TO-DAY.

No. 10.—OCTOBER, 1884.

An Unsocial Socialist.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAPTER III.

ONE morning Gertrude got a letter from her father.

My dear Gerty

I have just received a bill for £110 from Madame Smith for your dresses. May I ask you how long this sort of thing is to go on? I need not tell you that I have not the means to support you in such extravagance. I am, as you know, always anxious that you should appear in society in a style worthy of your position; but unless you can manage without calling on me to pay away hundreds of pounds every season to Madame Smith, you had better give up society and stay at home. I positively cannot afford it. As far as I can see, going into society has not done you much good. I had to raise £500 last month on Franklands; and it is too bad if I must raise more to pay your dressmaker. You might at least employ some civil person, or one whose charges are moderate. Madame Smith tells me that she will not wait any longer, and charges £60 for a single dress. I hope you fully understand that there must be an end to this.

I hear from your mamma that young Erskine is with you at Brandon's. I do not think much of him. He is not well off, nor likely to get on, as he has taken to poetry and so forth. I am told also that a man named Trefusis visits at the Beeches a good deal now.

He must be a fool; for he contested the last Birmingham election, and came out at the foot of the poll with thirty-two votes through calling himself a Social Democrat or some such foreign rubbish, instead of saying out like a man that he was a Radical. I suppose the name stuck in his throat; for his mother was one of the Howards of Brecon-castle; so he has good blood in him, though his father was nobody. I wish he had your bills to pay; for he could buy and sell me ten times over, after all my twenty-five years service.

As I am thinking of getting something done to the house, I had rather you did not come back this month, if you can possibly hold on at Brandon's. Remember me to him, and give our kind regards to his wife. I should be obliged if you would gather some hemlock leaves and send them to me. I want them for my ointment: the stuff the chemists sell is no good. Your mother's eyes are bad again; and your brother Berkeley has been gambling, and seems to think that I ought to pay his debts for him. I am greatly worried over it all; and I hope that, until you have settled yourself, you will be more reasonable, and not run these infernal bills upon me. You are enjoying yourself out of reach of all the unpleasantness; but it bears hardly upon

your affectionate father,

C. B. LINDSAY.

A faint sketch of the lines which time intended to engrave on Gertrude's brow appeared there as she read the letter; but she hastened to give the admiral's kind regards to her host and hostess, and discussed her mother's health feelingly with them. After breakfast she went to the library, and wrote her reply.

Brandon Beeches,

Tuesday.

Dear Papa

Considering that it is more than three years since you paid Madame Smith last; and that then her bill, which included my court dress, was only £150; I cannot see how I could possibly have been more economical, unless you expect me to go about in rags. I am sorry that Madame Smith has asked for the money at such an inconvenient time; but when I begged you to pay her something in March last year you

told me to keep her quiet by giving her a good order. I am not surprised at her not being very civil, as she has plenty of tradesmens' daughters among her customers who pay her more than £300 a year for their dresses. I am wearing a skirt at present which I got two years ago.

Sir Charles is going to town on Thursday, and he will bring you the hemlock. Tell mamma that there is an old woman here who knows some wonderful cure for sore eyes, and that I will get her to make up some of it for me. She will not tell what the ingredients are; but it cures everyone; and there is no use in giving an oculist two guineas merely to be told that reading in bed is bad for the eyes, when we know perfectly well that mamma will not give up doing it. If you pay Berkeley's debts, do not forget that he owes me £3.

Another schoolfellow of mine is staying here now; and I think that Mr. Trefusis will have the pleasure of paying her bills some day. He is a great pet of Lady Brandon's. Sir Charles was angry at first because she invited him here; and we were all surprised at it. The man has a bad reputation, and headed a mob that threw down the walls of the park; and we hardly thought he would be cool enough to come after that. But he does not seem to care whether we want him or not; and as he talks cleverly, we find him a godsend in this dull place, and he comes when he likes. It is really not such a paradise as you seem to think; but you need not be afraid of my returning any sooner than I can help.

your affectionate daughter,

GERTRUDE LINDSAY.

When Gertrude had closed this letter, and torn up her father's, she thought little more about either. They might have made her unhappy had they found her happy; but as hopeless discontent was her normal state, and enjoyment only an accident that sometimes supervened upon it, recriminatory passages with her father only put her into a bad humour, and did not in the least disappoint or humiliate her.

For the sake of exercise, she resolved to carry her letter to the village post office, and return by the Riverside Road, close by which she had seen hemlock growing. She took care to

go out unobserved, lest Agatha should volunteer to walk with her, or Jane declare her intention of driving to the post office in the afternoon, and sulk for the rest of the day unless the trip to the village were postponed until then. She took with her, as a protection against tramps, a Mount St. Bernard dog named Max, which belonged to Sir Charles. This animal, which was young and enthusiastic, had taken a strong fancy to her, and had expressed it frankly and boisterously; and she, whose affections had been somewhat starved in her home and in society, had encouraged him with more kindness than she had ever shewn to any human being.

In the village, having posted her letter, she turned towards a lane which led to the Riverside Road. Max, knowing that that was not the shortest way home, remonstrated by standing in the middle of the lane with his legs wide apart; wagging his tail energetically, and uttering gruff barks.

"Dont be stupid, sir," said Gertrude impatiently. "I am going this way."

Max, apparently understanding her speech, rushed after her, passed her, and disappeared in a cloud of dust raised by his effort to check himself when he had left her far enough behind. When he came back, she kissed his nose, and ran a race with him until she too was panting, and had to stand still to recover her breath whilst he bounded about, barking ferociously. She had not for many years enjoyed such a frolic, and the thought of this presently brought tears to her eyes. She bade Max be quiet rather peevishly; walked slowly to cool herself; and put up her sunshade to avert freckles.

The sun was now at the meridian. On a slope to Gertrude's right hand, Sallust's House, with its cinnamon coloured walls and yellow frieze, gave a foreign air to the otherwise very English landscape. She passed by without remembering who lived there, and went on until she came to a place where, on some waste land separated from the road by a dry ditch and a low mud wall, a cluster of hemlocks, nearly six feet

high, poisoned the air with its odour. She crossed the ditch; took a pair of gardening gloves from a little basket which she carried; and busied herself with the hemlock leaves, pulling the tender ones, separating them from the stalk, and filling her basket with the web. Her attention was so occupied that she forgot Max until an impression of dead silence, as if the earth had stopped to listen, caused her to look round in vague dread. Trefusis, with his hand abandoned to Max, who was trying how much of it he could cram into his mouth, was standing within a few yards of her, watching her intently. Gertrude turned pale, and came out hastily from among the bushes. Then she had a strange sensation as if something had happened high above her head. There was a threatening growl, a commanding exclamation, and an unaccountable pause, at the expiration of which she found herself supine on the sward, with her parasol between her eyes and the sun. A sudden scoop of Max's wet warm tongue in her right ear startled her into activity. She sat up, and saw Trefusis on his knees at her side, holding the parasol with an unconcerned expression, whilst Max was snuffing at her in restless anxiety opposite.

"I must go home," she said. "I must go home instantly."

"Not at all," said Trefusis, soothingly. "They have just sent word to say that everything is settled satisfactorily, and that you need not come."

"Have they?" she said faintly. Then she lay down again; and it seemed to her that a very long time elapsed. Suddenly recollecting that Trefusis had supported her gently with his hand to prevent her falling back too rudely, she rose again, and this time got upon her feet with his help.

"I must go home," she said again. "It is a matter of life or death."

"No, no," he said softly. "It is all right. You may depend on me."

She looked at him earnestly. He had taken her hand to

steady her; for she was swaying a little. "Are you sure," she said, grasping his arm. "Are you quite sure?"

"Absolutely certain. You know I am always right, do you not?"

"Yes, oh yes, you have been always true to me. You——" Here her senses came back with a rush. She dropped his hand as if it had become red hot; and said sharply, "What are you talking about?"

"I dont know," he said, resuming his indifferent manner with a laugh. "Are you better? Let me drive you to the Beeches. My stable is within a stone's throw; and I can get a trap out in ten minutes."

"No thank you," said Gertrude haughtily. "I do not wish to drive." She paused, and added in some bewilderment, "What has happened?"

"You fainted; and——"

"I did not faint," said Gertrude indignantly. "I never fainted in my life."

"Yes, you did."

"Pardon me, Mr. Trefusis. I did not."

"You shall judge for yourself. I was coming through this field when I saw you gathering hemlock. Hemlock is interesting on account of Socrates; and you were interesting as a young lady gathering poison. So I stopped to look on. Presently you came out from among the bushes as if you had seen a snake there. Then you fell into my arms—which led me to suppose that you had fainted—; and Max, concluding that it was all my fault, nearly sprang at my throat. You were overpowered by the scent of the water-hemlock, which you must have been inhaling for ten minutes or more."

"I did not know that there was any danger;" said Gertrude, crestfallen. "I felt very tired when I came to. That was why I lay so long the second time. I really could not help it."

"You did not lie very long."

"Not when I first fell—that was only a few seconds, I

know. But I must have lain there twenty minutes after I came to."

"Why, you were nearly a minute insensible when you first fell; and when you recovered you only rested for about one second. After that you raved; and I invented suitable answers until you suddenly asked me what I was talking about."

Gertrude reddened a little as the possibility of her having been so unladylike as to speak sincerely in her raving occurred to her. "It was very silly of me to faint," she said.

"You could not help it: you are only human. I will walk with you to the Beeches."

"Thank you, I will not trouble you," she said quickly.

He shook his head. "I do not know how long the effect of that abominable water-weed may last," he said; "and I dare not leave you to walk alone. If you prefer it, I can send you in a trap with my servant; but I had rather accompany you myself."

"You are giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. I will walk. I am quite well again, and need no assistance."

They started without another word. Gertrude had to concentrate all her energy to conceal from him that she was giddy. Numbness and lassitude crept upon her; and she was beginning to hope that she was only dreaming it all when he roused her by saying,

"Take my arm."

"No, thank you."

"Do not be so senselessly obstinate. You will have to lean on the hedge for support if you refuse my help. I am sorry I did not insist on getting the trap."

Gertrude had not been spoken to in this tone since her childhood. "I am perfectly well," she said sharply. "You are really very officious."

"You are not perfectly well; and you know it. However, if you make a brave struggle, you will probably be able to

walk home without my assistance; and the effort will do you good."

"You are very rude," she said peremptorily.

"I know it," he replied calmly. "You will find three classes of men polite to you—slaves; men who think much of their manners and nothing of you; and your lovers. I am none of these, and therefore give you back your ill manners with interest. Why do you resist your good angel by suppressing those natural and sincere impulses which come to you often enough, and sometimes bring a look into your face that might tame a bear—a look which you hasten to extinguish like a malefactor caught redhanded?"

"Mr. Trefusis, I am not accustomed to be lectured."

"I know that; and, having observed that you set some store by your good breeding, I felt curious to see how it would serve you in entirely novel circumstances—those of a man speaking his mind to you, for instance. What is the result of my experiment? Instead of rebuking me with the sweetness and dignity which I could not, in spite of my past observation, help expecting from you, you churlishly repel my offer of the assistance of which you stand in need; tell me that I am very rude, very officious; and, in short, do what you can to make my position disagreeable and humiliating."

She looked at him haughtily; but his expression was void of offence or fear, and he continued, unanswered,

"I would bear all this from a working woman without remonstrance; for she would owe me no graces of manner or morals. But you are a lady. That means that many have starved and drudged in uncleanly discomfort in order that you may have white and unbroken hands, fine garments, and exquisite manners—that you may be a living fountain of those influences which soften our natures and lives. When such a costly thing as a lady breaks down at the first touch of a firm hand, I feel justified in complaining."

Gertrude walked on quickly, and said between her teeth, "I dont want to hear any of your absurd views, Mr. Trefusis."

He laughed. "My unfortunate views!" he said. "Whenever I make an inconvenient remark, it is always set aside as an expression of certain dangerous crazes with which I am supposed to be afflicted. When I point out to Sir Charles that one of his favourite artists has not accurately observed something before attempting to draw it, he replies, 'You know our views differ on these things, Trefusis.' When I told Miss Wylie's guardian that his emigration scheme was little better than a fraud, he said, 'You must excuse me; but I cannot enter into your peculiar views.' One of my views at present is that Miss Lindsay is more amiable under the influence of hemlock than under that of the social system which has made her so unhappy."

"Well!" exclaimed Gertrude, outraged. Then, after a pause, "I was under the impression that I had accepted the escort of a gentleman." Then, after another pause, Trefusis being quite undisturbed, "How do you know that I am unhappy?"

"By a certain defect in your countenance, which lacks the crowning beauty of happiness; and a certain defect in your voice which will never disappear until you learn to love or pity those to whom you speak."

"You are wrong," said Gertrude, with calm disdain. "You do not understand me in the least. I am particularly attached to my friends."

"Then I have never seen you in their company."

"You are still wrong."

"Then how can you speak as you do, look as you do, act as you do?"

"What do you mean? How do I look and act?"

"Like one of the railings of Belgrave Square, cursed with consciousness of itself, fears of the judgment of the other railings, and doubts of their fitness to stand in the same row with it. You are cold, mistrustful, cruel to nervous or clumsy people, and more afraid of the criticisms of those with whom you dance and dine than of your conscience. All of which prevents you from looking like an angel."

"Thank you. Do you consider paying compliments the perfection of gentlemanly behaviour?"

"Have I been paying you many? That last remark of mine was not meant as one. On my honour the angels will not disappoint me if they are no lovelier than you should be if you had that look in your face and that tone in your voice I spoke of just now. It can hardly displease you to hear that. If I were particularly handsome myself, I should like to be told so."

"I am sorry I cannot tell you so."

"Oh! Ha! ha! What a retort, Miss Lindsay! You are not sorry either: you are very glad."

Gertrude knew it, and was angry with herself, not because her retort was false, but because she thought it unladylike. "You have no right to annoy me," she exclaimed, in spite of herself.

"None whatever," he assented humbly. "If I have done so, forgive me before we part. I will go no further with you: Max will give the alarm if you faint in the avenue, which I dont think you are likely to do, as you have forgotten all about the hemlock."

"Oh, how maddening!" she cried. "I have left my basket behind me."

"Never mind: I will find it and have it filled and sent to you."

"Thank you. I am sorry to trouble you."

"Not at all. I hope you do not want the hemlock to help you to get rid of the burden of life."

"Nonsense. I want it for my father, who uses it for medicine."

"I will bring it myself to-morrow. Is that soon enough?"

"Quite. I am in no hurry. Thank you, Mr. Trefusis. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand, and even smiled a little, and then hurried away. He stood watching her as she passed along the avenue under the beeches. Once, when she came into a

band of sunlight which crossed her path at a gap in the trees, she made so pretty a figure in her spring dress of violet and white that his eyes kindled as he gazed. He took out his note-book, and entered her name and the date, with a brief memorandum.

"She is a bitter aristocrat," he said to himself as he put up his book; "but I have thawed her; and she shall learn a lesson or two to hand on to her children before I have done with her. A trifle underbred, too, or she would not insist so much on her breeding. Henrietta used to wear a dress like that. I am glad to see that there is no danger of her taking to me personally."

He turned away, and saw an old crone passing, bending beneath a bundle of sticks. He eyed it curiously; and she scowled at him, and hurried on.

"Hallo," he said.

She continued for a few steps; but her courage failed her. She stopped.

"You are Mrs. Hickling, I think?"

"Yes, please your worship."

"You are the woman who carried away an old wooden gate that lay on Sir Charles Brandon's land last winter, and used it for firewood. You were imprisoned for seven days for it."

"You may send me there again if you like," she retorted, in a cracked voice, as she turned at bay. "But the Lord will make me even with you some day. Cursed be them that oppress the poor and needy—it is one of the seven deadly sins."

"Those green laths on your back are the remainder of my garden gate," he said. "You took the first half last Saturday. Next time you want a fire, come to the house and ask for coals, and let my gates alone: I suppose you can enjoy a fire without stealing the combustibles. Now pay me for my gate by telling me something that I want to know."

"And a kind gentlemen too, sir, blessings—"

"What is the hemlock good for?"

"The hemlock, kind gentleman? For the evil, sir, to be sure."

"Scrofulous ulcers!" he exclaimed, recoiling. "The father of that beautiful girl!" He turned homeward, and trudged along with his head bent, muttering, "All rotten to the bone. Oh civilization! civilization! civilization!"

CHAPTER IV.

"What has come over Gertrude?" said Agatha one day to Lady Brandon.

"Why? Is anything the matter with her?"

"I dont know: she has not been the same since she poisoned herself. And why did she not tell us about it? But for Mr. Trefusis we should never have known it."

"Gertrude always made secrets of things."

"She was in a vile temper for two days after; and now she is quite changed. She falls into long reveries, and does not hear a word of what is going on around. Then she starts into life again, and begs your pardon with the greatest sweetness for not catching what you have said."

"I hate her when she is polite: it is not natural to her. As to her going to sleep, that is the effect of the hemlock. We know a man who took a spoonful of strychnine in a bath, and he never was the same afterwards."

"I think she is making up her mind to encourage Erskine," said Agatha. "When I came here he hardly dared speak to her—at least, she always snubbed him. Now she lets him talk as much as he likes, and actually sends him of messages and allows him to carry things for her."

"Yes. I never saw anybody like Gertrude in my life. In London, if men were attentive to her, she sat on them for being officious; and if they let her alone, she was angry at being neglected. Erskine is quite good enough for her, *I* think."

Here Erskine appeared at the door, and looked round the room.

"She's not here," said Jane.

"I am seeking Sir Charles," he said, withdrawing somewhat stiffly.

"What a lie!" said Jane, discomfited by his reception of her jest. "He was talking to Sir Charles ten minutes ago in the billiard room. Men are such conceited fools!"

Agatha had strolled to the window, and was looking discontentedly at the prospect, as she had often done at school when alone, and sometimes did now in society. The door opened again; and Sir Charles appeared. He, too, looked round; but when his roving glance reached Agatha, it cast anchor; and he came in.

"Are you busy just now, Miss Wylie?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jane hastily. "She is going to write a letter for me."

"Really, Jane," he said, "I think you are old enough to write your letters without troubling Miss Wylie."

"When I do write my own letters, you always find fault with them," she retorted.

"I thought perhaps that you might have leisure to try over a duet with me," he said, turning to Agatha.

"Certainly," she replied readily, hoping to smooth matters by humouring him. "The letter will do any time before post hour."

Jane reddened, and said shortly, "I will write it myself, if you will not."

Sir Charles lost his temper. "How can you be so damnably rude?" he said, turning upon his wife. "What objection have you to my singing duets with Miss Wylie?"

"Nice language that!" said Jane. "I never said I objected; and you have no right to drag her away to the piano just when she is going to write a letter for me."

"I do not wish Miss Wylie to do anything except what pleases her best. It seems to me that writing letters to your tradespeople cannot be a very pleasant occupation."

"Pray dont mind me," said Agatha. "It is not the least

trouble to me. I used to write all Jane's letters for her at school. Suppose I write the letter first; and then we can have the duet. You will not mind waiting five minutes?"

"I can wait as long as you please, of course. But it seems such an absurd abuse of your good nature, that I cannot help protesti—"

"Oh, let it wait!" exclaimed Jane. "Such a ridiculous fuss to make about asking Agatha to write a letter, just because you happen to want her to play you your duets, of which I am certain she is heartily sick and tired!"

Agatha, without waiting to hear the end of the altercation, went to the library, and wrote the letter. When she returned to the drawing-room, she found no one there; but Sir Charles came in presently, his face indicating that his vexation had not subsided.

"I am so sorry, Miss Wylie," he said, as he opened the piano for her, "that you should be incommoded because my wife is silly enough to be jealous."

"Jealous!"

"Of course. Idiocy!"

"Oh, you are mistaken," said Agatha, incredulously. "How could she possibly be jealous of *me*?"

"She is jealous of everybody and everything," he replied bitterly; "and she cares for nobody and for nothing. You do not know what I have to endure sometimes from her."

Agatha thought her most discreet course was to sit down immediately, and begin "I would that my love." Whilst she played and sang, she thought over what Sir Charles had just revealed to her. She had found him a pleasant companion, light-hearted, fond of music and fun, polite and considerate, appreciative of her talents, quickwitted without being oppressively clever, and, as a married man, disinterested in his attentions to her. But it now occurred to her that perhaps they had spent a good deal of time together of late.

Sir Charles had by this time wandered from his part into hers; and he now recalled her to the music by stopping

to ask whether he was right. Knowing by her past experience what his difficulty was likely to be, she gave him his note, and went on. They had not been singing long when Jane came back and sat down, expressing a hope that her presence would not disturb them. It did disturb them. Agatha suspected that she had come there to watch them; and Sir Charles knew it. Besides, Lady Brandon, even when her mind was tranquil, was habitually restless. She could not speak because of the music, and her book was only a pretext: she could not watch and read simultaneously. She gaped; leaned to one end of the sofa; and recovered herself with a prodigious bounce when on the point of falling on her elbow. The floor vibrated at her every moment. At last she could keep silence no longer.

"Oh, dear!" she said, yawning audibly. "It must be five o'clock at the very earliest."

Agatha turned round upon the piano-stool, feeling that music and Lady Brandon were incompatible. Sir Charles, for his guest's sake, tried hard to restrain his exasperation.

"Probably your watch will tell you," he said.

"Thank you for nothing," said Jane. "Agatha, where is Gertrude?"

"How can Miss Wylie possibly tell you where she is, Jane? I think you have gone mad this morning."

"She is most likely playing billiards with Mr. Erskine," said Agatha, interposing quickly to forestall a retort from Jane, with its usual sequel of a domestic squabble.

"I think it is very strange of Gertrude to pass the whole day with Chester in the billiard room," said Jane discontentedly.

"There is not the slightest impropriety in her doing so," said Sir Charles. "If our hospitality does not place Miss Lindsay above suspicion, the more shame for us. How would you feel if anyone else made such a remark?"

"Oh, stuff!" said Jane peevishly. "You are always preaching long rigmaroles about nothing at all. I did not

say that there was any impropriety about Gertrude. She is too proper to be pleasant, in my opinion."

Sir Charles, unable to trust himself to reply politely, frowned and left the room: Jane speeding him with a contemptuous laugh.

"Dont ever be such a fool as to get married," she said, when he was gone. She looked up as she spoke, and was surprised and vaguely alarmed to see Agatha seated on the pianoforte, with her ancles swinging in her old school fashion, and a mesmeric quality in her glance which was heightened by the eminence of her perch.

"Jane," she said, surveying her hostess coolly, "do you know what I would do if I were Sir Charles?"

Jane did not know.

"I would get a big stick, beat you black and blue, and then lock you up on bread and water for a week."

Jane half rose, red and angry. "Wh— why?" she said, relapsing upon the sofa.

"If I were a man, I would not let a woman treat me like a troublesome dog, merely because it would not be chivalrous to give her what she deserved. You want a sound thrashing."

"I'd like to see anybody thrash *me*," said Jane, rising again and displaying her formidable person erect. Then she burst into tears, and said, "I wont have such things said to me in my own house. How dare you?"

"You deserve it for being jealous of me," said Agatha.

Jane's eyes dilated angrily. "I!—I!—I! jealous of you!" She looked round, as if for a missile to hurl at her visitor. Not finding one, she sat down again, and said in a voice stifled with tears, "J-Jealous of *you*, indeed!"

"You have good reason to be; for he is fonder of me than of you."

Jane opened her mouth and eyes convulsively, but only uttered a gasp; and Agatha proceeded with judicial calmness, "I am polite to him, which you never are. When he speaks to me, I allow him to finish his sentence without ex-

pressing, as you do, a foregone conclusion that it is not worth attending to. I do not yawn and talk whilst he is singing. When he converses with me on art or literature, about which he knows twice as much as I do, and at least ten times as much as you" (Jane gasped again) "I do not make a silly answer and turn to my neighbour at the other side with a remark about the stables or the weather. When he is willing to be pleased, as he always is, I am willing to be pleasant. And that is why he likes me."

"He does *not* like you. He is the same to everyone."

"Except his wife. He likes me so much, that you, like a great goose as you are, came up here to watch us at our duets, and made yourself as disagreeable as you possibly could whilst I was making myself charming. The poor man was ashamed of you."

"He wasnt," said Jane, sobbing. "I didnt do anything. I didnt say anything. I wont bear it. I will get a divorce. I will——"

"You will mend your ways, if you have any sense left," said Agatha remorselessly. "Do not make such a noise, or some one will come to see what is the matter; and I shall have to get down from the piano, where I am very comfortable."

"It is you who are jealous."

"Oh, is it, Jane! I have not allowed Sir Charles to fall in love with me yet; but I can do so very easily. What will you wager that he will not kiss me before to-morrow evening?"

"It will be very mean and nasty of you if he does. You seem to think that I can be treated like a child."

"So you are a child,'" said Agatha, descending from her perch, and preparing to go. "An occasional slapping does you good."

"It is nothing to you whether I agree with my husband or not," said Jane with sudden fierceness.

"Not if you quarrel with him in private, as well bred couples do, I grant you. But when you do it in my presence, it makes me uncomfortable; and I object to being made uncomfortable."

"You would not be here at all if I had not asked you."

"Just think how dull the house would be without me, Jane."

"Indeed? It was not dull before you came. Gertrude always behaved like a lady, at least."

"I am sorry that her example was so utterly lost on you."

"I wont bear it," said Jane with a sob and a plunge upon the sofa which made the lustres of the chandeliers rattle. "I would not have asked you if I had thought that you could be so hateful. I will never ask you again."

"I will make Sir Charles divorce you for incompatibility of temper, and marry me. Then I will have the place to myself."

"He can't divorce me for that, thank goodness. You dont know what you're talking about."

Agatha laughed. "Come," she said good-humouredly; "dont be an old ass, Jane. Wash your face before anyone sees it; and remember what I have told you about Sir Charles."

"It is very hard to be called an ass in one's own house."

"It is just as hard to be treated as one, like your husband. I am going to look for him in the billiard room."

Jane ran after her, and caught her by the sleeve. "Agatha," she pleaded, "promise me that you wont be mean. Say that you wont make love to him."

"I will consider about it," replied Agatha gravely.

Jane uttered a groan, and sank into a chair, which creaked at the shock. Agatha turned on the threshold, and seeing her shaking her head, pressing her eyes, and tapping with her heel in a restrained frenzy, said quickly,

"Here are the Waltons, and the Fitzgeorges, and Mr. Trefusis coming upstairs. How do you do, Mrs. Walton? Lady Brandon will be *so* glad to see you. Good evening, Mr. Fitzgeorge."

Jane sprang up, wiped her eyes, and rushed to a mirror with her hands on her hair, smoothing it. But as no visitors

appeared, she perceived that she was, for perhaps the hundredth time in her life, the victim of an imposture devised by Agatha, whose salutations had been addressed to vacancy. She, gratified by the success of her attempt to regain her old ascendancy over Jane—she had made it with much misgiving, composed though she had seemed—went downstairs to the library, where she found Sir Charles gloomily trying to drown his domestic troubles in art criticism.

"I thought you were in the billiard room," said Agatha.

"I only peeped in," he replied; "but as I saw something particular going on, I thought it best to slip away; and I have been alone ever since."

The something particular which Sir Charles had not wished to interrupt was only a game of billiards. It was the first opportunity Erskine had ever enjoyed of speaking to Gertrude at leisure and alone. Yet their conversation had never been so commonplace. She, liking the game, played very well and chatted indifferently: he played badly, and broached trivial topics in spite of himself. An hour and a half had elapsed; and Gertrude announced that this game must be their last. He thought desperately that if he were to miss many more strokes the game would presently end, and an opportunity which might never recur pass beyond recall. He determined to tell her without preface that he adored her; but when he opened his lips a question came forth of its own accord relating to the Persian way of playing billiards. Gertrude had never been in Persia, but had seen some Eastern billiard cues in the India Museum. Were not the Hindoos wonderful people for filagree work, and carpets, and such things? Did he not think the crookedness of their carpet patterns a blemish? Some people pretended to admire them; but was not that all nonsense? Was not the modern polished floor, with a rug in the middle, much superior to the old carpet fitted into the corners of the room? Yes. Enormously superior. Immensely——

"Why, what are you thinking of to-day, Mr. Erskine? You have made a stroke with my ball."

"I am thinking of you."

"What did you say?" said Gertrude, not catching the serious turn he had given to the conversation, and poising her cue for a stroke. "Oh! I am as bad as you: that was the worst stroke I ever made, I think. —I beg your pardon: you said something just now."

"I forget. Nothing of any consequence." And he groaned at his own cowardice.

"Suppose we stop," she said. "There is no use in finishing the game if our hands are out. I am rather tired of it."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I will finish if you like."

"Not at all. What pleases you pleases me."

Gertrude made him a little bow, and idly knocked the balls about with her cue. Erskine's eyes wandered; and his lip moved irresolutely. He had settled with himself that his declaration should be a frank one—heart to heart. He had pictured himself in the act of taking her hand delicately, and saying, "Gertrude, I love you. May I tell you so again?" But this scheme did not now seem practicable.

"Miss Lindsay."

Gertrude, bending over the table, looked up in alarm.

"The present is as good an opportunity as I will—as I shall—as I will——"

"Shall," said Gertrude.

"I beg your pardon?"

"*Shall*," repeated Gertrude. "Did you ever study the doctrine of necessity?"

"The doctrine of necessity?" he said, bewildered.

Gertrude went to the other side of the table in pursuit of a ball. She now guessed what was coming, and was willing that it should come; not because she intended to accept it, but because, like other young ladies experienced in such scenes, she counted the proposals of marriage she received as an Indian counts the scalps he has taken.

"We have had a very pleasant time of it here," he said,

giving up the connection of the doctrine of necessity with their conversation as inexplicable. "At least, I have."

"Well," said Gertrude, quick to resent a fancied allusion to her private discontent; "so have I."

"I am glad of that—more so than I can convey by words."

"Is it any business of yours?" she said, following the disagreeable vein he had unconsciously struck upon, and suspecting pity in his efforts to be sympathetic.

"I wish I dared hope so. The happiness of my visit has been due to you entirely."

"Indeed," said Gertrude, wincing as all the hard things Trefusis had told her of herself came into her mind at the heels of Erskine's unfortunate allusion to her power of enjoying herself.

"I hope I am not paining you," he said earnestly.

"I dont know what you are talking about," she said, standing erect with sudden impatience. "You seem to think that it is very easy to pain me."

"No," he said timidly, puzzled by the effect he had produced. "I fear you misunderstand me. I am very awkward. Perhaps I had better say no more."

Gertrude, by turning away to put by her cue, signified that that was a point for him to consider: she not intending to trouble herself about it. When she faced him again, he was motionless and dejected, with a wistful expression like that of a dog who has proffered a caress and received a kick. Remorse, and a vague sense that there was something base in her attitude towards him, overcame her. She looked at him for an instant, and left the room.

The look excited him. He did not understand it, nor attempt to understand it; but it was a look that he had never before seen in her face or in that of any other woman. It struck him as an unintelligible revelation of what he had written of in "The Patriot Martyrs" as

"The glorious mystery of a woman's heart."

In this exalted mood he felt unfit for ordinary social inter-

course. He hastened from the house; walked swiftly down the avenue to the lodge, where he kept his velocipede; left word there that he going for an excursion and would probably not return in time for dinner; mounted; and sped away recklessly along the Riverside Road. In less than two minutes he passed the gate of Sallust's House, where he nearly ran over an old woman laden with a basket of coals, who put down her burthen to scream curses after him. Warned by this that his headlong pace was dangerous, he slackened it a little, and presently saw Trefusis lying prone on the river bank, with his cheeks propped on his elbows, reading intently. Erskine had presented to him, a few days before, a copy of "The Patriot Martyrs and other Poems"; and he felt an inward flutter as he tried to catch a glimpse of the book over which Trefusis was so serious. It was a blue book, full of figures. Erskine rode on in disgust, consoling himself with the recollection of Gertrude's face.

The highway now swerved inland from the river, and rose in a steep acclivity, at the brow of which he turned and looked back. The light was growing ruddy, and the shadows lengthening. Trefusis was still prostrate in the meadow; and the old woman was in a field, gathering hemlock.

Erskine raced down the hill at full speed, and did not look behind him again until he found himself at nightfall on the skirts of a town, where he purchased some beer and a sandwich, which he ate with little appetite. Gertrude had set up a disturbance within him which made him impatient of eating.

It was now dark. He was many miles from Brandon Beeches, and not sure of his way back. He would have gone further but for a resolution which he suddenly formed to complete his unfinished declaration that evening. With this intention, he could not ride back fast enough to satisfy his impatience. He tried a short cut; lost himself; spent nearly an hour seeking to regain the high road; and at last came upon a railway station just in time to catch a train which brought him within a mile of his destination.

When he rose from the cushions of the railway-carriage, he found himself somewhat fatigued; and he mounted the bicycle stiffly. But his resolution was as ardent as ever; and his heart beat strongly as, after leaving his velocipede at the lodge, he walked up the avenue through the deep gloom beneath the beeches. As he approached the house, the opening stave of "Crudel perche finora" reached him; and he stepped softly on to the turf lest his footsteps on the gravel should rouse the dogs and make them mar the harmony of the scene and music by barking. Suddenly a rustle made him stop and listen. Then Gertrude's voice whispered through the darkness,

"What did you mean by what you said to me within?"

An extraordinary sensation shook Erskine; and confused ideas of fairyland ran through his brain. A bitter disappointment, like that of waking from a happy dream, followed, as Trefusis's voice, more finely tuned than he had ever heard it before, answered,

"Merely that the expanse of stars above us is not more illimitable than my contempt for Miss Lindsay, nor brighter than my hopes of Gertrude."

"Miss Lindsay always to you, if you please, Mr. Trefusis."

"Miss Lindsay never to me, but only to those who cannot see through her to the soul within, which is Gertrude. There are a thousand Miss Lindsays in the world, formal and false. There is but one Gertrude."

"I am an unprotected girl, Mr. Trefusis; and you can call me what you please."

It occurred to Erskine that this would be a good opportunity to rush forward, and give Trefusis, whose figure he could now dimly discern, a black eye. But he hesitated; and the opportunity passed.

"Unprotected!" said Trefusis. "Why, you are fenced round and barred in with conventions, laws, and lies that would frighten the truth from the lips of any man whose faith in Gertrude was less strong than mine. Go to Sir

Charles and tell him what I have said to Miss Lindsay, and within ten minutes I shall have passed these gates with a warning never to approach them again. I am in your power; and were I in Miss Lindsay's power alone, my shrift would be short. Happily, Gertrude, though she sees as yet but darkly, feels that Miss Lindsay is her bitterest foe."

"It is ridiculous: I am not two persons: I am only one. What does it matter to me if your contempt for me is as illimitable as the stars?"

"Ah, you remember that, do you? Whenever you hear a man talking about the stars, you may conclude that he is either an astronomer or a fool. But you and a fine starry night would make a fool of any man."

"I dont understand you. I try to; but I cannot: or, if I do, I cannot tell whether you are in earnest or not."

"I am very much in earnest. Abandon at once and for ever all misgivings that I am trifling with you, or passing an idle hour as men do when they find themselves in the company of beautiful women. I mean what I say literally, and in the deepest sense. You doubt me: we have brought society to such a state that we all suspect one another. But whatever is true will command belief sooner or later from those who have wit enough to comprehend truth. Now let me recall Miss Lindsay to self-consciousness by remarking that we have been out for ten minutes, and that our hostess is not the woman to allow our absence to pass without comment."

"Let us go in. Thank you for reminding me."

"Thank you for forgetting."

Erskine heard their footsteps retreating, and presently saw the two enter the glow of light which shone from the open window of the billiard room, through which they went indoors. Trefusis, a man whom he had seen that day in a beautiful landscape, blind to everything except a row of figures in a blue book, was then his successful rival, although it was plain to Erskine from the very sound of his voice that he did not—could not—love Gertrude. Only a poet could

do that. Trefusis was no poet, but a sordid brute likely to inspire interest in nothing more human than a public meeting, much less in a woman, much less again in a woman so ethereal as Gertrude. She was proud too; and yet she had allowed the fellow to insult her—had forgiven him for the sake of a few broad compliments. Erskine grew angry and cynical. The situation did not fit his poetry. Instead of being stricken to the heart with a solemn sorrow, as a Patriot Martyr would have been under similar circumstances, he felt humiliated and ridiculous. He was hardly convinced of what had seemed at first the most obvious feature of the case, Trefusis's inferiority to himself.

He stood under the trees until Trefusis reappeared, departing; and, Erskine thought, making as much noise with his heels on the gravel as a regiment of delicately bred men would have done. He stopped for a moment to make an enquiry at the lodge as he went out, and then his footsteps died away in the distance.

Erskine, chilled, stiff, and with a sensation of a bad cold coming on, went into the house, and was relieved to find that Gertrude had retired, and that Lady Brandon, though she had been sure that he had ridden into the river in the dark, had nevertheless provided a warm supper for him.

(To be continued.)

Success.

Success!
Prometheus writhing on his rock of pain,
With his eternal chain,
And heaven's fury gnawing at his heart.

Success!
In cultured Athens, in yon cell where lies
Old Socrates the Wise:
Drink up the hemlock dregs, and so depart!

Success!
At Calvary, on high between the thieves;
Or 'neath the piléd sheaves
Of Diocletian's martyr harvesting.

Success!
With Huss or Jerome on their funeral pyre;
Or gather'd from the fire
With Wiclif's dust for world-wide scattering.

Success!
In Eliot's dungeon, or on Chalgrove plain,
Or in the blood of Vane,
Or Harry Marten's silent burial.

Success!
Ask Danton or Marat; press close to hear
The words of Robespierre:
May he not speak before the axe must fall?

Success!
Time wears the name from Kosciusko's tomb;
Konarski's fearful doom
But shews new martyrs how they shall succeed.

Success!
Where is Bakunin? if alive or dead
Who knoweth? In his stead
What later Pestel answereth our need?

Success!
Ruffini's sad inheritance;
The Bandieras' chance;
Mazzini's patient waiting—waiting yet.

Success!
Who whisper'd it, returning sadly slow
From Calvary? And now
We look on our dead friend; our eyes are wet.

Success!
O martyr pains and tears and hopes sublime!
Though ye be mock'd by Time,
Shall we esteem your efficacy less?

Success
Is sacrifice. So lay me in the tomb;
And let some perfect bloom
Grow thence, for God to pluck and call Success.

W. J. LINTON.

1853.

Our Lunacy Laws.

"THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

(WRITTEN IN 1878.)

(Continued.)

NO 11. The certificates were still in force, but as there was no *re-admission*, how, in law technically, can those certificates hold good, and why cannot the Commissioners as a body, be prosecuted for their credulity and their negligence in accepting such *lies* as facts so glaringly unproved? Can they show, or even attempt to prove that "any member of Our Board" took the trouble to make the slightest enquiry into the allegations of all these parties more or less interested in "body snatching?"

No. 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.*"

Oh! careful Commissioners, and gudgeon Members of Parliament and Ministers of State, for whom these grandmotherly phrases of empty carefulness are penned, and who affect to swallow the bait they know the whole of the "thinking" mass of the British Public will gulp down, if they see—or "think" they see—others superior to themselves appear to do so; Ye heaven-born legislators! have any one of ye, on reading, (if ye ever did read a word of it), the cases enumerated in this *authorised version (printed by order of the House of Commons)* of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the

truth concerning the practices of mad doctors, enquired personally concerning one single case; and have any one of you enquired what grounds there were—if any—for believing that Mrs. Walker's was a suicidal case?

Dr. Lyttelton S. Winslow, the son of Dr. Forbes Winslow, has written a most admirable "Manual of Lunacy," a sort of Guide to mad doctors, which, while warning them to be specially careful in observing the *letter* of the law in various dangerous technicalities (dangerous, I mean, to the liberty of the British Subject), still gives plain directions as to what the duties of medical men certifying persons alleged to be insane by interested relatives are, or ought to be, so as to skilfully evade the *spirit* of the law. Let me quote verbatim from this valuable book (page 67):—

"The medical men who sign the certificates are required to investigate the case thoroughly, so as not to state 'facts' as delusions, without first assuring themselves that they are not based upon reality, but simply pure emanations from the insane imagination of the patient. For example, a person affirms that he is ruined, but, before this can be stated as a delusion in the certificate, certain enquiries must be made in order to ascertain whether there is any foundation for this impression.

"Medical men are liable—and justly so—to an action at law on the ground of negligence, if they sign a certificate without enquiring into the truth of the facts (should these facts admit of investigation) stated in their certificates as evidences of insanity necessitating restraint."

Then, as though the learned Doctor would put a bridle on too much medical conscience, (which might be inconvenient to lunatic asylum keepers—of whom he is one), he adds:—

"Of course there are ideas which are so obviously of an insane character that it would be absurd to entertain any doubt as to their nature. They are *primâ facie* symptoms of mental aberration, and no questions need be asked about

them." The following certificate is given as an illustration :—

"He is under the delusion that he is ruined, and that the Sheriffs' Officers are waiting in the house to remove him. He is very desponding and low-spirited, and says his soul is completely lost, having committed the unpardonable sin."

Then comes :—"Facts indicating insanity communicated to me by others.

"His brother tells me that the patient, Thomas Wilson, for the last few days has been in a desponding state of mind, and has made several attempts at self-destruction."

Now, with my modicum of experience, I can answer for it, that neither doctors or relatives are particularly truthful, and that, in this particular case of Thomas Wilson's, I see nothing on the face of it which would make me think that person was out of his mind. How am I or any one else to know but that Thomas Wilson is really ruined, that the sheriff's officers really are in the house, and that he has very good reason for being dispirited, having committed the unpardonable sin of getting drunk, of beating his wife, or of swearing at his children ? Who is to tell me that the brother himself may not have persuaded Thomas Wilson that is how matters really stand, and that the whole thing is not a diabolical concoction of the brother who wants to get Thomas out of the way for a few days or weeks, so as to make it all the easier for him to sell up his brother's home, seduce his wife, and be off to Australia ? If on the face of the certificate, (there is no necessity ever for it to be a truthful one), Thomas Wilson had been reported as in high spirits because the sheriff's officers were in the house for the purpose of fixing wings on to his shoulders, that they wore wings themselves, and that they were all going to fly away to Heaven together, then I certainly should have considered that *primâ facie* signs of mental aberration. But, I must certainly entirely disagree with Dr. L. S. Winslow that the illustration he has quoted is a fortunate one for his argument. Mine is one which clearly demonstrates the probable dangerous form Thomas Wilson's lunacy might take, because, were he to fancy he had wings and attempt to fly off the roof of the house to Heaven, he would inevitably come to the ground and have committed

unintentional suicide, besides probable manslaughter, as he might have fallen on a passer-by;—but, as for its being *insanity on the face of it* believing oneself to be ruined or the sheriffs' officers being in the house, and, under those circumstances, being desponding and low-spirited, I entirely disagree with Dr. Winslow. I also think that if patients are confined in his well-paying asylum upon such flimsy certificates, the sooner some official enquiry were made and the prisoners released, the better it would be for them, without any injury to the rest of their fellow-creatures.

It is very difficult, when I once give myself the pleasure of dipping into this precious "Manual of Lunacy," to tear myself away from it. I really believe that Dr. L. S. Winslow has forgotten so much of it himself that it is my duty to again set the following observations before him as well as before the public, so as to remind him of, and to instruct them concerning, the extreme carefulness of those excellently-expressed cautions he himself recommends to medical men in general. (Page 71):—

> The most important part of the certificates relates to the evidence of insanity observed by the medical men who sign them. The facts therein stated must clearly establish the existence of mental unsoundness, and such unsoundness of mind as to justify the confinement of the patient in an asylum or elsewhere. It will not be sufficient for the person signing to say, he *thinks* So-and-So to be insane, or *believes* him to be so, or that he has the *appearance* of being of unsound mind, or that his *actions* indicate the presence of insanity, or that he *hears* that the person alleged to be insane has been guilty of conduct not consistent with the supposition of his mind being in a sound state; that his general conversation is symptomatic of insanity, or that he is wasting his property, and is unable to take care of himself or to manage his affairs.
>
> Facts referable to all these points no doubt are important, particularly when considered in relation to actual mental delusions or other evidences of alienation of mind, but *per se*, they do not justify a certificate or legal confinement. All vague, hypothetical and loose generalisations should be studiously avoided while signing the certificates.

I do not know whether the reader has the same wicked thoughts as possess me on reading this. To me it reads thus:—Dear fellow brothers in medicine,—When you oblige another fellow by signing a certificate for a well-paying patient for my asylum, do be careful in one thing. Tell a lie and stick to it. But to continue:—

"Facts, specific facts only—*which the medical man himself has observed*

at the time of signing—should be clearly stated. If this injunction is not strictly acted upon, the certificate will be valueless." (And for God's sake, do not let such a calamity as that occur!) "It should be the medical man's object" (not duty) "to discover, if practicable" (if not, never mind, so long as you catch your hare), "the presence of defined delusions, hallucinations, or illusions." (If you cannot do so, invent them!) "In some cases it may be extremely difficult to detect the insane idea inciting the patient to overt acts of madness justifying restraint" (as in Mrs. Walker's case or Mrs. Weldon's!) "It may be cunningly concealed for a purpose," (or not exist at all), "or the lunatic may obstinately refuse to give utterance to his insane thoughts" (and will most vexatiously persist in talking sense), "and be doggedly silent when closely questioned on the subject" (which the poor victim does not comprehend, or has never heard of before!) "Again, there are states of mental unsoundness which apparently are unconnected with any perceptible delusions or insane impressions—such as in some cases of acute melancholia, imbecility, or homicidal mania." (I wonder when I may be able to discover what mine is.) "But, as a rule, morbid delusions may be detected in nearly all cases of insanity requiring restraint." (Oh, please! what is mine Dr. Winslow?) "One distinctly defined fact, indicative of insanity will be more valuable" (to the asylum keeper) "than whole pages of ambiguous speculations or loose surmises. For example, a belief in the commission of the sin against the Holy Ghost, or the unpardonable sin," (common delusions among the insane and with which the inconvenient sane may be credited, because how is any one to find out or prove to the contrary?) "or the existence of a delusion that the patient has come into the possession of, or is entitled to" (a delusion which possessed Dr. Winslow when he thought he had come into possession and was entitled to me and my five hundred guineas a year) "a fabulous amount of wealth," (I hope yet to prove a mine of wealth to the mad doctors or their solicitors!)—or that his relatives and friends are conspiring against him, that the police are in search of him and are about to arrest him for committing some imaginary crime, or that he (although in the possession of ample means), believes himself to be ruined, and that consequently he is to be placed in the workhouse. In numerous cases of acute melancholia, delusions will be found relating to religious subjects, &c.," (putting very useful ideas in other medical men's heads as to what to say when they are at a loss what to put in their certificates when they are about to trap a sane person.)

A great deal more, most interesting and instructive, does Dr. Winslow write on the subject, but I must content myself here with closing his remarks with his last sentence on the subject (page 75). "In conclusion, the medical men who sign the certificates must remember" (for Heaven's sake remember this or all your precautions, skill, and trouble may be wasted) "that only *facts* observed on the *day of their examination* of the patient are admissible."

All this is most appropriate to my paragraph 12 concerning Mrs. Walker's "suicidal case." I repeat; did Dr. Keen or Dr. Poulain make any enquiry of Mr. and Mrs. Lambley?

Did the Commissioners (who *knew* Major Walker had not seen his wife *for a long time*) ask Drs. Keen and Poulain who their informants were? What quantity of all this wonderful care (suggested as the right and proper thing to take by one of the hereditary luminaries of lunacy) was taken by any one of the persons connected with the trapping of Mrs. Walker into Mr. Bonney's asylum? What care ever is taken under hundreds of precisely similar circumstances? I wish some one would some day take some notice of what is printed "*by Order, in the Blue Books of the House of Commons*," not only for the sake of present, but of future history.

Having thus disposed most unsatisfactorily of the contents of paragraph 12, I will proceed to criticise No. 13.

"This" (the removal, or rather suppositious removal of Mrs. Walker to a neighbouring house, I suppose, for she was not removed from Elm House to Camberwell House till the 21st September,) "was done, and Mrs. W. was afterwards seen more than once by Members of Our Board" (which means by a Visitor once for three quarters of a minute every two or three months). It is a well-known fact that the visit of Commissioners in Lunacy is a mere matter of form, and that they go entirely by what the Doctors tell them.

Now for No. 14.

"We desired Mr. W. A. Bonney to attend Our Board on the following Monday, September the 17th, to explain his conduct." This paragraph apparently clearly proves that Mrs. Walker was then still at Elm House, and had not been removed to Camberwell House. I can fancy that, on this occasion, poor young Mr. Bonney got a tremendous scolding for having committed the unpardonable sin of transgressing the letter of the law and signing the admission of a patient into his father's asylum, thus imperilling the future profits o lunatic asylums, risking an enquiry, a Reform! A black sheep indeed—not brought up in the way he should go! He had no doubt witnessed so many enormities, it never struck him that so comparatively trivial an offence would be taken

seriously. He had not yet learnt that the motto of the Commissioners in Lunacy was "We must not be found out."

Paragraph 15 gives one the idea that Her Majesty's Commissioners gave him this severe reprimand, and required him to put in writing the explanation which he offered verbally for his conduct, that some kind of further evidence besides his own word would have been required.

Not at all! In No. 16 we see that Mr. W. A. Bonney put his hand to what is an unqualified falsehood. He wrote that "the husband of the patient had, in fact, accompanied her to the asylum." Yet (see paragraph 8) these gentlemen had learned from Mr. W. A. Bonney that "there might be some difficulty in communicating with the patient's husband." What two very contradictory statements, especially, when it is remembered, that, in paragraph 10, Mr. W. A. Bonney reports that it was "found possible to communicate with the patient's husband." How was it this discrepancy in Mr. Bonney's statement did not strike Our Board? Unless Major Walker saw his wife through the keyhole unknown to her, he did not see her to speak to till four or five days afterwards at Elm House—and nowhere else. Mrs. Walker is perfectly clear in her mind about every single event, and she has not the least idea of the importance or purport of the evidence she is prepared to repeat, on oath, were the opportunity to arise.

In No. 17, Our Board goes on to say that "the want of care exhibited in neglecting to examine the *papers* (not the *patient*) was very great, no doubt," but that "as the Order on the face of it was susceptible of amendment, the Commissioners did not think it their duty to proceed against Mr. Bonney and his wife, the joint licensees of Elm House." It is evidently much more important in Our Board's eyes that technical formalities on paper should be complied with, rather than that due care should be exercised in the mode of trapping sane persons for an asylum. To any human being, capable of reflection, would it not appear strange—*primâ*

facie—that a husband, who had not seen his wife for so long, should wish to get rid of her as a lunatic; that he should be one day described as "difficult of access," another, as "easy of access," and that the certifying doctors and proprietor of the asylum should all live within a stone's throw of each other. . . . . Mr. Bonney (senior) died in October, 1877, (see paragraph 18,) and when his poor widow applied for a renewal of the license, "Our Board," *for various reasons*, (see paragraph 19) "felt called upon to refuse her application. The license was therefore extended for a short time only, and is not to be renewed."

This last paragraph, in my opinion, is of very great significance.

These Blue Books are not ready till quite six months (even eight months) after the beginning of the year, and as Mrs. Walker made her escape to me in May, there was time for this account in 1878 to be doctored for publication, so that in case anything exploded, concerning Mrs. Walker, the Commissioners would have prepared a hedge behind which to shelter themselves, and people would have said: "See! what careful, what conscientious, what severe, what admirable Commissioners in Lunacy, England possesses!" should that enquiry, which it seems so impossible to obtain, ever be made concerning Mrs. Walker or any other alleged lunatic.

Having, as I trust, satisfied my readers that the reports in the Blue Books are not reliable in the slightest degree, I wish to entertain them with the real true history of Mrs. Walker—how I came to make that lady's acquaintance, and what has been her eventual fate. The following is an unvarnished statement I wrote at the time for the Home Office, countersigned by herself, hoping that some good might come of it.

Mrs. Walker's Case.

Major Walker has before this occasion made legal attempts to get rid of his wife. He appears to be foolish and malignant. He had a public enquiry held in Umballa (in India)

against his wife, under the pretence she drank. The Colonel (Morgan), Captain and Mrs. Jackson, and others of the 32nd Pioneers, N. I., came forward to support Mrs. Walker's cause, and the affair fell to the ground.

Major Walker had already sent their two eldest sons to college in England (in 1874). He then persuaded Mrs. Walker to rejoin them. He sent her over in a very bad ship (very cheap) in October, 1876, with her three younger children, the baby just about a year old. Major Walker desired her to take lodgings at Aldershot, where the Quarter Master of the 96th Regiment of foot, Mr. S. Smith, and his wife, who kept a sort of tyrannic surveillance over her, were quartered. This—which she resented—coupled with great anxiety on account of some correspondence which she had found in her husband's room, as well as his having on three different occasions rendered her jealous, at last induced her to consult Mr. Richard Eve, solicitor, Aldershot, with the view of obtaining a judicial separation.

Mrs. Walker's anxiety increased in the month of August, 1877. She found out that her husband was in England, and had put an advertisement in the paper to the effect he would not be responsible for his wife's debts. She had no debts, but he had suddenly, in the month of July or beginning of August, stopped the allowance of £35 a month.

On Monday, 3rd September, she came to 272, King's Road, Chelsea, London, with her two eldest sons, the three small children, and her nurse MacLaren. She was weaning the baby. She was very weak and low-spirited, and dreadfully anxious at her husband not coming to see her. She believed him to be in debt and in prison since he did not show signs of life. She is a person of very pliant, meek disposition, and has evidently spoilt her children. They ill-treated her and bullied her.

On Monday afternoon Dr. Thomas Keen, 209, King's Road, came to see her, also on Tuesday morning, 4th September. She would not speak to him as she felt that she had been

trapped to 272, King's Road, and had no confidence in any person she met there. At night, the big boys slept in her room, and the eldest boy kept the key of the door in his pocket to prevent her leaving the house. She had set her heart on finding Major Walker and on getting to the bottom of his intentions, and thought, if she could only get out of the house, the police would help her to trace him. So on the Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning, not having observed she was on the first floor, she opened the balcony window, went on the terrace, and tried to unfasten the little wicket; not succeeding, she climbed over the railings, and let herself gently drop—as she thought—one or two feet, instead of that she dropped fourteen feet. She screamed as she felt herself falling, and the police came to pick her up. Her children were all fast asleep. I believe the eldest helped to push her out, but she will not own to it. Dr. Thomas Keen was sent for; another doctor also saw her during the day—Dr. Victor Poulain, 124, Fulham Road. In the evening she, being fast asleep at the time, was roused and hurried by her eldest son into a hansom in which there was a female keeper, Miss Stevens. She left the house because her son told her his father wished to see her. This young man (18 years old) stood on the outside of the hansom and kept his knees against the door with the view of preventing his mother escaping. She was taken to Elm House, Church Street, Chelsea, where she was received by Mrs. Bonney. Dr. Williams visited her after she was in bed.

Major Walker came to see her four or five days afterwards. He saw her three times at Dr. Bonney's, from which asylum she was removed to Camberwell House, S.E. (Drs. Paul and Schofield), on the 21st September. Dr. Thomas Keen recommended Dr. Victor Poulain to Major Walker. He is a very old friend of the Bonneys. Dr. Victor Poulain's daughter married Dr. Bonney's son; they are therefore, it appears, "*connected*" with Dr. Bonney's house. See Chap. 100, 8th and 9th Victoria. *Case and opinion of Counsel* (Collier and

Coleridge). That these doctors come within the law of persons prohibited from signing medical certificates appears to me evident. Neither Doctor, nor Major Walker would listen to anything Mr. and Mrs. Lambley (landlord and landlady of 272, King's Road) had to say; nor to the servant who had been with Mrs. Walker nine months.

Since Mrs. Walker's escape we have discovered that Major Walker had one expensive lodging, 124, Pall Mall, another lodging for a woman who passed as Mrs. Walker, at 31, Hanover Street, Lupus Street, Pimlico. Mrs. Thomas (the landlady), Dr. Oates, 25, Charlwood Street, Dr. Russell, his assistant, Dr. Chard, 19, Eccleston Street, Mrs. Covell (nurse) and her daughter, 21, Hanover Street, Lupus Street, Mrs. Angell and her daughter (a dressmaker), 30, Hanover Street, Lupus Street, and others can bear witness to the fact of Major Walker living with this young woman. Fehrenbach, photographer, 111, Strand, photographed Major Walker and this girl together. The photograph exists; we have got it. Major Walker, and infant, four children, and governess left England on the 20th September, 1877, by the P. and O. *s.s. Poonah*.

Major Walker paid one quarter in advance for Mrs. Walker at the asylum. Since then, he has not sent the doctor or her a farthing towards her support.

It was therefore expedient to get her certified sane so that she might make herself useful at Camberwell Asylum in taking the patients out walking. She acted as an unpaid attendant.

Mrs. MacLaren, 109, Victoria Street, S.W., Mrs. Walker's nurse, gives evidence as to Mrs. Walker's perfect sanity.

Mr. Lambley went to the police station, Chelsea, to giv notice to the police, and protest against this sane woman'se abduction the night she was taken away.

Mrs. Walker, when we went to the police station, immediately identified the policeman who had picked her up on the occasion of her fall from the terrace.

The eldest boy was evidently bribed by his father to behave as he did, by being told that this mistress of his father's had influence to get him a situation as tea planter in India with some friends of hers. Both boys were promised by their father to be taken back to India. The eldest boy, Richard Beaumont Walker, has got a situation as tea planter, and writes most loving letters to his mother, in which one easily perceives his eager desire to prevent his mother leaving England and coming out to India.

Mrs. Walker was born at Delhi of English parents settled in India. She is thoroughly Indian in all her ways, and has not a friend or acquaintance in this country. I know her simply through my taking interest in the Lunacy Laws, to which my attention had been drawn through Dr. Winslow (who was to have had me for £550 a-year at his mother's asylum), Dr. Winn (his father-in-law), Dr. Rudderforth, and a fourth doctor. I took her in from the asylum, and have worked for her in the common interest, and from no personal motives.

Mrs. Walker has now been here a month. I feel quite convinced she has never been of unsound mind. I feel equally convinced from the way she drinks that she is almost a teetotaller by nature; that she never tasted anything but what the mad doctors may have given her; that she has a most precise and accurate memory, is very truthful, and has plenty to say for herself when at her ease. She is extremely shy and homely, and could be frightened into doing anything she was told. Her son terrified her into writing or signing papers her husband demanded, one of which Mr. Richard Eve, her solicitor, had. She knew when she did so she had ruined herself and saved her husband, but she did it nevertheless.

GEORGINA WELDON.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square.

I wish to certify that I corroborate every word Mrs. Weldon has written, with the exception of what she states regarding

my children bullying and ill-treating me. They were full of fun and very fond of me. If they did or said anything which has injured me, they did so without knowing what they were doing, and because they were obliged to do so by their father.

MARIA ELIZABETH WALKER.

THE SEQUEL.

A few months later Mrs. Walker, in her desire to rejoin her children, went out to India as a paid nurse. A week after she rejoined her husband and his mistress, news came of her death and she has never been heard of again.

GEORGINA WELDON.

Women and Socialism.

AUGUST BEBEL, whom it is unnecessary to introduce to the readers of To-Day, has lately written a book in which he endeavours to set forth the position which women will occupy when society shall have been "socialised." "Die Frau in der Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft" deals a little with the past, a very little with the future, much with the present. Beginning with a brief historical sketch, Bebel treats of the sexual instinct, of marriage as it at present exists, of the numerical proportion of the sexes, of prostitution as a necessary element in the present system, of the industrial position of women and their intellectual capacity as compared with men, of their legal position and of their relation to politics. There are also some chapters of a purely Socialist character, with one on over-population. It will be seen, therefore, that this book succeeds in covering, however imperfectly, a very large field. In so far as it is a record of historical facts it shows to some extent the influence of that method which a German writer generally adopts when he comes in contact with facts, probably to escape from those tendencies which most easily beset him in thought. That is to say, he plunges them all into his book together, in a fit of fine careless rapture, trusting, apparently, that by some process of natural selection, the fittest will ultimately somehow float up to the surface. At the same time Bebel fails to adopt this method quite stringently; perhaps he is scarcely at home as a

recorder of scientific facts. An English critic has, however, little right to judge hypercritically a work on this subject, for we in England have produced scarcely any contributions of value to the scientific literature of woman. It may be that that charming prudery which has distinguished our nation during this century, but perhaps not before, and which has proved so delightful and so strange to French visitors, from Madame de Staël and De Stendhal down to Taine and Max O'Rell, has stood in the way of any frank and precise treatment of this subject. Certainly, even so grave an historian as W. E. H. Lecky, who at the end of his "History of European Morals" has inserted a chapter on the position of women, cannot speak of some of the most important questions that affect women without a wearisome and almost offensive iteration of apologies. And in the English translation of so learned a work as Max Duncker's "History of Antiquity," —published in six large volumes at I am not certain how many guineas,—it has been found advisable to omit passages which, it is assumed, are unsuited for the modest English student of civilisation. A similarly uncalled for process of excision was adopted in the editing of Buckle's "Commonplace Book." Bebel's book may be found of value because it presents in a clear and outspoken, if rather rough and extreme form, what are, I conceive, certain distinct tendencies of modern feeling in regard to women; and an English translation would deserve a welcome.

The old question that moved men's minds was of religion. Now that "for the first time in the world," as Mill said, "men and women are really companions" there comes before us, with the larger issues of social reorganisation, a new and definite question, the "woman question" with all the economical, social and ethical problems that centre round that question. If we have not yet settled the religious question, we are at least on the way to its settlement; we have caught a glimpse of new ideals and the old crusade of mere destructive energy has been rendered unnecessary. It is true that,

like a whale's teeth that have no longer any useful function to perform, a few enthusiasts still survive to raise the outworn warcries and tilt courageously against the corpses and ghosts of faith. But putting these aside, as well as those ardent young people who have not yet emerged from their *Sturm und Drang* period, and for whom orthodoxy is still a very real foe, there are no longer any signs worth heeding to show that the religious question is still attracting the energy which it formerly absorbed. There are other problems now which slowly but very surely approach us, and round the woman question in its largest sense one of the next great fights will centre. Bebel's fundamental assertion seems to be that the woman question can only be solved in the solution of the larger social question.

Now there are at present, as he tells us in his Introduction, two schools of thought regarding this question. According to the first there is no woman question; nature has called woman to be a mother and a wife and has made the home her peculiar sphere. For the champions on this side, the argument is a very simple one, and they appear to be little troubled when told that millions of women are not in a position to follow this so-called command of nature and bear children and look after households, and that other millions, to whom this avocation has been vouchsafed, have dragged wearily through lives that have been as the lives of slaves. But there is another school that cannot shut its eyes and ears to these facts. It admits the inferior position of women when the general development of the race is considered, and that it is necessary to improve the condition of those who, not having reached the haven of marriage, are thrown upon their own resources. Those who belong to this school desire that all occupations for which woman's strength and capacity are adapted should be thrown open to her, so that she may enter into competition with man; that she should be permitted to follow art, science, medicine. A small minority also demand political rights. But Bebel points out that not only would

this agitation, if successful, simply serve to make competition rage more fiercely and so lower the income of both sexes, but that it is partial, being, indeed, chiefly carried on by women of the higher classes, who only perceive the special needs of the women among whom they live. The dominion of one sex over another, the material dependence of the vast majority of women, and their consequent slavery either through our present marriage system or prostitution, would remain unchanged.

Into these two classes Bebel finds Germany divided on the woman question, and it is possible that even in England —the Paradise of women as it was called three hundred years ago—there are not wanting representatives of these views. It is in opposition to both schools that Bebel sets forth the individualist—or, as he prefers to call it, Socialist—proposition that "a woman has the same right to develop her mental and physical capacities that a man has." This is not possible—and here we touch the central point of Bebel's book—in the present condition of society. "The full and complete solution of the woman question—by which must be understood not merely equality in the face of the law, but economic freedom and independence, and, so far as possible, equality in mental culture—is, under the present social and political arrangements, as impossible as the solution of the labour question."

Bebel endeavours to trace this out through several chapters of his book. Marriage and prostitution are the obverse and reverse of the sexual relations as at present constituted. And while marriage on the one hand oppresses the unmarried woman, it equally oppresses the married woman, prostitution affecting both. The married woman, Bebel considers, is regarded as, above all, a mere object of enjoyment; she is economically dependent; she is made to be a mother and an educator, the most difficult of all positions, when she has not been in the slightest degree prepared for so important a function, and is often placed under

physically abnormal conditions. Alexandre Dumas says in "Les Femmes qui tuent" that a distinguished Roman Catholic priest told him that, out of one hundred women who married, eighty came to him afterwards and said that they regretted it. And this is scarcely strange.

It is even less necessary, Bebel proceeds, to point out the position of the ordinary unmarried woman under present conditions. She is shut out from what is considered a woman's career and other careers are only to a limited extent open to her. It is worthy of remark that Bebel is not afraid to deal frankly with the question of chastity as it affects women. He quotes the opinions of various medical authorities in Germany as to the effects of celibacy on women and repeats approvingly the words of Luther: "A woman can no more dispense with a husband than with eating, drinking, sleeping, or other natural necessities. Nor can a man dispense with a wife. The sexual instinct is as deeply rooted in nature as eating and drinking." He would have those words carved over the doors of every Protestant Church.

Therefore both the women who marry and the women who do not marry are, under the present conditions of society almost equally oppressed. The existing system, says Bebel, is neither "sacred" nor "moral." And against it he sets his own ideal. Marriage, he asserts, should be a private contract, not effected through the medium of any functionary. It should be "the contract of two persons of different sex who are attracted by mutual love and regard, and who together, according to the admirable saying of Kant, form the complete human being."

Further, argues Bebel, a necessary element in the present system is prostitution. It is the reverse of the medal. "Nothing shows more strikingly the dependence of women on men than the fundamental difference in the judgment regarding the satisfaction of the same natural impulse in the two sexes." He points out how prostitution with its one-sided way of regarding men and women, giving rights to one sex which it denies to

the other, is in reality as fundamental a part of the existing state of society as the church and standing armies. "Remove prostitution," as St. Augustine said, "and you render all life turbid with lust." There is, however, nothing that is fresh in Bebel's way of dealing with this subject. Poverty and the crushing of the natural life under existing conditions are, he repeats, the great causes of prostitution, and these can only be altered by a fundamental change in the social order.

The historical sketch at the beginning of the book is necessarily too brief and fragmentary to be of much value. Bebel, who is, however, always prejudiced when he has to speak of Christianity, points out how even the Church, which is generally said to have done so much for women, could scarcely attain even to a sense of the spiritual equality of the sexes. At the Council of Maçon in the sixth century the question as to whether women have souls was discussed and only affirmed by a small majority. He also shows how the minnesingers of the feudal ages, who sang so extravagantly of women, were the representatives of an unreal and unnatural ideal, and he calls Luther the classical interpreter of the healthy sensuality of the middle ages. A very short and unimportant chapter is devoted to women in the future. Towards the end of the book several chapters are interpolated that are quite unconnected with the general scheme, being a general exposition of that time when society shall be socialised. If Bebel's hopes are realised in the coming days there will be no immorality; children will not be unruly; the seeking after coarse pleasures which is called forth by the unrest of domestic life will be ended; there will be no demoralising books; no appeals to sensual desire. All these and many other evils will be avoided without compulsion and without tyranny. "The social atmosphere will make them impossible." Furthermore there shall be a central cooking establishment; a central washing establishment on a mechanico-chemical system; a central clothing manufactory; central heating and central lighting; central

hot and cold baths. There shall be no more maid servants and vegetarianism (it is not quite clearly explained why) shall be done away with.

At this point of jubilant exaltation it may be well to leave the general consideration of "Die Frau in der Vergangenheit, Gegenwart and Zukunft," and to touch briefly on two or three of the points which are intimately connected with the whole question and which must necessarily be more or less considered by everyone who undertakes to discuss the social functions of women. Whoever asserts the equality of the sexes has to face the arguments of those who bring forward what they consider the scientific aspects of the case. One hears, for instance, allusions of a more or less vague character to a supposed difference in the brain-development of man and woman. Although our knowledge of cerebral organisation is at present too imperfect for very precise conclusions, Bebel brings forward a few of the facts relative to the size of the brain in the two sexes, as that men of most highly developed intellect have sometimes had brains not greater in weight than the average woman's brain, and that among savages, when men and women are placed under more equable conditions, the difference between the male and female brain is comparatively slight. As Vogt pointed out, the male European excels the female in cranial development more than the negro excels the negress. Bebel fails, however, to point out, as he might have done, that notwithstanding the *absolute* difference between the adult male and female brains, there is no such clearly defined *relative* difference. According to at least one series of investigations there is even a slight advantage on the side of women. It is a remarkable fact that not only is there less difference between the brains of a negro and negress and those of a civilised man and woman, but that the difference varies in civilised countries in a very significant way. The difference is greatest in Germany, least in France. Germany, it is scarcely necessary to say, is undoubtedly the country in which women are treated with least

regard; it is the country which, it has been said, supplies half the world with prostitutes; and as regards the education of women it is behind every country in Europe, except Poland. In France, on the other hand, women have played a larger part and possessed more influence than anywhere else. When we try to think of the names of great European women we think above all of French women. The inference is that if women were placed under conditions equally favourable to development they would in a few generations be at no point behind men. Bebel insists on this because it is related to the underlying and fundamental assertion of scientific Socialism. The individual is dependent firstly on the material conditions of his life, then on his social and economical circumstances, which again are influenced by climate and the fertility and physical conformation of the earth. It is this assertion which gives Karl Marx his scientific strength, and it is allied to the teaching of Buckle and to some extent, it is claimed, of Darwin. It is thus that, as the Socialists of Bebel's school urge, Darwinism leads to Socialism.

The element of truth in this fundamental assertion of scientific Socialism is intimately connected with the question of education. The general importance of education in relation to the position of women has long been recognised. But it may be doubted whether the great significance which it possesses in regard to the relations of the sexes has yet been adequately realised. A recent scientific writer has asserted that "man has advanced less in knowledge as to the proper mode of viewing the true principles that should regulate the ethical feelings existing between the sexes than in any other branch of knowledge." And such knowledge is not only rendered more difficult of attainment, it is made incapable of finding a practical outlet, so long as artificial barriers are placed between the sexes. Bebel therefore rightly insists on the education of the sexes together, and brings forward some of the evidence as to the satisfactory character of its results, from an intellectual and moral stand-

point, which comes from America. He easily disposes of the arguments, of a still weaker nature, which are brought forward against the admission of women as medical students with men, and in Paris, as well as in Sweden, students of both sexes sit side by side in the medical schools with no ill results. Bebel refers to the healthy tone of feeling which existed in Greece when boys and girls were not carefully hidden from each other, and the physical conformation and special functions of the organs of one sex were not made a secret to the other sex; each could possess a delight in the other's beauty, and sensual feeling was not as with us artificially over-excited.

The position of women in Greece, putting aside the old Homeric pictures, was in many ways a degraded one, but though in England we may have little in general to learn concerning the physical education of boys, in this respect at all events they have something to teach us and it is worthy of remark that in Sparta, where women had a better physical education than elsewhere, they also possessed greater honour and influence. It is possible that modern feeling in regard to the body will again develop a directness and simplicity somewhat akin to the Greek feeling. "All the superficial objections to the public activity of women," says Bebel, "would be impossible if the relations of the sexes were natural and not a relation of antagonism, of master and slave, involving separation even from childhood. It is an antagonism which we owe to Christianity which keeps them apart and maintains them in ignorance of each other, hindering free intercourse and mutual trust. It will be one of the first and weightiest tasks of society, when founded on a reasonable basis, to heal this division of the sexes and to restore to nature her violated rights, a violation which begins even in the school." Though here, as ever, a little unjust when Christianity is concerned, Bebel sees how the exaggerated influence of Christianity has tended to overthrow the balance of healthy feeling, to distort and render morbid a whole field of human life.

There are two ideals of the union of the sexes, one or other of which has always had its adherents. They may be conveniently called the Greek and the Christian ideal. The one demands the most complete freedom for the sensuous and passionate elements; it seeks after a sunny openness, the spontaneous play of impulse. The other ideal, which has been closely though not necessarily connected with Christian feeling, finds its satisfaction in the exclusive union of two individuals, for ever seeking new inner mysteries of joy, new bonds of union. Among modern poets Schiller and Mrs. Browning have sung the one ideal, while Goethe represents the other. Everyone according to his temperament is attached to the one or the other of these ideals, but whichever it may be that we are approaching one thing at least may be demanded: there must be no artificial hindrances in the way of human development; there must be complete freedom for man's deepest instincts to have free play. It is scarcely probable that either the Greek or the Christian ideal is sufficiently large to engage by itself all the complex emotional activities of modern men and women.

Bebel appears in this matter to tend towards the Christian ideal. I doubt, however, whether he clearly realises the *ethical* bearings of the questions he decides so courageously. The most striking point about all sexual questions is precisely the deep way in which they enter into such problems; and it is impossible to ignore the wide relations of any fundamental change to the moral feelings. From failing to insist sufficiently on the larger bearings of the marriage question it seems that Bebel's assertions, though true, are sometimes too partial. It is true that, as he maintains, "the satisfaction of the sexual desires is a thing that concerns the individual alone." But it must be remembered that it is also a thing that concerns the race, that is bound up with the advance of human life; since it may be physiologically demonstrated that it is not possible for one-half of the race to be oppressed and undeveloped and the other not be dragged down too.

The sexual relations of the individual, therefore, concern not only the individual himself in all his relations, but they concern more than the individual. And the chief ethical demand on the sexual relations to-day is that these larger bearings should be recognised; that the sexual relations should be finally rescued from the degradation into which they have fallen; that they should be treated with a full consciousness of their wide human bearings for the individual and for the race. "The power of a woman's body," it has been said, "is no more bodily than the power of music is a power of atmospherical vibrations." And when a man touches a woman he arouses that which is best or worst in her; it is not her body that he touches, it is her whole mental and emotional nature. When two human beings come near to each other, and one is little more than an ignorant and capricious child, it is scarcely surprising that the results should seldom be quite satisfactory. That is why the sexual relations cannot possibly be a matter of indifference. And that is why all social progress is hindered while these relations also are not recognised in their wider bearings on life.

An English writer, James Hinton, who in writings as yet unpublished has dealt more boldly and more earnestly with the questions of the sexual relations than any other recent English writer I know, considered that when the question of women was settled the whole social question would be settled. It would not be possible, he said, for women to be placed in a true and natural position without a correlated change in the whole social life. Bebel, as we have seen, asserts that the woman question cannot be settled except as an item of a general socialisation. Whichever solution we may be inclined to adopt we may be assured that the first thing necessary is to assert the equal freedom and independence of women with men. For it has been the fate of woman to suffer from those who wished to do her honour. Till the reign of George III. women were burnt alive for all treasons, because, as Blackstone explained, it would be

indelicate to expose their bodies. "One cannot avoid a smile," Buckle remarks, "at that sense of decency which burns a woman alive in order to avoid stripping her naked." But to those who have studied the history of woman through the past and who have seen how often women have been impaled on an ideal created for the most part by men, that explanation of Blackstone's has a certain pathos and significance.

Once upon a time, a monkish chronicle tells us, an eloquent and beautiful English girl appeared in Bohemia, declaring that the Holy Ghost was revealed in her for the deliverance of women, and was eventually, as usual, decently burnt. That was six hundred years ago now, and though we do not know what "message" it was that that girl had to deliver, the same spirit that found a voice in her still speaks to-day; in literature and in life it is ever finding more adequate expression.

In America, Walt Whitman, who has so magnificently set forth his modern ideal "Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power," has deeply realised the equality of men and women and the purity and dignity of the sexual relations. In England, struggling to regain its old position as the Paradise of women, (and where the "Towards Democracy" of an enthusiastic friend and disciple of Whitman is too little known), greater progress has been made on the whole regarding women, says the American editor of a very interesting volume of essays on "The Woman Question in Europe" just published, than anywhere else in Europe. The ideal womanhood in England is ceasing to be, as it was once defined, "a sort of sentimental priesthood." And while in Germany Bebel has been exercising his vigorous and outspoken polemics, one of the foremost of European poets, Henrik Ibsen, has in the compass of a short play, "Nora," thrown into a perfectly artistic form the whole (or almost the whole) question of the independence of women as it is presented to us to-day. There cannot be, Ibsen teaches us (although, as a true artist, he always anxiously disclaims any attempt

to teach), a truly intimate and helpful relation except between a man and a woman who are equally developed, equally independent. He has wrought out "Nora" with a keenness of insight into the most subtle recesses of the soul that is almost marvellous, and in "Ghosts," a work of still greater genius and audacity, which there is reason to hope may soon be translated, he has again illustrated his fresh and profound way of dealing with the almost untouched ethical problems of the modern world. He has realised that the day of mere external revolutions has passed, that the only revolution now possible is the most fundamental of all, the revolution of the human spirit. If it is true that there is still much progress to be made in all that concerns the most intimate and vital of human relationships, if even so original and bold an investigator as Mr. F. Galton becomes timid when he approaches that central problem of what he calls "eugenics," the question of the breeding of men and women, we may still trace, faintly but distinctly, the tendencies of thought and life. For it is now gradually beginning to be recognised that the new ideal of human life is only possible through the union of the old Hellenic and Christian ideas with a third which is the outcome of to-day and is bound up with the attainment of equal freedom, equal independence and equal culture for men and women. It is towards that ideal that our modern life, not without pain and seeming failure, is slowly but surely moving.

H. Havelock Ellis.

Pessimism, Positivism, and Socialism.

II.

"THE mission of Positivism," it was said by one of its foremost English exponents, Mr. Lewes, "is to generalise and to systematise sociality; in other words it aims at creating a philosophy of the Sciences as a basis for a new social faith." The basis of Positivism in this more limited sense of the word—for in the general sense it means simply the scientific view of things in opposition to Supernaturalism and Spiritualism—are the writings of Auguste Comte, who lived in this century about the same time as Schopenhauer. They consist of a system of philosophy, a polity including a Sociology on which is based a human worship to be conducted by a scientific priesthood instilling into the minds of the people the Philosophy of the Sciences and teaching the Religion of Humanity, for this is the name of the Positivist worship.

The standpoint of Comte is as follows: the only things we can know, not absolutely but only relatively, are phenomena; what we perceive of them are their mutual relations in form, sequence or similarity. These proportions are constant, always the same under the same circumstances. The constant similarities and the sequence of the phenomena we call their Laws; the laws of the phenomena are all we know of them; their last causes, their motive and their intent we do not know nor are we able to investigate them. Theology and Metaphysics are dreamlike beginnings of perception,

which are put aside by Positivism. Each kind of human notions passes in its beginnings through the theological and metaphysical stage to the positive. The theological stage is the childhood of man, in the metaphysical stage he emerges from childhood into adolescence and from the metaphysical stage he comes to the positive stage where he is perfected. The theological conception sees the phenomena of the world as depending on direct and particular acts of will of living and intelligent creatures; the metaphysical way of thinking explains the phenomena through abstractions which are believed to be realities; they form for themselves an abstract nature, and though they designate her as impersonal, think of her as acting as if she had to a certain extent motives like a conscious being. Finally the view becomes general that the phenomena are governed without exception by inexorable laws with which no manifestation of natural or supernatural will interferes. From this basis of our knowledge Comte excepts the fact of consciousness almost entirely. He says that we learn very little about the feelings and nothing about the intellect. It will be seen that this position is very similar if not identical with what is called in England Agnosticism; that there is the known, the unknown and the unknowable; that the unknown may be explored and made known, but that the faculties of our percipient mind cannot go beyond that and enter into the regions of the unknowable. This is also the Baconian position. Nature is to Bacon the Book of God which must be studied immediately to his honour and for the use of man. The senses and experience ought to be our starting point in order to discover in the intercourse with things the cause of the phenomena. Nature is the great Storehouse of God. The dominion over Nature which human beings possessed originally must be given back to them. Bacon perceived the danger that people might imagine they could understand also the nature of God in this way. He demands therefore a complete separation of both subjects, for man could only attain a knowledge of

the second causes, not of the first cause which was God itself; the mind of man could only cope with natural things but not with things divine. He will not even examine the nature of the human soul, for it did not emanate from the creating forces of nature but from the breath of God. The classification of Comte respecting the three stages of human knowledge has been looked upon by Positivists almost like a revelation; but we find something analogous in the work of a German geologist who speaks of four stages in the Development of Geological Science. 1. The Mythos. 2. The Hypothesis. 3. Systematisation. 4. Natural contemplation. This is very similar to Comte's division only that there are two stages for the Metaphysical stage, the Hypothetic and the Systematic.

The intellectual character of Positivism is based upon the co-ordination of the Sciences as put forward in Comte's theory of development. They are—Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, (and as a crowning effort) Sociology. Comte's Sociology is based upon this observation, that there are three successive states of morality answering to the three principal stages of human life; the personal, the domestic. and the social stage. "The succession," says Comte, "represents the gradual training of the sympathetic principle, it is drawn out step by step by a series of affections which, as it diminishes in intensity, increases in dignity." If Comte makes Humanity the centre point of his new religion, it is because he thinks it the highest duty, object, and ultimate destiny of the social being, man, to live not only in communion with the present, but also in memory with the Humanity of the past, and in aim, effort and aspiration with the Humanity of the Future. He is made to feel, therefore, that he is part of a great being (Le grand Etre), that in order to be perfectly happy he must be in harmony with the entity and fulfil his duties as part of a larger organism in conformity with its objects. This all-embracing creed approaching the feeling of Universality which, based on the so-called "Cosmic Emotion,"

includes all things in its wide grasp, takes as a model Roman Catholicism. Comte calls it a noble but premature attempt to separate the spiritual and the temporal power. Positive civilisation will accomplish what in the Middle Ages could only be attempted. But apart from this general idea, it follows Roman Catholicism in its Ritualism and many of its details. Positivists also make use of prayer which they regard as a pure aspiration. They have prayers appointed, but at a commemoration of the anniversary of Comte's death I heard an extempore prayer by Dr. Congreve, in which he made use of the words, "Oh! Auguste Comte, great founder of our sect; we look on thee, etc.,"—just in the old style.* So much, in fact, do Positivists try to imitate Roman Catholicism, and so close is the relationship between their worship and that of the Catholics, that Positivism has been aptly called "Catholicism materialised," or a strange "Parody of Popery."

The way in which Comte arrived at this admiration for Catholicism is not so difficult to understand. Looking about in History, which to him, as to Hegel, was a process of development, for a model of that ideal of Universality which is the essence of his religion of Humanity, he could not but find in the attempts of the Church of Rome to catholicise the world indications prophetic of a Universal Church. Born in a Catholic country, surrounded with Catholic influences, and inspired with a hatred against that hybrid of religious Mysticism and criticising Rationalism—Protestantism—he overlooked the dark side of the influence of the Catholic church and paid only attention to the great idea of Catholicism (Universality) at which the Church of Rome aimed. But strange to say his worship of the past degene-

* It is but just to say that the camp of the English Positivists is divided into two sections. The one, under the leadership of Mr. Harrison, puts a greater value on the intellectual, the other, under Dr. Congreve, on the religious aspect of Comte's teachings. The former party are—so to say—the latitudinarians of Positivism, taking Comte's philosophy as their basis, the latter party, on the other hand, are the Ritualists—the adherents of Comte's Religion of Humanity, and strict followers of the prescribed ritual.

rated into that of an Antiquary with a hobby for old things The observances, ceremonies and formalities, in a word, the rites of the Catholic Church, became sacred to him, and he resolved to imitate them. But rites, manner and custom, conventional and traditional morality and outward religious show are only the mechanical after-effects of the apparition of the spirit in a former period. They still represent to a great extent the outward appearance of a state of things in Nature when Nature's impulse made itself first felt. But the advent of a new manifestation of the moving power, of a new spiritual principle, must give a new face to society and alter its whole aspect. Comte, in imitating the architectural arrangements and other particulars of the Catholic Hierarchy, tried to substitute an almost fossil animal for one which would adapt itself to the new conditions under which it was brought. The Catholic Church is becoming more and more fossilised every day, and the day is coming when we can say with the physiologist that structure remains where function ceases. His recommendation, therefore, is not a wholesome one. It is like recommending a fresh country beauty to put on an old fashioned dress, à la Pompadour, and to disfigure her face with black patches and use various other artificial means. True Beauty does not require any artificial means to enhance its value, and though we can but admire the thought of Comte that the purified human heart is the basis of all moral regeneration—though this is already essentially the Christian idea—we cannot approve of this method of making the imitation of the outward appearance of a bygone creed so essential a feature in the worship added to the philosophical system.

The worship of woman in the Roman Catholic Church coincided in a great measure with Comte's idea of the influence of woman in society. Professor Goldwin Smith comparing Christianity with Positivism drew attention to the analogous position of the Virgin Mary and Clotilde de Vaux, a friend of Auguste Comte, who had great influence over him and produced a great change in his ideas. Comte's position

towards women, whom he thinks ideal creatures who should rule as guardian angels influencing our lives for good, is totally opposed to that of Schopenhauer. Our mother, our sister, our wife are to be the three guardian angels influencing us for good. Woman is to do no work under any circumstances, but will only have to attend to domestic duties, creating home comforts for her husband, and educating her children; even the working man's wife of the future instructing her son in all European languages. Woman is to rule through affection, Man through the will, through the intellect; but the heart is to rule the mind; the affections, the will; therefore Woman rules through Man the whole of Society, and the Positivist priest or philosopher will rule Society through Woman. This, indeed, reminds us of the days of old where the priest ruled over Woman, and Woman over Man; and, according to so old an authority as Strabo, this was the chief cause that superstition continued so long.

A point equally important to the influence of Posıvitism upon women is the action of Positivism on the people, that is to say on the working classes, on whose support Comte principally counts. As he believes that in Woman affection and the social sympathies are more developed, so he assumes that the Working Classes for various reasons—for instance, because they are more exposed to feel the hardships and vicissitudes of life, will be more susceptible to the new religion, having a more developed sentimental life. Comte thinks even, that the Dictatorship which our transitional policy requires (as long as the spiritual interregnum lasts) must arise in the first instance from the ranks of the people, as the wealthy classes have shown themselves too debased for an office of such importance. But Comte seems after all to intend only to use the working-classes as a lever to lift his system out of its comparative obscurity.

Positivism might be summed up in this way. The basis of our knowledge is the Sciences; not the speculative, like metaphysics, but only the positive, like the exact Sciences.

Hence the term Positivism. This positive knowledge is to be made subservient to a higher purpose, and this purpose is living for the great Being of Humanity. Comte does not lay so much stress as the founder of Christianity on the point that it ought to be one of active benevolence. However, the individual is to lead a life in communion with the spirit of Humanity in the Present, a life of regard and veneration for the Past, of care and consideration for the Future. The Scientist—and all Positivist Priests are to be Biologists—should learn that their fingerings are useless if not turned to some better purpose, the life of the individual for the whole, united to the Social Organism by the affections or Social Sympathies (sinking his Ego in the great Being of Humanity). But these Social Sympathies can only be maintained by the influence of Women. The women are to be influenced by the Positivist Priesthood. The defects of such a system are obvious; but Comte, like most philosophers, thinks that he has found the philosopher's stone—the true and lasting system. He is positive that the World can best adopt his creed just in the same way as Schopenhauer thinks that every man of intellectual distinction, every man of mind and feeling, must have been, is, or will be a Pessimist. Nearly all philosophers think they have solved the great problem. Comte in establishing his Human worship goes into the smallest details as to ceremonies, the age of the Priesthood, the Positivist Congress, the number of individuals of each nationality who have to assist, their mode of precedence, &c.; he describes the Positivist flag; he gives a Positivist calendar with new and not always well chosen names for the months; the year one of his birth being the beginning of Positivist Chronology. There is a Positivist Catechism. There are to be days of commemoration and celebration for great men, for those whom Comte thinks the three greatest of our predecessors, Cæsar, St. Paul, and Charlemagne, and days of execration for Julian and Napoleon the First, the greatest enemies of mankind. There is to be no re-arrangement or alteration of

social conditions such as the Communists desire. The priesthood, constituting a Spiritual power, has to bring to bear its influence as a moral force on the wealthy, for the Capitalists are to be the ultimate administrators of Society.

Positivism taking "Order and Progress" as its motto—called by Comte a system of thought and life—is first to be adopted by the Great Western Republic formed of the five advanced nations, the French, Italian, Spanish, British, and German, which since the time of Charlemagne have always constituted a political whole. The rest of the world is to follow after the West has been thoroughly positivised, for the East according to Comte, is only waiting for the West.

FRANZ LUDWIG LEHMANN.

(To be continued).

The Defence of Ernest Jones.

The difficulty of obtaining accurate information about the history of the Socialist movement in its earlier days in England is almost insuperable for the present generation. The names of the men who fought and suffered on the side of the people are ~~borrowed~~ by us but to most they are names and nothing more. Historians record their failures, traduce their memory or scoff at their "delusions." But the best vindication of their integrity is their own words and actions, and the surest proof of their sagacity is the ever-growing number of adherents to the Cause to which they devoted themselves.

Here one of the martyrs of 1848 shall speak for himself. The letter which follows was addressed by Ernest Jones, between the dates of his conviction and sentence to two years imprisonment, to Lord Truro (then Chief Justice Wilde). In 1851, when his petition to Parliament on the subject of the treatment of political prisoners and the legal murder of Sharpe and Williams, revealing a tyranny as monstrous as that now existing in Russia and Ireland, was evoking much comment in the English press, Ernest Jones published this letter in his "Notes to the People" from which it is here reprinted.

My Lord,

In passing sentence on a prisoner, it is the province of the judge to consider the circumstances under which a verdict is obtained, the motives of the supposed offender, and the consequences of his actions.

I object to sentence being passed on me on all these grounds, and I feel confidence in appealing to an English Judge from the venal rapacity of journalist partisans, and the guilty prejudice of a misformed jury.

Whatever may have been the character of the men in that box, they came prejudiced against their duty,—the press sowed the seed of that feeling, and what they have heard in this court has fortified the error.

They have been taught to look on me as a designing demagogue—as an ambitious adventurer living on the people. I will tell them, that I came from ranks far higher than any in that box, or, perhaps, than any in this court—and I distinctly assert, that I have sacrificed domestic comfort and pecuniary resources to the cause I have embraced. As to being an adventurer, my position raises me above the necessity of struggling for wealth in the future, inasmuch as a considerable property is settled on my family and myself, to the possession of which we must come at no very distant period. Neither did I seek a standing in society, inasmuch as my birth and connexions assured me access to what are called the first circles; so much so, that I regret having attended those head-quarters of frivolity, the levées and drawing-rooms of her Majesty.

But they call me a designing demagogue. I will tell them, I have never *gained* by the Chartist movement. I have invariably refused all and every remuneration for my humble services in the people's cause: I have never, though repeatedly pressed so to do, accepted of one farthing for my lectures either in town or country; and it is only a few weeks since, that, without solicitation, I have been unanimously elected a member of the Chartist Executive, and abandoned a situation of far higher emolument, to devote myself to the duties of that office.

As a barrister I have invariably refused to accept of fees from the poor—and even from the better off I have returned them, when offered, and there are legal gentlemen in this

court who can testify the fact. When I tell you, in addition to this, that my present means are very limited—indeed painfully so, and that my opportunities of obtaining lucrative employment have been frequent, I think you will do me the justice to say, that no mere adventurer, no designing demagogue, stands before you now.

Neither let it be said, that my political sentiments are the growth of a day—the result of a sudden impulse. I should be a very unworthy advocate of a popular movement, were such the case. No! I will refer you to works of which I have been the author during the last ten years, and which have won the repeated and unqualified praise of the press of all parties, from the leading authorities of the Metropolitan and provincial papers.

Think not, my Lord, I mention these things in self-glorification; but since the Attorney-General has thought proper to asperse my motives, I owe it to the cause I espouse, to vindicate my position.

I have said the jury were prejudiced. Indeed the grossest misrepresentation has heen used by the *Times*, in giving reports of speeches I never uttered; no novelty in that journal, if we may believe the *Daily News* of the 6th ult., where it states in its leading article, referring to a speech of Lord Ashley:—

"The reports in the *Times* of late, as we have recently had occasion to show, have been so glaringly partial, and falsely coloured, that we do not hesitate to express a belief that not one half that is here reported, was ever uttered by Lord Ashley."

The falsehood on the part of the *Times* is proved in the instance of the very speech with which I stand here charged: in the *Times*' report, gross expression and violent denunciations being attributed to me, the use of which is clearly disproved by the very notes of the government reporter; whom I must again compliment on the accuracy of his report.

Further, the *Times* has outraged the laws of honour, and disgraced the press to which it belongs, by prejudging a case—and filling its columns with extracts from my speeches, torn from their context and misquoted in detail. I hold in my hand a report of all I said in the convention, taken from the daily press, to prove the wilful falsehoods of the *Times*.

Now, I ask, whether a fair verdict can be given by a jury that must manifestly have come biassed by such means?

But I have to complain of far more than this. I have to complain of the manner in which the Attorney-General has conducted this case, creating prejudice, and asserting what is false.

He has told the jury in the case of Sharp—he has told it in my own case—that we must be base designing men for trying to redress the wrongs of others, because we ourselves do not suffer the same misery. Such an idea can only flow from a mean and dastardly soul. What! cannot the Attorney-General comprehend, that a man feel for the sufferings of another? Or does he only feel Christian charity, when *he is paid for it*.

The Attorney-General has imputed words and meanings to a man, whom legal form forbade to answer him. In order to prejudice a middle-class jury, he told them that Chartists were spoliators—would break into their shops and would divide their property. Where is his proof? Where is the shadow of proof? Have we not always taught and done the contrary? It was a dastardly and a deliberate falsehood—it has influenced the jury, and I appeal to you against the effects of the impression.

What! could he rely so little on the merits of the case—could he rely so little on his own legal ingenuity—that when the other evening I shook my head in dissent from the statement—that I was afraid to stand in court by what I uttered in the field—he forgot his legal position and the presence of your Lordship, he fell out of his roll, and made a personal attack by name, on me, not on my trial, and merely a listener

in this court, and dared to tell the jury: "I *said* I would still lead the people to violence!" Why did he not tell them, that I dissented from the charge of violence as well?

I blush for the profession to which I belong, when I hear the Attorney-General take so base, so unfair, and so unmanly an advantage.

What! could he rely so little on the merits of his case—could he rely so little on his own legal ingenuity, that he must try to dishonour the Crown he represents by turning calumniator-general? But I err. HE represent the Crown! No! no! He represents but a paltry, a vacillating, a weak and despicable faction—and I must say it is most perfectly represented. Well, I am glad to find a mere shake of *my* head could make the Attorney-General *lose his* the other evening.

My lord! the jury have been altogether mislead in these trials:—it is not "our Sovereign Lady, the Queen, against the Defendant," but our Sovereign Lords, the Whigs, against the People!

Again, my Lord, the Attorney-General has travelled 230 miles out of the record to get up evidence against me. Because I said, "the men of Bradford behaved gloriously and gallantly," he tries to make me liable for every act which a few individuals in Bradford might commit. What I said then I say again. They acted "gloriously" because in the midst of excitement and riot, they never broke a single pane of glass, committed no one act of plunder, or were guilty of a single outrage upon property. That they behaved "gallantly" the *Times* itself states in a leading article.

And now, my lord, I have to protest against the erroneous impression which the public, and therefore, the jury, have drawn from the remarks which fell from your lordship on this case: a meaning which I am convinced was far from the mind of so eminent a legal authority as your lordship; but a supposed meaning which has nevertheless procured my conviction. It refers to the right of the public meeting, to the count charging me with attending an unlawful assembly. It

is a subject so important, affecting, as it does, the right of public meeting in England, that I am sure (besides the consideration of my own case), your Lordship would thank me for calling your attention to the subject.

The verdicts on the recent cases (my own included), would seem to interfere altogether with the right of public meeting and of free discussion, and make them wholly dependent on the caprice of government. They interfere with the right of public meeting, for your Lordship has ruled, that a meeting called at a lawful hour, attended in a lawful manner, and summoned in a lawful place, for a lawful purpose, may become illegal, if inflammatory language is spoken at the same; or if the peculiar circumstances of the times cause apprehension of excitement. Now, my Lord, does not this virtually destroy the right of public meeting? Some designing knave, perhaps a Whig, may be sent to the meeting, utter a few words of sedition, and the public right of Englishmen at once becomes an "unlawful assembly."

Again "peculiar circumstances of the times" would seem the very reason why public meetings should be held. It is exactly under "peculiar circumstances" that the people ought to take counsel with one another; it is just in ordinary times that meetings are the least wanted. My Lord, you seem to be touching very narrowly on the British Constitution.

Secondly, as to the right of free discussion. Now, your Lordship has ruled that I am answerable for everything that is said in my presence at a public meeting. Pause, my Lord, before you give to the world so monstrous a doctrine! Suppose I arrive at a meeting a few minutes before another man has done speaking, and that man has been speaking sedition; I am, according to your doctrine, guilty of what *he* has spoken. Think of the absurdity of such a law. The context of things said before I came may make what I hear sedition. Or it may be impossible for me to prove that I arrived two minutes sooner or later; or the noise may prevent my

catching the speaker's meaning; or I may not attend to all that is said; or I may be conversing with a friend; and yet I am to be guilty of sedition. Do, my Lord, let the fault be visited on the right person. I wish the Whigs would carry out that doctrine. Why, my Lord, what has free discussion come to in England, if I am to attend a meeting in a state of terror, lest somebody should say something in some way to offend the susceptibility of a Whig Attorney-General?

Again, my Lord, pause before you lay down this law. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" A learned brother of your Lordship ruled a short time since, that "great numbers" made an assembly unlawful. "If there were more than could conveniently hear," said the judge, "the meeting was unlawful." Your Lordship very properly ruled on these very trials that numbers had nothing to do with the matter.

For my part, I believe that a meeting of very great numbers would never be found illegal. Here is indeed the glorious uncertainty of the law. The legal line has many hooks. If I swim into the wake of one judge, I am caught on the hook of numbers. If I go to that of the other, I may be made answerable for what somebody said when I was not present, or, if present, could not prevent his saying. So much for public meeting and free discussion!

And now, my Lord, as to the ulterior results of the meeting. If a meeting results, or is supposed to result, in a riot, I am to be answerable for that too! Now, see the gross absurdity of this. We will suppose I attend a meeting, make a lawful speech, and then leave; somebody rises immediately after I have left, makes an inflammatory speech, excites the audience, a riot ensues, and—*I am a rioter*!

Again, my Lord, suppose, after the meeting is over, when it has dispersed or is dispersing, a body of evil disposed persons—say thieves, pickpockets, or police—come to the spot, take advantage of the circumstances, and commit a riot—I ask, it is fair, is it just, is it reasonable that the meeting and the speakers should be held answerable for their crime?

Nor is it an argument against public meetings that a disturbance may possibly be committed by parties who are in no way connected with the meeting. What! would you forbid public meetings because a few windows may be broken by some thieves? Why don't you write up "No Thoroughfare" in the streets, because a young nobleman breaks a lamp glass? I submit it must, firstly, be clearly proved that the speech delivered was calculated to excite a riot; and, secondly, that the parties who heard the speech were actually those who caused or committed the riot. Now, the law of England and of common sense appears to me to be this: hold a man answerable for what he says, not for what is said by another. Hold a man answerable for what he does, not for what is done by another; and let the government take care of their own pickpockets, and not make us answerable for them.

Again, it is ruled that meetings are precisely illegal according to the alarm they create; so that government, by bringing up a few cowards or a crockery dealer, as they did on Thursday last, can convict a whole meeting of illegality. What an awfully illegal meeting it would be, if it was held in a quarter inhabited by old maids—or, worse still, if it was held near the abode of a Whig minister—for Whigs are proverbially cowards. Meetings, I assert, are not illegal merely according to the alarm they create in the majority of the inhabitants of a district, and in the minds of men possessed of reasonable firmness and courage. No one witness has dared to assert that such alarm was created on the 4th of June.

Thus much, my Lord, for the law of public meeting in England. I submit that the exposition given by your Lordship is entirely new; it is in fact a new law, and if I am sentenced under it, for an act committed antecedently, the anomaly will take place of judging a man by *ex post facto* law.

Thus much, my Lord, for the law under which I am convicted, or for the way in which it was understood by the jury. I do not conceive that there ever was the slightest pretext

for accusing me either of "unlawful assembly" or of "riot." As for the words I uttered, do not suppose I stand here to retract a syllable, or shrink from the avowal of a single sentiment. My defence is an accusation of the government. The speech for which I am indicted is a vindication of our constitutional rights; the indictment framed by government is an attack upon our constitution. I have pleaded "*Not Guilty*" not to deny my words but because *in* my words I deny that there is GUILT.

The Attorney-General would fain taunt me with shrinking in this court from what I said outside. I defy him to do so. When have I shrunk? When did I deny my words? I have not even given you the trouble to prove them. I admitted them in Bow Street—I reiterate them here. But I will not allow the Attorney-General or any other man living to distort their meaning. All I ask, and have a right to ask, of your Lordship is, give them a fair and natural construction, and let them be strained neither to my prejudice nor to my advantage. I uttered sentiments I thought to be right—I am perfectly ready to abide the consequence; but, if varying circumstances may give to the same words a different meaning, then I demand that those circumstances be scanned with an impartial eye.

I have stood up in vindication of the right of public meeting—a right too sacred to be interfered with by police commissioners—a right which I do not think a parliament could suspend, as I contend that no parliament can alter a fundamental principle of the constitution without the previously obtained consent of the whole male adult population of the country. I have said the right of public meeting is attacked in my person, and if provocation goes in extenuation of an alleged offence, I claim in my defence the prohibition of all public meetings by the police in London. I now hold the proclamations in my hand; those proclamations are illegal—the government has not dared to avow them—and I call on your Lordship to quote the statute giving the police

authority by one sweeping proclamation to prohibit the people from the right of public meeting. I claim this, as I cannot be punished for attending an unlawful assembly. This is the key to the lauguage I used. I spoke of threatened attacks of the police, because the police had attacked public meetings the same day. I told the people *not* to attack the police, *not* to insult them, but to stand firm in case they were attacked. I reiterate the advice. The right of public meeting must be upheld; if the police interfere with it unlawfully they must be resisted. This is law, and your Lordship cannot deny it. The right of public meeting has come to something in England, when it must be vindicated under the cannon's mouth and the sabre's edge, against the policeman's bludgeon. But vindicated it shall be.

Your Lordship cannot say the meeting was not held for the discussion of a grievance; the right of public meeting was endangered; that and the police were the grievance of the day; of these I spoke—for this I suffer.

And I beg to tell your Lordship the purpose of a public meeting is not merely to discuss a grievance, but to concert measures for its remedy. Some of our great grievances—the franchise, the land monopoly, taxation, and the church— had been freely and often discussed upon those fields and to such audiences. From those meetings petitions have been presented to the House, and how have they been met? Look back through our parliaments since the Reform Bill. Read the great catalogue of the people's petitions on these great questions. Utterly unheeded. They have indeed got Catholic Emancipation, but it gave them neither land, food, wages, nor trade. They got the Ten Hours Bill when they had not work three days in the week. They got Free Trade when trade was ruined by competition. But how have their wrongs been attended to? When Sir Richard Vivian moved for an inquiry into the cause of the people's misery, it was negatived without a division. When Sir George Sinclair did the same it was negatived without a division. These things,

my Lord, have taught the people that petitioning is of use no longer, and they wish to demonstrate the public opinion by more apparent means. They, somehow, have an idea that a petition from a million of men, forwarded in stray thousands on stray bits of paper, would be neglected, the same as such petitions have been before; but that the same million of men presenting their petition in person would meet with some attention; and at their meetings now they are publicly organising to this effect. A few men being in prison will not prevent this result, it will only accelerate it; but, I trust, it will not irritate the petitioners.

To have made what I said sedition, it must have been calculated to subvert the throne, and endanger the public peace. Where is the evidence of this? I spoke of a great national demonstration on the 12th of June. What is there illegal in this? I chid the apathy of certain towns. I do so now—when the people sleep on their rights, they die. I said I would go to the North, to rally the spirit of the people. What is there illegal in this? Listen to Lord Tenterden, (in Rex. *v.* Marsden:) "If ministers are incompetent, and their measures prejudicial to the country,—it would be justifiable both to avow and inculcate dissatisfaction." And as to endangering the public peace, what I said was calculated to maintain it; and this was my intention, both previous and subsequent circumstances prove. My mission to Yorkshire must have been one of peace. Had not two members of the Chartist Executive preceded me there, calmed the excitement, and restored order? And when I went to the North, did I not at two great meetings recommend the maintenance of peace and order, the respect of life and property? Thus much for the second portion of my speech. What is there illegal in that? And, my Lord, do not screen your sentence under the sophism, that though my words may in themselves be harmless, they tend to create excitement among the people in dangerous times. What makes the excitement? *Misery*! What makes the misery? *Misrule*. And

this brings me to the third portion of the arguments I would urge before you—the objects I had in view.

And here, my Lord! let me call on you not to charge us with the excitement of the times. Do not believe that we few men are the creators of British discontent or Irish insurrection. Look back to deeper and to higher causes. As well might you charge us with the poor rate, and sixty millions of annual taxation. Look for the cause to your rich but fallow fields, and landless serfs. Look for the cause to your vast machinery and cheap labour. Follow out the links of your political chain in alternate cause and effect :—

Monopoly and Destitution;
Discontent and Crime;
Taxation and Insurrection.

Behold, how you have been niggardly with schools, which forces you to be profuse with prisons. Behold, how you have grudged the poor their rights, which makes you fearful for your own! And behold, too, how easy is the remedy! Look at your seventy-seven millions of acres, on which the majority of your thirty millions of population starve or are comfortless, and say, why should this be! Let the government divide the waste lands among the people—they would support the entire pauper population and thus relieve the artificial labour market, so that work could be obtained at fair wages by the unwilling idler. Instead of this, what does the government? Incorporates these lands with the overgrown estates of the great landowners! Do not say it is all the same in whose hands the land falls. For if one man owns 50,000 acres, do you suppose he supports 10,000 families in comfort? Well, more than the 10,000 families—(50,000 individuals) might be supported out of that land. The Attorney-General will again say, I wish to divide all the land. Far from it—I have instanced the waste lands—I can add the church lands—of which one-third belongs of right to the poor, and here is an

episode from that, on the property of the House of Russell.

This family owns:

The Church lands of Melchurne	£ 6,000
Woburn Abbey and lands	10,000
Thorney Abbey	15,000
Dunkerswell Abbey	7,000
Tavistock Abbey	25,000
Castle Hymel Priory	2,000
	£65,000

These lands, once the property of the poor, are annually increasing in value. The Duke of Bedford is also the patron of thirty livings in the church, value about £10,000, and the whole district of Covent Garden, in London, producing an income of about £200,000! Now then, my object is, to obtain by constitutional enactments, the restitution of such lands to the poor. There would be no need of poor's rates then, or money to build workhouses! There would be no fear of discontent. Ah! my lord, if you fear that trading demagogues excite the country, give the people food and justice, and the trade of the demagogue is at an end. Oh! let the jury class remember we are their best friends. We would not touch their property or their lives—but we *would* relieve them altogether from poor's rate; we *would* relieve them from the oppressive weight of taxation. Let us take the war-tax alone: twenty millions per annum. Most of this might be saved, were you to arm the people. Most of this might be saved, were you to send drill sergeants to exercise the people, instead of taking up the people for drilling. Most of this might be saved if you had a National Guard, instead of a standing army. And then let the jury class remember, what a home trade they would obtain. Two million substantial yeomen would be two million substantial customers. And the well-paid mechanics (for wages must rise as labour became scarcer by the surplus being drafted on the land)—and the well-paid mechanics, I say, would be well-paying visitors to the shopkeepers. Higher wages would not operate prejudicially to the shopkeeper. The reverse. For money paid

by an employing class to a consuming class, is money put out at interest—and at compound interest too. The wages enable the working-man to buy; the tradesman sells only at a profit; the richer the working-man is, the greater the comforts he can afford to buy—the greater the profits of the tradesman who sells. This is the working of the home-trade—this is the way in which it is to be restored in England. Such are the objects for which I advocate the Charter. I ask you, my Lord, whether the Attorney-General was right, when he said: "I was for spoliation and division of property."

Oh! my Lord, instead of enlarging your prisons, multiply your schools. Depend upon it, the schoolmaster is the best policeman!

Instead of building workhouses, erect colleges of agriculture.

Instead of emigration, promote home colonisation. Emigration is no remedy. Reflect: what does produce arise from? the land, and the labour spent on it. Reduce the labour-power by emigration, and you reduce the power of supplying food—the same as by reducing machinery you limit manufacture. Scarcity must ensue—poverty spread—poor's rate increase, and less ability exist to pay taxes and support the government.

I repeat, then, my lord, it is prejudice that has convicted me. Had the jury known these to be my views, they never would have applied the word "guilty" to me. * But do not suppose I feel guilty because a middle-class jury call me so, on the misrepresentation of a whig lawyer. This bar seems to me more like a judgment-seat, and my sentence like a condemnation of the government. I well remember the words of your lordship at a public dinner in this city: "Let the city of London find me the juries, and I will find them the law." The city has found you the juries—you have found the law—

* I am assured by several gentlemen present, that after hearing the few words I was allowed to deliver in the dock, the jury withdrew, and signed a letter to the judge, stating, had they known my sentiments, they never would have convicted me!

and, I doubt not, you will find me the sentence. But what have you gained by bringing me here? What am I? a humble apostle of truth. I am your prisoner; but the truth is there—without—free—omnipotent—you have not caged it in the walls of your prison; you cannot send your police to arrest it; it blunts their cutlasses; it breaks their batons; the work is done—the seed is scattered—the crop is growing—and hear! even now the labourers are sharpening their scythes for the harvest.

My lord, beware in time! mine is but one of those warning voices sent from the heaving bosom of life—saying to you: beware! My language may be strong. Truth's is so. Truth plays upon an iron harp, but her touch is unerring. The press is your worst enemy, when it conceals from you the people's misery and the people's wishes. Then thank me, and do not punish me, for daring to warn you of your danger.

You think Chartism is quelled. Learn that it is more strong than ever. While oppression reigns—Chartism resists. While misery lasts—Chartism shall flourish; and when misery ceases, the Charter will be law. It is taught in the Bible; it is based on Christianity; it is the star of the poor man's hearth; it is the spectre of the rich man's hall. It is the terrible spirit that whispers, "no peace to the rich, until the poor man has his rights." It is the fury by the side of the tyrant—but it is the guardian angel of the factory child; it is the prophet who spoke:—

"Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the righteous from judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless."

Do not think you can resist the demands of the people. They grow more pressing day by day. Parade your army of insolvents in the streets of London—call out your discontented soldiers; like the satellites sent to take the prophet of old, they came back as disciples who went out to persecute. Remember the terrible fiat has gone forth,—"no peace to the rich till the poor have their rights." Remember, here in

England, thousands of families are living on a shilling per week; thousands of men on a penny farthing per day; thousands of human beings keep their wretched pallets all day, for then they feel their hunger less; thousands of families have lived through the winter and spring on turnips only. Remember, as Mr. Drummond told you in the House, English mothers have killed their children to save them from the slow death of hunger: here, in this Christian land, a mother has been driven to gnaw the arm of her dead baby! Then, think of your fancy balls, and routs, and suppers,—then tend on your blood-horses and sleek hounds, and strain the law against those who cry for their rights, if you can.

But there is a law higher than all—the law of self-preservation. Tremble lest the poor should appeal from man to God, and learn from him:—

"Happier are they who perish by the sword than those who die by starvation,"

Concede to the people in time. You denied the Irish repeal, and now they demand independence. The Chartists are loyal subjects. But, remember, they may not always, if you neglect them long, be contented with the Charter. I warn you the stream may greaten as it flows, and the word "Charter" may be changed to the shibboleth "REPUBLIC!"

My Lord, I am the advocate of peaceful reform. I would advise a people to bear much before they seek the dangerous alternative of force. But I believe that all governments hold their authority from the people—I believe that the will of the majority is the foundation of law; and I coincide with Baron Gurney, when he states—"That the first political truth that is engraven on the soul of man is, that all power flows from the people, aud is a trust for their benefit, and, when that trust is abused, resistance is not only a right but a duty."

My Lord, I have the honour to be,

A Prisoner for the Charter,

ERNEST JONES.

Monday, July 10, 1848, *in the Dock at the Old Bailey, while waiting for sentence.*

Das Kapital.

A CRITICISM.

I HAVE long wished to lay before the disciples of Karl Marx certain theoretical objections to the more abstract portions of "das Kapital" which suggested themselves to me on my first reading of that great work and which a patient and repeated study of it have failed to remove.

The Editors of To-Day, with equal candour and courtesy, have given me the opportunity I sought; and my first duty is to thank them for opening the pages of their Review to a critical analysis of the teaching of the great Socialist thinker. The sense of obligation will be more than doubled if any student of Marx should think my criticisms deserving of a reply; for while making no illusions to myself as to the probability of serious and matured convictions being shaken, on either side, by such a controversy, I am none the less persuaded that in studying so profound and abstruse a work as "das Kapital," neither disciples nor opponents can afford to neglect the side lights that may be thrown upon the subject by any earnest and intelligent attempt to analyse and discuss it from a point of view differing from their own.

As a challenge, then, to a renewed study of the theoretical basis of "das Kapital" the following remarks may perhaps be regarded as not altogether out of place in To-Day, even by those Socialists who are most convinced that a vigorous propaganda rather than a discussion of first principles is the specific work to which the Socialist press is now called.

It has been held by Economists of the most widely divergent schools that the wages of manual labour normally tend, under existing conditions, to sink to a point at which they barely suffice to support existence and allow of reproduction; and that the only means (always under existing conditions) by which wages could be permanently raised would be a collective refusal on the part of the working-classes to live and propagate on the terms at present granted—*i.e.* a raising of the standard of minimum comfort. This position—which I do not stay to examine—is accepted by Marx (*Das Kapital* pp. 155—163 [73-75]).*

But if his results coincide, in this respect, with those of the old school of Economics, the grounds on which he rests them are of course entirely different.

In the Malthusian philosophy the reason why wages steadily tend to the minimum allowed by the "standard of comfort" (*aliter dictum*—to starvation point) is sufficiently obvious. It is a law not of society but of nature. The point of "diminishing returns" has been reached and passed, and every additional labourer whom the increase of population throws upon the field reduces the average productiveness of labour, so that there really is less wealth per head to be consumed, and each labourer, of course, gets less for himself. This is supposed to go on until the labourers refuse to add to their numbers (standard of comfort check) or are unable to do so because their children can not live (starvation check).

On the monstrous assumptions of Malthusianism all this is obvious enough; but it need hardly be said that Marx does not grant these assumptions, and must therefore find some other explanation of the phenomenon they are called on to account for. It is not in the material environment of humanity, but in the social and industrial organisation of capitalistic societies that we must look, according to Marx, for the reasons that force men to accept starvation wages.

* I cite from the second German edition (1872), which is probably the one in the hands of most of my readers. References to the French translation are added in square brackets.

What is it, then, in the conditions of modern industrialism that compels the producers of all wealth to make such hard terms with the non-producers? What is it that constantly fills the markets with men willing and anxious to sell their "labour-force" for the wages of bare subsistence?

As far as I can see, Karl Marx gives two distinct and disconnected answers to this question. In the later portion of "das Kapital," (I speak of course of the single volume published), he shews how the alternate expansions and contractions of the several branches of industry, aggravated by the disturbances caused by the introduction of "labour-saving" machinery and so forth, tend constantly to throw upon the market a number of unemployed labourers, who will offer their "labour-force" to the purchaser at prices barely adequate to support existence. All this seems to me worthy of the most earnest attention; but it is not my present purpose to dwell upon it further; for according to Marx there is a deeper cause of the phenomenon we are examining, immanent in the very fact of the purchase of "labour-force" in the market at all, and essentially independent of any such influences as I have just referred to which may depress or disturb that market when once established. It is to this alleged inherent necessity of "capitalistic"* production that I wish to direct attention.

* Throughout his argument in the published volume of "das Kapital" Marx deals with the "capitalist" simply as an employer of labour, reserving for future treatment not only the merchant, but the possessor and investor of money who draws interest from it without personally engaging in any industrial or commercial pursuit (pp. 148, 149, [69 b., 70 a.]). Now it is the investor of money, as such, whom recent English-writing economists such as Sidgwick and Walker, have agreed (as it seems to me with good reason) to call the "capitalist," in contradistinction to the employer of labour, or the trader, who may or may not be his own capitalist. On this, however, I do not insist. Marx is justified, from his point of view, in using the term as he does, for he regards the function of the employer of labour, *i.e.* the purchase of labour-force and the employment of it in producing "utilities," "commodities," or "wares," (*vide infra*) as the sole normal source of that "surplus value" which is subsequently divided up into rent, interest, and profit (pp. 204, 205, 210, cf. 195 *note* [92 b., 94 b., cf. 88 a. *note*]). According to him, therefore, the function of the "rentier" or receiver of interest is merely a derived form of the function of the "entrepreneur" or employer of labour, and it is this latter who is the "capitalist," *par excellence*, the prime recipient or extractor of all the wealth

I must ask leave to restate the main positions which lead up to Marx's conclusions in the order which will be most convenient for subsequent analysis. According to Marx, then, the (exchange) value of wares is determined by the amount of labour necessary on the average to produce them, and in the last resort their average selling price depends upon their value (pp. 52, 81, 151 *note* 37, &c. [30 a., 42 a., 70 b. *note*, &c.]) so that in dealing with normal relations we must always assume that whatever is sold or purchased, is sold or purchased at its full value and no more.

The manufacturer, then, must be supposed to sell his product at its value, which is as good as to say that he receives a sum of money for it representing the number of days of labour required to produce it. But he must also be supposed to have purchased all the machines, raw material, labour force, &c., necessary to production at their value, *i. e.*, he must have given as much money for them as represents the number of days of labour

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which labour creates, but which the labourer does not receive. Marx is perfectly aware, though I am not sure that his disciples always remember it, that this view of the origin of all "surplus value" appears to stand in glaring contradiction to experience and to the historical order in which the successive forms of capital have been evolved, and that this apparent contradiction can only be removed by a long chain of reasoning which is *not* given in the published volume of "das Kapital, though it seems to be promised in a future portion of the work (pp. 312, cf. 148, 149, 203, [133 a. cf. 69 b., 70 a., 92 b.]); but again I have no intention of insisting upon this, as my purpose is not to enquire whether Marx's explanation of the phenomena of capitalistic industry is adequate, but whether the fundamental analysis upon which it rests is sound.

With reference to the terms "commodity" and "ware," which will frequently occur in this article, it may be noticed that Marx's use of the word *Gebrauchswerth* for concrete objects exactly corresponds to Jevons's definition of a *commodity* "By *commdity* we shall understand any object, substance, action or service, which can afford pleasure or ward off pain." (Theory of Pol. Ec. p. 41) except that Marx would substitute "labour-force, &c." for "action or service." It seems a pity that "utilities" as a designation of concrete objects is not sanctioned by English usage. Marx uses *Waare* to signify a commodity or "utility" *which was made expressly with the view of exchanging it*, not of using it directly, (p. 15). It seems to me that *ware* is the proper English for this, though there are indications that Marx himself might perhaps have translated it "commodity" a term which in English writers certainly does not carry the *differentia* of his *Waare*. Passages bearing on the correct translation of *Waare* will be found on pp. 15, 17, 55, 61, 63, 111, 137, &c. of *Das Kapital*.

needed to produce them. Now if we take any one of these necessaries of production, such as the coal needed to work the engines, and enquire into the relation in which it stands to the value of the product, the problem seems to be a very simple one. In as much as a certain amount of coal must be burned before so much cotton cloth can be produced, the labour expended in getting the coal is in reality a part of the labour expended in producing the cotton cloth, and in estimating the value of the cotton cloth, we must reckon in so many days' labour expended in getting coal. The cloth, then, is more valuable than it would have been had the coal been unnecessary to its production by the precise amount of labour needed to produce the coal; but by hypothesis this is exactly represented by the money paid for the coal, so that the price of the coal (if purchased at its value) will reappear in the price of the cloth (if sold at its value)—so much *and no more*. The same reasoning will apply to the machinery, raw cotton, and so forth. The labour needed to produce each of these is labour needed to produce the cotton, and the fact that they are all necessary to the production of cotton enhances the value of cotton by precisely the amount of their own value—so much *and no more*. But when we come to labour-force, the case is different. Labour-force, like every other ware, has its value determined by the amount of labour needed to produce it. Now the amount of labour needed to produce, say, a day's labour-force, is the amount of labour needed to produce food, clothing, &c., &c., adequate to maintaining the labourer in working condition for one day, allowance being made for the support of a number of children adequate to keeping up the supply of labourers, and so forth. Our capitalist then goes into the market and purchases labour-force *at its value*.* We may suppose, for the sake of argument, that this value represents

* He may, and often does, purchase it below its value, but the abstract argument assumes the contrary as the normal condition of things. It is essential that this should be quite clearly understood. (Cf. pp. 150, 151, 207. Da der Werth des variablen Kapitals=Werth der von ihm gekauften Arbeitskraft) and [70 and 93, b.] *passim*).

six hours' work, *i.e.*, that it would need so much work to provide the labourer with all things needful to keep him in working condition for one day. The capitalist, then, by expending a sum of money representing six hours' work has purchased at its value, and becomes the possessor of, a day's labour-force. It is now at his absolute disposal, and on the supposition that a man can work eight or ten hours a day without any undue strain upon his system, (so that the labour-force, the value of which the capitalist has paid, is labour-force capable of being applied over eight or ten hours), it is obvious that the capitalist will realise a gain of two or four hours' work. He (virtually) puts into the labourer (in the shape of food, clothing, &c.), a value representing six hours' work, and in virtue of this transaction, he causes the labourer to put eight or ten hours' work into the cotton. Hence the result that, though he buys all the things needful to the production of the cotton (including labour-force) *at their value*, and sells his cotton *at its value*, yet *more value comes out than goes in.* This "more" is the "surplus value" to secure which is the capitalist's aim, and from which interest, rent and profit are ultimately cut out as so many slices.

The production and appropriation of this surplus value is, according to Marx, the immanent law of capitalistic production, and no mere incidental development of it. If the extraction of surplus value from the application of labour-force were rendered impossible, the capitalist would lose his sole motive for engaging in his peculiar form of production at all.

I believe this is a fair summary of Marx's argument, and if so, its essential positions are as follows :—

1st. The (exchange) value of a ware is determined by the amount of labour needed on the average to produce it.

2nd. There is such a degree of correspondence between the value of a ware and its average selling price, that for theoretical purposes we must assume that nominally wares are bought and sold at their values.

3rd. Labour-force is (in our industrial societies) a ware subject to the same laws and conditions of value and exchange as other wares.

Whether Marx's conclusions can be logically deduced from these positions or not is a question which I will not attempt to answer now, for I am concerned with the positions themselves. Against the second (when a correct definition of value has been reached) I have nothing to urge. It is the first and third that I wish to test.

With reference to the theory of value, it will be convenient to follow Marx in his fundamental analysis of the process of exchange.

He begins by pointing out that the fact of two wares being exchangeable (no matter in what proportion) implies of necessity both *Verschiedenheit* and *Gleicheit*, *i. e.*, that they are *not identical*, (else the exchange would leave things exactly where it found them), and that they are different manifestations or forms of *a common something*, (else they could not be equated against each other). In other words, things which are exchangeable must be *dissimilar in quality*, but yet they must have some common measure, by reduction to which the equivalent portions of each will be seen to be *identical in quantity*.

Now with regard to the qualitative dissimilarity, I do not see that there is any room for difference of opinion. It consists in the divergent nature of the services rendered by the respective wares. Cast-iron nails and new laid eggs differ in respect to their "value in use." They serve different purposes. Even a red and a blue ribbon, though they both serve purposes of adornment, are capable each of rendering some particular services of adornment under circumstances which would make the other a mere disfigurement. I agree with Marx, then, that the *Verschiedenheit* of the wares is to be found in the respective *Gebrauchswerth* of each, or, as I should express it, *commodities differ one from another in their specific utilities*.

But in what does the *Gleichheit* consist? What is the *common something* of which each ware is a more or less? Marx replies that to get at this something, whatever it is, we must obviously set on one side all geometrical, physical, chemical, and other natural properties of the several wares, for it is precisely in these that they differ from one another, and we are seeking that in which they are all identical. Now in setting aside all these natural properties, we are setting aside all that gives the wares a value in use, and there is nothing left them but the single property of being *products of labour*. But the wares, as they stand, are the products of many *different kinds* of labour, each of which was engaged in conferring upon them the special physical properties in virtue of which they possess specific utilities. Now to get at that in which all wares are identical we have been obliged to strip off all these physical properties in which they differ, so that if we still regard them as products of labour, it must be labour that has no specific character or direction, mere "abstract and indifferent human labour," the expenditure of so much human brain and muscle, &c. The *Gleichheit*, then, of the several wares consists in the fact that they are all products of abstract human labour, and the equation x of ware A = y of ware B, holds in virtue of the fact that it requires the same amount of abstract human labour to produce x of ware A or y of ware B (pp. 12, 13, Cf. 19, 23, sqq. [14b, 15a, Cf. 17a 19 sqq.]).

Now the leap by which this reasoning lands us in labour as the sole constituent element of value appears to me so surprising that I am prepared to learn that the yet unpublished portions of "das Kapital" contain supplementary or elucidatory matter which may set it in a new light. Meanwhile the analysis appears to be given as complete and adequate, so far as it goes, and I can therefore only take it as I find it and try to test its validity. But instead of directly confronting it with what seems to be the true analysis of the phenomenon of exchange, I will follow it out a little further,

and we shall see that Marx himself introduces a modification into his result, (or develops a half-latent implication in it), in such a way as to vitiate the very analysis on which that result is founded, and to lead us, if we work it out, to what I regard as the true solution of the problem.

A few pages, then, after we have been told that wares regarded as "valuables" must be stripped of all their physical attributes, *i.e.* of everything that gives them their value in use, and reduced to one identical spectral objectivity, as mere jellies of undistinguishable abstract human labour, and that it is this abstract human labour which constitutes them valuables, we find the important statement that *the labour does not count unless it is useful* (pp. 15, 16, 64 [16a, 35a]). [Simple and obvious as this seems, it in reality surrenders the whole of the previous analysis, for if it is only useful labour that counts, then in stripping the wares of all the specific properties conferred upon them by specific kinds of useful work, we must not be supposed to have stripped them of the abstract utility, conferred upon them by abstractly useful work. If only useful labour counts then when the wares are reduced to mere indifferent products of such labour in the abstract, they are still *useful* in the abstract, and therefore it is not true that "nothing remains to them but the one attribute of being products of labour (p. 12 [14b.]), for the attribute of being useful also remains to them. In this all wares are alike.

Armed with this result let us return to the fundamental analysis of the phenomenon of exchange.

The exchange of two wares implies a heterogeneity (Verschiedenheit) and a homogeneity (Gleichheit). *This is implied in the fact that they are exchangeable.* And here I must challenge the attention of students of "das Kapital" to the fact that the analysis by which "labour" is reached as the ultimate constituent element of (exchange) value, starts from the naked fact of exchangeability and is said to be involved in that fact. It is true that in the instances given by Marx the articles exchanged are wares, (*i.e.*, commodities which have

been produced for the express purpose of exchange), and moreover wares which can practically be produced in almost unlimited quantities. It is true also that Marx elsewhere virtually *defines* value so as to make it essentially dependent upon human labour (p. 81 [43a.]). But for all that his analysis is based on the bare fact of exchangeability. This fact alone establishes *Verschiedenheit* and *Gleichheit*, heterogeneity and homogeneity. Any two things which normally exchange for each other, whether products of labour or not, whether they have or have not what we choose to *call* value, must have that "common something" in virtue of which things exchange and can be equated with each other; and all legitimate inferences as to wares which are drawn from the bare fact of exchange must be equally legitimate when applied to other exchangeable things.

Now the "common something," which all exchangeable things contain, is neither more nor less than abstract *utility*, *i.e.*, power of satisfying human desires. The exchanged articles differ from each other in the *specific desires* which they satisfy, they resemble each other in the *degree of satisfaction* which they confer. The *Verschiedenheit* is qualitative, the *Gleichheit* is quantitative.

It cannot be urged that there is no common measure to which we can reduce the satisfaction derived from such different articles as Bibles and brandy for instance, (to take an illustration suggested by Marx), for as a matter of fact we are all of us making such reductions every day. If I am willing to give the same sum of money for a family Bible and for a dozen of brandy, it is because I have reduced the respective satisfactions their possession will afford me to a common measure, and have found them equivalent. In economic phrase, the two things have equal abstract utility for me. In popular (and highly significant) phrase, each of the two things is *worth* as much to me as the other.

Marx is therefore wrong in saying that when we pass from that in which the exchangeable wares differ (value in use) to

that in which they are identical (value in exchange), we must put their utility out of consideration, leaving only jellies of abstract labour. What we really have to do is to put out of consideration the concrete and specific qualitative utilities in which they differ, leaving only the abstract and general quantitative utility in which they are identical.

This formula applies to all exchangeable commodities, whether produceable in indefinite quantities, like family Bibles and brandy, or strictly limited in quantity, like the "Raphaels," one of which has just been purchased for the nation. The equation which always holds in the case of a normal exchange is an equation not of labour, but of abstract utility, significantly called *worth*. The precise nature of this equation we shall presently examine; but let it be observed, meanwhile, that "labour" is indeed one of the sources (not the only one) alike of value in use (specific utility) and value in exchange (abstract utility), but in no case is it a constituent *element* of the latter any more than of the former. A coat is *made* specifically useful by the tailor's work, but it *is* specifically useful (has a value in use) because it protects us. In the same way, it is *made* valuable by abstractly useful work, but it *is* valuable because it has abstract utility. Labour, in its two-fold capacity of specifically useful work (tailoring, joinering, &c.) and abstractly useful work, *confers* upon suitable substances both *Gebrauchswerth* (value in use) and *Tauschwerth* (value in exchange), but it is not an element of either.

I venture to think that if any student of Marx wil candidly re-peruse the opening portion of "das Kapital, and especially the remarkable section on "the two-fold character of the labour represented in wares" (pp. 16—21 [16—18]), he will be compelled to admit that the great logician has at any rate fallen into formal (if not, as I believe to be the case, into substantial) error, has passed unwarrantably and without warning, from one category into another, when he makes the great leap from specific utilities into objectivised abstract labour (p, 12 [14 b.]) and has given us an argu-

ment which can only become formally correct when so modified and supplemented as to accept *abstract utility* as the measure of value.

But to many of my readers this will appear to be an absurd and contradictory conclusion. 'When all is said and done,' they will think, 'we know that as a matter of fact the exchange value of all ordinary articles *is* fixed by the amount of labour required to produce them. It may be true that *I am willing to give* equal sums for A and B because they will gratify equally intense or imperious desires, but, for all that, the reason why *I have to give* equal sums for them, and why *I can get them* for equal sums is that it took equal amounts of labour to produce them; and the proof is that if owing to some new invention A could be made henceforth with half the labour that it requires to make B it would still perform the same service for me as it did before, and would therefore be equally useful *but its exchange-value would be less*.'

It is the complete and definitive solution of the problem thus presented which will immortalise the name of Stanley Jevons, and all that I have attempted or shall attempt in this article is to bring the potent instrument of investigation which he has placed in our hands to bear upon the problems under discussion. Under his guidance we shall be able to account for the *coincidence*, in the case of ordinary manufactured articles, between "exchange value" and "amount of labour contained," while clearly perceiving that exchange value itself is always immediately dependent, not upon "amount of labour," but upon abstract utility.

The clue to the investigation we are now to enter on is furnished by the combined effects of "the law of indifference" and "the law of the variation of utility." (See Jevons "Theory of Political Economy," pp. 98 and 49). By the former of these laws "when a commodity is perfectly uniform or homogeneous in quality, any portion may be indifferently used in place of an equal portion; hence, in the same market, and at the same moment, all portions must be exchanged at

the same ratio"; and by the latter, each successive increment of any given commodity (at any rate after a certain point has been reached) satisfies a less urgent desire or need, and has therefore a less utility than the previous increment had. For example, one coat possessed by each member of a community would satisfy the urgent needs of protection and decency; whereas a second coat possessed by each member would serve chiefly to satisfy the less urgent needs of convenience, taste, luxury, &c. Now in a community every member of which possessed two coats already, a further increment of coats would (ceteris paribus) satisfy a less urgent need, possess a less utility, and therefore have a lower exchange value than would be the case in a community each member of which possessed only one coat; and, by the "law of indifference," all coats (of identical quality) would exchange with other goods at this lower ratio. Thus the abstract utility of the last available increment of any commodity determines the ratio of exchange of the whole of it. The importance of these facts in their bearing on our problem, I must endeavour briefly to indicate, while referring to Jevons for their full elaboration.

Exchange value is a phenomenal manifestation (conditioned by our present social and industrial organisation) of *equivalence of utility*, which equivalence of utility would, and does, exist even under industrial conditions which render its manifestation in the particular form of exchange value impossible. Let us, then, try to track it down on ground where it is less surrounded by complications and prejudices than it is at home. "All the mystery" says Marx, "of the world of wares, all the false lights and magic which play about the creations of labour when produced as wares, disappear at once when we have recourse to other forms of production. And since Political Economy delights in Robinsoniads, let us begin with Robinson on his island." (p. 53 [30]). I accept this invitation, and proceed to make my own observations on what I see.

Robinson, then, has to perform various kinds of useful work, such as making tools or furniture, taming goats, fishing, hunting, &c.; and although he does not ever exchange things against each other, having no one with whom to exchange, yet he is perfectly conscious of the equivalence of utility existing between certain products of his labour, and as he is at liberty to distribute that labour as he likes, he will always apply it where it can produce the greatest utility in a given time. The need of food being the most urgent of all needs, his first hours (if we suppose him to start with nothing) will be devoted to procuring food, but when he has got some little food, a further increment of it, however acceptable it would be, is not so necessary as the first instalment was, and will therefore not be so useful. By devoting a few hours to the search for or construction of some rude shelter he will now be producing a greater utility than he could produce in the same time by obtaining more food; and thus he continues always producing so much of what he wants most that the next increment would have a less utility than some other thing which it would take the same time to secure. He has arrived at a state of equilibrium, so to speak, when his stock of each product is such that his desire for a further increment of it is proportional to the time it would take to produce it, for when this state of things is realised, equal expenditures of labour wherever applied would result in equal utilities.

Let us now take the case of an industrial community the labour of which is directed to the immediate supply of the wants of its own members, without the intervention of any system of exchange, and let us suppose, for instance, that it takes a working member of such a community four days to make a coat and half a day to make a hat. We will put all other branches of industry out of consideration, we will suppose that at a given moment the members of the community are owing to some special cause equally ill-provided with coats and hats, and that under the climatic and other conditions to which they are subject, it would cause them

equal discomfort to go without coats or without hats. A hat is therefore, at the present moment, as useful as a coat and it only takes one eighth of the time to make it. Labour will therefore be directed to hat-making rather than to coat-making; for why should I spend four days in producing a certain utility when I could produce another utility exactly equivalent to it in half a day? But when a certain number of hats have been made the inconvenience caused by the insufficient supply becomes less acute, whereas the want of coats is as great as ever. Additional hats, therefore, would no longer be as useful as the same number of additional coats, but would be, say, half as useful. But since a man can produce eight hats in the time it would take him to make one coat, and since each hat is worth half as much (*i.e.* is half as useful) as a coat, he can still produce four times the utility by making hats which he could produce in the same time by making coats. He therefore goes on making hats. But the need of hats is now rapidly diminishing, and the time soon arrives when additional hats would be only *one eighth* as useful as the same number of additional coats. A man can now produce equal utilities in a given time whether he works at coats or hats, for though it will take him eight times as long to make a coat as to make a hat, yet this coat when made will be as useful as eight hats, it will be *worth* eight hats to the community. Equilibrium will now be established, because the stock of coats and hats is such that the utility of more coats would be to the utility of more hats as the time it takes to make a coat to the time it takes to make a hat. But observe a coat is not worth eight times as much as a hat to this community, because it takes eight times as long to make it, (that it always did, even when *one* hat was worth as much to the community as a coat)—but the community is willing to devote eight times as long to the making of a coat, because when made it will be worth eight times as much to it.

The transition to the industrial conditions under which we

actually live is easy. Indeed it is already contained in the word "worth." The popular instinct has appropriated this word to the "common something" which all exchangeable commodities embody, irrespective of the industrial conditions of their production and of the commercial conditions of their circulation and consumption. From my own individual stand-point I may say that A is worth as much to me as B *i.e.* that there is to me, an *equivalence of utility* between A and B, though their specific utilities may be wholly unlike. From the stand-point of communistic or patriarchal economies, I might use the same language with the same meaning. A is worth as much to the community as B, *i.e.* there is an equivalence of utility to the community between A and B Lastly from the point of view of a commercially organised society in which no man's wants are reckoned unless he can give something for their gratification, (the ordinary point of view) we may say "A and B are *worth* the same," = "there is an equivalence of utility to "the purchaser" between A and B." ="there are persons who want more A and persons who want more B; and the desire for more A on the part of the former (as measured against their desire for other commodities), is equivalent to the desire for more B on the part of the latter, measured in the same way"="the (exchange) values of A and B are equal."

One point remains to be cleared up. In the case of manufactured articles, such as hats and coats for instance, there is always a certain stream of supply flowing, and when we speak of "the desire for more hats," we must be understood to mean, not the desire on behalf of purchasers for more hats *than they have*, but their desire for more hats *than are being supplied*, *i. e.*, the pressure (or rather suction) which seeks to widen supply. By the "law of indifference" it is the force of demand *at the margin* of supply which determines the exchange value of the whole. For example, a watch of a certain quality is *worth* £15 to me, *i.e.*, it would have as great a utility to me as anything else which I have not got, and

which I could obtain for £15. But watches of the quality in question are now being supplied to the commercial society of which I am a member at the rate of fifty *per diem*, and the ranks of the men to whom such watches are worth £15, are only recruited at the rate of ten *per diem*. The ranks of those to whom they are worth at least £10 are, however, recruited at the rate of fifty *per diem*, *i. e.* the worth or utility of watches of such and such a quality, supplied at the rate of fifty *per diem*, is, at the margin of supply, £10, and therefore by the "law of indifference" all the watches exchange at that same rate. A desire for *all* the watches that are available (theoretically identical with the desire for an infinitesimal increment of watches *beyond* what are available) is felt by persons to whom each watch has a utility represented by at least £10. A desire for *some* of the watches (but not all) is felt by persons to whom each watch would have a utility represented by some larger amount, in some cases perhaps £15 or even more, but this high utility of watches to *some* people does not affect their utility at the margin of supply, and therefore does not affect their exchange value. Thus, while value in exchange is rigidly determined by value in use, yet it may happen that any number of persons short of the whole body of purchasers, may obtain for £10 each watches which have a utility *for them* represented by something more than £10. It is needless to add that the "margin of supply" may be fixed by the holding back from the market of a certain part of the commodities in question by the traders, or by the deliberate limitation of the production by the manufacturers, or by the physical limits imposed on the manufacture, or perhaps by other causes. This does not affect the matter.

Let us now take up the problem from the other side. Watches are being produced at the rate of 50 *per diem*, and they are worth £10 each when produced. It requires, say, twelve days' labour to produce a watch, and (due allowance being made for the quality of the labour, (cf. *das Kapital* p. 19 [17 a.]) we will suppose there is no other direction which could

be given to this labour by which in the same time it would produce anything worth more than £10, *i. e.*, having a greater utility at the margin of supply than the watch has.

Now suppose an improvement in the manufacture of watches to be made which saves 25 per cent. of the labour. This does not in itself affect the utility of watches, and therefore nine days' labour applied to watch making will now produce as great a utility as twelve days applied to any other industry. Anyone who has the free disposal of labour will of course now apply it to watch-making, but the watches he makes *will no longer be as useful* as watches have been hitherto, and for the following reason. There are more watches available now than there were formerly. If they are all to be bought (or indeed used) they must some of them be bought (or used) by persons to whom (in comparison with other things) they are *less useful* than the watches formerly sold were to their purchasers. All the persons to whom a watch was as useful as 200 lbs. of beef (supposing beef to be a shilling a pound), or anything else they would get for £10, are already supplied (or are being continuously supplied as they continuously appear), and if more watches are sold it must be to persons to whom they are only as useful as, say, 180 lbs. of beef would be. A man to whom *one* watch was as useful as 200 lbs. of beef, but to whom a second watch in the family (though a great convenience), was not so imperiously required as the first, will now determine to buy a second watch which *will be less useful* than the first, but still as useful as 180 lbs. of beef. Others to whom even a single watch would not have been as useful as the greater amount of food, purchase one now because it is as useful as the smaller amount. The usefulness of a watch at the margin of supply is now represented by £9. The value of watches has fallen, *not because they contain less labour*, but because the recent increments have been *less useful*, and by the "law of indifference" the utility of the last increment determines the value of the whole.

Still however there is an advantage in making watches.

Nine days' labour applied in any other direction would only produce a utility represented by £7 10s., whereas if applied to watch making it will produce a utility represented by £9. Labour free to take any direction will still be directed to watch making, and by increasing still further the number of watches available, will again lower their *usefulness* (measured by its ratio to the usefulness of other things) at the margin of supply, till at last there are so many watches already in the possession of those to whom they are useful, or in the normal stream of supply, that any further increment of watches would not be more useful to anyone than 150 lbs. of beef or a dress suit, or a sofa, or new clothes for the children, or something else which he wants, which he has not got, and which he can get for £7 10s. When this point is reached equilibrium is restored. Nine days' labour produces a utility represented by £7 10s., whether devoted to watch making or anything else. The value of the watch now coincides with the amount of labour it contains, yet it is not worth £7 10s., neither more nor less, because it contains nine days of a certain quality of labour, but men are willing to put nine days and no more of such labour into it, because when made it will be worth £7 10s., and it will be worth that sum in virtue of its utility at the margin of supply which by the "law of indifference" determines its exchange value.

The correctness of this theory of value may be tested in another way. Utility arises from the power possessed by certain things of gratifying human desires. We have seen that as these things are multiplied, the desires to which each successive increment ministers, become relatively less intense, by which their utility at the margin of supply (called by Jevons their "final utility,") is lowered. We have seen that this "law of variation of utility" fully accounts for all the phenomena of supply and demand and for the coincidence, in the case of articles that can be indefinitely multiplied, between the relative amounts of labour they contain and their relative values. But if utility is the real constituent

element of value, there must be another aspect of the question. Utility rising out of a relation between human desires and certain *things* (whether material or immaterial), must be affected by any modification either in the things or in the desires. We have seen that in many cases labour can indefinitely modify the number of the things, and by so doing can modify their (final) utility, and so affect their value. But there are other things which are normally exchanged (and which we must therefore regard as containing that "common something" which is implied in every equation of exchange, and to which it is the height of arbitrariness to refuse the name of "value"), the number and quality of which labour is powerless to affect; and yet they too rise and fall in value. Such are specimens of old china, pictures by deceased masters, and to a greater or less degree the yield of all natural or artificial monopolies. The value of these things changes because their utility changes. And their utility changes, not because of any change in their own number or quality, but because of a change in the desires to which they minister. I cannot see how any analysis of the act of exchange, which reduces the "common something" implied in that act to *labour* can possibly be applied to this class of phenomena.

We have now a theory of value which is equally applicable to things that can, and things that can not, be multiplied by labour, which is equally applicable to market and to normal values, which moves with perfect ease amongst the "bourgeois categories" that have been prominent in the latter part of our argument, and fits all the complicated phenomena of our commercial societies like a glove, and yet all the while shows that these phenomena are but the specially conditioned manifestations of the ultimate and universal facts of industry, and find their analogues in the economy of a self-supplying patriarchal community or of Robinson Crusoe's island.

It only remains to apply our results to Marx's theory of

surplus value. The key-stone of the argument by which that theory is supported is, as we have seen, the proposition that the value of labour-force is fixed by the amount of labour needed to produce it, whereas in its expenditure that same labour-force liquifies into a greater amount of labour than it took to produce it, so that if a man purchases labour-force at its value, he will be able to draw out at one end of his bargain more labour (and therefore more value) than he puts in at the other.

We have now learned, however, that value does not depend upon "amount of labour contained," and does not always coincide with it. Under what conditions does it so coincide? And does labour-force comply with those conditions? Whenever labour can be freely directed to the production of A or B optionally, so that x days of labour can be converted at will into y units of A, or z units of B, then, but then only, will labour be directed to the production of one or the other until the relative abundance or scarcity of A and B is such that y units of A are as useful at the margin of supply as z units of B. Equilibrium will then be reached.

But if there is any commodity C, to the production of which a man who has labour at his disposal can *not* direct that labour at his will, then there is no reason whatever to suppose that the value of C will stand in any relation to the amount of labour which it contains, for its value is determined by its utility at the margin of supply, and by hypothesis it is out of the power of labour to raise or lower that margin.

Now this is the case with labour-force in every country in which the labourer is not personally a slave. If I have obtained by purchase or otherwise the right to apply a certain amount of labour to any purpose I choose, I cannot direct it at my option to the production of hats (for instance) *or to the production of labour-force*, unless I live in a country where slave-breeding is possible; and therefore there is no economic law the action of which will bring the value of labour-force, and the value of other commodities, into the ratio of the amounts of labour respectively embodied in them.

It appears to me, therefore, that Marx has failed to indicate any immanent law of capitalistic production by which a man who purchases labour-force at its value will extract from its consumption a surplus value. We are simply thrown back upon the fact that a man can purchase (not produce) as much labour-force as he likes at the price of bare subsistence. But this fact is the problem we are to investigate, not the solution of the problem.

The object of this paper is purely critical and my task is therefore, for the present, completed. Only let me repeat that in the latter portion of the published volume of "das Kapital" Marx appears to me to have made contributions of extreme importance to the solution of the great problem, though I can not see that they stand in any logical connection with the abstract reasoning of his early chapters.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Remuneration.

THE news that an Industrial Remuneration Conference is shortly to be held under the auspices of the Statistical Society ought to be exceedingly comforting to the working classes. We learn that among the points to be discussed at the Conference, is the question whether any remediable causes influence prejudicially the stability of industrial employment, the steadiness of rates of wages, and the well-being of the working classes. Socialists are well aware that all real stability of industrial employment is simply rendered impossible by the industrial anarchy which the capitalist system necessarily entails upon the workers, whose well-being cannot be secured by those who profit by the present arrangement of things. We can only hope that the Conference will have the wisdom to discover and the courage to declare, that the State organisation of labour is the only cure for the curse of capitalist competition for gain. Meanwhile the word 'Remuneration' recalls to our mind a suggestive scene from Shakespeare which we cannot resist the temptation to quote :—

Armado. Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money*] for the best word of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. [*Exit.*

Costard. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'A penny.'—'No, I'll give

you a remuneration.' Why it carries it.—Remuneration!—why it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cos. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cos. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Bir. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cos. I thank your worship. God be with you!

Bir. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: * * * *
There's thy guerdon; go. [*gives him money.*]

Cos. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better. Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

The question naturally arises as to how much daily bread a man may buy for the industrial remuneration which the Statistical Society would be willing to leave to the producers. We fear that the too correct answer is "Marry, sir, three-farthings-worth," although the true guerdon of labour is at least eleven-pence farthing better than this high-sounding remuneration.

Revolution by Reform.

WHEN an important and influential supporter of a cause ventures publicly to criticise the language and policy of its leaders, he incurs a very grave responsibility, which extends beyond the consequences to persons, and may even affect the public estimation not only of the men or methods he attacks, but of the cause he seeks to promote. When, however, the critic is uninfluential and obscure, the most dreadful consequences of his temerity are likelier to fall upon him than upon the cause he follows afar off. If then on no higher ground, on his obscurity and insignificance the present critic depends for protection against the charge of risking damage to either person or party having claims upon his support. And if the temerity of insignificance require apology, let it be said that, "Even great Homer sometimes sleeps," and the judiciously directed attentions of a fly may suffice to awaken a slumbering giant.

But though we live in an age almost submerged in personal and party loyalties, there yet remains to us an instinctive feeling that issues and principles exist which to-morrow—alas! always to-morrow—may claim our undivided allegiance. That there is a principle and an issue demanding such allegiance, Socialists pre-eminently are bound to believe, and loyalty to these no other considerations may be permitted to weaken or deflect. To describe the language of a Socialist leader as unjust and his policy as morally and tactically wrong, is no doubt to go beyond the limits of party loyalty, but the Socialist will be more concerned to acquit himself with

loyalty to the first principles of his belief than to build a reputation for discipline upon the ruins of neglected convictions.

Writing under the title "Revolution or Reform" in the August number of To-Day, Mr. Hyndman announces with decision and clearness, due doubtless to a consciousness of representing the convictions of those with whom he acts, that "We Socialists are Revolutionists." And, thereupon, he proceeds to invite all men to the choice between Revolution and Reform; giving, by way of warning, a taste of the ineffable scorn reserved for those who may choose the latter alternative. This sweeping attempt to separate the sheep from the goats ought scarcely to be allowed to pass unchallenged. A belief that Revolution is the gate of Heaven and Reform the way to Hell, may be a sign of despair, but it is hardly a test of devotion to the Socialist cause. And it is in the light of a Declaration of Despair that this Revolutionary manifesto will appear to many who profess and call themselves Socialists. The contrary beliefs that Reform is the narrow way that leadeth to life and Revolution the broad road that leadeth to destruction, has at least as much claim upon credulity.

Where much depends upon the meaning of terms, definition becomes necessary if confusion is to be avoided, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Hyndman did not define the terms which he places in antagonism. A main object of this paper, as indicated in its title, is to contend that the terms Revolution and Reform are not rightly used as antitheses except where by both of them a method and not a result is meant. The abolition of competition as the basis of social relations would unquestionably constitute a revolution; and in this sense every Socialist must be a revolutionist. But he is not thereby pledged to regard this revolutionary result as obtainable only by revolutionary methods, any more than a desire to make saints of sinners necessitates a belief in instantaneous conversion.

In the article to be reviewed it is specially necessary to be wide awake on this point, as upon the sense to be attached to the term "Revolution" in its various connections, depends the relevance and therefore the force of many powerful and seemingly decisive passages. It would be indeed difficult to excel the incisive vigor with which Mr. Hyndman exposes the social disorder which to-day is growing evident and must soon if unchecked become intolerable. Yet the world is too full of revolutions brought about by the slow methods he derides to allow us to mistake the need of great changes for a need of sudden changes. In his "Historical Basis of Socialism" he has most ably shown how economical causes, whose work and influence were barely recognised and scarce at all directed, gradually effected a revolution of our social relations. From the national worship of Mars and the domestic worship of Bacchus, we have passed to the undivided adoration of Mammon—from warriors and wine-bibbers to money-grubbers; we have even harnessed the war-god to the chariot of our newer deity.

To this it might be replied that this revolution of society was brought about by a series of geographical and scientific discoveries that effected sudden changes which may fairly be termed revolutionary. This is no imaginary reply. It is the essence of Mr. Hyndman's opening paragraph, in which he claims the abolition of the House of Lords as a revolutionary measure, because to abolish is not to reform. But no one would be more surprised and indignant than Mr. Hyndman if a man should claim fraternity with the Revolutionary Party on the sole ground that he favoured the abolition of our second chamber. "My dear Sir" the writer of "Revolution or Reform" would probably say—"*You* are no revolutionist, you are a fool." Here, it is to be observed, we have to take note of another possible source of misunderstanding; not only against a duality of meanings, but also against change in relation have we to guard. Drawing a decayed tooth may be regarded as a revolutionary operation

and as effecting a revolution—for the tooth. What may be revolutionary in relation to the House of Lords may be merely political reform; and indeed such would seem to be the fact in regard to its abolition. Such abolition, however revolutionary it might in form appear, would in reality have something very far short of a revolutionary influence upon our political system as a whole. This, singularly enough, Mr. Hyndman seems to see without believing. In one sentence he asserts that the destruction of the hereditary chamber would be "a small political Revolution" and in the next he describes it as "a final declaration of the supremacy of the middle-class," thus reducing it to its true place as the last step in a series of steps which constitute a "revolution" begun centuries ago. The principle of hereditary power upon which that institution is based has been dying a slow death these two hundred years: to-day it is politically dead. And the House of Lords is but the skeleton hanging silent and unobtrusive in a stagnant atmosphere, but creaking with every rising wind of progress, and waiting only a vigorous puff to dislodge it and compel its interment. Making due allowance for "personal equation" we are a reasonable people; and even the laggard *Times* declares the hereditary chamber to be "indefensible on any principle accepted at the present day." The Revolution of ideas has taken place.

Thus far there have come before us two applications of the term Revolution which, though in themselves legitimate, in this connection tend to obscure the issue. First, its application to describe very considerable changes in the state of society without reference to the methods by which those changes were brought about; secondly, its application in so circumscribed a relation as to render it a matter of indifference whether the changes or the methods employed be described as revolution or reform. In both of these senses Mr. Hyndman employs the term in question. The reference to the House of Lords, already dealt with, is an instance of the latter, and he constantly insists (pp. 183, 187, 189, and 196)

that a complete revolution of existing social, and especially industrial, relations is absolutely necessary. In this all Socialists are agreed; it is only when he assumes that the greatness of these needful changes implies the inadequacy of the reformative or gradual method, and a necessary resort to sudden and complete transformation, that any difference of opinion arises. And it is the application of the term Revolution as descriptive of a sudden and complete reversal of of social relations, which alone fairly places it in antagonism to the idea of reform. Whether employed to describe a method or a result, the term Reform has nothing in it antagonistic to revolution as result. Regarded as a result it merely means revolution within a more or less limited area,—is, indeed, revolution in stages; regarded as a method it is simply the transforming of laws and institutions in detail, or, to use an ancient metaphor, breaking the sticks singly instead of attempting to break the whole bundle by one terrific wrench.

It is true that there exists, as consequence of misapprehension of the nature of the social structure, a notion that there is in the revolutionary method a peculiar virtue not to be found in reform; that it is something different in kind, a species of universal specific for social evils; and there is a tendency in some quarters to treat it as a patent and turn it into a monopoly. As a matter of fact, the nature of the good accomplished by Revolutions in the direction of modifications of the social structure, is of precisely the same character as that effected by reform. It has been well said that Revolution is only reform long delayed. It cannot permanently do more than modify or abolish laws and institutions in accordance with the development of just ideas; and this is the nature of reform. True, the revolutionary method spreads its influence over wider areas, and deals with some things in a more drastic and summary way, but as against this, it has a tendency to do these neither too wisely nor too well, and has always led nations to retrace their steps in a somewhat ignominious fashion. France of 1789 brought its

Napoleon, and of 1848 its *coup d'état*. England of 1649 its Cromwell and a return of the Stuarts; while it required a second revolution in 1688 to secure the people a modicum of the independence which the first Revolution had successfully asserted for them. The tendency of revolutions by revolutionary methods is to go beyond the limits of popular progress in ideas; they are, in fact, more immediately the result of revulsion of feeling than of revolution of ideas, so far as the masses are concerned.

Of course no argument for Revolution would be complete without the assertion that it is inevitable; that whether we believe it or not, it is still inevitable; or as Mr. Hyndman puts it, "the watchword of the hard, cruel facts." The present writer once had his objections to Hell silenced in much the same way, by an estimable old lady who had the misfortune to believe in predestination. "Hell exists," said she, "and whether you believe it or not, will make no difference to your going there" This is the attitude of men who abandon reform to preach Hell—or, rather, Revolution. To do the apostles of Revolution justice, they do not regard themselves as in any way responsible for this inevitable crash. All they pray for is, that meddling reformers should stay their hand and let the revolutionary forces have fair play; a new, and hardly more moral, application of the doctrine of *laissez faire* which Socialists are accustomed to denounce.

In attempting to justify this view of the state of society Mr. Hyndman resorts to analogy. Society is compared to a structure "leaky at the roof," "rotten from floor to attic," with "walls buckling in," "cellars damp and unwholesome," "basement honeycombed with cesspools," &c. . . "When the foundation is insecure and the superstructure crumbling, there is nothing for it but to build anew, even if we have to take to our tents in the meantime." "Patching up" this edifice stands for reform, with Mr. Hyndman, "building anew," for Revolution. If the structure and diseases

of society may indeed be illustrated by a palace or a pig-stye indifferently, then, given the ramshackle edifice, Revolution is perhaps the only method applicable. But we are at once confronted with the difficulty that, if society is a building men are the material, and there is nowhere to be found enough stuff to make Ajax's tent. Mr. Hyndman has to solve the difficulty of erecting his new social structure with the material which he pronounces "rotten," &c., &c. But he is really much too astute to be beguiled by his own illustration. He hastens to assure us that, "The only difference with society is that when such a period of rottenness sets in, destruction and reconstruction go on at one and the same time." What virtue in an "only"! The difference is all that between a mechanical structure and a living organism. The man who could be satisfied with the analogy would be supremely happy if Mr. Hyndman were to present him with a wooden horse and the assurance that the "only difference" between it and the animal was the vital principle.

If Mr. Hyndman is content to take a bricklayer's and plasterer's view of society, it is hardly to be wondered at that he is deeply impressed with the fact that "by common consent every department [of society] needs reform." If everything calls for reform what is that but a cry for Revolution? But surely there never was a time when one might sit down and say that any part of the social structure was perfect; and so long as man is a progressive creature there will always be the necessity for continual modifications of every department of human government.

Upon the significance of this "universal outcry for reform" —of whose existence there is unfortunately some doubt— Mr. Hyndman appeals to history. This corruption and general necessity for reform, were, he says, conditions precedent to the great French Revolution. The outcry for reform brought on some abortive attempts in that direction, but these efforts came too late to save a system that had

ignored the new forces which had placed the supreme power in the middle-class. Of the historical truth of this there can be no doubt, but of its being equally or to any great degree a description of the relation existing between the supreme middle-class of this country and the working class, there is more than room to doubt, even for Socialists. Without attempting to minimise the social injustice and tyranny which in the article under discussion are so graphically pourtrayed, it is still possible to perceive great and important differences that render Revolution both unlikely and undesirable.

Turning first to the political side of the question, it must be admitted that, with all its grievous defects, there is in our political system that which prevents the direct and unblushing abuse of power for personal and class interests which distinguished the periods preceding the two French and the two English Revolutions. In theory, at least, government is carried on for the benefit and according to the will of the people. In practice it unquestionably falls very far short of this theory, but the place this doctrine has won in the theory of politics, and the necessity each party is under of attempting to justify their acts by appeal to it, form some guarantee for the consideration of popular wishes and interests. Nor can anyone doubt that the issue of the agitation now going on throughout the country, will be to place that theory in a clearer and more unequivocal light. If it is true, as so often asserted, that the political parties are weathercocks, they are consistently susceptible to the wind of popular opinion. One party is already so well educated as to resent a distinction drawn between the electors and the "mob," and the noble marquis who drew that distinction on behalf of the Conservative party must ere this have repented an error of judgment which enables his opponents to pose with greater effect as the "friends of the people."

Another indication of this theoretical regard for even the unenfranchised will, is to be found in the stock arguments of

both parties concerning the extension of political power. "The people demand the Franchise," says one party; "They don't care a button about it," retorts the other: the implication being that what the people want must be given. Let it not be supposed that the contention here is that either party as a whole has an absorbing regard for the wishes of the people. There are already indications that the "friends of the people" who have invited the arbitrament of Demos upon their differences with their opponents, are surprised and alarmed at the giant strides the blind god is disposed to take. This surprised alarm betokens no very intimate acquaintance with the wishes of the god they have invoked, but this serious defect, as the conditions above referred to indicate, need not, nay, cannot long remain. In good faith or bad faith the Liberal leaders have made their appeal to the people; not simply to the enfranchised, but to the unenfranchised, even to the "mob," and the Conservatives with that fatuity which often makes them serve a purpose other than their own, are to be thanked for the continual emphasizing of this fact. The people to whom the appeal has been made have, with truer instinct than that of their leaders, gone straight for the hereditary privilege that stops their way. They aim their blow at privilege based upon birth, and the directness of their understanding may be trusted shortly to convince them that their task will remain uncompleted until privilege based upon property is made to give place to the principle of equality. Movement in the direction of democracy proceeds with ever-accelerating pace. Thirty-five years between the first reform bill and the second; half that time between the second and the third; the coming Liberal leader already pledged to the next—who shall give it a decade?

The Revolutionary party, however, will listen to the voice of no political charmer, charm he never so democratically. Political enfranchisement has for them so little significance that it is not worth working for. Yet it is by political enfranchisement alone that the will of the majority can be

clearly manifested and with certainty known. The truth is, Revolutions do not wait to be in a majority, and he who *chooses* to work for the Kevolution is false to the first principle of democracy. The imposition of the will of a minority is a distinguishing feature of government based on privilege, and one might term it *bourgeois*, were not the epithet of too terrible a nature to employ in a friendly criticism. It is no answer to this to say that the Revolution would have for its object the benefit and supremacy of the people, and for its justification the idea it is intended to establish. It was with like excellent intentions that Catholics and Protestants burned each other, seeking to bring about the reign of love and peace by hatred and war. These Christians simply borrowed the methods of conversion to which they were subjected by the "heathen," and our revolutionists sanction by adoption the methods of the enemies of democracy. The minority undertake to decide for the majority what is good for them, and the supremacy of the people is only to be gained by their conversion to the views of the minority—and who, pray, is to decide how small a minority may take upon themselves the fatherly government of their fellows? Even supposing the minority to be actuated by the best and sincerest motives, that their purpose is pure and their policy tolerant, this would only constitute them philanthropists and not democrats. It might, indeed, be suggested to a certain organisation that, with the adoption of revolutionary methods, it would be wise to give up ridiculing philanthropy, and take to itself the appropriate title of Philanthropic Federation.

This distrust of political means and despair of a democratic suffrage seem to be the result of a very superficial view of facts which carefully considered do not prove anything against their usefulness and power. The fact that under a suffrage nominally democratic France and Germany enjoy not more, but less, liberty than England under a restricted suffrage, is constantly pointed to as evidencing the worthlessness of political enfranchisement based on manhood suffrage. But

to admit that with a restricted suffrage we possess a greater degree of liberty than other nations have been able to attain under a wider enfranchisement, implies that, *cæteris paribus*, with a widening suffrage we may look for a proportionately wider liberty. The implication is borne out by experience. No one can deny that growing regard for the popular will has attended the extension of political power in this country, and we have already seen that regard for it has gone beyond the constitutional limit placed by enfranchisement to the term "People." Finally, it is to manhood, or a wider adult, suffrage the revolutionists will be compelled to appeal, unless they lose their heads and try a beneficent tyranny—a policy certain to end in a literal losing of revolutionist heads. Lately we have been accustomed to hear the inconsequential observation that a vote won't fill a man's belly; and this is used as an argument against political means. It is not always sufficient to answer a fool according to his folly, or it might be enough to offer in reply to the assertion that the Franchise is not food, the equally luminous and incontestible statement that, neither is the Revolution raiment. What would be thought of a hungry hunter who declined the offer of a shot-gun on the ground that he could not eat it?

The considerable space here devoted to the political aspect of the parallel which Mr. Hyndman draws between the existing conditions of society, and the conditions which preceded and precipitated the French Revolution, must not be regarded as an attempt to elevate political progress into the place of social reformation. The intention is only to make clear eventually the interdependence of social and political movement. As yet nothing more has been attempted than an exhibition of the fact that existing political conditions, so far from pointing to the necessity for an appeal to the methods of 1789, indicate very clearly the imminent theoretical supremacy of the democratic idea, and promise its speedy practical and peaceful triumph. The importance of these conclusions will become more apparent as a review of the

social conditions leads us up to a consideration of the nature and application of the remedy.

Many points of resemblance between the condition of the workers in England to-day and their condition in France immediately before the Revolution, undoubtedly exist; but the injustices were then more galling because more flagrant, more evident because more direct, than those which competition inflicts upon us to-day. Such obvious injustices as the exemption of the nobles from taxation, whilst they squandered elsewhere the wealth derived from French soil and French industry, and the fatuous obstinacy of the king in opposing the unmistakeably expressed wishes of the people, were indeed well calculated to incense a more phlegmatic people than the Parisians. Our miseries, on the contrary, are not so easily and directly referable to the gross and palpable misuse of political power, but result from a plausible economic error which has imposed upon its votaries and its victims alike, and which has received the seal of science as nature's own law. That the evils of the middle-class idea of competition are gradually becoming recognised is true, but the evidences of the decay of the idea itself, in the sense in which the feudal idea had decayed in 1789, are hardly to be found. It is still the living and, alas, too vigorous creed of the vast majority. Nor is it wise to overlook the fact that the attitude of mind with which men approach the idea of competition is altogether different to that with which they regard the imposition of human authority. Opposition to unjust authority implies exactly that sturdy independance and courage which competition is generally believed to foster; and that the vast majority of Englishmen are, wisely or unwisely, law-abiding people is a fact to be reckoned with, if not to be approved, by revolutionists.

So much for the intellectual conditions; what of the economic? The triumph of the middle-class in 1789 was clearly made inevitable by the transfer of social supremacy

in the course of economic development, from the aristocracy to the *bourgeoisie*. The power of wealth which once belonged to the landed class had already passed to the commercial class, and privileges founded on that power were certain to follow it. Nor is it to be forgotten that the *bourgeoisie* had the proletariat at their back in the struggle for power. On the one hand Feudalism in the last stages of decay, on the other Capitalism fresh and vigorous with Labour as its henchman. What, however, is the relation of the worker to the middle-class and the aristocracy to-day. The struggle is no longer that of a relatively wealthy middle-class, backed by a determined proletariat, against an effete nobility, few and impoverished; it is that of a poor proletariat against a numerous, wealthy and increasing middle-class, supported by the not inconsiderable power of the aristocracy. Mr. Hyndman's proposed Revolution would have the Yankee merit of being a big thing, but, to put it mildly, it would be a big folly, and it is really too modest of him to father his inspiration upon economical causes, as theologians are wont to attribute all good thoughts and things to a supreme being. That the disorder and distress directly traceable to the defects of our present system, will if unchecked lead to riot and even rebellion, is easy of belief. But that within the near future the overthrow of commercial individualism by a coup d'état is possible, passes credulity. The economic development, which has gradually socialised the production of wealth and is surely forcing upon us the socialisation of its distribution, has also produced economic conditions that would seem to foredoom the intervention of revolutionary methods to complete failure. If the united power of the upper and middle classes could indeed be overwhelmed by the revolutionary movement, the threshold only of the Social Revolution would have been reached. The vast changes in the direction of complexity which a century of commercialism has produced in the social economy of civilised nations, have to be taken account of. And supposing the army and navy, and that eminently

middle-class body, the volunteers, to have proved faithless or useless to the cause of those who control them; supposing the Revolution to have completed the political stage and placed the revolutionist leaders in power, how is the problem of social organization to be dealt with on revolutionary lines?

The men who have sneered at socialisation in stages, will then have the opportunity of displaying the most gigantic capacity of organisation the world has ever seen. Taking over the land and mines, the railways and shipping, would be small matters for so great a day. It is true that the Ministers of Agriculture, Mines and Railways, might find some difficulty in getting the well-paid and experienced organisers to work for the success of a cause in whose permanence they had no faith, and whose repute they would gladly discredit —and this difficulty would not be lessened by a proclamation that thenceforth the State would take from everyone according to his abilities, and pay everyone according to his needs. The emergency might be met by every loyal Socialist being constituted a Vigilance Committee, with power to pay to every truant the "wages of sin;" but this would necessitate the establishment of a Peace Preservation Department, which might readily become an inconvenient branch of the Executive, and develope into the most important function of the government. The Minister of Shipping would perhaps fare much better than his colleagues, as nearly all of the 25,000 vessels handed over—on paper—to his care, would be at sea,—and likely to remain there; but the Minister of National Banking and Exchange would be certain to have a bad time before he solved the problem of conducting a mixed individual, and socialised exchange on national credit. These matters, in conjunction with the ordinary business of administration, which might, by the way, become a little more difficult than usual, would probably be as much as the Executive could manage without some slight mental strain. Just one other little matter would, however, press for attention. About 2,000,000 domestic servants and others would

call at the National Registry Offices in search of productive employment, and though a quarter-of-a-million or so of male members of the contingent might, being flunkeys, be told off to reinforce the Peace Preservation Department, what could even a revolutionary government do with over a million-and-a-half of unprotected females upon its hands? Meanwhile the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been engaged in balancing the National accounts and proclaiming the National Bankruptcy by repudiating the National Debt. This would mean, the stoppage of a large portion of our food supply, which comes to this country in payment of interest and repayment of the capital of foreign loans, and the disorganisation of foreign exchange, which is conducted almost entirely on credit. As, after deducting bullion and specie, about half of our imports (£180,00,000) consists of food supplies which the joint triumphs of landlordism and commercialism have compelled us to look abroad for, national starvation would shortly come to the rescue of the revolutionary executive, by thinning the population by hundreds of thousands and probably millions. If these economic derangements were not in themselves sufficient to starve out the revolutionary movement, it may with certainty be calculated that auxiliary forces in the shape of prohibitive decrees would be provided by the governments of Europe. Even upon the supposition that the revolutionary movement would be international and everywhere successful—a tremendous supposition—the universal disappearance of the class which had manipulated the exchange between the various countries would not help matters, but simply complete the hopeless collapse of foreign exchange. And, further, as the promised condition of things when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares would be reversed, and ploughshares be beaten into swords, it would be somewhat sanguine to calculate that a sufficient supply of food could be ensured even if some practical system of exchange were to be originated. The international idea does not necessarily carry with it an international food supply.

These few preliminary difficulties in the way of revolutionary reorganisation flow from the sudden application of the principles of Socialism, and their application could not be postponed until a more convenient season, while the rank and file of the revolutionary army looked peacefully on. The men who had come forth to fight in obedience to intensely practical arguments directed to their bellies, with those who had fought for the triumph of principles without deigning to consider the opportuneness of their assertion, would want to *enter* the Promised Land, not simply to view it from the Mount Pisgah of political revolution. Educated as they would have been by Mr. Hyndman's article, they would not be content with "half-measures" or contemptible social reforms," but would want to "build anew." Social Revolution by revolutionary methods means Social Dissolution. Society thus in search of rejuvenescence will realise the Anarchist ideal—Faust again become the victim of Mephistopheles.

Is there then to be no Social Revolution? Mr. Hyndman informs us that the French Revolution took place because the nobles did not recognise the growing power of the middle-class. It has already been shown how, as a consequence of the devolopment of democratic ideas as to government, the political supremacy of the people is, in this country, being surely brought about. The ruling classes are now no longer insensible to the changes constantly being wrought in society, and our political system is readily susceptible of corresponding changes. The House of Commons is undoubtedly a middle-class assembly, but it must cease to be so whenever the people arrive at definite ideas as to the direction they wish to take. It is the mission of Socialism to furnish those ideas and make possible the Social Revolution, by creating a majority, and thus assuming the control of the machinery of government. The Revolution talked about would really be promoted for the purpose of placing the Revolutionary Party in power—a position they would have no claim to if in a minority, and to which it would need no convulsion to

carry them if in a majority. An attempt at the sudden reversal of ideas, and the supersession of system by incontinent proclamations, would be a conspicuous failure and a disastrous folly; while if political supremacy is to be employed simply for the purpose of taking the revolution of things in stages and according to the will of the people, then is a resort to Revolution unnecessary—for the people have only to speak clearly to be obeyed. As the choice of a representative chamber becomes the duty of a larger and larger number of citizens, Revolution recedes. Six millions of unenfranchised men in 1789 might look forward to it, but with adult suffrage, seven millions of English citizens will see it only when they look back.

The foregoing criticism has been written in the belief that the identification of Socialism with Revolutionary methods will tend to lessen its real and lasting influence, however well it may serve to alarm weak minds. To the writer there appears no reason why Socialists should not join heartily with Reformers in the promotion of political and social reforms, without compromising the principles they profess. Where ought Socialism to find its sincerest and most enthusiastic converts, but amongst those who already feel the stress of social ills, and whose faces are stedfastly set towards the coming commonwealth?

J. C. FOULGER.

Reviews.

DARKNESS AND DAWN. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

This little book, which purports to be the precursor of a larger work on the same subject, naturally divides itself into two sections. The first is a terrible but exceedingly humorous description of the more than Egyptian darkness which has overspread the face of manufacturing England like a bitter blight, poisoning all its ancient honour and its historical merriment; the second is an imaginary account of the peaceful birth of a new age, and of a civilisation in which association instead of competition is the guiding star. The write is able and eloquent; and more than that, he is amusing. He is bold even to rashness, as will be seen on perusal of his account of the organisation of the future society, in which none of that wise caution which generally characterises Scientific Socialists appears. For he does not shun the giving of details, and is almost recklessly regardless of the various snares which beset the feet of a philosopher who attempts to provide us beforehand with schemes for matters of such delicacy of adjustment as the supply of his daily share of milk to every thirsty citizen, or with plans for such dainty, or rather difficult, dilemmas as the utilisation of sewage and the proper purposes of main drains. The vein of humour running through the book, and the sarcastic references to the iniquitous and unsavoury methods by which modern commerce piles up its mountainous wealth, make it delightful reading to those whose eyes are tired of the dry figures and equally dry facts with which economical works are generally compelled to deal at length. Not that the author shows himself incapable of scientific method; witness the way in which he traces the principle of seeking for others on whom to lay our share of the common burden of toil, instead of all sharing proportionately in what is distressful in it:—

"His origin was purely barbarian. The 'noble' savage—far nobler as an animal than our poisoned, often maimed industrials—preserved his nobility by devolving all servile toils upon the women."

"Slavery next, fed by war, gave us civilisations which evolved the arts and philosophy of Greece and the laws and literature of Rome; but of these ancient societies the citizen was the preservative, the slave the disruptive, and finally destroying force.

"Christendom continued the legend of injustice, for, though freeing the serf, she absolved herself from all responsibility for his maintenance, and in adjusting his burden, measured it by the weakness of his back—that is, the less the resistance the heavier was the load; she tempered her demands only towards the strong."

The introduction of machinery, and its application in the interests of the few instead of the many, with all its terrible results in the way of the suffering and deterioration of the workers, is admirably described; while

the description, though perfectly accurate, is instinct with irony, and reads like a bitter satire upon the employing class. We must quote one more passage which shows that the author has grasped the fact that the category of human association is entirely different from that of bestial competition, and the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest applies only to the latter ;—

" Not only in the tradesman's arena, but among the motley crowd of the fortunate filchers of fortune in the charmed channel that rolls between consumer and producer—the agents, brokers, merchants, up to and including the merchant princes and financiers, who are ready to play for the highest stakes with the greatest daring—the same thing holds true. Competition drives the worthiest to the wall—*there is a survival of the unfittest and unworthiest.*"

There are very few pages in this excellent little book from which we should not like to make quotations, but we must conclude by advising all our readers to make its acquaintance themselves.

THE POOR OF THE PERIOD. By Mrs. Houston. Two vols. London: F. V. White & Co.

The title of this work is deceitful : for it is really the disquisitions of a lady of leisure about the poorer classes, with whom she may have a great deal of sympathy but of whom she appears to have but little knowledge, and quite half the matter consists of a gossiping narration of the discomforts of the life of an ' unprotected female,' of the inconvenience of living in a ' flat,' and much more of equally interesting verbiage. The book, which is badly printed, is full of the faults usually found in the writings of ladies of leisure ; italicized passages and phrases in French are as plentiful as mangled quotations from the English poets. Of the latter kind of atrocity the two following specimens are not worse than the average. "A sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier days," and "The Voice of Nature makes the whole world kin." In a passage which might have been pathetic Mrs Houston refers to the "absent dead," a phrase which is certainly a step from the sublime.

It is impossible to guess any reason for the production of a book of this sort. Its existence is only one more proof that it is possible to fill two volumes with bad English and doubtful French, and yet have a good heart. For Mrs. Houston evidently is very sorry for every one who is worse off than herself, but does not seem to have any clear views as to the cause of the misery of the poor. She thinks Mr. Henry George ' wild,' but objects on general grounds to landlords, and is strongly of opinion that the country would be better without a queen.