning still the same.
This is Truth, eternal reason,
  Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season
  Stands for aye in loveliness.

"And thou who through thine own dark lattice—which only rush-light lightens—deniest the sun thou canst not see. Rub thou thine eyes. That which thou callest Mystery, Imagination, is only so to thee. For nothing great is obscure—Oh! Dilettante Art Critic. Mystery is thy mystery, as vapours are of the earth, not of the sky. Cease thy babbling of that thou canst not measure; and get thyself a soul with which to see." 'The Imaginative faculty,' 'the primeval poetic element." For God's sake, good critic, talk no more of that—that which thou takest for Cremorne lights is but the dimness of thine own seeing. And thy opinion? Fool! The best is not determined by opinion, but by laws of adamant, deep as the foundations of eternity."

No, not by opinion, however noisy, but by just the amount of truth within him, shall a man judge of these things. Not loud shouting and noisy futility, but deep earnest striving and battle in faith and hope and love, shall reveal the truth to man, and give him what thou callest "opinion, taste." Oh critic, that doubt which is thy merchandise, thy "taste" and "opinion" is growing horrible, if founded on nothing better than thine own prejudice. Seek the source from whence those powers spring, and the amount of truth within thy soul shall guide thee. Know that that which thou callest imaginative, poetic in art, is no gay spangle in which she masquerades before thee, but old nature's truth, with power to crush thee.

And sayest thou, "Make clear to us this." I cannot make it clear to thee. But thou art able to make it clear to thyself. Live in that law of Truth, God's gift to thee too, and new splendours darting rays through thy poor prison house, shall make a paradise, and as the curtains of thy soul fall back shalt thou also see visions with the poets and dream dreams. Thy genius, as theirs, shall be the power to see. No longer in dim mirage of other worlds in which enthusiasm delighteth, but as the gorgeous mystic vision of this, which the poets have already shaped for thee. And the spiritual

rising from the actual with dazzling splendour, shall dawn before thee, a new heaven and a new earth, one God, one life, and one law.

For power lies within, latent in all. And Art, all Truth all Beauty: these are her mission, which all in degree may attain. And how? Not through labour and sorrow. For there is no suffering without loss, and power lies not amid difficulty; 'tis the height at which we live. Thy labour cannot give it thee, but thy love, which revealeth all things. Boast no more of thy gift, thy genius, * but of the Truth within thee, which is more than all. So only shalt thou judge and so attain.

Seek no more to span with thy inch measure of intellect Art's wide kingdom, which lies beyond thee. And thou, who with thy "classicisms" and "realisms" seekest to measure and confine all things to within limits of thine own seeking. Know that art is not a doubt, a utility which Dilettantism, peeping and botanizing, shall ever measure or decide. Great Art is of no school.

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* What is this, that thou art denied opportunity, that thy gifts cannot shine before men? or that thy prurient vanity is denied the means of perking up its foolishness into some gaudy shape for other fools to admire?

Poor soul! Thy talent is obscured, thy brains are hidden! If thou hadst either one or the other thou wouldst know that greatness is not bought at the price of money, or happiness. But by Faith and Truth and Love, which perhaps is new to thee. And that want of opportunity by which thou complainest thou art obscured! Thank heaven that it yet gives thee means to battle within thine own sick egotism and cant, which may even overcome thee now. 'Tis not opportunity, but the birchrod were good for thee. Oh! It is heart breaking, horrible, that after eighteen centuries of Christianity we should have got no further than to doubt of this.

REGINALD HALLWARD.

Pessimism, Positivism, and Socialism.

PESSIMISM has been summed up as a creed which teaches that everything is for the worst in this worst of possible worlds, a reversal of a famous saying in Voltaire: "Tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes possibles." That is what theological Optimism teaches, namely, that everything is arranged to the best and for the best purpose by the infinite wisdom of an Almighty Creator. We need not come to either of these conclusions as to the arrangement of the world and the value of existence; but the first of these two views of everything as being for the worst was undoubtedly the one adopted by Dr. Arthur Schopenhauer, the first true exponent of modern Philosophical Pessimism. The idea was by no means new. It was contained to a great extent in Stoicism, and was closely allied to the teachings of some of the Greek sceptics. Even Epicureanism has its Pessimistic side. Though we hear a good deal about the similarity between Buddhism and Positivism we are rather inclined to think that there is a greater, nay, a striking similarity between Buddhism and Pessimism. Schopenhauer especially claims Buddha as his precursor, being the Pessimist of Antiquity. Pessimism was, according to Schopenhauer, the mode of thinking, the essence of feeling of all great writers, of Plato as well as the classic tragic poets, Dante Alighieri as well as Byron, Shakespeare as well as Calderon. The two greatest satirical works "Don Quixote" and "Gulliver's Travels" he supposes to be Pessimistic in

their tendencies; both are satires on Humanity, to show by the means of comparison and exaggeration how contemptible a thing existence really is. Christianity, as intended by Christ, was, in Schopenhauer's eye, a truly Pessimistic doctrine condemning this life as radically bad, and recommending a world-flight; but theological Christianity, as it is taught by the Christian Priesthood of all countries in general, and by Paley, the Bridgewater Treatise men and others in particular, being based on a false interpretation of the Christian doctrines, was considerered by Schopenhauer an Optimism of the most wicked and reckless kind.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, the precursor of Socialism, has been mentioned sometimes as a Pessimist; but he was more of a Misanthrope, though indeed the two, Misanthropy and Pessimism, generally go together. But in Schopenhauer and Rousseau, we have the difference between true philosophical objective Pessimism and a mere subjective Pessimism arising from a gloomy disposition of the mind. The ordinary Misanthrope looks at the world through darkly-coloured spectacles and sees everything black, but the world is not therefore black. Thus we might be justified in calling his Pessimism an aberration of the mind, and drawing a sharp distinction between his Misanthropy and true philosophical Pessimism, which arises from an objective contemplation of the evils of this world. Ordinary Misanthropy again is to be carefully distinguished from the melancholy and even the insane temperament, often the result of a highly sensitive organism placed in unfavourable or detrimental circumstances. So much does pain affect the sensitive man that his own pain, and the pain of others which surround him, the pain of Humanity and the suffering creation—in one word, the World-pain—change the whole tendency of his mind in accordance with the impressions he receives. If his sensitiveness magnifies the pain, we must bear in mind that he, too, is a fellow-sufferer, who suffers by virtue of his highly sensitive organisation, to an intensified degree, the pain he is compelled

to witness in his surroundings. Sympathy, therefore, is the true basis of a Pessimistic frame of mind.

We can therefore distinguish two kinds of Pessimism. One which is merely—so to say—a mathematical one and arises from an objective contemplation of the evils of this world, having weighed the amount of good and evil and finding that evil has the heaviest weight in the balance and that therefore life is not worth living; the other is a sympathetical one, arises from an abundance of sympathetic feeling and may not always be logical, for instance in those imaginative minds which picture all things worse to themselves than they are to others. The due appreciation of the nature of things could therefore only be found in a mind where intense sympathetic feeling and accurate perception are in due proportion. Of Schopenhauer it must be said also that he, like Rousseau, was inclined to look at the dark side of things; a medical authority tried to prove that his Pessimism was the outcome of a diseased mind; but the connection between a certain cause and effect does not affect the truth of Pessimism so much as it would seem; for nothing of the kind can be said of Dr. Eduard von Hartmann, the great follower of Schopenhauer.

The ordinary Misanthrope, on the other hand, comes under a totally different category of human beings, often, and erroneously, stigmatised as Pessimists; we mean the grumblers and the croakers who are at best only mock Pessimists and whose character is the target of the comedian and the humourist. It is this specimen of human kind which is characterised by Lowell in the Biglow Papers:

> Of the meechin kind that sits and thinks for weeks
> The bottom's out of the univarse 'cos their own gillpot leaks.

But even the systematic Pessimism of Schopenhauer would be only grumbling on a large scale if he failed to show that the amount of evil in this world is greater than the amount of good; that life on the average is not worth living; yet that there is a daemonic power which in compelling us to

live renders us endlessly miserable. A pupil of Schopenhauer, Dr. Eduard von Hartmann took up this objective method of reviewing and weighing good and evil, and though we may question the correctness of his statements and the practicability of the schemes he puts forth to do away with existence altogether, it can be said of him that though he is no improvement on Schopenhauer generally speaking, he has superseded him in the way in which he attempted to deal logically with the great question before the Pessimist as to the worth of life.

But there is another way in which we may divide Pessimism into two distinct kinds. Everybody knows the popular English saying. "It is not the world that is bad; but the people that are in it." That is the standpoint of Rousseau who says in his introductory sentence to his great work on Education; "tout est bien, sortant des mains de l'auteur des choses, tout dégénére entre les mains de l'homme." Civilisation has perverted and corrupted him and caused artificial misery. In order to be happy we must therefore return to the original state of the natural man, the savage or the hunter. Schopenhauer's position is different. With him it is the world, the essence of things that is bad. If human beings are equally bad, it is because they form no exception to the general rule of the conditions of everything existing and are part of a bad whole. Life under these conditions is rather an evil than a good in any form; the greatest object therefore is redemption from life through death, entire annihilation, absolute painlessness; for pain with Schopenhauer is the Evil. Schopenhauer sees neither an evolution in the process of this world nor a progress in history. Everything is but an eternal change in history where the same symptoms continually re-occur and the same phenomena continually reappear. An amelioration and a progress, or lasting reforms of any kind are therefore strictly speaking impossible according to Schopenhauer. We will give our own version.

We have always seen that there is in all things a balance of good and evil, and that when Progress is made in one direction, there is retrocession in another; there is an equivalent for each progressive movement in a retrograde movement. There is a Causality of Good and Evil and they will reappear only under a different form. The mistake we make is peculiar and shows how narrowminded, limited, and slow we are in perceiving the actual state of things; for when Good and Evil reappear in our own time in another form and in new disguises, we are deceived by the fact that the Good may have the outward appearance of the Evil as it appeared in a prior age and *vice versâ*. We therefore ought to distinguish the essence of the thing from the appearance of the thing, but unfortunately we do not.

The doctrine opposed to Pessimism, that everything in nature is ordered for the best, or the ordering of things in the Universe so as to produce the highest good is Optimism, the chief exponent of which, in a philosophical and theological sense was the celebrated German philosopher Leibnitz. Leibnitz tried to prove what is called the negativity of pain, that means to say Pain according to Leibnitz was put into the world by the Creator for a wise purpose, because without it pleasure was an impossibility. Pain was the due counterpart to pleasure as negative electricity is to positive electricity. It is clear that this kind of reasoning, if we may call it so, was only one of the many sophistries used by theologians in order to set right what is fundamentally wrong. The argument of Leibnitz is based on a misconception as to the nature of pleasure, for though relief from pain is a certain kind of pleasure, there is to my mind positive pleasure and pain independent of each other. The relief from that trivial yet terrible complaint of which Heine says.—"Better a bad conscience than toothache," and Shakespeare:—

> There never was yet a philosopher
> Who could endure the toothache patiently.

is undoubtedly a pleasurable feeling, a positive pleasure. Yet

who would dare to say that toothache was given for the wise purpose of giving the pleasure to be able to say and to feel: I am relieved from it? Who would like to feel thoroughly sea-sick (though this may be useful and wholesome in some cases) for the sake of the pleasure of being on firm ground again? And as it is with these trivial things, so it is with everything else throughout nature. But Pain, according to the Pessimistic school, outweighs pleasure, and if we were not compelled to bear it, we would soon put an end to our existence whilst in the agonies of pain; but an individual with a strong nature cannot do so. The struggle for existence is for the Darwinists the guarantee of a development tending to an ultimate end; the pupils of Schopenhauer, on the other hand, see in the struggle for existence the source of evil because the pleasures of one individual are based upon the sufferings of the other. "What is greater?" asks Schopenhauer significantly, in alluding to the struggle of existence, "the pain of the animal that is devoured or the pleasure of the animal which devours it to satisfy his hunger?" The very nature of the struggle of existence itself, where the transitory joys of the one are based upon the sufferings and torments of another creature, formed a powerful argument on behalf of Pessimism, that the principle of this world was radically wrong. We can perfectly agree with Schopenhauer that Optimism in the theological sense of the word Optimism, used by Paley, the Christian evidence man, is a reckless assertion, a wicked creed, and will generally arise only through want of feeling with the suffering creature, and a want of understanding of their own creed, for already St. Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." The cruelty of nature, and the more defined cruelty of man; the social evils caused by the conditions of life on the one side, and by his depravity and egotism on the other, the horrors of war and all other catastrophies, would be justified in the eyes of the Optimist; for he would surely be able to prove with words, not with facts, that this all was conducive to something good

in the long run. We will dismiss the theological Optimist and return to the philosophical Pessimist. Schopenhauer falls into the opposite error as to the nature of pleasure and pain. With him pain is the only thing positive, and pleasure merely negative, consisting only in illusion, eternal and vain hope for a happiness never to be fulfilled, and in the satisfaction of the relief from pain. The moment we put food in our mouth and our hunger is satisfied, the pleasurable feeling connected with the process of eating will cease as satisfaction sets in. As it is with the satisfaction of this primitive desire, so is it with the satisfaction of all desires. Schopenhauer, for instance, considered the sensual gratification the means by which Nature tempted man continually to propagate the species, which would otherwise die out, for seeing the evil nature of things in his rational moments, man would hesitate to multiply was he not deluded, and so to say in a state of mental intoxication, which prompted him to commit follies. Woman therefore was the bait Nature held out to man. The young dream of Love; the attainment of our object, the fulfilment of our desires, seemed the highest state of bliss to man before he attained his ends; but as soon as possession takes place the pleasure comes to an end; the dream of love is followed by the reality of life, and indifference at the best follows our ardent passions. Schopenhauer disputes also to the weaker sex the title of fair sex. He says there was really nothing fair and handsome in the woman; it was only the imagination of man surrounded with a fog of sensuality and influenced by sexual feelings which caused him to think woman beautiful. If regarded without these spectacles, woman was really inferior to man in her construction, and could lay no claim to beauty. Thus everything is delusion, and the philosopher who knows this guards himself against the cares of this world by controlling his own misleading desires for:

> The distant prospect always seems more fair,
> And when attain'd, another still succeeds
> Far fairer than before, yet compassed round

With the same dangers and the same dismay.
And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find
When life itself is sinking, in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

The greatest follower of Schopenhauer, and the most noted philosopher of the day in Germany, is Dr. Edward von Hartmann, author of the "Philosophy of the Unconscious." Hartmann's Unconscious differs widely from the blind World-will of Schopenhauer, the daemonic power, the irresistible impulse in Nature. It is a kind of Pantheistic Deity with attributes almost approaching the conception of a Providence, so that the strict, rigid Materialists of the present day see to their great dismay a teleology lurking in the Philosophy of the Unconscious which might become a dangerous weapon in the hands of the enemies of reason for the Construction of a new Cosmic Mystery. Hartmann claims to have united the philosophy of Hegel with that of his master Schopenhauer for he assumes with the former a gradual development, but thinks that this development tends to one great end: the annihilation of the world, a gigantic proposal of putting an end to existence altogether by that which the French author Caro has aptly called "The Cosmic Suicide." Schopenhauer proposed the opposition of asceticism to the desire of living—("the will-to-live" as it is called); after all only a revival of the old Christian teaching to guard by a spiritual life against the temptations of the flesh. He advocated continence as other philosophers have advocated it, f.i., Malthus, Mill, and Comte, but from a different motive, though he himself, it is but just to say, practised it so little that his biographer has to be silent on that point. An advanced Malthusian might even look upon the contents of that much despised and prosecuted little pamphlet of Dr. Knowlton as the logical outcome of Pessimism *à la* Schopenhauer. The pamphlet in question did of course teach nothing of the kind, but in his eyes it might present the only practical means logically to carry out the claims of the doctrine of Schopenhauer for

he would reason—If life is so miserable as it is presented to us by the Pessimists, who claim only to be the interpreters of a universally and tacitly acknowledged truth; then, of course, it would be not alone a great responsibility (as the Utilitarians think on this point), but a crime to bring beings into the world to endure those endless sufferings of Hell, which, according to Schopenhauer, is existence on earth. However, Schopenhauer advocates nothing of the kind. He recommends only asceticism, and if we can give credence to about the most profound scholar of his teachings in England "the *nothingness* to which the ethical side points as the goal of practical life, is merely the annihilation of the PHENOMENAL world in which we live." It would puzzle the ordinary mind how the phenomenal world can be annihilated except in the case of extreme decay; he would rather be apt to fall into the popular error that the practical outcome of Schopenhauer's teachings was Suicide. Schopenhauer does not commend it, though, as in the case of Plato and Hegesias, the study of the melancholy doctrines led to Suicide, especially in young people, who draw the logical consequences. According to recent statistics, suicide is greatly increasing in Germany. The *Gegenwart* attributes it to the increase of Pessimism.

Hartmann, as I have said, recognises the worthlessness of existence; but he recognises also that nothing can be done individually; because, though the negation of the will in the individual may cause him to avoid the sufferings of this life by avoiding temptations; yet, as the life of Humanity is not stopped, individualities will, and must, continually be reproduced subject to the same conditions.

Hartmann reasons on the value of life like Schopenhauer. Life is not worth living under any conditions; annihilation is preferable to existence; for existence is an evil, non-existence a gain, the sleep of death therefore preferable to life. But how can we pass from one into the other? The Buddhist was satisfied with the idea of entering into the

Nirwana, into Nonentity, the follower of Schopenhauer with the negation of the individual will. Hartmann thought that something ought to be done to stop the process of life altogether. He wished to destroy the source of life itself, "to throw back the Worldwill into Nonentity." To this end he recommends the following practical means for bringing about a state of things in which Humanity would be able to effect it. The means are these: First of all, human beings must follow the progressive movement which tends to establish human reason as the governor of things; this was the doctrine of Hegel, the great antagonist of Schopenhauer, summed up by Renan as "God is not, God will be." This final establishment of the intellect for Hegel's God is a Pantheistic Deity, is regarded with different feeling, by Hegelism, and by the followers of Hartmann. With Hegel, the triumph of reason is an advent of the golden time. With Hartmann, it is merely the means for the long desired end of annihilating the Worldwill; the source of life and of evil. If the Worldwill is therefore absorbed in thinking Humanity and the Conscious rules everywhere over the Unconscious, the Logical over the Unlogical, Reason over blind Nature, life will be extinguished through the united efforts of self-consciousness on its highest stage. How this is to be effected is not quite clear. Leaving out the improbability of Humanity deciding in favour of Hartmann's final purpose of the Unconscious — that the mere wish in us not to continue to exist is sufficient, seems not only impracticable but theoretically unsound. In fact, where Hartmann comes to the point and has to draw the logical conclusion of his system, he loses himself altogether in words and in wild fantastical speculations. Is it not the old simile of the pot and the potter, which shows the absurdity of Hartmann's doctrine? How can man (the pot) turn against Nature, the potter? How can the emanation turn against the source? How can the result turn against the cause? Nay, I would just as well think of ants trying to annihilate the universe, for our position

in it is no more and no less. Our individuality can modify our surroundings, but can no more alter the essence of things then can the ant, the bee, and the wasp. True Pessimism will, in my mind, lead back to a purifield Stoicism and Stoicism to resignation. That means to resign your fate to the will of a power greater than yourself, that power which the Stoics called God or Nature. It was to them what the Unique Substance was to Spinoza. All things in all! Necessity was the mother of the world, the fate of man not his fault, but only the result of a concatenation of circumstances. His wisest plan was to resign himself to that fate. Though he might do so with an ill grace, still he was forced to yield to its superior power.

Hartmann thinks, of course, there is a way to get out of the difficulty, and therefore his gigantic plan, and the advice to his followers to wage war with existence itself. He even hints that there might have been numberless periods of the world-process, followed always by dissolution. A continual ascent, relapse and recommencement! If therefore Humanity omits also this time to do her duty—exclaims Hartmann, with the pedantry of an old schoolmaster—it would be unpardonable. How shortsighted! If there have been numberless periods of the world's existence it is quite clear that the same conditions must accompany each, as the elements which compose it, and the moving power which influences them, must always be the same. What therefore occurred or did not occur in one period occurs or does not occur in another. There must have been in every previous period an Edward von Hartmann to teach that doctrine, and a failure must have been infallibly the result of it.

Dr. von Hartmann seems, moreover, to have overlooked the fact that this question has already been settled in Faust, where Mephistopheles, the "Spirit that evermore denies," expresses himself resolutely:

> No! say I. No!
> To all projected or produced—whate'er
> Comes into being merits nothing but
> Perdition—better then that nothing were
> Brought into being.

but after all comes to the conclusion that:

But little can be done,—there ever is
To that which would make nothing, still the same thing
Opposed of the coarse world—the clumsy lump—
There stands it still resisting. I have tried
Everything—deluges, storms, earthquakes, lightnings—
Still rests it there the self-same sea and land.
Even o'er the death-doomed race of men and beasts,
How little is the conquest I have gained!
How many generations in their graves
Have I seen laid, and still the young, fresh blood
Will circulate, and still the spirit of life.
Decays not! 'Tis enough to drive me mad.
In air, in water, and in earth, up spring
A thousand bursting germs; in dry and damp
In warm and cold—all things are full of life.

FRANZ LUDWIG LEHMANN.

Our Lunacy Laws.

"THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

(WRITTEN IN 1878.)

I WAS struck by the last sentence in a letter signed, "*A Proprietor of a Private Asylum*," in the *British Medical Journal*, January 4th, 1879.

"There has been a Parliamentary inquiry into the management of private asylums, and alleged abuses of powers invested thus over the liberties of the subject; and with what result? Without a single case being proved against these establishments."

This paragraph has such an air of conscious merit about it that it must mislead any one who reads it.

"*Nothing proved against proprietors of private lunatic asylums.*" With my knowledge of facts, with my personal experience gleaned in only a few months, in face of the charges I have publicly, incessantly, brought against Dr. Winslow and his father-in-law Dr. Winn, my breath feels fairly taken away at such an audacious statement:—This "proprietor" doubtless counts years of experience to mine of only a few months growth and yet he ventures to come before the medical public and boldly assert that *nothing has been proved against proprietors of private asylums.* What does he mean by the word *nothing*, what does he mean by *has been proved*, and what does he mean by *proprietors of private asylums?* These questions I will leave him to answer in his own way and explain them for myself in this present paper.

If my readers will refer with me to the Thirty-second

report of the Commissioners in Lunacy—"Lunacy," 2 August, 1878, which can be obtained at all Parliamentary booksellers, they will find that a few cases were examined into by the Commissioners in Lunacy and that a few proprietors of private asylums were to a certain degree punished. The names and addresses of the alleged lunatics are studiously omitted in all cases; no one could ascertain for themselves the names of the attendants at any of the asylums; therefore, the doctors can make any statement they please, and the Commisssioners in Lunacy can print any untruth they choose; not a witness can be called to prove or deny the reports Parliament orders to be printed.

I will dwell, briefly, on the case of the lady (page 87) detained wrongfully (because perfectly sane) at the Rev. Frederick Davis', Manor House, North Fleet. Mr. Davis was condemned for this offence to pay a fine of £50. The matter hushed up, the lady ruined for life and no one knows anything more! I know nothing personally about any case reported in this Blue Book excepting the one (page 71) about Mrs. M. E. W. that is Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Walker. I can answer for it that the whole of her case as reported in the Blue Book is either made up of unmitigated falsehoods or false coloring, and as this one, of which I am perfect mistress in every detail, is so very much misrepresented, I see no reason why I should believe the facts as recorded in every other case in this particular Blue Book.

I will copy Mrs. Walker's case from the Blue Book first, then I will give the true version of the affair.

"(1) In September last, we received the statutory notice of admission on the 6th of that month into Elm House of a married lady, Mrs. M. E. W."

"(2) The certificates were clearly indicative of insanity and bore evidence of a recent suicidal attempt on the part of the patient. (3) The order was signed by the lady's husband, and, on the face of it, was invalid, as it stated, that acting under medical advice, he had not seen her since arrival from

India, the date of which arrival was not stated. (4) The notice of admission was signed by Mr. A. Bonney acting as medical attendant in the absence from serious illness of his father, the proprietor of Elm House, since deceased. (5) On observing this irregularity we addressed Mr. W. A. Bonney, expressing our surprise at his reception of the patient on such an order, and we intimated that Mrs. W. should be returned to her family in order that proper authority for her detention under care and treatment should be procured (6). At the same time, we pointed out, that, as she was described to be suicidally disposed, every precaution must be taken to ensure her safety (7).

"(8) On September the 12th we learned from Mr. W. A. Bonney that there might be some difficulty in communicating with the patient's husband and obtaining a fresh order. (9) We wrote to him on the same day advising that in these circumstances the relieving officer of the district should at once be applied to in order that the patient should be removed and dealt with under the provisions of the Act 16 and 17 Vict., c. 97, as a lunatic not under proper care and control.

"(10) The next day, however, it was found possible to communicate with patient's husband, who removed her to a neighbouring house, and then brought her back to Elm House with a valid order. (11) The original certificates were still in force, having been signed in the seven days of this re-admission. (12) We did not consider Elm House, the license of which was restricted to the reception of quiet and harmless cases to be a proper receptacle for a suicidal case, and we, therefore, required that Mrs. W. should be removed to another asylum. (13) This was done, and Mrs. W. was afterwards seen more than once by members of our Board, who had no doubt of her insanity and that she had been properly placed under care and treatment.

"(14) We desired Mr. W. A. Bonney to attend our Board on the following Monday, September the 17th, to explain his conduct. (15) He accordingly appeared before us, and after

receiving a severe reprimand for the carelessness of which he had been guilty, was required to put in writing the explanation which he offered verbally for his conduct.

"(16) From his letter, written in consequence of this, it appeared that the husband of the patient had, in fact, accompanied her to the asylum, and Mr. Bonney expressed his great regret that he had allowed him to leave before the order had been examined and amended as it might at once have been.

"(17) The want of care exhibited in neglecting to examine the papers at the time of admission was, no doubt, great, but in the circumstances we did not consider it our duty to proceed against Mr. Bonney or his wife, the joint licensees of Elm House, for the reception of the patient with an order which, though invalid on the face of it, was, in fact, susceptible of amendment.

"(18) The death in October last (1877) of Mr. Bonney, the proprietor of this house, was followed by an application from his widow for the renewal of the license in her name. (19) After very careful consideration we felt called upon, for various reasons, to refuse the application. The license was therefore extended for a short time only and is not to be renewed."

No. 1. On what day in "September last" (1877) did the Commissioners receive the Statutory notice of admission into Elm House on the 6th of Mrs. Maria Elizabeth Walker? By whom was this notice signed? I ask this because as Mr. W. A. Bonney had not been brought up in the way he should go and was unacquainted with one of the most glaring technicalities provided by the law for the protection of mad-doctors, I want to know who it was complied with another absurd and baseless technicality, namely: "sending a copy of the Medical Certificates and Order to the Commissioners within twenty-four hours from the patient's admission"? What is the use of such a proviso when the patient is once trapped? Now if the law had ordained that within twenty-four hours of an order and medical certificates being signed these should be forwarded to the Commissioners in Lunacy,

the escaped alleged lunatic or a friend would then have the chance of sending down to 19, Whitehall Place, and discovering what he is accused of. If the public would kindly give itself the trouble of studying our laws, they would find that all our laws are framed in such a way as to protect those who injure and to ruin the injured. So it is with the Lunacy Laws. Most carefully do the law-framers of Lunacy penalties appear to have protected all doctors or others concerned in trapping sane persons into lunatic asylums. In my case, for instance, I cannot possibly obtain any copy of the accusations brought against me; it is doubtful if Dr. Winslow has not destroyed them, and whether any law can compel him to produce them in court. Besides, all attacks upon married women are well protected by the law. A married woman cannot sue without a next friend; a next friend is not easy to obtain, as I can answer for by experience. Next friends are required for the sole purpose of guaranteeing the rascally lawyers their outrageous fees which they manage to run up, *forced to do so*, I may say, *almost by the law itself*, which has invented all kinds of provisions for lawyers, law officers of the Crown, and other favourites of fortune who live on the plunder of the oppressed and persecuted. Therefore, injured, insulted, defamed, defied as Mrs. Walker and I are, we have legally no redress. Now, I could fight my own battle and others besides, in Police Courts and before Judges, and knowing so much of lawyers and the law as I do now, unless I can somehow manage to prosecute in person, I will let it all drop sooner than be forced into employing lawyers—solicitors or counsel. Therefore I feel the only thing to be done is to struggle hard through the Press and in print, as well as by holding lectures as frequently as possible, to rouse public indignation and to teach it how to put a stop to these mal-practices. Who then, I repeat, signed and sent that notice of admission to Elm House? When—what and how to *prove* that the trifling technicality of "within twenty-four hours" was then complied with.

No. 2. What proves that the certificates were *clearly* indicative of insanity and bore evidence of a suicidal attempt?—

What inquiries were made on the subject, by the Commissioners, of Mr. and Mrs. Lambley, 272, King's Road, Chelsea where Mrs. Walker and her children were lodging? of the doctors? of her servants? of the police? Did they enquire what relationship or connection Drs. Keen or Poulain (the certifying doctors) bore to Mr. W. A. Bonney?—Did they know that Dr. Keen lives almost opposite Mr. W. A. Bonney's house and that Dr. Poulain was Mr. W. A. Bonney's father-in-law. That it was Mr. W. A. Bonney himself who *had signed the notice of admission, he acting as medical attendant in the absence of his father, the proprietor of Elm House*? Now, the law clearly states that doctors connected in any way with the proprietor of a lunatic asylum are prohibited from signing medical certificates for any patient to be admitted into an asylum in which they have any interest. The law in this trivial technicality (so easily avoided) was however broken again in this case. Mrs. Walker and I made up our minds she could easily get a summons against Dr. Poulain for illegally signing her certificate. We went twice to Westminster Police Court (Dr. Poulain lives at 124, Fulham Road); once we waited four hours—another time two, we were, besides, most insolently treated by the Reporter Mr. Kent (conduct explained to me at other Police Courts by its being well-known that he habitually indulges in the cup which inebriates), we fully explained the matter to the sitting magistrate Mr. D'Eyncourt, I was even armed with my "Manual of Lunacy" and the Acts of Parliament . . . . To no avail! Of course the magistrate could give no reason for refusing the summons, but he said he could not give it against Dr. Poulain; it was "not clearly enough proved he was connected with Elm House." I answered that nothing could be connected with a house or a hospital except a wall or a garden, but that Dr. Poulain certainly was prohibited by the

intentions if not by the letter of the Act from signing a medical certificate for Mr. Bonney's asylum. The magistrates, as I know from experience, uphold and screen in every possible way any one they may meet out at dinner or who are in their own class of society. For all I know, Mr. D'Eyncourt may have been a personal friend of the "lot." This is a kind of injustice which, once fairly exposed, goads the mob led on to acts of outrage and excess—and why?—because having exhausted every moderate, sensible measure, they have been driven to outrage and excess before they can get listened to in a just and holy cause.

These applications at Westminster Police Court were not reported in the newspapers on either occasion.

No. 3. Now comes the great crime committed by Mr. W. A. Bonney for which, ostensibly, this severe reprimand was given to him, this fuss made and the application for renewal of the license (on Mr. Bonney Senior's death) refused. Mr. W. A. Bonney had somehow omitted to observe that Major Walker had not seen his wife since his arrival from India, (the law stipulating that the individual should have *seen*, not *spoken* to, the victim who he is to sign into a life-long prison as insane). No question as to how this was; no question as to whose medical advice Major Walker was acting under, depriving himself, in consequence, of the sight of his wife, no researches made as to the date of his arrival, no enquiry as to what or who Major Walker himself was! It is not the business of the Commissioners to prevent a sane woman being trapped—a mother torn away from the baby she is nursing! The only question is: is the lunatic trapped as far as form goes—legally?

No. 4. The culprit thus infringing on this latter privilege is a culprit indeed!

No. 5. High and mighty airs of virtue and impartiality were put on by "our Board." "Our Board" was actually "*surprised*!"

No. 6. "Our Board" *intimated that Mrs. Walker should be*

returned to her family." Did "our Board" stoop to enquire if Mrs. Walker had any family? any home? Did they stoop to find out whether or not "our Board's" intimation was obeyed?

No. 7. Was it precaution for the sake of trapping her legally, or of protecting her wretched, worthless life, "our Board" intended to take? I fear the former.

No. 8. Difficulty about communicating with Major Walker!—Did "our Board" ask why there should be difficulty in communicating with a husband who had, without having seen his wife, committed her to a lunatic asylum. Does it not strike the common observer that such a proceeding on the part of a husband, who, by his marriage oath, binds himself to "*keep her in sickness and in health*" is unnatural, dishonourable in the extreme, unless the wife had been unequivocally proved to have been a dangerous, incurable maniac. Marriage vows are severely resented, if broken, in the most insignificant degree in the woman, but, oh! how leniently such breaches are regarded and condoned in the man. To what utter ruin and misery a woman has to be submited before she can get the parish to interfere in her favour! Her husband must have deserted her two years, he must have forced her to sell the bed from under her, he must have cruelly ill-treated her, and she cannot get a divorce or any protection unless she can pay the lawyers. When she is penniless and homeless, there's the workhouse for her and her children (separated of course), and a man who behaves thus to the poor wretch whom our laws trample under foot, and which ridicule and censure crush, if she attempts to assert her rights as a British subject (a position she has been brought up to believe a proud and enviable one) is protected in every way, as I shall prove, by magistrates, by the press, by public opinion, and by his club . . . So Major Walker could not be found; Mr. W. A. Bonney evidently (not knowing the law) thought the Commissioners would be satisfied with the old order. Not a bit of it. "Our Board" is careful that "*nothing should b*

proved against them" of such a heinous nature as non-compliance with useless technicalities. They thought they would give Mr. W. A. Bonney the hint, and advised him to call in the relieving officer to sign the order which of course he would have done without a moment's hesitation in *ordinary cases*. Now Mr. W. A Bonney perhaps knew the relieving officer to be a cautious, conscientious man, and that he would have found Mrs. Walker what she was—sane, and not at all suicidally disposed. Mr. Bonney knew, too, that by that time probably, Mr. Lambley had been to the police to protest against Mrs. Walker's abduction, so it was not safe to call in the relieving officer.

No. 10. The next day, therefore, Major Walker was found; and the Commissioners have the andacity to assert she was taken by him to a neighbouring house. What house? Did our Board enquire what house? The fact is, Major Walker did not remove his wife to any neighbouring house, and that she saw him in Mr. Bonney's drawing room at Elm House, and nowhere else. Details of which Mrs. Walker can give with the greatest precision.

GEORGINA WELDON.

(To be continued.)

The State Remedy for Poverty

ONE of the most curious circumstances of these times is to be found in the antagonism which seems to exist between some of the modern adherents of Socialism and those Economists who are followers of Malthus and the two Mills. It is true that this hatred of the discovery of the great English professor is not universally found among Socialists, for in Germany we have Herr Kautsky and Dr. Stille, both of whom are ardent Socialists, yet fully admitting the truth of the generalisation of Malthus and Darwin, that there is a tendency in mankind to produce more offspring than food can be provided for. But in England, France, and the United States it is quite remarkable how unanimously able men like Mr. Henry George, Mr. Hyndman, M. Godin, and M. E. Reclus are opposed to the views of the orthodox party of Economists, and how bitterly they speak of Malthus and his latter-day disciples.

It seems as if some of these Socialists were determined to oppose themselves, as theologians have so often done, to the most thoroughly ascertained facts; although, as I hope to show, there is not the slightest real antagonism between the new school of Malthusians and any of the modern army of "Collectivists." For what the New Malthusians like J. S. Mill and his disciples urge is simply, that whether land or property be in the hands of Governments or be in the hand

of individuals, there must always remain a great tendency for socialistic communities or individuals to become poor and miserable if they insist in following blindly the instincts of reproduction, and claiming a right to the fruits of labour without seeing that the number of children they produce is within the number that can comfortably be supported either by the community or by the individual.

As a matter of history, it is well known that Mr. J. S. Mill, the greatest economist of this age, was also a pronounced Socialist, i.e., that he claimed that the State had a duty towards making the life of each citizen comfortable and enjoyable. For myself, I entirely concur with J. S. Mill and the Socialists in this opinion, and I believe that every civilized State can, will, and ought above all to occupy itself with the question of the causes of individual and social poverty, and that if it attempt to cope with these terrible facts, a way will soon be found to get rid of them. However strongly too this view is opposed to the prevailing opinions of mankind in this and in other countries, it will very soon become the most momentous question of all. Mr. Mill has several times referred to a plan of extinguishing poverty by direct legal enactment in the only way in which this could possibly be done, namely, by means of a statute limiting the size of families in old countries like this, and prohibiting anyone, whether rich or poor, to have more than a certain small number of children. The author of the *Elements of Social Science* has also referred to this point in his admirable and most practical work—a work which has been much read abroad.

Mr. Mill says, in his "Principles of Political Economy," that "It would be possible for the State to guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound, in self-protection, and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent." And, speaking of the great French Socialistic Revolution of 1848, he again says: "The practical result of the whole truth might possibly

be, that all persons living should guarantee to each other, through their organ, the State, the ability to earn by labour an adequate subsistence, but that they should abdicate the right of propagating the species at their own discretion and without limit: that all classes alike, and not the poor alone, should consent to exercise that power in such measure only, and under such regulations, as society might prescribe with a view to the common good."

I am sure socialistic readers will see that this is a thoroughly just law, at least, since Mr. J. S. Mill insists that all classes alike, and not the poor alone, shall be subjected equally to it. To make the matter still clearer, he has given the following opinion in his "Principles of Political Economy." "If the opinion were once generally established among the labouring classes, that their welfare required a due regulation of the numbers of families, the respectable and well conducted of the body would conform to the prescription, and only those would exempt themselves from it who are in the habit of making light of social obligations generally; and there would then be an evident justification for converting the moral obligation against bringing children into the world who are a burden to the community into a legal one; just as in many other cases of the progress of opinion, the law ends by enforcing against recalcitrant minorities, obligations which to be useful must be general, and which, from a sense of their utility, a large majority have voluntarily consented to take upon themselves."

Mr. J. S. Mill was greatly in favour of admitting women to the same rights of citizenship with men, by granting to them the Parliamentary Franchise. And indeed he went so far in his belief in the virtue of this instalment of justice to women, as to believe that, if women ceased to be confined by custom to one physical function as their means of living and their source of influence, they would for the first time have an equal voice with men in what concerned that function, so that legal sanctions forbidding large families might probably

be dispensed with. For my own part, I am heart and soul with Mr. J. S. Mill in his advocacy of these rights of women to citizenship; but am not quite sure that it would suffice to keep families as small as they ought to be in modern Europe if women were given the Parliamentary Franchise. Even in that case, there would still exist the clear necessity for legislation to make the birth-rate low in old and over-peopled Europe.

The reasons for this are evident and are as follows:—A law to regulate population, if carried out, could of itself with certainty remove poverty and over-work. This would hold good either under the regime of private property or under that of Communism. The Socialists of Oneida Creek became so wealthy under a similar regulation, that the community broke up, because the younger members, having been educated at Havard University and elsewhere, came to grow fond of luxury, and found that they could obtain more of that luxury by an enforced sale of their valuable property, and its division among the members. The quantity and quality of the descendants in that singular society of modern Platonists was strictly attended to by a social sanction, which regulated the number and parentage of all children born. The second reason for an enactment of the State against large families is, that no other law or laws, could possibly remove poverty and over-work; and that the force of public opinion and self-interest of individuals are not strong enough, without the aid of such a law, to accomplish so vast an object. For what is quite indispensable for the extinction of poverty is a restraint on population so powerful and general as to remove the excessive pressure existing on the powers of the soil; that is, by diminishing the demand for food, we would enable the margin of cultivation to recede to a sufficient extent, the worst soils to be thrown out of cultivation, and the land to be less highly and expensively cultivated. This, of course, would, as it will be seen in new countries, increase the productiveness of labour, and wages would rise as they do in such new and

fertile States, while at the same time there would be a reduction in the working hours, and therefore in the cost of food. It is well known, for instance, that the price of food in New Zealand is very much lower than in England, whilst the workman will only work eight hours, and expects a wage of from six to eight shillings a day for unskilled labour, and from ten to fifteen shillings a day for skilled. If, then, the birth-rate were checked by legal sanction in European States, these States would then be placed somewhat in the position of a new colony like New Zealand, for the essential difference between an old country and a new colony is that, in the former, population is pressing too heavily on the productive powers of the soil. That is, the virgin soils of new countries such as New Zealand, require a far less amount of labour and capital combined to produce a quarter of wheat, a sheep, or an ox than any lands in Europe do. Hence a sheep costs some ten or twelve shillings, and meat twopence a pound.

Now, if this be true, and the whole science of the economists, which is merely experience, shows it to be true, it seems pretty evident that a reform of such vast extent and difficulty as this, requiring the co-operation of every one in society, will never be carried out without the assistance and deliberate sanction of State or Government. For when individuals are granted the discretion of producing as many children as they think fit, the moderation and self-restraint of some are counteracted by the recklessness and improvidence of others, and thus an over-crowded state is constantly kept up. This is most conspicuously seen in France. Some time ago, on visiting Paris, I found that the professional classes in France have not, on an average, quite two children to each family. Among the medical men of Paris, prudence in the matter was exhibited in the following fact. I found that 100 of such gentlemen of the age of 60 and upwards had not in their married life produced more than 174 children, which was not two children to each family. Whereas, in the poor quarters of Paris, M. de Haussonville has lately shown, in an article in the *Revue des*

deux Mondes, that children swarm, and that it is probable that the children in each family in such forlorn quarters are three times as numerous as they are in rich families. I found, myself, in the East-End of London, among my patients of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, that the average number of children to a family is over seven. This explains the miserable condition of the poor of London and Paris. Even in France, then, where prudence as to the size of families is most general, there is still great over-population, as may be seen by the miserably low rate of wages in many employments, and the high price of meat and provisions. All persons, who have studied economical science, know that large families are the only real cause of low wages and dear food in such countries as this, and therefore none need deny that Government has the power if it only had the desire, to suppress the source of the evil and thereby put an end to indigence.

Any other measure which Parliament can bring forward, such as Socialism or Land Nationalisation, to raise wages must be merely indirect, and can only attain its object by the circuitous means of acting on the general intelligence and independence of the people, and thus inducing them voluntarily to limit their numbers. But is it necessary always to content ourselves with such indirect measures and inadequate means? Is it not wiser far to go to the root of the matter at once, and resolve to put an end to poverty and pauperism directly? This is a question sure to be broached by the working-classes and earnest social reformers as soon as the real cause of poverty becomes known and is no longer disputed.

The Socialists and Communists of the Continent and of England have a most noble aim in their associations which I entirely agree with, and that is, when they allege that mankind forms a community whose interests are bound up together, and who should mutually aid one another, and insure one another, as far as possible against the ills of life; that society should have an equal care for the happiness of

all of its members, and should see that all are duly provided for: and that, finally, it is the duty of society, through its organ the State, or Government, to take energetic steps for the removal of poverty, and to guarantee to every individual who is willing to work, an ample subsistence in return for his labour.

But a law to regulate population, we now know, is the only law by which the State can at once do away with poverty, and can shorten the hours of toil, and raise wages, so that, if the Provisional Government in France in 1848 were right, and that it is one of the duties of a good government to ensure employment at good wages to all willing to toil, then such an enactment as proposed for limiting families is the only means by which this idea could be carried out. Ought then the State to adopt such a plan, and thus directly cope with poverty? It seems to me that all Socialists and New Malthusians ought soon to be convinced that such a law is quite legitimate in the face of the terrible difficulties to the race caused by the population principle. If such a law were once proposed and adopted in any civilised country, it would do more for human happiness than any other law possibly could do, and there can be no doubt in the minds of those who understand the question that such an enactment will sooner or later become the very foundation of society in every civilised country in Europe and in the old world.

In conversing on this subject with M. Godin, the eminent chief of the Familistère of Guise, a week or two ago, he alleged, curiously enough, that mankind could not possibly limit the number of the births in a country, any more than they regulate the proportionate number of sexes which are born. And this, in the face of the fact, that French people actually do limit their families to such an extent that, in a country village in the Department of Oise containing 400 persons, I found lately that occasionally a year passed without a single birth taking place, whereas an equal number of persons in Germany would have produced 18 births per annum.

The objections made to the State directly discouraging a rapid birth-rate by some legal enactment are, of course, numerous. Thus it is said that it would be far too sweeping an innovation; and too despotic an interference with personal liberty. But let us think on what all this means, and we shall recognise that population in countries like this is already so powerfully restrained by prudence, that a little more or less of restraint would be of but little moment, and would be much less felt than many suppose. There are such vast numbers of people at present, obliged by their circumstances to exercise great caution concerning their marriage, that they would feel no difference at all whether such a statute existed or not. To those who at present lead celibate lives, the statute suggested would bring increased freedom, since if families were smaller, many more people could afford to marry. The only persons whose liberty would be interfered with are those who have large families; and to them this would be a great blessing, since in an old country like this, it is no one's interest or desire to have such large families. This is seen in France, where it is the rich who keep their families small, whilst the poor who suffer so much from large families, are the most reckless in producing them. The whole question, then, is not one where liberty and restraint are contrasted; but in this matter the restraint must take place in some way. At present the restraint is cruel and unjust, whilst if there were a statute to limit the size of families, no one would really be injured by it. So that poverty might be abolished with such a small amount of interference with individual liberty as would scarcely be felt as an evil.

It is needless, as the mass of radical reformers do, to wish that there were no more poor and yet object to limiting families. If reformers want to get rid of poverty, they must take this means, whether they be Socialists, Communists, or Individualists. And if we must necessarily submit to an increased restraint on our power of procreating, in order to get rid of poverty, what difference does it make whether law or

public opinion, or conscientious feeling or so-called "selfish interest," be the motive of the restraint. The end attained is absolutely the same, whatever be the motive.

M. Garnier, in his work on Population, has shown that in most of the European States where a legal right to relief is admitted, marriage on the part of persons in the actual receipt of relief is prohibited, and very few indeed permit the legal marriage of those who are not in possession of some means of supporting a family. These laws are still in force in Bavaria, Norway, Wurtemburg, and many of the Swiss Cantons; and even in England, husband and wife are separated in the workhouse. I object, however, to this last way of lowering the birth rate, because it prohibits marriage, instead of prohibiting large families, and the experience I have of France, shows me, that marriages may be numerous, and yet families extremely small. Take the case of the village of 400 inhabitants cited above in the department of Oise, where, although there are numerous young couples of peasants in wedlock, there is in some years not a single birth. And again, the prohibition of marriage affects the poor only and not all classes alike. The existence, however, of such statutes concerning marriage show that a statute to regulate the size of families would not introduce any new *principle* (since laws prohibiting marriage are directed against high birth-rates) but would merely extend to every one in the community, *whether rich or poor*, laws which at present press solely on certain classes, and are thus unjust. All who have reflected on the subject will agree with Mr. J. S. Mill that the rich in an old country have no more right than the poor to over burden the labour market by producing large families.

Such a statute, of course, could never be enacted until the question had been thoroughly discussed and until the great majority of the nation were in its favour, and until that majority was determined not to put any restraints upon others which they were not willing to submit to in their own

case. The discussion of this statute would, of itself, be of incalculable benefit and I earnestly trust that it may soon be discussed, whether calmly or vehemently. For until society has made up its minds to such a law, I fear it is useless to think of universal happiness. And it is to be remarked that the number of children to a family might be probably somewhat higher than might at first sight be supposed, since many women have no children. A maximum of four children to a family might possibly be permitted; and the State sanction or punishment for the infringement of such a law should be very slight, as the great object of the law would be to guide and strengthen public opinion and individual prudence and conscience, not to supply their place. A distinguished professor of law has recently agreed with me that such a statute would be far more efficacious in lowering the birth-rate than any mere public opinion, since in large cities like London in modern times Statute law is the only command which many persons will obey.

M. Lagneau a distinguished member of the Academy of Medicine whom I visited a short time ago, gave me an interesting essay he had written on the immigration of the poorer nations into France which has recently taken place with accelerated velocity. It seems that the average wages in most employments are very much lower in Belgium, Italy, and Germany than they are in France. For instance, when a Frenchman would get 3 francs per diem a Belgian at home would receive but two. Of course this is due to the slow birth-rate of the French which has gradually been raising the standard of comfort of the labouring classes in that most prudent of all European States. During the thirty years before 1881 the French people increased only from 35,781,000 to 37,672,000, but the immigration of other nations with France has gone on ever increasing. Thus in 1859 there were 392,000 foreigners in France residing and working there, where in 1881 there were 1,001,000 foreigners in that country, without counting 77,000 strangers who had become natural-

ised. In 1881 there were 432,000 Belgians, 241,000 Italians, 82,000 Germans and 74,000 Spaniards. And just as our working men colonists in Australasia suffer from the competition of the swarms of miserable fast breeding Chinese, so does modern France suffer by the influx of half-starved Italians, Germans, Belgians and Spaniards, all of which nations are still so imprudent in their habits of rapid production of large families. Is it just that a nation like France where conjugal prudence is so well understood, and where children are so loved and so carefully tended, because only brought into the world when they are wanted, should be harassed by the influx of thoughtless and uncivilised breeding nations that surround it? Would it not be infinitely nobler if these nations would all unite to restrain their birth-rate, by some Statute, within reasonable limits, so that all citizens born in each state might be able to have plenty of food and comfort in their own land, instead of invading a neighbour's territory and taking the bread out of his children's mouths? I ask this with the deepest reverence for all those who dispute my plan for human improvement. Let them strike after they have heard and thought over these words.

In conclusion, I disclaim in the most formal manner any antagonism towards Socialism, co-operative production, or even to communistic experiments of any kind. There is so much misery and hopelessness at the bottom of our modern society that I listen eagerly for any remedy for the horrors of human life. All I claim, in return is, that other reformers shall be as willing to listen to my plans, which are not those of a youth, but which have been thought over seriously for many years, and which promise at least as much as any scheme. Above all let us have free and rational discussion and I venture to promise that poverty will be found an evil which can be cured.

C. R. DRYSDALE.

A French Economist on Collectivism.*

SOME one (Macaulay I think) said that a new doctrine passed through three stages, that of ridicule, argument, and acceptance. The new Economy, must have certainly reached the second of these stages, to judge by the flood of literature, which pretends to be serious in combating the theory of Scientific Socialism, that is pouring from the press both English and foreign. Whether the traditional Economists will reach the third stage, ere the shadow of death overtakes them and the society they represent, is doubtful. There is one virtue conspicuously absent in English writers on the same side, which strikes one at the first glance in M. Leroy-Beaulieu's new work. He has certainly read what he is professing to criticise, but beyond this our praise for his fairness can hardly extend. His book is from beginning to end a tissue of cases of verbal quibble, of *ignoratio elenchi*, and here and there even, we fear, of wilful misrepresentation. We do not know whether it is the moral or the intellectual side of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's character that is to blame for these things, but there they are.

In an introductory chapter the author sketches the progress of Socialism within the last few years. He here endeavours to fix the terms—Socialist, Collectivist, Communist. The first he justly regards as generic, covering a variety of views

* Le Collectivisme. Examen critique du nouveau Socialisme, par Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Membre de L'institut, &c., Paris Guillemin et Cie.

more or less divergent. But the retention of the term Communism for the crude utopic conception of the direct, equal and periodical division of the objects of consumption, involves an ignoring of the more recent history of the word, which is surely, to say the least, injudicious. However, if we once grant M. Leroy-Beaulieu his definitions, we must admit that he adheres to them fairly consistently throughout. A general and somewhat discursive criticism follows (embracing Henry George, Laveleye, Marx, Schäffle, &c.), of the charges brought by Socialist and semi-Socialist writers against the current economic *régime*. This includes some chapters on primitive Communism, types of which are found in the Russian *Mir* and the Javan village community. The first division of the book terminates with a somewhat rambling homily on the terrible results likely to ensue from land-nationalisation. The second part is devoted to a more systematic attempt at criticism of the theoretic portions of Marx and Schäffle. (By-the-bye, why does M. Leroy-Beaulieu exclude the writings of Frederic Engels and Rodbertus from his animadversions ?).

In an ordinary magazine review it is obviously impossible to touch upon all the points raised in a work such as the present. We are, therefore, forced to confine ourselves to a few typical instances of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's mode of treatment. An attempt is made at starting to confound sundry definitions established among Socialists. The method, we may observe, of obliterating real distinctions by verbal jugglery, and thus apparently landing an opponent in a *reductio-ad-absurdum*, is a specious one, and a favourite with sophists. By taking a conception in its most abstract sense, carefully emptying it of all empirical content, it is easy enough to make everything nothing and nothing everything. It is this which Hegel means when he declares the identity of Being and non-Being. The pure abstract form of any conception can be turned inside out or outside in without making any difference. Thus the wily Liberal posed the honest Home-Ruler, who was pleading for his cause on the ground

of the right of peoples to self-government, by contending that if Ireland were justified in detaching itself from the United Kingdom, so, on like grounds, was any English county, town, or even any group of persons inhabiting a particular plot of land, and that *ergo* the right of Ireland to self-government was illusory. Now M. Leroy-Beaulieu, as we were saying, tries this dialectical trick on. But he is not altogether successful in the performance, A little more practice is wanted. For instance, in seeking (p. 17) to prove the fallacy of the distinction between *Bourgeois* and *Proletaire*, he asks whether the well-salaried manager of a wealthy company, or the captain of a large vessel, &c., inasmuch as these cannot be said to possess the instruments with which they work, are therefore to be ranked as *proletaires*; adding that if so, nine-tenths of those the Socialists disdainfully term *Bourgeois* are *Proletaires*. The answer to this is obvious, viz., that these middle-men are placed in a *position of advantage* with reference to the instruments of production which practically amounts *pro tanto* to possession. This position of advantage may arise from social connections, exceptional ability, or other things, but any way it lifts them out of the arena of the labour market, and gives them a control (more or less) over the means of production, which the *proletaire* has not. Again, M. Leroy-Beaulieu sneeringly complains that, under a Collectivist *régime*, no one would be allowed to mend his neighbour's trousers or shirt for a monetary consideration, inasmuch as he would be then employing his needle and thread for purposes of production, which would be a return to Individualism, and hence illegal. Let M. Leroy-Beaulieu reassure himself. All those who desire to make a living by an individualistic mending of shirts and trousers will be allowed full liberty to satisfy their aspirations. We will not vouch for their being much patronised, for the probability of repairs of this character being executed better, more rapidly, and with less expenditure of labour in the State or communal factory is great. But, any way they would have their economic liberty to fatten on.

We find the assumption running through the whole of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book that the collectivist intends to suppress private production and exchange by prohibitory laws. This is a crucial instance of his want of grasp of the subject. Is it by prohibitory laws that the *grande industrie* has supplanted the *petite industrie* in well-nigh every branch of production? Prohibitory laws will be quite unnecessary when private enterprise ceases to be profitable, as it must when the whole of the means of production, distribution, and credit, on a large scale, are in the possession of the people themselves. References to primitive communism, whether as established in the Russian Mir, the Javan village, or the ancient German commune, are obviously quite pointless as arguments in discussing the organisation of the future, for the simple reason that they belong to an anterior moment of social evolution. Primitive *undifferentiated* Communism develops its own contradiction; a progress to some form of Individualism is inevitable; this again in its turn discovers within itself the germs of destruction. In the very act of realising its fullest and most complete life, its doom is sealed. The individual ceases to be producer, although possessing full control over the exchange of the commodities produced. The next step in progress is the *differentiated* Communism or Collectivism, which with the production already more than half-way socialised, completes the process, and gives to the community a control over the exchange of that which is its collective product.*

* The above, of course, is an exposition in the abstract of the law of economic development. In the absence of other factors every society and, *à fortiori*, the history of the world would follow precisely this course, just as in the absence of all resistance motion would pursue a straight line to infinity. But, as a matter of fact, in the concrete there are other elements present which retard, accelerate, or modify, this process at any particular stage. Ethical, religious, and political forms react upon the economical. Thus in the earliest civilisations of the world we find the religious element in the society dominating the whole; a hierarchy overlays the original basis, which while modifying it, preserves it from dissolution, In the classical period a partial individualism obtains in economics but is not yet reflected in Ethics or religion. In the period of the later Roman Empire, Individualism obtains in Ethics and religion, but the political hierarchy remains, and its forms are assimilated by

To confute the Collectivist by proving what he never doubts, namely, the tendency of primitive Communism to issue in Individualism is surely an *ignoratio elenchi* of the baldest kind. Yet an important portion of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's criticism is based thereon. "Faut il recommencer," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, p. 150, "une experience déjà faites pendant de longs siécles et qui a échoué partout." The fact is, of course, that the experience has never been made and never could have been made till now. Our author evidently regards progress as linear. A very little acquaintance with the course of historic development would have sufficed to show him that (if we may employ metaphor in the matter) it is rather spiral, that is, that the same fact invariably returns in a higher form, in short that the straight line theory is a fallacy. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer recognises this in a manner. And if it be recognised, what becomes of the argument that because one form of collective ownership was the economic beginning of Social evolution, that therefore another form cannot be regarded as the end. (See pp. 148, *et seq.*)

We must confess to being surprised at the apparent inability of a Professor of Political Economy at the Collége de France to grasp the distinction between mere production *per se* and capitalistic production. We are told that Robinson in his island would have had capital if he had given himself the trouble to construct a wheelbarrow, since everything is capital

the new ecclesiasticism (partly as a necessity of its existence). A new element now supervenes. The Germanic barbarians in full "village community" pour in. The Roman imperial order, and the hierarchy of the Church, the forms of both of which are indirectly traceable to the organisation of the early theocratic monarchies, were now met by simple primitive communism, Christian individualism remaining, in theory at least, the ethical basis of society. The fusion of these principles had as its result Catholic-feudal Europe. Now a complete Collectivism of society can never arise except out of one in which Individualism is completely worn out, *i.e.*, in which it has completely prevailed not merely in Economics, but in Politics, Religion, and Ethics. In our modern society, for the first time in the world's history, this condition is realised. Individualist anarchy dominates in every department of human life. In the 16th century the mediæval hierarchy was broken up. From that time forward Individualism has steadily extended its sway, and now reigns supreme. Hence it is that now, for the first time in the world's history, a Collectivist reconstruction becomes possible.

that tends to increase the productivity of human labour. This again is either crass ignorance or a mere quibble about words, and does not really upset existent distinctions. It is quite clear that a radical distinction exists between production for the sake of using the product, and production for the sake of effecting a gain on the exchange of the product. It is this latter kind of production that Marx understands in accordance with current usage, as *capitalistic production*. To say that our ancestors of the stone age possessed capital in so far as they had flint implements wherewith to fashion their spear-heads, and that the distinction between these and the locomotive is only one of degree is certainly to evade the question. M. Leroy-Beaulieu may define capital in whatever eccentric way he likes, but in common fairness let him not blame Marx for not using the word according to his definition.

On page 254, M. Leroy-Beaulieu allows the cloven hoof to come out which proves him to be in hopeless confusion as to the dialectical method on which the whole of the critical portion of the *Kapital* is based. Marx describes money "as the final product of the circulation of commodities" adding "this final product of the circulation of commodities is the first form of the appearance of Capital." This our eminent critic declares "inexact" in the first place because "Capital," according to the Leroy-Beaulieu definition be it remembered, (which the prophetic spirit of Marx doubtless ought to have foreseen) can exist apart from money. (Our author had previously declared it possible to exist apart from exchange altogether, so that its existence apart from money must under these circumstances "go without saying.") We then read "Dans bien des sociétés l'usage de l'or et de l'argent dans les échanges est rélativement nouveau, au moins comme fait universel." Precisely; and this only proves that the principle enunciated by Marx is true no less historically than it is logically. The exactitude of Marx's proposition was never more concisely admitted.

The truth of the thesis that capital everywhere presents itself historically in opposition to land, as *money* in one or other of its forms, is conceded, but pronounced to have hardly any importance from an economical point of view. We are not surprised that it should have little, in the eyes of the author of the present volume, although, as a matter of fact, it gives us the philosophic key to the whole economic problem. *Land* is necessarily opposed to *money*, inasmuch as they are separated by the whole universe of commodities. They are logically antithetical by a whole series of momenta. At the one extreme of the process is *Land*, as the *formless Matter* of the economic world, at the other *Money*, as its *matterless form*. *Land* is the *infinite possibility* of all economic things, as yet undetermined to anything in particular. *Money* on the other hand is the *indefinite actuality* of all such things, their determination as exchange-value. Between these two economically unreal extremes lies the real world of commodities for use, brought into being by the action of human labour on land or its natural products. *Labour* determines *land* or its products, gives it a specific and an individual form, in the commodity. The issue of the series of specific forms, ascending in complexity, is the money or pure form, which although possessing no specific content in itself, is the abstract expression for the whole world of commodities to which it has led up. This abstraction, like Almighty God according to Scotus Erigena, may best be defined as "pure nothing," from the *real*, *i.e.* the "utility" point of view. But as a matter of fact the Economists like the Theologians, have given their "pure-nothing" a local habitation and a name. *Its* name, too, is "Wonderful" "Counsellor," "Mighty God" (of the 19th century), the Everlasting Father (of the "self-made" Man), and (*pace* Mr. John Bright,) the "Prince of Peace." The abstract symbol or expression for exchange-value, money, acquires a fictitious reality in proportion as exchange-value itself dominates the world, in other words, as commodities are produced for exchange and not for use, and on this, be it remembered, does our capitalistic system rest.

The third chapter of the present work contains an impassioned homily on "Prescription," which is said to be the sole safeguard against universal war, &c. The idea of "prescription" is apparently introduced to screen the present possessors of landed property which was originally confiscated from ecclesiastical and public lands. As an argument against "nationalisation" it is however singularly inept. It applies a principle which, in our anarchical society rightly enough obtains as between one individual and another, to the relations of the individual to the community—a very different thing. The so-called "prescriptive right" simply means that mere possession gives a right to the individual possessing, as against any other individual, who cannot prove a greater right *quâ* individual. But as against society, prescription has no existence. "Society gave and society taketh away; blessed be the name of Society."

As regards nationality, the principle of prescription is similar. So long as nationalism exists, each nation by virtue of established possession has the right to undisturbed enjoyment of its own territory as against any other nation. But once place politics on an international footing and it is evident one nation will not be able to plead prescription against any measure decided upon, by the European or the World-federation for the common good. So much for M. Leroy-Beaulieu's attempted assimilation of the principle of individual to that of national land-ownership. (see Chap. V.)

We had noted many more things concerning M. Leroy-Beaulieu and his book for animadversion, but enough we think has been said to show its general character. Of course we have the stock arguments, that the capitalist is an organiser of labour, that the difficulties of direction and organisation in a Socialist State would be insuperable, that Mr. Giffen, who is described as a "statisticien trés exact," says that the position of the working-classes is ameliorating, &c., &c. A great deal is made of the endeavour to prove that the "grief historique," of Marx is unfounded because, forsooth, it is possible to dis-

cover other subsidiary causes contributing to the origination of the accumulation of capital besides those leading ones mentioned by Marx. We would observe in conclusion that the case of Scientific Socialism must be indeed strong, when a leading French economist like M. Leroy-Beaulieu, after having taken in hand the case against it, cuts so sorry a figure.

E. Belfort Bax.

Reviews.

"THE UNCLASSED," A NOVEL.*

"Let me get a little experience, and I will write a novel such as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England. I begin to see my way to magnificent effects; ye gods, such light and shade! The fact is, the novel of every-day life is getting worn out. We must dig deeper, get to untouched social strata. Dickens felt this, but he had not the courage to face his subjects; his monthly numbers had to lie on the family tea-table, which is emphatically *not* the place where you will find anything out of the common. Not *virginibus puerisque* will be my lay, I assure you, but for men and women who like to look beneath the surface, and who understand that only as artistic material has life any significance. Yes, that is the conclusion I am working round to. The artist is the only sane man."

After a perusal of "The Unclassed," we may safely say that its author has "worked round" to a conclusion both more human and more humane than this which he puts into the mouth of his hero. He may once have attempted to cultivate a divine indifference to human affairs, a cruel callousness to human suffering, but that this is not the frame of mind in which he wrote "The Unclassed" his readers may well be sure. Yet he has certainly endeavoured to "dig deeper, and get to untouched social strata," and his success in this line makes his book extremely interesting, though not always pleasant reading.

The scene of his first chapter is laid in a girls' school-room in Lisson Grove, "a spot not to be judged of from its name by those ignorant of the locality, in point of fact a somewhat dingy street," a description which any of Miss Toynbee's volunteer sanitary inspectors could fully corroborate. In this school-room we are at once introduced to three girls who are to be the chief female characters in the book. Harriet Smales, whose character is a compound of all that is most vile, accuses the mother of Ida Starr of being "a bad woman who gets her living on the streets." Ida Starr, in energetic defence of her mother's honour, stuns the accuser by smiting her on the forehead with a slate, and is consequently dismissed the school, in spite of the intercession of her friend, Maud Enderby, who in justification of the outbreak of passion pleads that Ida's mother is a lady, and does not get her living by selling things in the streets. The two girl friends are parted, "never again to meet, but each to be an unperceived agent in the other's lot; to suffer, without mutual knowledge, on each other's account." The entire plot of the book turns upon the relations between the hero Osmond Waymark and these two girls.

Their training was widely different. The accusation against Ida's mother was true enough, in spite of Maud's plea. Lotty Woodstock had

* By George Gissing. London: Chapman and Hall.

been seduced, under promise of marriage, by a medical student called Starr, and then deserted. Her father offered to get her a situation, and to provide for her child, on condition that she never saw it again. This condition she refused, and he ejected her from home with the certainty that she had no resource but the streets. "To do her justice, she did not take this course at once. She tried to obtain work, but was far too weak to succeed in this attempt, the hardest of all tasks in our most humanitarian age. She got into debt with her landlady, and only took the inevitable step when at length absolutely turned adrift."

Even then she determined that Ida should always live with "respectable" people, cost what it might. But this resolution was not kept long.

"Lotty could not do without her little one, and eventually brought it back to her own home. It is not an infrequent thing to find little children living in disorderly houses, and the sight of them arouses strange speculations. But Ida's lot was to be better than that of the average prostitute's child. In the profession her mother had chosen there are, as in all professions, grades and differences. Lotty was by no means a vicious girl,—please learn to make these not unimportant distinctions, good madam;—she had no love of riot for its own sake; she would greatly have preferred a decent mode of life, had such been practicable. Hence she did not associate herself with the rank and file of abandoned women; her resorts were not the reeking centres of dissipation; her abode was not in the quarters consecrated to her business. In all parts of London there are quiet by-streets of houses given up to lodging-letting, wherein are to be found many landladies, who, good easy souls, trouble little about the private morals of their lodgers, provided and so long as no positive disorder comes about and no public scandal is occasioned. A girl who says that she is occupied in a workroom is—alas!—never presumed to be able to afford the luxury of strict virtue, and if such a one, on taking a room, says that "she supposes she may have friends come to see her?" the landlady will understand quite well what is meant, and will either accept or refuse her for a lodger as she sees good. To such houses as these Lotty confined herself."

Such were the surroundings of Ida Starr's childhood. But her mother dies, and she is left to herself. Let us now turn to consider the kind of training which Maud Enderby received. As a child she lived alone with her aunt, who is one of the straitest sect of those Christians who teach that renunciation of all pleasure is the only end of life. We will quote a few of the sentences in which she shows Maud how wrong it is to make Christmas a time of merriment.

"In the true Christian, every enjoyment which comes from the body is a sin. If you feel that you *like* this or that, it is a sign that you must renounce it, give it up. If you feel fond of life, you must force yourself to hate it; for life is sin. Life is given to us that we may conquer ourselves. We are placed in the midst of sin that we may struggle against its temptations. There is temptation in the very breath you draw, since you feel a dread if it is checked. There is temptation in the love you feel for those around you; it makes you cling to life; you are tempted to grieve if you lose them, whereas death is the greatest blessing is the gift of God."

Then follows a warning against snatching at this greatest blessing before its time, and the little Maud is solemnly told that she must not kill herself, since that would be to escape from the tasks which are set her. In an interval of this gloomy instruction we have one of the unpleasant pieces of sensationalism which the author unfortunately thinks it necessary to intersperse. Maud's mother, whom she does not know, enters the room with incipient lunacy written on her face, and announces that she has

to go out and meet her husband, he having fled from justice to California years ago. At that moment a knock is heard at the door, she runs to open it, "and then—then a fearful shriek which rang through the still air with blood-thrilling horror." Mr. Enderby has returned, and his wife is temporarily a maniac. Mr. and Mrs. Enderby are both very unpleasant characters, and seem only introduced into the story for the sake of occasionally doing a little 'blood-thrilling' business, which we might well have been spared. A certain Mr. Mellowdew is another character who seems shrouded in some mystery and has a great capacity for making himself generally objectionable, but his presence is unnecessary to the development of the plot, and appears merely a blemish in the book.

The way in which the hero Osmond Waymark is introduced to the young Italian Julian Casti, who is to be his bosom friend, is ingenious and original. It is by an advertisement running thus:—

"WANTED, human companionship. A young man of four-and-twenty wishes to find a congenial associate of about his own age. He is a student of ancient and modern literatures, a free-thinker in religion, a lover of art in all its forms, a hater of conventionalism. Would like to correspond in the first instance. Address C. W.,—News Rooms."

The above is decidedly an unusual advertisement to find in the columns of a daily paper, and it has the effect of bringing together the two chief characters of the book. The author's remarks upon general advertising are worth quoting:—

"The advertisement columns of the newspaper press present us with a ready-made index to the social history of the time. Glance over these sheets of closely printed matter, and be initiated into the secrets of the most pitiless age the sun ever calendared. See here disclosed, working without disguise, the central motor of our common life. Science, formulating the machine's operation, teaches us to speak politely of the survival of the fittest. The lecture platform resounds its praises in economic eloquence, lauding the principle of universal Competition. Every-day experience, and its concentrated index the advertisement column, put the matter in plainer language, do not care to hide the fact of a brutal fight for livelihood, and sum up in intelligible terms all the meanness, ruthlessness, anguish, and degradation which such a system implies."

No Socialist could put the position more forcibly; but it is not only in recognition of the evils of the competitive system that our author is at one with us, since he puts into the head of his hero, as he walks up Tottenham Court Road, sentiments which show that he does not regard Competition as an inevitable curse. The following extract proves as much:—

"Again amid the crowd. All at once he found himself laughing aloud, and had to turn aside to a shop window, lest he should attract attention. The idea was too absurd! What in the name of sense and reason did it mean, this hustling and bustling of the people on all sides, these grave-set, often fierce-set, faces, this desperate seriousness in pursuit of a thousand conflicting ends? Among all these sweating millions not enough wit to perceive that it was themselves plying the whip upon their own backs; that with themselves lay the choice between this insensate rush and welter, and a calm pilgrimage from cradle to grave. Life, woeful in its essence, they were making vile and hateful by their own brutish greed, their muddy intelligences incapable of wide views, their monstrous superstition of the saving grace of labour. Surely some day, Waymark said to himself, a sudden light will break upon the world, and men fall to laughing so consumedly at their own folly that the very earth will dance, greeting a new era."

Osmond Waymark has just escaped from the intolerable drudgery of the position of usher at a sort of 'Do-the-boys Hall,' with a Dr. Tootle for its Mr. Squeers. He is making an attempt, which proves successful, to dis-

cover the abode of Maud Enderby, whom he has met as a governess in the school which he has left. It is at this juncture in his life that he is accosted in the Strand by Ida Starr under peculiar circumstances, and not at all in the usual fashion of such greetings. He visits her merely as a friend, learns the story of her life, and justifies the course she has taken by the quotation from Hamlet, "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

At her lodging he makes also the acquaintance of a certain Sally, with whom he has a conversation calculated to enlighten him as to the ways and means of earning a livelihood which are open to an industrious girl in London.

"'What do you do?' he asked.

'Machine work; makin' ulsters. How much do you think we get, now, for makin' a ulster—one like this?' pointing to one which hung behind the door.

'Have no idea.'

'Well,—*fourpence*: there now!'

'And how many can you make in a day?'

'I can't make no more than two.'

'But you can't live on that.'

'I sh'd think not, indeed. We have to make up the rest as best we can, s' nough.'

'But your employer must know that.'

'In course. What's the odds? All us girls are the same; we have to keep on the two jobs at the same time. But I'll give up the day-work before long, s'nough. I come home at night that tired out I ain't fit for nothing. I feel all eyes, as the sayin' is. And it's hard to have to go out into the Strand, when you're like that.'"

Osmond falls in love with Ida in spite of himself, being also in love with Maud Enderby at the same time, and this gives rise to all the complication and interest of the plot of the novel. Meanwhile he must work for his own living, and he is employed by Mr. Woodstock to collect his rents for him in Jubilee Court and Litany Lane, two choice specimens of the ordinary slum. He has the hardihood to hint to his employer his opinion that Government ought to interfere with such places, but his employer replies with irrefutable logic:—

"These are affairs of private contract, and no concern of Government at all. In private contract a man has only a right to what he's strong enough to exact. If a tenant tells me my houses ain't fit to live in, I tell him to go where he'll be better off, and I don't hinder him; I know well enough in a day or two there'll come somebody else. Ten to one he can't go, and he don't. Then why should I be at unnecessary expense in making the places better? As soon as I can get no tenants, I'll do so; not till then."

This is perfectly unanswerable. Osmond corresponds with Maud on the subject, but she is still in the bonds of her early religious training, and her point of view differs widely from his. She considers what is called 'Progress' to be the veritable kingdom of anti-Christ, since only by renunciation of the very desire of life can the Christian idea be fulfilled; and she pertinently asks;—

"What then of the civilisation which endeavours to make the world more and more pleasant as a dwelling-place, life more and more desirable for its own sake? You say you marvel that these wretched people you visited do not, in a wild burst of insurrection, overthrow all social order, and seize for themselves a fair share of the world's goods. I marvel also:—all the more that their very teachers in religion seem to lay such stress on the joys of life."

And there follows much more in the same strain, but this phase of thought is not destined to be permanent, and the reader becomes strongly

interested in the development of Maud's character. This development is perfectly legitimate until the end of the book; but we must protest against what seems to us the final sacrifice of all her aspirations upon the altar, not of the necessity of things, but of the exigencies of the novelistic situation.

Meanwhile the story of Ida cannot fail to rivet the reader's attention. One of the results of her varied experience is, that she is "sure that people who work with their hands are much better than those who live by buying and selling." If daily occupation has any result at all on character, there can be no reasonable doubt that she is right.

But times and circumstances change, and Ida obtains by inheritance command of wealth and leisure. She cannot, however, rest content upon the bed of roses which is supposed to be the legitimate and well-deserved reward of those who rise, whether by accident or cunning, by force or fraud, ftom the ranks of the poor into those of the capitalist olass.

"The old sense of the world's injustice excited anger and revolt in her heart. What of those numberless struggling creatures to whom such happy fortune could never come, who, be their aspirations and capabilities what they might, must struggle vainly, agonise, and in the end despair? Sometimes it half seemed to her that it would have been the nobler lot to remain as she was, to share the misery of that dread realm of darkness with those poor disinherited ones, to cherish that spirit of noble rebellion, the consciousness of which had been as a pure fire on the altar of her being."

For the result of her aspirations, and for the unravelling of the somewhat slight plot of the story, we must refer our readers to the book itself. The development of Osmond Waymark's character is well worked out. He passes through the stage of enthusiasm, of which destructiveness is the chief feature; he arrives at the period of his worship of art for art's sake, when he is driven to declare that "art nowadays must be the mouth-piece of misery, for misery is the key-note of modern life," but does not recognise that this is the very reason of the decadence of modern art, and of the impossibility of its revival without a complete change of social conditions; and at last he reaches the stage in which there comes back upon him the old desire "to battle with the rampant monsters of the world. After all; perhaps art for art's sake was not the final stage of his development. Art, yes; but combat at the same time. The two things are not so incompatible as some would have us think." At this excellent sentiment we will take leave of him, hoping that after this introduction our readers will be inclined to make the personal acquaintance of the characters of this remarkable book. It is one which is only rendered possible by the times in which we live, when the social question is to the front, and when the overthrow of outworn institutions, and the upheaval of time-honoured relations of society is felt to be hard at hand.

"THE AUSTRIAN FACTORY ACT." * By Dr. Bruno Schönlank.

A small pamphlet under the above heading, forwarded to us from Munich, gives an acccount of the debate in the Austrian Parliament upon the Factory Act which has been passed this year, with a running fire of comments appended to the extracts from the speeches of numerous members by Dr. Bruno Schönlank. The Act seems to be a very small instalment of justice, but yet it gives, as the Doctor says, a kernel round which it may be hoped that further legislation on the subject will shortly crystallise. It secures to the workers intervals for meals which shall not be less than an hour and a half in all; it makes some useful regulations with regard to the appointment of inspectors and the limitations imposed upon the work of women and children, and it declares that

* München, 1884. Verlag von Georg Pollner.

the maximum length of the working day in factories shall be eleven hours, exclusive of the intervals for meals. Our commentator remarks that this is intended to be a sugared pill to stop the workers from agitation, but he expresses the hope and belief that they will not be so foolish as to be taken in by any such tricks. The advantage of the limit to eleven hours exclusive of intervals, such as it is, is almost cancelled by the provisions which allow the employer, at so-called special occasions and busy seasons, to ignore this limit, and employ his hands at over-time. But the law seems to be of some use as giving a starting-point for the struggle which may wring further concessions from the capitalist class. An international eight hours working day for all industries would be a substantial advance which would be really worth contending for, and this the workers of all nations already clearly see.

DEATH AND DISEASE BEHIND THE COUNTER. By Thomas Sutherst, B.L., President of the Shop Hours Labour League. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., London. Price 1s.

The President of the "Shop Hours Labour League" deserves commendation for his opportune work on the condition of shop assistants. His book is remarkable alike for its moderation and the vast amount of time and care evidently bestowed upon its compilation. The undoubted fact, unfortunately too little recognised, that the physical powers of a large and intelligent class are being shamefully overtaxed, that the fundamental laws of health are flagrantly violated, and that the natural development of the young of both sexes is arrested by a cruel system whose manifestations extend to almost every populous centre in the United Kingdom is irrefragably shown; while at the same time the facts are graphically and clearly told. That capitalists, and employers generally, have not the slightest objection to building their prosperity on the chronic ill-health or physically ruined frames of their employés is sufficiently obvious. We are personally acquainted with some extraordinary facts concerning the treatment by shopkeepers of their employés, and know of several large and respectable houses where the assistants (principally young girl apprentices) working on an average thirteen hours per day under sanitary conditions which would disgrace an Indian Wigwam, are compelled to stand throughout the whole day, and allowed something less than one hour per diem for three meals. We have known cases in which after sale time (when fifteen hours per day are commonly worked) young girls have been completely prostrated for days, and their constitutions no doubt permanently injured. In the pages of Mr. Sutherst's book we have the evidence of still grosser injustice and deeper immorality.

To take cases at random—Emily F., of Notting Hill, age 22, begins work at 7.30 a.m., and leaves at 9 p.m., frequently, during the season, as late as 10 p.m. "Half an hour is all allowed for each meal. I often long for exercise and fresh air. There are in this place eight females and twelve males—three females over 20 and five under. It is considered *a great favour* to be let off at 7 o'clock *even once in three months*."

H. F., draper's assistant, age 21, says: "I am at Stratford. We begin at 8 a.m., and leave off at 9.30 to 10 p.m., on every day, but on Saturdays it is generally 12 p.m. before we finish. We have about 15 minutes for breakfast and tea, and twenty minutes for dinner. Since I have been in the trade I have known of two deaths through the long hours and standing."

Florrie C——, age 22, draper's assistant says: "I work from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Saturdays until 12 p.m. and after, &c., &c." A universal complaint is, that work must be commenced immediately eating has finished, and that "frequently we are called away during our meals." Others complain that gas is kept burning all day, and that they are "parched up

with heated air," and so on, through a long and dreary catalogue. It is an undoubted fact that the atmosphere of most large houses of business is heavily charged with heated gaseous and other foul matters which, with every inspiration, are carried into the system to clog the respiratory organs, and by interfering with their normal action frequently induce consumption and kindred diseases. We know also a few houses in which during the prevailing warm weather, the meat (supplied by contract) placed upon the table is actually tainted, and has the effect of turning delicate girls sick. Disregard of the principles of hygiene is a common characteristic of the modern shopkeeper, and the complaints of his slaves resolve themselves into—deprivation of pure air and direct sunlight; lack of opportunity for physical exercise and mental culture; enforced standing for many hours; and absence of regular and sufficient meals and proper food.

Mr. Sutherst has a remedy—a veritable heal-all—for the terrible scandal which he so ably exposes. He considers that the difficulties of effectual combination by shop assistants for the amelioration of their condition are practically insuperable, because (1) the great body of assistants of both sexes are apprentices and young persons between the ages of 13 and 21 years; (2) there is a lack of funds to help any Union or support strikes; (3) the number of assistants out of employment is so great, and their wants so pressing, that the most powerful Trade Union could not prevent them from filling at once the places vacated by the strikers. Thus the only available remedy he can devise is "legislation;" and his panacea is contained in that remarkable measure introduced by Sir John Lubbock "The Shop Hours Regulation Bill." The principal provisions of this Bill (which are given in extenso) relate to the limitation of the hours of labour. It is proposed to enact that it shall be an offence punishable by a fine, to employ young persons under the age of 18 *for more than twelve hours* on five days in the week—that it shall be an offence to employ *anybody*, young or old, for more than seven hours on one day in the week—thus establishing a weekly half holiday. Finally, no young person (defined as "a person of the age of 13 years and under the age of 18 years) or woman shall be employed for *more* than four and a half hours without a half-hour interval. There are also "sanitary provisions." We are quite clear that the proposed remedy is utterly inadequate to cope with the existing evil. After working for 12 hours in a confined space and under necessarily debilitating conditions, what heart, or indeed what strength can be left for that physical exercise which is an absolute essential to sound health? Where will the opportunities for mental and moral training come in? And what about the strain of enforced standing for so many hours? Yet, inadequate as Mr. Sutherst's remedies are, employers, large and small, are directing against them a heavy battery of hostile criticism: and even employés cannot be enthusiastic about a measure which proposes still to chain them to the counter for 12 hours per day, and which possibly may, if carried, effectually bar a more sweeping reform. The only way out of it is for the shop assistants to join the Socialists in agitating for an Eight Hours Bill. And even this is far too high a maximum. It would help them greatly if they could adequately realise the indisputable fact—proved by Mr. Sutherst's proposed legislasion if by nothing else—that the present mis-named system of "Individual Liberty" and high civilisation involves and argues the blasting of the lives of millions for the benefit of hundreds. Meanwhile, Mr. Sutherst's book may do good work in awakening the sympathies of those of the middle-class who are not content to batten upon the miseries of the workers.

JAMES H. NOLAN.