TO-DAY.

No. 11.—NOVEMBER, 1884.

An Unsocial Socialist.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAPTER V.

ERSKINE soon found plenty of food for his newly-begotten cynicism. Gertrude's manner towards him softened so much that he, believing that her heart was given to his rival, concluded that she was tempting him to make a proposal which she had no intention of accepting. Sir Charles, to whom he told what he had overheard in the avenue, professed sympathy, but was evidently pleased to learn that there was nothing serious in the attentions which Trefusis paid to Agatha. Erskine then wrote three bitter sonnets on hollow friendship, and shewed them to Sir Charles, who, failing to apply them to himself, praised them highly, and shewed them to Trefusis without asking the author's permission. Trefusis remarked that, in a corrupt society, expressions of dissatisfaction were always creditable to a writer's sensibility; but he did not say much in praise of the verse.

"Why has he taken to writing in this vein?" he said. "Has he been disappointed in any way of late? Has he proposed to Miss Lindsay and been rejected?"

"No," said Sir Charles, surprised by this blunt reference to a subject which they had never before discussed. "He does not intend to propose to Miss Lindsay."

"But he did intend to."

"He certainly did; but he has given up the idea."

"Why?" said Trefusis, apparently disapproving strongly of the renunciation.

Sir Charles shrugged his shoulders, and did not reply.

"I am sorry to hear it. I wish you could induce him to change his mind. He is a nice fellow, with enough to live on comfortably; whilst he is yet what is called a poor man, so that she could feel perfectly disinterested in marrying him. It will do her good to marry without making a pecuniary profit by it: she will respect herself the more afterwards, and will neither want bread and butter nor be ashamed of her husband's origin; in spite of having married for love alone. Make a match of it if you can. I take an interest in the girl: she has good instincts."

Sir Charles's suspicion that Trefusis was really paying court to Agatha returned after this conversation, which he repeated to Erskine, who, much annoyed because his poems had been shewn to a reader of blue books, thought it only a blind for Trefusis's design upon Gertrude. Sir Charles pooh-poohed this view; and the two friends were somewhat sharp with one another in discussing it. After dinner, when the ladies had left them, they were repentant and cordial; and Sir Charles urged Erskine to speak to Gertrude without troubling himself as to the sincerity of Trefusis. But Erskine, knowing himself ill able to brook a refusal, was loth to expose himself to one.

"If you had heard the tone of her voice when she asked him whether he was in earnest, you would not talk to me like this," he said despondently. "I wish he had never come here."

"Well, that, at least, was no fault of mine, my dear fellow," said Sir Charles. "He came among us against my will.

And now that he appears to have been in the right—legally—about the field, it would look like spite if I cut him. Besides, he really isnt a bad man if he would only let the women alone."

"If he trifles with Miss Lindsay, I will ask him to cross the Channel, and have a shot at him."

"I dont think he'd go," said Sir Charles dubiously. "If I were you, I would try my luck with Gertrude at once. In spite of what you heard, I dont believe she would marry a man of his origin. His money gives him an advantage, certainly; but Gertrude has sent richer men to the right-about."

"Let the fellow have fair play, by all means," said Erskine. "I may be wrong, of course: all men are liable to err in judging themselves; but I think I could make her happier than he can."

Sir Charles was not so sure of that; but he cheerfully responded, "Certainly. He is not the man for her at all, and you are. He knows it, too."

"Humph!" muttered Erskine, rising dejectedly. "Let's go upstairs."

"By the bye, we are to call on him to-morrow, to go through his house, and his collection of photographs. Photographs! Ha, ha!"

"Damn his house," said Erskine.

Next day they went together to Sallust's House. It stood in the midst of an acre of land, waste except a little plot, cultivated as a kitchen garden, at the rear of the building. The lodge at the entrance was uninhabited; and the gates stood open, with dust and fallen leaves heaped up against them. The free ingress thus afforded had been taken advantage of by two stray ponies, a goat, and a tramp, who lay asleep in the grass, while his wife sat near, watching him.

"I have a mind to turn back," said Sir Charles, looking about him in disgust. "The place is scandalously neglected. Look at that rascal asleep within full view of the windows."

"I admire his cheek," said Erskine. "Nice pair of ponies, too."

Sallust's House was square and painted cinnamon colour. Beneath the cornice was a yellow frieze with figures of dancing children, imitated from the works of Donatello, and very unskilfully executed. There was a meagre portico of four columns, painted red; and a plain pediment, painted yellow. The colours, meant to match those of the walls, contrasted disagreeably with them, having been applied more recently, apparently by a colour-blind tradesman. The door beneath the portico stood open. Sir Charles rang the bell; and an elderly woman answered it; but before they could address her Trefusis appeared, clad in a painter's jacket of white jean. Following him in, they found that the house was a hollow square, enclosing a courtyard with a bath sunk in the middle of it, and a fountain in the centre of the bath. The courtyard, formerly open to the sky, was now roofed in with glass that needed cleaning; the nymph who had once poured out the water of the fountain was barren and mutilated; and the bath was partly covered in with loose boards: the exposed part being occupied by a heap of coals in one corner, a heap of potatoes in another, a beer barrel, some old carpets, a tarpaulin, and a broken canoe. The marble pavement extended to the outer walls of the house: the upper stories roofing it in at the sides, and resting on fluted stone columns, much stained and chipped. The staircase, towards which Trefusis led his visitors, was a broad one at the end opposite the door, and gave access to a gallery leading to the upper rooms.

"This house was built in 1780 by an ancestor of my mother," said Trefusis. "He passed for a man of exquisite taste. He wished the place to be maintained for ever—he actually used that expression in his will—as the family seat; and he collected a fine library here, which I found useful, as all the books came into my hands in good condition, with the leaves uncut. Some people prize uncut copies

of old editions; and a dealer gave me three hundred and fifty pounds for the lot, and, I have no doubt, made a large profit on the bargain. I came into possession of a number of family fetishes—heirlooms, as they are called. There was a sword which one of my forbears wore at Edgehill and other battles in Charles-the-first's time. He fought on the wrong side, of course; but the sword fetched thirty-five shillings nevertheless. You will hardly believe that I was offered one hundred and fifty pounds for a gold cup worth about twenty-five, merely because Queen Elizabeth once drank from it. I was so disgusted that I hammered it out of shape, and sent it to the mint to be coined into sovereigns. I could have sold it in the bullion market for more money than the mint gave me; but I was resolved to have it melted down and dispersed—another proof that men do not always sell in the dearest market, any more than they buy in the cheapest. This is my study. It was designed for a banqueting hall."

They entered a room as long as the wall of the house, pierced on one side by four tall windows, between which square pillars, with Corinthian capitals supporting the cornice, were half sunk in the wall. There were similar pillars on the opposite side; but between them, instead of windows, were arched niches in which stood life-size plaster statues, chipped, broken, and defaced in an extraordinary fashion. The flooring, of diagonally set narrow boards, was uncarpeted and unpolished. The ceiling was adorned with frescoes, which at once excited Sir Charles's interest; and he noted with indignation that a large portion of the painting at the northern end had been destroyed, and some glass roofing inserted. In another place, bolts had been driven in to support the ropes of a trapeze and a few other pieces of gymnastic apparatus. The walls were whitewashed; and at about four feet from the ground a dark band appeared, produced by pencil memoranda and little sketches scribbled on the whitewash. One end of the apartment was unfurnished, except by the gymnastic apparatus, a photographer's camera,

a ladder in the corner, and a common deal table with oil cans and paint pots upon it. At the other end were signs of a higher civilization, such as a large bookcase; an elaborate combination of bureau and writing desk; a rack with a rifle, a set of foils, and an umbrella in it; several folio albums on a table; some comfortable chairs and sofas; and a thick carpet under foot. Close by, and seeming much out of place among these luxuries, was a carpenter's bench with the usual implements, and a number of boards of various thicknesses.

"This is a sort of comfort beyond the reach of any but a rich man," said Trefusis, turning and surprising his visitors in the act of exchanging glances of astonishment at his taste. "I keep a drawing-room of the usual kind for receiving strangers with whom it is necessary to be conventional; but I never enter it except on such occasions. What do you think of this for a study?"

"On my soul, Trefusis, I think you are mad," said Sir Charles. "The place looks as if it had stood a siege. How did you manage to break the statues and chip the walls so outrageously?"

Trefusis took a newspaper from the table, and said, "Listen to this."

'In spite of the unfavourable nature of the weather, the sport of the Emperor and his guests in Styria has been successful. In three days 52 chamois and 79 stags and deer fell to 19 single barrelled rifles, the Emperor allowing no more on this occasion.'

"I share the Emperor's delight in shooting; but I am no butcher, and do not need the royal relish of blood to my sport. And I do not share my ancestor's taste in statuary. Hence——" Here Trefusis opened a drawer, took out a pistol, and fired at the Hebe in the farthest niche.

"Well done!" said Erskine coolly, as the last fragment of Hebe's head crumbled at the touch of the bullet.

"Very fruitlessly done, on the contrary," said Trefusis. "I am a good shot; but of what use is it to me? None. I once met a gamekeeper who was a Methodist. He was a most eloquent speaker, but a bad shot. If he could have

swapped talents with me I would have given him ten thousand pounds to boot willingly, although he would have profited as much as I by the exchange alone. I have no more desire or need to be a good shot than to be king of England, or owner of a Derby winner, or anything else equally ridiculous; and yet I never missed my aim in my life—thank blind fortune for nothing!"

"King of England!" said Erskine with a scornful laugh, to shew Trefusis that other people were as liberty-loving as he. "Is it not absurd to hear a nation boasting of its freedom and tolerating a king?"

"Oh, hang your republicanism, Chester," said Sir Charles, who privately held a low opinion of the political portion of the Patriot Martyrs.

"I wont be put down on that point," said Erskine, working up his enthusiasm. "I admire a man that kills a king. You will agree with me there, Trefusis, wont you?"

"Certainly not," said Trefusis. "A king is only a dummy put up to draw your fire off the real oppressors of society; and the fraction of his salary which he can spend as he likes is usually far too small for his risk, his trouble, and the condition of personal slavery to which he is reduced. What private man in England is worse off than the constitutional monarch? We deny him all privacy: he may not marry whom he chooses, consort with whom he prefers, dress according to his taste, or live where he pleases. I dont believe he may even eat or drink what he likes best—a taste for tripe and onions on his part would provoke a remonstrance from the Privy Council. We dictate everything except his thoughts and dreams; and even these he must keep to himself if they are not suitable, in our opinion, to his condition. The work we impose on him has all the aspects of mere task work: it is unfruitful, incessant, monotonous, and has to be transacted for the most part with nervous bores. We make his kingdom a treadmill to him, and drive him to and fro on the face of it. Finally, having

taken everything else that men prize from him, we fall upon his character, and that of every person to whom he ventures to shew favour. We impose enormous expenses on him, stint him, and then rail at his parsimony. We use him as I use those statues—stick him up in the place of honour for greater convenience and effect in disfiguring and abusing him. We send him forth through our crowded cities, proclaiming that he is the source of all good and evil in the nation; and he, knowing that many people believe it; knowing that it is a lie, and that he is powerless to shorten the working day by one hour, raise wages one penny, or annul the smallest criminal sentence, however unjust it may seem to him; knowing that every miner in the kingdom can manufacture dynamite, and that revolvers are sold for seven-and-sixpence apiece; knowing that he is not bullet proof, and that every king in Europe has been shot at in the streets; he must smile and bow, and maintain an expression of gracious enjoyment whilst the mayor and corporation inflict upon him a twaddling address which he has heard a thousand times before. I do not ask you to be loyal, Mr. Erskine; but I expect you to be humane, and to sympathize with the chief figure in the pageant, who is no more accountable for the manifold evils and abominations that exist in his realm than the Lord Mayor is accountable for the thefts of the pickpockets who follow his show on the ninth of November."

Sir Charles laughed at the trouble Trefusis took to prove his case, and said soothingly, "My dear fellow, kings are used to it, and like it."

"And probably do not see themselves as I see them, any more than common people do," assented Trefusis.

"What an exquisite face!" exclaimed Erskine suddenly. His attention had been arrested by a photograph in a rich frame of gold and coral, which stood on the bureau, supported by a miniature easel draped with ruby velvet. Trefusis turned quickly, so evidently gratified that Sir Charles hastened to say, "Charming!" Then, looking at the portrait, he

added, as if a little startled, "It certainly is an extraordinarily attractive face."

"Years ago," said Trefusis, "when I saw that face for the first time, I felt as you feel now."

Silence ensued: the two visitors looking at the portrait: Trefusis looking at them.

"Curious style of beauty," said Sir Charles at last, not quite so assuredly as before.

Trefusis laughed unpleasantly. "Do you recognize the artist—the enthusiastic amateur—in her?" he said, opening another drawer and taking out a bundle of drawings, which he handed to be examined.

"Very clever. Very clever indeed," said Sir Charles. "I should like to meet the lady."

"I have often been on the point of burning them," said Trefusis; "but there they are; and there they are likely to remain. The portrait has been much admired."

"Can you give us an introduction to the original, old fellow?" said Erskine.

"No, happily. She is dead."

Disagreeably shocked, they looked at him for a moment with aversion. Then Erskine, turning with pity and disappointment to the picture, said, "Poor girl! Was she married?"

"Yes. To me."

"Mrs. Trefusis!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "Ah! Dear me!"

Erskine, regarding with dread the proof before him that it was possible for a beautiful girl to like Trefusis, said nothing.

"I keep her portrait constantly before me to correct my natural amativeness," continued Trefusis. "I fell in love with her, and married her. I have fallen in love once or twice since; but a glance at my lost Hetty has cured me of the slightest inclination to marry."

Sir Charles did not reply; for it occurred to him that Lady Brandon's portrait, if nothing else were left of her, might be made useful in the same way.

"Come: you will marry again one of these days," said Erskine, in a forced tone of encouragement.

"It is possible. Men should marry, especially rich men. But I assure you I have no present intention of doing so."

Erskine's colour deepened; and he moved away to the table where the albums lay.

"This is the collection of photographs of which I spoke to you," said Trefusis, following him and opening one of the books. "I took many of these myself under great difficulties with regard to light—the only difficulty that money could not always remove. This is a view of my father's house—or rather one of his houses. It cost seventy-five thousand pounds."

"Very handsome indeed," said Sir Charles, secretly disgusted at being invited to admire a photograph, such as house agents exhibit, of a vulgarly designed country house, merely because it had cost seventy-five thousand pounds. The figures were actually written beneath the picture.

"This is the drawingroom; and this one of the best bedrooms. You will see jotted down below a note of the cost of the furniture, fittings, napery, and so forth. They were of the most luxurious description."

"Very interesting," said Sir Charles, without taking much trouble to disguise the irony of the comment.

"Here is a view—this is the first of my own attempts—of the apartment of one of the under servants. It is comfortable and spacious, and solidly furnished."

"So I perceive."

"These are the stables. Are they not handsome?"

"Palatial. Quite palatial."

"There is every luxury that a horse could desire, including plenty of valets to wait on him. You are noting the figures, I hope. There is the cost of the building, and the expenditure per horse per annum."

"I see."

"Now we come to more of my amateur photographs. Here is the exterior of a house. What do you think of it?"

"It is rather picturesque in its dilapidation."

"Picturesque! Would you like to live in it?"

"No," said Erskine. "*I* dont see anything very picturesque about it. What induced you to photograph such a wretched old rookery?"

"Here is a view of the best room in it. Photography gives you a fair idea of the broken flooring and patched windows; but you must imagine the dirt and the odour of the place. Some of the stains are weather stains: others came from smoke and filth. The landlord of the house holds it from a peer, and lets it out in tenements. Three families occupied that room when I photographed it. You will see by the figures in the corner that it is more profitable to the landlord than an average house in Mayfair. Here is the cellar, let to a family for one-and-sixpence a week, and considered a bargain. The sun never shines there, of course: I took it by artificial light. Here is the yard. Seven of the inhabitants of that house worked in my father's mill. That is, their labour created the vast sums of money to which you were disgusted with me for drawing your attention just now."

"Not at all," said Sir Charles faintly.

"You can see how their condition contrasts with that of my father's horses. The seven men to whom I have alluded, with three hundred others, were afterwards thrown destitute upon the streets by this." (Here he turned over a leaf and displayed a photograph of an elaborate machine.) "It enabled my father to dispense with their services, and to replace them by a handful of women and children. He had bought the patent of the machine from the inventor (who was almost ruined by the expenses of his ingenuity) for fifty pounds. Here is a portrait of my father in his masonic insignia. He believed that freemasons generally get on in the world; and as the main object of his life was to get on, he joined them, and wanted me to do the same. But I object to pretended secret societies and hocus pocus, and would not. You see what he was—a portly, pushing, selfish tradesman. Mark the

self-assertion of the successful man, the merchant prince, the employer of thousands of hands, the munificent contributor to public charities, the churchwarden, the member of parliament, and the generous patron of his relatives, struggling with the instinctive sense of disadvantage in the base money hunter, the ignorant and greedy filcher of the labour of others, the seller of his own mind and manhood for luxuries and delicacies which he was too lowlived to enjoy, and for the society of people who made him feel his inferiority at every turn—"

"And the man to whom you owe everything you possess," said Erskine boldly.

"Not one penny of it," said Trefusis, exhilarated by Erskine's spirit. "I owe it all to the labour of his slaves—to the wretches who live in the dens I have just shown you. However, there is some excuse for my father. Once, at an election riot, I got into a free fight. I am a peaceful man; but as I had either to fight or be knocked down and trampled upon, I exchanged blows with men who were perhaps as peacefully disposed as I. My father, launched into a free competition (the word free, as applied to a fight or a competition, means simply lawless), had to choose between being a slave himself and enslaving others. He chose the latter; and as he was applauded and made much of for succeeding, who dare blame him? Not I. Besides, he did something to destroy the anarchy which enabled him to plunder society with impunity. He furnished me, its enemy, with the powerful weapon of a large fortune, which I employ towards getting the method by which it was accumulated declared as penal as highway robbery. Thus our system of organising industry hatches the eggs from which its destroyers break. Does Lady Brandon wear much lace?"

"I—No: that is—How the deuce do I know, Trefusis? What an extraordinary question!"

"This is a photograph of a lace school. It was a filthy room, twelve feet square. It was paved with brick; and the

children were not allowed to wear their boots, lest the lace should get muddy. However, as there were twenty of them working there for fifteen hours a day—all girls—they did not suffer much from cold. They were pretty tightly packed—may be still, for aught I know. They brought three or four shillings a week sometimes to their fond parents; and they were very quick-fingered little creatures, and stuck intensely to their work, as the overseer always hit them when they looked up or——"

"Trefusis," said Sir Charles, turning away from the table, "I beg your pardon; but I have no appetite for horrors. You really must not ask me to go through your collection. It is no doubt very interesting; but I cant stand it. Have you nothing pleasant to entertain me with?"

"Pooh! you are squeamish. However, as you are a novice, let us put off the rest until you are seasoned. The pictures are not all horrible. Each book refers to a different country. That one contains illustrations of modern civilization in Germany, for instance. That one is France: that, British India. Here is the United States of America, home of liberty, land of manhood suffrage, and so forth. You and I are paupers in comparison to the great capitalists of that country, where the labourers fight for bones with the Chinamen, like dogs. Some of these great men presented me with photographs of their yachts and palaces, not anticipating the use to which I would put them. They asked me whether I had any principles. 'I am an abolitionist,' said I. 'Why, you fool,' they answered, 'we have abolished slavery: we went to war and shed our blood to free those damned niggers.' That was a lie: they went to war with no such object; and the condition of many of their labourers is worse than that of the plantation slaves before the war. So I stuck to my title of abolitionist. Here are some portraits which will not harrow your feelings. This is my mother, a woman of good family, every inch a lady. Here is a Lancashire lass, the daughter of a common pitman. She has exactly the same physical

characteristics as my well-born mother—the same fine head, small hands, and so forth: they might be sisters. This villainous-looking pair might be twin brothers, except that there is a trace of good humour about the one on the right which is wanting in the other. The good-humoured one is a bargee on the Lyvern Canal. The other is one of the senior noblemen of the British Peerage. They illustrate the fact that Nature, even when perverted by generations of famine fever, ignores the distinctions which we set up between men. This group of men and women, all tolerably intelligent and enthusiastic looking, are so-called enemies of society—Nihilists, Communards, members of the International, and so on. These other poor devils, worried, stiff, awkward, vapid, and rather coarse, with here and there a passably pretty woman, are European kings, queens, grand-dukes, and the like. Now look at this gentleman, with his small delicate hands, his dark thoughtful eyes, his sad expression, and elegant figure. He is a professional gambler whom I met at Sacramento; and his favourite game was poker, which demands great qualities rather than luck from successful players. Here are ship captains, criminals, poets, men of science, peers, peasants, political economists, and representatives of dozens of degrees. The object of the collection is to illustrate the natural inequality of man, and the complete failure of our artificial inequality to correspond with it."

"It seems to me to be a sort of infernal collection for the upsetting of people's ideas," said Erskine. "You ought to label it 'A Portfolio of Paradoxes.'"

"In a rational state of society they would be paradoxes; but now the time gives them proof—like Hamlet's paradox. It is, however, a collection of facts; and I will give no fanciful name to it. You dislike figures, dont you?"

"Unless they are by Phidias, yes."

"Here are a few, not by Phidias. This is the balance sheet of an attempt that I made some years ago to carry out the idea of an International Association of Labourers—

commonly known as *the* International—or union of all workmen throughout the world in defence of the interests of labour. You see the result. Expenditure, four thousand five hundred pounds. Subscriptions received from working men, twenty-two pounds, seven shillings, and tenpence halfpenny. The British workmen showed their sense of my efforts to emancipate them by accusing me of making a good thing out of the Association for my own pocket, and by mobbing and stoning me twice. I now help them only when they show some disposition to help themselves, and occupy myself partly in working out a scheme for the reorganization of industry, and partly in attacking my own class, women and all, as I am attacking you."

"There is little use in attacking us, I fear," said Sir Charles.

"Great use," said Trefusis confidently. "You have a very different opinion of our boasted civilization now to that which you held when I broke your wall down, and invited those Land Nationalization zealots to march across your pleasure ground. You have seen in my album something which you had not seen an hour ago; and you are consequently not quite the same man that you were an hour ago. My collection hits the conscience: yours only tickles the taste; and my pictures stick in the mind longer than your scratchy etchings and the leaden things in which you fancy you see tender harmonies in grey. Erskine's next drama may be about liberty; but it will not glorify Patriot Martyrs to whom his verse attributes nothing but love of notoriety, clamour for assassination, and complete ignorance of economics."

Erskine was considering what reply he should make, when Trefusis disconcerted him by ringing a bell. Presently the elderly woman appeared, pushing before her an oblong table mounted on wheels, like a barrow.

"Thank you," said Trefusis, and dismissed her. "Here is some good wine, some good water, some good fruit, and some

good bread. I know that you cling to wine as to a good familiar creature. As for me, I make no distinction between it and other vegetable poisons. I abstain from them all. Water for serenity: wine for excitement. I, having boiling springs of excitement within myself, am never at a loss for it, and have only to seek serenity. However," (here he drew a cork) "a generous goblet of this will make you feel like gods for half an hour at least. Shall we drink to your conversion to Socialism?"

Sir Charles shook his head.

"Come: Mr. Donovan Brown, the great artist, is a Socialist; and why should not you be one?"

"Donovan Brown!" exclaimed Sir Charles with interest. "Is it possible? Do you know him personally?"

"Here are several letters which he has written to me on the subject of my work. You may read them: the mere autograph of such a man is interesting."

Sir Charles took the letters, and read them earnestly: Erskine reading over his shoulder. Trefusis watched them with a mixture of sly triumph and compassionate contempt.

"I most cordially agree with everything he says here," said Sir Charles. "It is quite true—quite true."

"Of course you agree with us. Donovan Brown's eminence as an artist has gained me one recruit; and yours as a baronet will gain me some more."

"But——"

"But me no buts," said Trefusis, deftly opening one of the albums at a photograph of a loathsome room. "You are against that, are you not? Donovan Brown is against it; and I am against it. You may disagree with us in everything else; but there you are at one with us. Is it not so?"

"But that may be the result of drunkenness, improvidence, or——"

"My father's income was fifty times as great as that of Donovan Brown. Do you believe that Donovan Brown is fifty times as drunken and improvident as my father was?"

"Certainly not. I do not deny that there is much in what you urge. Still, you ask me to take a rather important step."

"Not a bit of it. I dont ask you to subscribe to, join, or in any way pledge yourself to any society or conspiracy whatsoever. I only want your name, for private mention to cowards who think Socialism right, but will not say so because they do not think it respectable. They will not be ashamed of their convictions when they learn that a baronet shares them. Socialism offers you something already, you see—a good use for your hitherto useless title."

Sir Charles coloured a little, conscious that the example of his favorite painter had influenced him more than his own convictions or the arguments of Trefusis. "What do you think, Chester?" he said. "Will you join?"

"Erskine is already committed to the cause of liberty by his published writings," said Trefusis. "I have three pamphlets here which contain quotations from the 'Patriot Martyrs.'"

Erskine blushed too, touched by the flattery of being quoted; an attention which had only once before been shown him, and then by a reviewer with the object of proving that the Patriot Martyrs were unacquainted with grammar.

"Come," said Trefusis. "Shall I write to Donovan Brown that his letters have gained the cordial assent and sympathy of Sir Charles Brandon?"

"Certainly, certainly.—That is, if my unknown name would be of the least interest to him."

"Good," said Trefusis, filling his glass with water. "Erskine, let us drink to our brother Social Democrat."

Erskine laughed loudly, but not heartily. "What an ass you are, Brandon!" he said. "You, with a large landed estate, and bags of gold invested in railways, calling yourself a Social Democrat! Are you going to sell out and distribute?—to sell all that thou hast and give to the poor?"

"Not a penny," replied Trefusis promptly. "A man cannot be a Christian in this country. I have tried it, and

found it impossible both in law and in fact. I am a capitalist and a landholder. I have railway shares, mining shares, building shares, banking shares, and stock of most kinds; and a great trouble they are to me. But these shares do not represent wealth actually in existence: they are a mortgage on the labour of unborn generations of labourers, who must work to keep me and mine in idleness and luxury. If I sold them, would the mortgage be cancelled and the unborn generations released from its thrall? No. It would only pass into the hands of some other capitalist; and the working class would be no better off for my self-sacrifice. Sir Charles cannot obey the command of Christ: I defy him to do it. Let him give his land for a public park: only the richer classes will have leisure to enjoy it. Let him endow a school for the poor with it, like Eton or Christ's Hospital; and the rich will use it for themselves as they do in the two instances I have named. Sir Charles does not want to minister to poverty, but to abolish it. No matter how much you give to the poor, everything except a bare subsistence wage will be taken from them again by force? All talk of practising Christianity, or even the hardest justice, is at present mere waste of words. How can you justly reward the labourers you employ when you cannot ascertain the value of labour, owing to the prevalent custom of stealing it? I know this by experience: I wanted to pay a just price for my wife's tomb; but I could not find out its value, and never shall. The principle on which we farm out our national industry to private marauders who recompense themselves by black mail so corrupts and paralyzes us that we cannot be honest even when we want to. And the reason we bear it so calmly is that very few of us really want to."

"I must study this question of value and so forth," said Sir Charles dubiously, refilling his goblet. "Can you recommend me a good book on the subject?"

"Not many," replied Trefusis. "I can recommend you

several abominably wicked books on it, called treatises on political economy. Jeremiah probably foresaw them when he pronounced a curse on those who justify the wicked for reward—or perhaps the science of political economy was professed in his time. However, I will find you a book or two. And if you will call on Donovan Brown the next time you are in London, he will be delighted, I know. He meets with very few who are capable of sympathizing with him from both his points of view—social and artistic."

Sir Charles brightened up on being reminded of Donovan Brown. "I shall esteem an introduction to him a great honour," he said. "I had no idea that he was a friend of yours."

"I was a very practical young Socialist when I first met him," said Trefusis. "When Brown was an unknown and wretchedly poor man, my mother, at the petition of a friend of his, charitably bought one of his pictures for thirty pounds, which he was very glad to get. Years afterwards, when my mother was dead, and Brown famous, I was offered eight hundred pounds for this picture, which was, by the bye, a very bad one in my opinion. Now, after making the usual unjust allowance for interest on thirty pounds for twelve years or so that had elapsed, the sale of the picture would have brought me in a profit of over seven hundred and fifty pounds, an unearned increment to which I had no righteous claim. My solicitor, to whom I mentioned the matter, was of opinion that I might justifiably pocket the seven hundred and fifty pounds as reward for my mother's benevolence in buying a presumably worthless picture from an obscure painter. But he failed to convince me that I ought to be paid for my mother's virtues, though we agreed that neither I nor my mother had received any return in the shape of pleasure in contemplating the work, which had deteriorated considerably since its purchase by the fading of the colours. At last I went to Brown's studio with the picture, and told him that it was worth nothing to me, as I thought it a

particularly bad one; and that he might have it back again for fifteen pounds, half the first price. He at once told me that I could get from any dealer more for it than he could afford to give me; but he told me too that I had no right to make a profit out of his work, and that he would give me the original price of thirty pounds. I took it, and then sent him the man who had offered me the eight hundred. To my discomfiture, Brown refused to sell it on any terms, because he considered it unworthy of his reputation. The man bid up to fifteen hundred; but Brown was not to be seduced; and I found that instead of putting seven hundred and seventy pounds into his pocket, I had taken thirty out of it. I accordingly offered to return the thirty pieces. Brown, taking the offer as an insult, declined all further communication with me. I then insisted on the matter being submitted to arbitration, and demanded fifteen hundred pounds, the full exchange value of the picture. All the arbitrators agreed that this was monstrous; whereupon I contended that if they denied my right to the value in exchange, they must admit my right to the value in use. They assented to this after putting off their decision for a fortnight in order to read Adam Smith and discover what on earth I meant by my values in use and exchange. I now shewed that the picture had no value in use to me, as I disliked it; and that therefore I was entitled to nothing, and that Brown must take back the thirty pounds. They were glad to concede this also to me, as they were all artist friends of Brown, and wished him not to lose money by the transaction; though they of course privately thought that the picture was, as I described it, a bad one. After that Brown and I became very good friends. He tolerated my advances at first lest it should seem that he was annoyed by my disparagement of his work. Subsequently he fell into my views much as you have done."

"That is very interesting," said Sir Charles. "What a noble thing—refusing fifteen hundred pounds! He could ill afford it, probably."

"Heroic—accordingly to nineteenth century notions of heroism. Voluntarily to throw away a chance of making money! that is the *nec plus ultra* of martyrdom. Brown's wife was extremely angry with him for doing it."

"It is an interesting story—or might be made so," said Erskine. "But you make my head spin with your confounded exchange values and stuff. Everything is a question of figures with you."

"That comes of my not being a poet," said Trefusis. "Bu we Socialists need to study the romantic side of our movement, no doubt. It is necessary to influence women; and you can only reach them through their emotions, which they have just reason enough to defend. If you want to make a cause grow, instruct every woman you meet in it. She is or will one day be a wife, and will contradict her husband with scraps of your arguments. A squabble will follow. The son will listen, and will be set thinking if he be capable of thought. And so the mind of the people gets leavened. I have converted many young women. They know no more of Socialism than they know of Chaldee; but they no longer fear it or condemn its name. Oh, I assure you that much can be done in that way by men who are not afraid of women, and who are not in too great a hurry to see the harvest they have sown for."

"Take care. Some of your lady proselytes may get the better of you some day. The future husband to be contradicted may be Sidney Trefusis. Ha! ha! ha!" Sir Charles had emptied a second large goblet of wine, and was a little flushed and boisterous.

"No," said Trefusis, "I have had enough of love myself and am not likely to inspire it. Women do not care for men to whom, as Erskine says, everything is a question of figures. I used to flirt with women: now I lecture them, and abhor a man-flirt worse than I do a woman one. Some more wine? Oh, you must not waste the remainder of this bottle."

"I think we had better go, Brandon," said Erskine, his

mistrust of Trefusis growing. "We promised to be back before two."

"So you shall," said Trefusis. "It is not yet a quarter past one. By-the-bye, I have not shown you Donovan Brown's pet instrument for the regeneration of society. Here it is. A monster petition praying that the holding back from the labourer of any portion of the net value produced by his labour be declared a felony. That is all."

Erskine nudged Sir Charles, who said hastily, "Thank you; but I had rather not sign anything."

"A baronet sign such a petition!" exclaimed Trefusis. "I did not think of asking you. I only wish to show it to you because it is an interesting historical document, and contains the autographs of a few artists and poets. There is Donovan Brown's, for example. It was he who suggested the petition, which is not likely to do much good. However, I promised him to get as many signatures as I can; so you may as well sign it, Erskine. It says nothing in blank verse about the righteousness of slaying a tyrant; but it is a step in the right direction. You will not stick at such a trifle—unless the reviews have frightened you. Come: your name and address."

Erskine shook his head.

"Do you then only commit yourself to revolutionary sentiments when there is a chance of winning fame as a poet by them?"

"I will not sign simply because I do not choose," said Erskine warmly.

"My dear fellow," said Trefusis, almost affectionately, "if a man has a conscience he can have no choice in matters of conviction. I have read somewhere in your book that the man who will not shed his blood for the liberty of his brothers is a coward and a slave. Will you not shed a drop of ink—my ink, too—for the right of your brothers to the work of their own hands? I at first did not care to sign this petition, because I would as soon petition a tiger to share his prey with me, as our rulers to relax their grip of the stolen labour

they live on. But Donovan Brown said to me, 'You have no choice. Either you believe that the labourer should have the fruit of his labour or you do not. If you do, put your conviction on record, even if it should be as useless as Pilate's washing his hands.' So I signed."

"Donovan Brown was right," said Sir Charles. "*I* will sign." And he did so with a flourish.

"Brown will be delighted," said Trefusis. "I will write to him to-day that I have got another good signature for him."

"Two more," said Sir Charles. "You shall sign, Erskine: hang me if you shant! It is only against rascals that run away without paying their men their wages."

"Or that dont pay them in full," observed Trefusis, with a curious smile. "But do not sign if you feel uncomfortable about it."

"If you dont sign after me, you are a sneak, Chester," said Sir Charles.

"I dont know what it means," said Erskine wavering. "I dont understand petitions."

"It means what it says: you cannot be held responsible for any meaning that is not expressed in it," said Trefusis. "But never mind. You mistrust me a little, I fancy, and would rather not meddle with my petitions; but you will think better of that as you grow used to me. Meanwhile there is no hurry. Dont sign yet."

"Nonsense! I dont doubt your good faith," said Erskine, hastily disavowing the suspicions which he felt but could not account for. "Here goes!" And he signed.

"Well done!" said Trefusis. "This will delight Brown."

"It is time for us to go now," said Erskine gloomily.

"Look in upon me at any time: you shall be welcome," said Trefusis. "You need not stand upon any sort of ceremony."

Then they parted: Sir Charles assuring Trefusis that he had never spent a more interesting morning, and shaking

hands with him at considerable length three times. Erskine said little until he was in the Riverside Road with his friend, when he suddenly burst out angrily,

"What the devil do you mean by drinking two tumblers of such staggering stuff at one o'clock in the day in the house of a dangerous man like that? I am very sorry I went into the fellow's place. I had misgivings about it; and they have been fully realized."

"How so?" said Sir Charles, taken aback.

"He has overreached us. I was a deuced fool to sign that paper; and so were you. It was for that that he invited us."

"Nonsense, my dear boy. It was not his paper, but Donovan Brown's."

"I doubt it. Most likely he talked Brown into signing it just as he talked us. I tell you his ways are all crooked, like his ideas. Did you hear how he lied about Miss Lindsay?"

"Oh, you were mistaken about that. He does not care two straws for her or for anyone."

"Well, if you are satisfied, I am not. You would not be in such high spirits over it if you had taken as little wine as I."

"Pshaw! you're too ridiculous. It was capital wine. Do you mean to say that I am drunk?"

"No. But you would not have signed if you had not taken that second goblet. If you had not forced me— I could not get out of it after you had set the example— I would have seen him damned sooner than have had anything to do with his petition."

"I do not see what harm can come of it," said Sir Charles, braving out some secret disquietude.

"I will never go into his house again," said Erskine moodily. "We were just like two flies in a spider's web."

Meanwhile, Trefusis was fulfilling his promise to write to Donovan Brown. He began thus:—

Sallust's House.

I have spent the forenoon angling for a couple of very young

fish, and have landed them with more trouble than they are worth. One has gaudy scales: he is a baronet, and an amateur artist, save the mark. All my arguments and my little museum of photographs were lost on him; but when I mentioned your name, and promised him an introduction to you, he gorged the bait greedily. He was half drunk when he signed; and I should not have let him touch the paper if I had not convinced myself beforehand that he means well, and that my wine had only freed his natural generosity from his conventional cowardice and prejudice. We must get his name published as a signer of the great petition in as many journals as possible: it will draw on others as your name drew him. The other novice, Chichester Erskine, is a young poet. He will not be of much use to us, though he is a devoted champion of liberty in blank verse, and dedicates his works to Mazzini, &c. He signed reluctantly. All this hesitation is the uncertainty which comes of ignorance: they have not found out the truth for themselves, and are afraid to trust me, matters having come to the pass at which no man dares trust his fellow.

I have met with a pretty young lady here who might serve you as a model for Hypatia. She is crammed with all the prejudices of the peerage; but I am effecting a cure. I have set my heart on marrying her to Erskine, who, thinking that I am making love to her on my own account, is jealous. The weather is pleasant here, and I am having a merry life of it, but I find myself too idle. &c., &c., &c.

(To be continued).

Revolution.

[TRANSLATED* FROM FREILIGRATH, 1850.]

And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid thrall,
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall;
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early red
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I tell you still—She is not dead!

And tho' from off the lofty brow ye cut the ringlets flowing long,
And tho' ye mated her amid the thieves and murderers' hideous throng,
And tho' ye gave her felon fare—bade felon garb her livery be,
And tho' ye set the oakum-task—I tell you all—She still is free!

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* This translation is the best of the many versions of Ferdinand Freiligrath's poems. It was first printed without the final stanza; but when the German poet's daughter wrote to Ernest Jones to point out the omission, he at once sent her two or three versions of the missing stanza. We are indebted to Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker for permission to produce the complete poem.

And tho' compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down thro' endless lands;
And tho' she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes stands;
And tho' she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams seek foreign seas,
Yet—yet—she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow trees!

Ah no! she strikes its every string, and bids their loud defiance swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment as well.
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous seats,
Until your heart—your craven heart—your traitor heart—with terror beats!

No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsubdued,
Nor yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude—
The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out thro' its lingering scenes,
Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and queens.

Oh, no! the song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay—
Tis triumph-song—victorious song—the pæan of the future's day—
The future—distant now no more—her prophet voice is sounding free,
As well as once your Godhead spake:—*I was, I am, and I will be!*

Will be—and lead the nations on the last of all your hosts to meet,
Aud on your necks, your heads, your crowns, I'll plant my strong, resistless feet!
Avenger, Liberator, Judge,—red battles on my pathway hurled,
I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.

You see me only in your cells; ye see me only in the grave;
Ye see me only wandering lone, beside the exile's sullen wave:—
Ye fools! Do I not also live where you have tried to pierce in vain?
Rests not a nook for me to dwell in very heart and every brain?—

In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest pride—
Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honour's generous tide?
Not every workshop, brooding woe? not every hut that harbours grief?
Ha! Am I not the Breath of Life, that pants and struggles for relief?

'Tis *therefore* I will be—and lead the peoples yet your hosts to meet,
And on your necks—your heads—your crowns—will plant my strong, resistless feet!
It is no boast—it is no threat—thus History's iron law decrees—
The day grows hot—oh Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees!

ERNEST JONES.

Pessimism, Positivism, and Socialism.

III.

SOCIALISM is described in Webster as "A theory of Society which advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed"; Communism as "the reorganizing of Society, or the doctrine that it should be reorganized by regulating property, industry, and the sources of livelihood, and also the domestic relations and social morals of mankind; Socialism, especially the doctrine of a community of property, or the negation of individual rights in property."

This sounds a little different from the popular idea of Socialism, according to which it is nothing less than a combination of horrors, bloodshed, incendiarism, and rapine, and now essentially the Gospel of Dynamite—the proverbial red spectre.

In touching the question of Socialism we have to distinguish (1.) The Socialist Ideal, which as most thinking and feeling people will acknowledge, is at at any rate good in theory, and in the main perhaps not impracticable. (2). The Socialistic Reformers and their various schemes, differing so widely from each other, contradicting each other, and even opposed to each other. (3.) Socialistic policy being the outcome of "social discontent," as represented by Social Democracy in Germany, and especially the various sections of the Anarchists, of Nihilists in Russia, Communists in France, and kindred sects in Spain, which is often nothing else

but a maddened and hopeless effort of parties, classes or individuals, urged by despair to obtain a change in the order of things, let that change cost what it may. To treat the question of Socialism in its entirety, or at any length, is impossible in so small a compass, for it has already had its history, its revolutionary aspect, its various schools and their conflicts, changes, and modifications by their eminent men. It has assumed other forms and has been adopted on high by statesmen and governments as *State Socialism*, or *Official Socialism*, as an outcome of the scientific thought of this century and a crowning effort to bring to perfection, and to make subservient to some great end, "Political Economy." It has emerged from the pulpit and transformed itself into "*Christian Socialism*." It has its various associations, clubs, and International, which is to be a central organization combining the workers of all nations. In fact it is a growth, not an absolute system. Bakunin and Herzen in Russia, Owen and his school, the Christian Socialists, Frederick Denison Maurice, Kingsley and Ruskin (?) in England; in Germany, Ferdinand Lassalle, Dr. Von Schweitzer, Rodbertus, and notably Dr. Karl Marx who became head of the International in London; Rousseau, Proudhon, Saint Simon, Fourier, and Louis Blanc in France, have, in their measure, contributed their share. It is, therefore, quite a hopeless task to propose to give here a survey of the various remedies these Social Reformers propose for the reconstruction of society, and we have to look for the Socialistic idea. This seems to be very simple, and to be nothing else than that in these days when —like in the days of old in the Roman Empire—the gulf between the rich and the poor is becoming wider and wider every day, so that we shall soon have only the very poor or the very rich, on the one side the luxurious, on the other the hopelessly miserable, the want is felt for greater equity, for more justice. But sympathy cannot supply the defect, and such equity can only be insured by having State Regulation, which puts an end to the shameless greed of some

individuals in the fierce war of commercial competition by preventing them from taking advantage of the weaker, the poor, the more unfortunate, the unsuccessful, the scrupulous, and those who work hard but have not the craft to utilize their labour for their own material benefit. Surely, nobody unless he be a Cynic or an Indifferentist, will find fault with the idea as such. It does not, like Positivism, simply appeal to the rich to be more just in the future; it appeals, like Christianity, to the rich to forego their insensate claims, and giving voluntarily up part of their wealth in a Social State or a Commune where the holding of large fortunes or a vast amount of private property is impossible, to show their acquiescence in the new state of things. But it would be to create an erroneous impression to lead people to believe that the leaders of the Socialist party appeal only to the sympathy of the rich, they appeal also, and some much more than others, to the egotistical interests of the poor. Nay, some wish to elevate the Proletariat or the working classes to a height which they have never had in history, to the exclusion of all other classes, making the workers the only rulers of Society.

The question is then, what are we aiming at? Shall we side with Mr. Mallock, who says that the extreme poverty and misery of our day is a necessary concomitant to our glorious civilisation, or with M. Renan and his oligarchy of enlightenment and enjoyment which he proposes to institute in his moral reform of France for the benefit of his own circle, when he says with sublime indifference to the lot of the vulgar, that they must subsist on the glory and happiness of others. Some people interpret even Christ's words to his Apostles, "The poor ye have always with you," as indicative of his belief that poverty will never be abolished. But it is hardly justifiable to assert that Poverty is a corresponding element to Riches, and that one cannot exist without the other. It seems more justifiable to say that the extreme poverty and misery is in a great measure the outcome of the

systematic swindling, the wholesale robbery, and the want of real Humanitarian Principles which marks our time. With the idea that in Business as well as in War and Love, everything is lawful, everybody strives to preserve his own interests alone to the detriment of everybody else, unless the feeling of Patriotism or some similar feeling subdues the egotistical instincts. One man swindles the other, and the swindled man thinks that he is justified in his turn in cheating somebody else, and this one again yet another, so that our whole commercial system is only one of wheel within wheel, Commercial Robbery within Commercial Robbery.

For thus does the business man excuse himself:

"I must live and my family too; our first duty is to get on and to make money honestly if we can; but it will often be found that we cannot. Honesty may be a very good policy in theory, but I do not find it so in practice. We must therefore do to others as we are done by, for business is business. We must live and it is no good to be too honest. You cannot live upon that any more than on trusting in the Lord."

A commercial robbery is called a commercial usage, a lying shopman is called a smart counter man and an experienced robber a "thorough business man." There are two maxims. The everyday Optimist says he trusts every body until he has found them out; the common-place Pessimist assumes that all people are unmitigated rogues until he has found them out to be the contrary. It seems to me that in these latter days it is much safer to side with the Pessimist, for we have no morality in ordinary life, and our laws are mostly a blind to hide the fact:

Laws grind the poor
And rich men make the law.

It was Comte's idea that industry requires its captains as well as war, and that in the organisation of modern industry the Capitalists are to be the directors, for an army can no more exist without officers than without soldiers. This is all very true; but even if we adopt Comte's idea, who has

ever heard of an army where the captains are systematically swindling the rank and file? This is the condition of modern society where the poor are squeezed out like a lemon. This state of things has been protested against in prose, poetry and art; for instance in "The Robbers" by Schiller, the "Song of the Shirt" by Hood, the poems of Freiligrath, etc. Even in the Jesuit morality are prescriptions which have a remarkably socialistic tendency. If you steal five shillings from a rich man, say some of the Jesuit fathers, it is *a grave sin*; if you steal five shillings from a poor man it is *a mortal sin*. This distinction is very plausible, for it is based upon a principle of abstract justice which takes not only the outlines and dry legal characteristics of the crime into account, but also the amount of suffering inflicted which makes one a much more heinous deed than the other. Some indeed say that if a man is hungry and he takes food it is no longer theft for in such a case all things are common; others that if a servant is underpaid and helps himself, it is no longer theft but "compensatio occulta," secret compensation. But this is surely no method of amelioration of our present state of society though these are attempts to mitigate the injustice of our age. One of the oldest attempts to establish the Socialistic idea, I find where it is least expected, in the last piece of Aristophanes, *Plutos*. The piece represents by a very witty and amusing tale the manifold evils and disadvantages which are the consequence of the unsocial distribution of this world's goods. An old, poor, but honest peasant Chremylas, from a kind motive, restores the sight of Plutos, the God of wealth. The God, delighted to have his eyesight again, makes the resolution to be more cautious in future, to avoid the bad and the stupid, and to associate only with the good and the righteous. Thus he makes his benefactor Chremylas happy and overwhelms him with all worldly goods whilst the rich rascals from whom the God shrinks become poor. But now he shows his bad influence also on the good; they forget all

virtue and neglect the Gods and from this time worship only money. To the Gods and their priests, deserted by all men and exposed to misery, remains nothing but to solicit also the favours of the God of wealth and to become his servants. Everything in heaven and on earth now does homage to Plutos as the highest power on earth and the God of Gods, and he is led in triumph by the priests who are converted to him, to the treasury of the state where henceforth is to be his only suitable dwelling place, bringing prosperity to the individual as well as to the Community. The fact that the drift of this piece is the embodiment of the Socialistic idea has hitherto entirely escaped the notice of literary men. At the same time it is a most genial criticism of human nature. It shows that if the wealth were only shifted from one class to the other, from the undeserving to the deserving, the same evils would only recur in another quarter. It teaches that if therefore the wealth of nations is to be any good to the people at large, it must not be in the hands of isolated individuals or classes; but must—to be more justly distributed—be in the hands of the state, while the circulation of wealth is regulated by a government elected by the voice of the people and therefore representing the people itself. Opposed to this idea of a greater equality is what we might call a Patriarchal Government, the idea expressed in the well-known Fable of Menenius Agrippa and in the "Leviathan" of Hobbes that the Working Classes fulfil only certain functions and are merely subordinate in the Social Organism. However, the idea of an entire Equality comes from time to time to the front. It has been practically followed by sects like the Essenes and the early Christians of whom it is said that they had all things in common. The school of St. Simon in France, the disciples of Fourier in America, Owen in England, all made attempts to establish Communistic Societies which were all equal failures. But several Roman Catholic orders are said to have been successful in establishing small Communistic Societies among the savages. There have been attempts of

a revolutionary character to establish such a Society like that of Hans Boehmein before the Peasants' War in Germany. He wanted to see entire Equality and abolition of all authority, but he was himself burned by the Bishop of Würzburg.

Pessimism, then, is a creed more adapted for the individual than for the whole of humanity, for Schopenhauer draws a great line of distinction between the man of feeling and thought and the ordinary unthinking and unfeeling man who has directed his thoughts only to little things, an everyday manufactory article of Nature produced by thousands daily. This leads the pupil of Schopenhauer himself to teach the desirableness of *an intellectual aristocracy*, an aristocracy of the mind, also a favourite idea of Goethe. Only to such men Schopenhauer speaks, only to such men he brings consolation; for only they will be able to understand him. *Positivism* differs entirely from *Pessimism*. It is a kind of Optimism, an Optimism of its own kind. It assumes that history has shown a tendency towards improvement along with the various stages of existence, and the slow progress from youth to maturity, that the development of Humanity as shown by history has been truly progressive and that we have advanced in course of time to better conditions. Yet we have not reached the perfect stage which is represented by Positivism. Both Pessimism and Positivism base their Ethics on the heart, on the feeling of Sympathy, (Humanity and Universality) but Schopenhauer believes that abundance of good feeling is rare and only to be found in isolated individuals. The generality are steeped in selfishness. Schopenhauer embraces in his mercy even the animal kingdom, Comte the whole human race. The latter believes in the natural goodness of Man and his perfectibility; the preponderance of feeling among the people especially the Working Classes and the Universality of Social Sympathies and affections. Yet Socialism appeals more to the interests

of man to remove existing regulations which tend to produce crime. Positivism is Optimism so far as it admits that things have progressed until now and are progressing still. Socialism is pessimistic in so far as it says that things cannot be worse than they are now, and Optimistic in declaring, like Positivism, the ultimate perfectibility of Man in a Social State which is the only panacea for all Social Evils.

Thus to I compare Pessimism, Positivism and Socialism. The first shows us and makes us acquainted with the great amount of evil in this world. It teaches us that we should never be led astray by a silly Optimism, to believe too credulously in the possibility of Reforms which are not based upon the Reality of things, and can only be Utopian dreams. It calls upon the Indifferentist not to be blind to the misery in this world, it induces the Humanitarian to learn the true causes of that misery. Positivism shows us that without a great guiding principle, without the religion of the heart, no effectual change can be be made for the amelioration of Society. It shows us the way in which this amelioration can be made. Based upon our knowledge of Nature and human Nature gained by the Sciences, the heart must be our leader in applying knowledge for the benefit of all. In this it is vastly superior to Secularism, an outcome of Utilitarianism, which again is only a revival of Epicureanism. The creed of this philosophical sect, which in fact has been called Nothingism, gives a few empty rules borrowed from that creed which the aggressive Atheist (for such Secularists generally are) rejects, or professes to reject, showing that they having only just emerged from theological influences, and only shaken it off in parts, are in reality nothing else but a Christian sect, or renegade Christians, and are like a little chicken which, just emerging from the egg, drags part of the shell along with itself. The rules of Christianity are not empty by themselves, but they become empty in the mouth of a Secularist. It is Socialism which has taken them up and put them upon a scientific basis. Secularists, for instance,

talk a good deal about the golden rule, "doing unto others as you would wish to be done by." But this must all remain vague and empty babble; for Schopenhauer, in his definition of the three kinds of tragedy, speaks of the third and most terrible kind as that where the persons are so actuated towards each other that by their very position, by the way in which they are placed, they are bound to come into collision with each other and cause each other pain without willing it. Socialism nobly attempts, not like Positivism, to educate the good and convert the wicked, but to establish such an arrangement of the social relations of mankind so as to prevent at the outset the tragical catastrophes which cause the pain and the misery in this life. It shows us that we cannot do good to our fellow-creatures unless we have such Social regulations as shall give to each man a fair share of liberty give him independence and dignity, make him free from degrading and depraving charities of all kinds, and make him feel that he is a useful member in a Community where all work for each other, where we have Co-operation instead of Competition, where Society stands for every man and every man for Society. Making a distinction between the Socialistic schemes and the primitive idea of Socialism often misinterpreted by Socialists themselves, it is a protest against the hypocritical and artificial state of modern Society, originally destined to show to the world that there is something higher than mere calculation, and that Society instead of being built upon the selfishness of the money bag and the despotism of brute force, ought to take into account the nobler aspirations of mankind, rearing its superstructure upon a basis of the highest human feeling.

FRANZ LUDWIG LEHMANN.

The Industrial Mechanism of a Socialist Society.

ONE of the objections most frequently urged against Socialism is the assumed difficulty there would be in carrying on its industry without the establishment of a bureaucracy as numerous as, and even more powerful than, the capitalist bureaucracy who manage the business of a commercial society. Even Socialists themselves have often some misgivings on this head. They, of course, know that the governors of a socialist state, being only the elected servants of the people, would not possess a tithe of the power enjoyed by capitalists and landlords, but they still fear that a large army of officials would be needed for the purpose of regulating industry, and that these officials might acquire such powers of interference and meddling as would seriously detract from the benefits which Socialism would otherwise confer. It is very strange that this opinion should be entertained even by those who recognise that Socialism differs from Commercialism only as a free republic differs from an hereditary and autocratic despotism; a difference demanding, surely, less and not more central authority. The directors of the labour of a commercial society get on without officials to regulate their investments, and why should the elected directors of a socialist society not also be able to get on without them? The work to be done is the same in both cases, namely, the production of wealth and its distribution

amongst those who own it, and we shall endeavour to show that in a socialist society central direction is no more required than at present, since a very moderate attention to their duties on the part of the ordinary overseers of labour would regulate in the most perfect manner the industry of even the largest society.

If we had a demi-god to advise us, we should require scarcely any organisation whatever, for he would tell every director of labour exactly what ought to be done. He would point out to one man that the engine he employed was defective and ought to be replaced by a better, or would tell a farmer that such and such fields should be underdrained. Having done this he would advise the makers of steam engines to get the new engine prepared, and the drain pipe maker to get pipes ready for the farmer's use. Had this not been the very best apportionment of labour he would not have given the advice, and every manager who had been advised would therefore know with certainty what he ought to do. Whether he would actually do it is another question, which, however, we have not at present under consideration: the object of industrial organisation is not to compel men to do what they ought, but to show them what ought to be done. Unfortunately we cannot get demi-gods to advise us, nor can we get men of transcendent genius; men of average common-sense may be obtained, and we may reckon on getting such men as directors of labour, but it would be foolish to look for much more. A man of ordinary intelligence can manage a single factory with sufficient skill, or can overlook a moderate number of workmen, and so regulate their labour that the maximum of commodities shall be obtained which the men can produce with the particular implements they actually have to work with. He could not, however, take so comprehensive a view of a large and complex society as to be sure that his men were not wasting their labour in producing goods which were of little use, or at least that they might not be better employed in producing something else. In an

advanced society, again, a hundred factories are employed in different processes connected with the production of one commodity, and the number of men in each must be duly adapted to the number in the others. No man, whatever his abilities might be, could properly regulate a hundred factories with all their complex machinery. One factory is as much as one man can look after, and industry will be mismanaged unless we can discover some system of organisation by which satisfactory results will ensue when each manager confines his attention to his own factory, and manages it with ordinary skill and ability.

This is as true of a commercial as of a socialist state, and Commercialism has actually discovered a system of organisation by which results more or less satisfactory are obtained by the attention of each man to his own business. All we have to do, therefore, is to modify this machinery so as to adapt it to its new use, and the modification required is not very great; the *forms* indeed of Socialism would be scarcely distinguishable from those of Commercialism, however different might be the *spirit*.

The main ends of Socialistic organization would be: Firstly, that labour should be efficient; whatever commodities are actually being produced should be obtained with the minimum of toil: Secondly, that the commodities produced should be of the right kinds, or, since the consumer is the best judge of what he wants, they should be such as the consumer prefers: Thirdly, the goods produced should be justly distributed.

Efficient labour of course implies that the machines and implements employed shall be of the best, and a very large proportion of the total labour must be directed to the maintenance and renewal of machines and to their improvement. Our first question is: How is this proportion to be fixed? In a commercial society the matter is decided by the capitalists, each of whom has a factory or other stock, and each decides for himself whether he will increase his profits at all,

and if he decides to do so, whether he will erect another factory or improve the one he already possesses, so that with the same labour he may obtain more commodities for himself. In a socialist society it would have to be decided by parliament, and this would be the only purely industrial question which parliament would have to decide. It will be remembered that societies do not and cannot begin their existence empty-handed, but must have a certain stock of implements in the maintenance and renewal of which a certain proportion of their labour is employed, and parliament would only have to decide, periodically, whether this proportion should be altered or kept as before. Political economists assert, and a very popular objection to Socialism is founded on the assertion, that there would be an immediate advantage, however disastrous it might be in the long run, in reducing the proportion, and that Socialists would not exercise the self-denial of sacrificing immediate for the sake of future advantage. This is, however, a complete mistake. When once a factory is erected no one would gain by allowing it to fall to pieces for want of repairs, or by allowing the machines to wear out without having new ones ready to replace them; unless, indeed, one factory be dismantled only in order that another of a different and more advantageous kind may be put in its place. Let us say, for example, that the agricultural-implement makers are in such proportion that they can just maintain and renew all the horse and steam ploughs in use; if some of their factories were allowed to fall into disrepair the remainder would be unable to maintain all the ploughs in their former state, and would be obliged to supply horse ploughs—the cheaper implement—to those farmers who had hitherto used steam. More ploughmen would be required, and the implement makers who were now idle would be drafted to the work, but the total product of wheat would be lessened and not increased. It is, indeed, a contradiction in terms (one of many which political economy declares to be scientific truths) to say a society can obtain more commodities by lessening the efficiency of its labour.

Assuming, therefore, that the smallest proportion of the total labour were ascertained which would just maintain the efficiency of labour, parliament would be urged by the strongest reasons not to lessen it, and would be under no temptation whatever to do so, while it would be strongly urged to keep the proportion a good deal higher, so that by the use of continually improving machinery the necessary toil of life might be lessened. A constituency of workmen would not permit inferior machines when they obtained for themselves the whole product of their toil. An error in the opposite direction, of making the proportion of implement makers too large, is scarcely possible, and we may therefore confidently assert that in the important matter of producing efficient machinery a socialist society would act with wisdom. A commercial society, on the other hand, fails signally in this matter; where wages are low, capitalists use the most wretched implements, and even where they are relatively high, as in America and the Colonies, the implements are still much worse than they should be. In a socialist society wages would be the highest possible, for the men would get all they produced, and the same reason that makes a power-loom profitable in Manchester, where wages are high, while a hand-loom pays best in India, where they are low, would lead to the employment of machinery which would in a few years raise the efficiency of socialist labour above that of commercial labour in Manchester as much as the latter exceeds the efficiency of labour in India.

Having thus shown that parliament would act wisely if it had sufficient information to guide it, we must next ask whether this would be the case; would the society know whether the efficiency of its labour were increasing or declining? Even in the chaos of Commercialism we should soon ascertain this, and the problem would be very simple with the orderly mass of statistics that a socialist society would possess.

The machinery also by which more or fewer men would be

apportioned to the work of improving implements or of increasing their number, so as to provide for an increasing population would be very simple, but its explanation requires a previous discussion of the all-important subject of socialist banking, a subject not really complex or difficult, although it may not be easy to fully discuss it within the narrow limits of an article in To-Day.

A bank, whether socialist or commercial, is fundamentally no more than a clearing house in which accounts are balanced and kept, in order that a heterogeneous mass of commodities may be divided amongst the co-owners, and as banking accounts are necessarily kept in money, it is impossible to form any rational conception of industrial mechanism until we can give a clear answer to Peel's celebrated question, "What is a pound?" an answer which political economists have not yet succeeded in giving.

If two men go fishing together and catch a miscellaneous lot of fish, they may divide it pretty equally between them, but if a hundred or a thousand men combined their labour in the production of a perennial stream of heterogeneous goods they could not do so. A demi-god might perhaps be able to divide satisfactorily the daily product into a hundred or a thousand equal lots, and to give to each man the lot that would best meet his requirements, but if this were attempted by a mere mortal he would certainly fail; the employment of money, however, as a medium of sub-division (not, *pace* political economy, of *exchange*), makes the matter so simple that a man of ordinary ability can do it as well as any demi-god.

Although the goods themselves cannot be divided into equal lots, we may divide the *ownership* of them into as many parts as we choose; if the goods daily produced have to be distributed equally amongst a hundred men, each man will own one hundreth part of the whole, or if we prefer another unit of division, he will own ten one-thousandth parts, or a hundred ten-thousandth parts. It is of course immaterial what unit we adopt so long as we give it a distinguishing

name, and we shall use the word "part" to indicate that proportion which each man who shares in the ownership of the goods would get if everyone got one unit; if there were a hundred men, a "part" would mean the hundredth part of the total ownership, and each man's income would consist of one "part" a day, and the total income of the society would be 100 "parts" a day. We might use the precisely analogous words "pound" or "dollar," which are merely names of the "parts" into which the ownership of the profit-fund of a commercial society is divided, but this would be inconvenient, since the words suggest that a "part" would buy a certain definite weight of gold or silver, and this would not be true of socialist money, the value of which depends solely on the efficiency of labour.

A socialist society would then be provided with money as real as that of a commercial society; every man who had a right to share in the goods produced would get a certificate of some kind to that effect. Bank notes marked in any way not easy of imitation might be issued under proper care, and everyone who was entitled to a "part" of the goods would get a note with which he would buy what he preferred, and the notes would return to the issuer through the retail dealers. Or he might have an account at the bank, and his daily pay would be paid to his credit, when his cheques would return in the same manner. In a commercial society the number of "parts" into which the profit-fund is divided, or in other words the money income of capital, depends on the number of legal tender notes or coins in use. If the number be increased, the total income will increase, and *vice versâ*, quite independently of changes in the goods forming the profit-fund. In a socialist society the money income would depend on, or rather would be, the number of "parts" into which the income was divided, whether notes were issued or credits given at the bank. In all other respects a "part" is the same as a "pound"; they both mean the 1-*xth* part of the goods to be divided, the main difference between them

being that in a socialist state x would be fixed by law (in our illustrations we assume it to be made equal to the number of men comprising the society) while in a commercial society x depends on the number of notes or coins in use.

The end and aim of all labour is the production of goods for consumption, and we must give no heed to the utterly absurd "accumulation" theory of economists. If 365 measures of wheat are the product of an average harvest, one measure must be sold and consumed every day, and we should benefit no one but the rats by having at any time in our granaries more than the product of last harvest, and such relatively small excess as will equalize the harvests of different years. So with hats and coats, timber and iron, &c.; we must have a certain stock on hand to act as equalizing reservoirs in meeting the irregularities of production or consumption, but we should gain nothing by accumulating more wealth, and making our reservoirs larger than was necessary for the equalization of the outflow. These necessary stocks being once made, production and consumption must be equal; whatever goods are poured daily into the reservoirs of the distributors must on the average be taken out daily and consumed.

In the same way the daily income is on the average spent every day, and except in the case of a half-witted miser, no one accumulates money. In a commercial society a man may spend his income in buying a steam engine instead of goods for his own consumption, and may thus accumulate capital, but his income is actually spent. It follows therefore that since the total daily income is spent in buying the total daily product, the total price of the latter is equal to the sum forming the daily income. If a socialist society consists of one million men, its daily income will be one million "parts," and the price of its daily product, whatever may be the goods of which the latter consists, will be, or at least ought to be, exactly the same. The fixing of prices in a socialist, as in a commercial state, would be done by the wholesale and

retail dealers; if they pitch the general scale too high, the national income will not buy all the goods produced, and the stocks of goods on hand will increase, when dealers will know that prices ought to be lowered; if prices are pitched too low, stocks will decrease, showing that prices ought to be raised. The dealers have thus in the variations of their stocks a delicate and easily applied test of their success in fixing prices, and if they fail in performing their duties satisfactorily, it will be from other causes than ignorance. The work they have to do is precisely that which commercial dealers perform satisfactorily, and they would have the great advantage of possessing complete statistics of the stocks on hand, and of those which were on hand at the corresponding periods of former years, while the commercialists have to work nearly in the dark. Assuredly neither a central directorate nor a demi-god is needed for the business of socialistic distribution, which would be almost perfectly effected by the independent actions of men of ordinary common sense.

The relative prices of the several commodities forming the total product, and also those of the partially completed goods which are sold from factory to factory, would be arranged in the same way; if the stocks on hand of coats, or of iron, of wine, or of steam-engines were increasing, prices would be lowered, and in the opposite case would be raised, the selling prices of goods being thus quite independent of their cost of production. It is, however, obviously desirable that prices should be proportional to cost of production, and when this is not the case, the supply should be increased of those goods whose price is too high, and decreased in the opposite case. This would be effected without any machinery whatever, except that to which the bank would attend, of allowing no one to get goods unless his balance at the bank will permit him to pay for them by cheque.

Let us assume that prices have been perfectly adjusted, and are therefore exactly equal to their cost of production; the latter consists of a million "parts," the wages of a million

men who are employed in a thousand different ways in the production. Not only is the price of the whole daily product equal to the wages of all the men employed, but this is also true of each commodity. The cutlery for instance sells daily for, say, 1000 "parts," and there are a thousand men engaged directly or indirectly in the work of its production. Only a part of the men are, however, employed in the cutler's workshop; some are producing coal, others iron-ore, others smelting the ore, others are locomotive drivers, conveying the coal and cutlery from place to place, others are mechanics employed in maintaining and renewing the factory and machinery, and so on indefinitely. The total labour-cost of the finished goods is the sum of all these separate items of labour, and the wages-cost is the sum of the wages of the different men. The cutler pays, say, 500 "parts" in the wages of his own shop, and all transactions being by cheque, he does so by giving cheques on the bank to his men. These checks go through the retailers to the bank, where they are charged against the cutler: the latter has also to pay the coal and iron merchants, the railway company, and many others, his total expenditure in this way being 500 "parts" a day, so that his total debits are 1000 "parts" a day, but as he sells daily to the dealers cutlery to the extent of 1000 "parts," his accounts exactly balance. On the supposition we have made that prices are all, what they tend to become, equal to cost of production, the accounts of every manufacturer would exactly balance, when every man was exactly maintaining and renewing his factory.

If, however, the price of cutlery had been 1,100 "parts" a day, the cutler would have been making a profit of 100 "parts," and necessarily some one else would have been working at a loss, for the price of the total product being a constant quantity, if any one article is dearer some other must be cheaper. The man who was working at a loss would not be able to clear his account at the bank if he spent the usual amount in maintaining and renewing his factory, and

he would not therefore do so. His machines would gradually wear out and his factory fall to pieces, but the cutler would have more money to spend on this work and would enlarge his factory, so that the young men whose working life was about to begin would be drafted to his business and not to the other. This is precisely what is required; the high price of cutlery shows that the consumers prefer it to other goods, and want more of it, and it is therefore desirable to increase the number of producers, which can only be done, where population is stationary, by reducing the number of producers of something else.

We have hitherto assumed the society to be stationary both as to population and the efficiency of its labour: the several manufacturers can all or nearly all, continue their work, and maintain their factories in proper order, but very few of them can do more. This would be a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, however, and we will now assume that twenty per cent. of the workmen, or 200,000 men, are employed in producing new factories for the employment of an increasing population, and also in improving generally the implements used. Obviously this proportion ought to be larger the more rapidly the population is increasing; a given number of men may do a great deal towards improving implements if they have nothing else to do; they may substitute steam for horse ploughs, steamers for sailing ships, &c., but if they have also to multiply the number of ploughs and ships they may be able to do nothing towards improvement. A socialist society would, however, as we have seen, be very unlikely to err in this matter, and we will suppose the twenty per cent. we have allowed, to be sufficient for improvement as well as for multiplication of implements. The first and most important effect of this change in our assumption is that all manufacturers would be working at a handsome profit instead of just making ends meet. The daily product would, as before, sell for one million "parts," for this would be the daily income, but if managers did not choose to buy more or

better machines and implements they need spend only 800,000 "parts" in working their factories. If they did this they would have large accumulating credits at the bank, but this is a mere matter of banking, that is of book-keeping, and would be no good to any one, while the 200,000 men whose proper work it was to enlarge and improve the factories, would be idle, or at the best, producing machinery which no one would buy. Such a state of affairs is natural, necessary, and very usual in a commercial society, but could occur under socialist government only if the managers of manufacturing industry were selected solely because they were preternaturally stupid. Managers of common sense would of course use their credits at the bank to enlarge and improve their factories,—the 200,000 men would not be idle, and the efficiency of labour would continue to increase.

As before, if labour was not exactly apportioned to the proper industries, that is, to those which the consumers preferred, prices would not be all proportional to labour cost; some factories would be working at more and some at less profit, and labour would, without any interference of the bank, gravitate naturally to the most desirable occupations. This gravitation would not, however, be so rapid nor so thorough as in the case where the society was stationary, for even the undesirable trades, those which were really working at a loss, would be able to maintain and renew their factories and even to enlarge them, although not so rapidly as where a real profit was being made. This would be partly corrected by the very simple arrangement of treating the profit represented by the labour of the 200,000 men as the income of the bank and not as a profit. The several manufacturers would know, as well as a commercial capitalist-manufacturer, whether they were working at a real profit, and the bank—their book-keeper—would know it also; the bank, in short, would know pretty accurately what was the average rate of profit, or rather the ratio which the money spent in increasing and improving factories bore to that spent in working them.

If a manufacturer employed eighty men, his goods would normally sell for a sum representing the wages of 100 men, and he could spend the difference in employing twenty men in the enlargement of his factory; but if the bank debited his account with the wages of twenty men he would be unable to do so. Or if his goods sold for only eighty "parts," that is the average wages of eighty men, and he was still debited with twenty "parts" by the bank, he would be unable to even maintain and renew his factory. It would be, however, undesirable under these circumstances, that he should be able to do so, for the fact that he was really working at a loss indicates that the public would be better served if his men were turned to some other industry.

If, therefore, every manufacturer be allowed to spend in enlarging his factory all the real profits he makes, a correct adjustment of labour will, so far, be made, but the main sum representing the wages of the 200,000 men would still be undistributed and would stand in the books of the bank as a credit to the account of the bank itself. This sum, which corresponds to the savings made in a commercial state, must be allocated to the different industries, and a correct distribution would be such as would most increase the efficiency of labour.

There is no possible mechanism by means of which such a distribution could be made. Capitalists do not even endeavour to make one, but invest their savings so as to obtain each for himself the highest possible rate of profit. This is a very different thing from trying to make labour efficient, or rather, is doing nearly the opposite, for a high rate of profit and a high efficiency of labour cannot exist together. If we want a high rate of profit we must use cheap and therefore relatively inferior implements, such as are used in India and Russia, where the rate of profit is high. In a new country, where land is abundant, a man may use bad implements and yet, owing to the high price of corn, may obtain a large share of the product of countries where the machinery used is

costly and efficient, and he may therefore live well; but as soon as he wishes to use steam-ploughs or other efficient and costly machines his rate of profit will fall, although the efficiency of his labour will increase. A Socialist, therefore, whose endeavours were directed solely to making his machines as efficient as possible would come nearer to success than a capitalist who endeavours to use the cheapest machines he can, while still obtaining a certain proportionate share of the profit fund. The one knows he will get his due share of all that is produced, and has only the plain duty of making the total product as large as he can; the other knows that if he makes the product as large as he can he will have to pay so much in interest on the cost of his machines that he will get no profit for himself. He therefore erects an inferior factory, and as all other capitalists act in the same manner, the total result is a gross misdirection of labour.

The difficulty of making a practical allottment would not, after all, be very serious. In most cases a given expenditure of labour would improve the implements as much in one industry as in another, and the great mass of the money might be allocated in proportion to the number of men employed, the remainder being left to the discretion of the banker or some other officer. He could not, if a man of common sense, go so far wrong as to do any serious harm; at all events, he would not be likely to make a present of the money, as the capitalists have done, to Turkey, Costa Rica, and Peru.

The only remaining question we have to discuss is the mechanism by which the number of improvers of factories may be altered at the will of parliament. It might be done in a dozen different ways, but perhaps the simplest would be by ordering the bank to grant overdrafts to manufacturers in proportion to the number of men they employed. The goods produced by a factory worked by eighty men would sell for the wages of 100 men if one fifth of the whole were "improvers," and the manufacturer would spend twenty "parts" daily in getting more or better machines. If the bank now

informed him that he need not balance his accounts, but might spend twenty-five "parts" daily in new machines, and if this were general throughout the society there would be an increased demand for machinery, prices would rise, the the machinists would work at a profit and more men would be drafted to their business. When the desired increase had been in this manner effected, which would be indicated by the increased ratio of profits to wages, the overdrafts would be stopped, business would go on as before, and parliament would have nothing more to do with the matter until a new allottment was desired.

If the ratio of profit to wages had to be lowered the opposite course would be adopted: manufacturers would be compelled to refund former overdrafts, and instead of twenty men being employed in improvements fifteen only could be so employed, owing to the account of the manufacturer being debited with the sum of five "parts" a day as refund of overdrafts, or by whatever name the banker chose to call it. The price of machinery would fall, machine making would become unprofitable, and the young men about to begin work would be drafted to other business.

The violent fluctuations of trade that occur in commercial countries arise solely from the issue and withdrawal of overdrafts by the banks. When trade has been for some time steady, and few bankruptcies occur, the banks acquire confidence and try to increase their profits by allowing manufacturers to overdraw their accounts: the manufacturers do not of course use the money to increase their personal expenditure, but use it to enlarge or improve their factories. The income of the country is increased by the amount of the overdrafts, and prices rise generally, for in commercial, as in socialist societies, the price of the daily product is equal to the daily income, but more particularly does this occur in those trades which produce the goods the new expenditure is employed to buy, that is, mainly in the coal, iron, and building trades. Except those who have fixed incomes,

everyone is delighted with the change; the manufacturers while consuming as much as, or more than usual, are rapidly improving their factories, the workmen get employment and pay, the money-lenders get higher rates of interest, and are pleased. Nor is the prosperity only imaginary; to a large extent it is a mere matter of banking or book-keeping, but labour is really being better employed, and the country is really enjoying a gleam of that prosperity which under Socialism would be a steady and brilliant light. Prosperity *cannot*, however, under the chaotic want of organization of commercialism be permanent: the rise in wages, and in the rate of interest which results from the expansion of trade, is disastrous to those industries in which these items form a large part of the total expenditure. Some of the weakest men are unable to meet their liabilities, and become bankrupt, confidence vanishes, and the banks begin to call upon those to whom they had issued overdrafts to pay up. During the expansion, manufacturers were enlarging and improving their factories with money they borrowed on promissory notes which they fully expected would be renewed, in part at least, at maturity, but which they are now called upon to pay in full. They cannot possibly do it; the money is gone; it has been turned into steam-engines and buildings, and cannot be re-converted into promissory notes. The banker has, under commercial organization, a power of employing labour, and he exercised it in getting the steam-engines and buildings made, or at least in enabling the manufacturer to do so. He has not, however, a power of undoing that labour, and yet we put him into a position where he must act as if he had. If he and the manufacturer could undo the past, they would; they would be delighted if the new machines which resulted from their joint action should vanish into air, and the promissory note, the little scrap of paper, were back in its place. A noble organization of labour truly that leads to such a result!

The manufacturer not being able to make his factory

vanish and become as if it never had been, is unable to pay the banker, and is at his wit's end for money. Of course he would never at such a time dream of spending more money in improvements, and he is a fair representative of all the manufacturing class. The coal and iron mines can get therefore no sale for their products and are closed; the iron furnaces are blown out and left unused; the builder puts away his steam-engines and mortar mills; the lime-burner closes his kilns. Of course the workmen are all dismissed and brought to the verge of starvation, but that is a mere side effect of the depression, and of no serious importance. Indirectly, however, it has an effect; starving men will not buy clothes, or tobacco, or whiskey, or beer, and the manufacturers of these things having no sale for their goods, close their factories and dismiss their men, thus losing money. The dismissed men in their turn will cease to buy certain goods, and more men will be dismissed; and thus the ball of misery and even of loss to capitalists, goes on rolling and increasing. All this, however, does nothing to enable the manufacturers to pay their promissory notes to the bank, but has quite the contrary effect, and until the notes are paid the depression will continue, which it may do for years.

The remedy for this state of affairs would be very simple if our rulers wanted a remedy. It would be sufficient to throw a stone from the Mansion House steps about one o'clock in the day, and appoint the man it hit as "Director of Industry." If he did not happen to be a learned political economist, and therefore was not influenced by false theory, he would have all the factories at work in a week. If unfortunately he were an economist, he would do nothing, but would trust to the remedy which political economy suggests. According to that science as now unhappily taught in our Universities, the depression of trade is due to over-consumption. We have been too extravagant, we have spent not only our incomes but also our capitals, and must retrench; we have for years been eating too much beef, drinking too much beer, seeing

Irving and hearing Patti too often, wearing too fine clothes, &c., &c. We must stop all that; beef and beer, clothes and opera-tickets, are for accumulation and not for consumption, except in great moderation. We must go on producing them as fast as we can, but we must exercise abstinence and save them. We shall thus obtain a great accumulation of goods, and a blessed influence will emanate from them which will set our mills in motion and do many other fine things. If, however, without this accumulation we try to produce wealth by our toil, we shall fail; the coal put under a boiler won't make fire, the fire won't make steam, the steam won't turn the wheel, the wheel won't work the loom, and the loom will be unable to make cloth for our use. To this the teaching of Adam Smith has come! and this is the science we Socialists are condemned for disregarding!

Having now concluded our examination of the mechanism by which every overseer of labour in a socialistic society would know how his own labour and that of his workmen would best be employed, we must ask whether they would actually do what they knew to be right?

1st. It would be the duty of Parliament, at long intervals, to decide whether more or fewer men should be employed in increasing the efficiency of labour. No one would have any interest in lessening the efficiency, while every workman in the country would have a direct and obvious interest in lessening his own toil by increasing it. We may therefore, without further discussion, assume that Parliament would act with wisdom in this matter.

2nd. Bankers would have to keep a set of books correctly; they would gain nothing by falsifying their books, nor could they do so without its being known to all the clerks and accountants in the bank, even if there were no travelling inspectors as there are in commercial banks. Is it unreasonable to suppose that bankers would, under a feeling of duty, honestly perform this work, or that fear of the criminal penalties attached to wilful dishonesty should keep them

straight, even if they wanted to go wrong? If they honestly tried to do their work it is so simple that any man of ordinary intelligence could do it easily with the result that labour would be duly directed to the production of those commodities which were most desirable.

3rd. Manufacturers and other directors of labour would have only to attend to their workmen. Their duties would be much easier than in a commercial society where they have to exercise great skill and thought to prevent being over-reached in buying and selling, while in a socialistic society no one would have any interest in getting the better of them. The wholesale dealers from whom they bought and to whom they sold their goods, would be interested only in keeping prices uniform, and would fail as much by buying too cheap or selling too dear, as by the opposite, and the manufacturer would therefore only have to guard against errors of judgment on the part of the dealers. This would occupy but little of his time or attention, and he would be therefore better able to attend to his proper duties as a work-manager, the due performance of which would secure a high efficiency of labour.

It may be argued that the cheques used in paying accounts between manufacturers and between them and the dealers are mere counters, and that no one would care whether they were large or small; that all banking transactions indeed would be like playing bluff or loo for coffee-beans. To some extent this is true; the whole banking organization is designed for the purpose of showing men what they ought to do, and of indirectly showing whether they are attending to their work or neglecting it, but it is not intended for the purpose of punishing men for doing wrong, or rewarding them for doing right. Men will, however, do what is right when they know how, and when there is no temptation to do wrong, and the magnitude of the rewards and punishments is of no importance; a physician who will get his guinea, kill or cure, is just as likely to act rightly as the one who knows he will

get the king's daughter to wife if he succeeds, and will lose his head if he fails; a man will walk across London Bridge for a guinea just as effectually as for a thousand pounds. A socialist trader, who sent goods out of his factory without booking the transaction, would not thereby lose money, but on the other hand he would be under no temptation to do it, for he would gain nothing, nor would the trader to whom he gave the goods. Both men would know, that although they were not cheating or stealing, they were doing wrong, and this without any motive or incentive, and that this wrong-doing would have the evil result of causing labour to be, to some extent, not so wisely directed as it might have been. To give finished goods for consumption without payment would be of course cheating, and must be provided against. Although, therefore, socialist bank accounts do not represent real money, the ordinary sense of duty, together with the fear of such legal penalties as may be thought necessary, would quite prevent traders from treating them as of no moment.

The directors of labour would have no inducement to attend to their duties, nor their men to work with reasonable energy, beyond that interest which everyone would have in the well-being of the society. Commercialists always contend that no one would work; that men and managers alike would rather play and starve than work and thrive, and that this is true of everyone who is not a capitalist. Capital is to virtue what the sun is to vegetation, and if it be destroyed ethical sterility must overspread the earth: give a man capital and he will work energetically, even though he might live in comfort without it, and not only this, but he will also take good care that the unvirtuous non-capitalist shall work also. Writing, as we are, for Socialists, we need not give much space to this matter, for we are all pretty well agreed that men will work not only for the sake of the product, but even for the sake of the work itself; instead of being naturally idle, men are naturally industrious and generally like their work if it is not too severe, and is undergone for their own benefit and not for that of a master.

4th. Distributors would have to fix prices and distribute the finished products of labour. Their duties would be quite simple, demanding only ordinary intelligence and industry, and these we may confidently look for in elected managers.

An important matter, applying to all classes of men in authority, is whether they would be honest; commercialists laugh at the idea of their being so, but a socialist society has at its disposal all the checks and guards which commercialism now employs, and would have very little occasion to use them. To take an extreme illustration, we will suppose that wages are paid generally, as would probably be the case, in bank-notes, that a bank manager has a printing-press in his back office, an ample supply of the true water-lined paper, that no check whatever is exercised over his issue of notes, and that he is thoroughly dishonest. How much could he steal? Of course he could do a little pilfering so that he might drink champagne while others drank beer, or gain some other similar advantage, but he could not indulge in ostentatious display (and it is only in display that a large income can be squandered), for this would be like stealing the Lord Mayor's coach to use as an omnibus in Cheapside; everyone would know he was stealing. Even pilfering should, however, be prevented, and proper checks would therefore be used.

We have above spoken of *the* bank, as if there would only be one for the whole State, but this, of course, would not be the case, nor would it probably be found convenient for manufacturing managers to be entirely independent of each other. It is likely that each of the smaller counties would have its principal bank with numerous branches, while the larger, or more populous counties, would have two or three, and that the several separate trades dealing with one bank would each form a guild, the workmen of the guild electing the managers. We have seen that the main work of the bank is to keep and balance the books of the several traders or guilds, and each bank would show a total profit or loss.

The several county banks would send their balances daily to a clearing house, where they would exactly balance, the losses of one county being necessarily equal to the profits of another. The clearing house would be merely an audit office, overlooking the book-keeping of the county banks and certifying that they were correct. The allocation to the several banks of working capital and therefore of labour, would follow as a matter of course; the banks would allocate to the several guilds, and these to the several factories, and the whole industrial business of the country would thus be arranged without the intervention of an official more important or more powerful than a bank clerk.

The mechanism of a socialist society would thus be very simple, and is so like that to which we are accustomed that the one might be substituted for the other in six months if only the capitalists consented, which of course they never will do. It would even be a good investment to pay them all an annuity equal to their present incomes (especially if they would accept the income-tax valuation) and get rid of them bag and baggage. The room of men who think they have a divine right, and who certainly have the power, to live by the sweat of another man's face, would be cheaply bought at such a price, and the increased efficiency of labour would in a year or two make the payment unimportant.

JOHN CARRUTHERS.

John Stuart Mill and Socialism.

WHEN a thinker of an earlier date has achieved a wide reputation as a leader in any section of philosophical or political speculation, it will generally be profitable for those who believe that, working in the same vein, they have advanced in any degree further than he, to return, once and again, to the examination of his writings in the new light which seems to them to have been shed upon the questions with which they are specially concerned. It will often be realised on such a revision that we have progressed, not so much away from a point where our early instructor left off, as towards a better apprehension of what were in fact the conclusions at which he had himself arrived. It takes us all our lives to measure the grasp of truth attained by some great men. On every occasion on which, with fuller experience and wider sympathies, we return to Aristotle or Shakespeare, the more astonished are we at the littleness of our own progress and the range of their intuition. In whatever sea of the unknown we may flatter ourselves that we have grappled after Truth with some success, we are almost sure to find, on turning over once more the accumulations of the masters of the science, our own discoveries anticipated, or at any rate their possibility guessed at. This is a common experience with every one. It is felt particularly in the case of the works of one or two men of universal genius, and it is a not inadmissible justification for the fact that we

constantly find men of high intellect and wide interests whose most serious study and especial worship is devoted entirely to the thought of one such genius. If it is found that in whatever direction we drive our path towards knowledge, there are traces found of the previous footsteps of such men, it is not wholly unreasonable for any to take up the specialist position and confine the satisfaction of the passion of the intellect to the study of the feeling for truth in Aristotle or Shakespeare, the Bible, Plato, or Dante, according to the temper of his mind;—every one can name for himself the work which he has found most fruitful and suggestive. But for such as do not thus exalt any special teacher the reference to those who have been so held in honour will always be salutary, both as a corrective, and as an encouragement.

The greater a man is, the less likely is his own age thoroughly to comprehend him, and we constantly find that opinions, which, thanks to our later birth, we of lesser minds have been able to arrive at, starting on a higher level, seem to have been the inmost beliefs of the thinker himself, tho' held most unimportant, erratic, or insane, by his contemporaries. New ideas require new language, and it is seldom that the mass of a man's contemporaries will take the trouble to ascertain what his new idea means. Omne ignotum, in philosophy or social science, is held by the multitude for nonsense. And this difficulty of language and apparent incongruity with received truth will react, in a logical mind, upon the thinker, to the occasional distrust of convictions which he cannot satisfactorily prove.

We have had in our own country and in our own time a thinker, whose name is familiar to all, and whose claim to a place among intellectual stars of the first magnitude will hardly be denied by any Englishman. There has been no man in this century who has directly affected the intellectual development of so many of his fellow countrymen as John Stuart Mill. It is safe to say that there is scarcely

any intelligent and well read man in England at this time, whose opinions his writings have not at some time influenced or modified. His "Logic" is the Organon of now a second generation. The depth of its impress upon the methods of our thinking it would be difficult to over-estimate. The "Logic of Induction," at least, will always serve him as a monument. His "Political Economy" embodied the bone and sinew of all its English predecessors, and remains an indispensable preparation for any who would come with a clear understanding to the problems of the time. The energy he infused into the struggle for justice to women is working still. And those who are familiar with his writings will constantly recognise in the common-place of the day the thoughts and very turns of phrase which first formulated themselves, almost as defiant paradoxes in the pages of the *Westminster Review*.

But it has happened to some extent with Mill as it happens with all such men. To the three stages through which "respectable" opinion passes in its attitude towards scientific discoveries, should be added, in the case of philosophical generalisations, a fourth. "First," says Agassiz, "tis said, 'It is not true,' then that, 'it is contrary to Religion,' and finally that, 'it was all known before.' In the case of such writers as Mill, the fourth stage opines, 'He did not say it.' The respectable, having reluctantly acknowledged his powers, add, 'He was much too sensible.' Woe unto you when such men shall speak well of you! On the other hand, the advanced guard too often, in their hurry, forget an earlier teacher, and fearing his influence on those points where they differ from him, are not careful to maintain that prestige which their opponents are already claiming on their side.

Seeing then that on the one hand, in view of recent developments of economic speculation there seems some likelihood of Mill's being claimed as an ally by the Conservative and reactionary party, and repudiated as an authority by the pro-

gressive, it appears worth while to consider what was really his attitude towards the Socialist movement, which has of late years assumed such prominent importance in this country.

For an answer to this question our first impulse would be to turn to the "Principles of Political Economy." Now it could be plausibly argued from a judicious selection of judgments enunciated in that work, that Mill had nothing whatever in common with Socialist Economics, and held not a few opinions since shown to be false and pernicious. It may be at once conceded that Mill had not entirely freed himself from the traditions of the time at which he wrote, but it must be added that on the other hand the "Political Economy" has probably done more to put men on the track of the fallacies that escaped himself, than any work of the kind yet published in this country. And the "Political Economy" must not be taken by itself. In his other writings there are many reflections suggesting the correction of its deficiencies. The whole feeling is social, even when he is working out his argument upon individualist premisses.

There are two main aspects in which wealth may be regarded. If for the sake of illustrating this we define wealth as consisting in "all material things which contribute to the well-being and comfort of mankind, and to attain which some labour or sacrifice is necessary,"* it may be broadly stated that the one view looks to the amount of the material commodities produced, the other to the amount of well-being and comfort to mankind. According as wealth is judged of by the material or the social standard will be the tendency of the speculations of a writer on Political Economy. Anyone who will refer to Mill's explanations of the objects and scope of the study as given in the "Unsettled Questions" and the "Principles" respectively, will observe that in the earlier work the influence of economic tradition inclined him to the former view, in the latter, more mature attention to the

* I am indebted for this definition to Harold Cox.

special subjects of consideration had brought him to judge by the Socialist standard. On his first page he says: "Political Economy proposes to teach, or to investigate, the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution, including directly or remotely, the operation of all the causes by which the condition of mankind or of any society of human beings in respect of this universal object of human desire, is made prosperous or the reverse." As thus defined, Political Economy claims to be nothing less than the foundation of Sociology, inasmuch as the first necessity of society is the means of subsistence, for the most part the produce of labour applied to the earth, and the question it sets before itself is, How are these means to be produced at least cost of such labour, and distributed most advantageously to society? Any "science of wealth" on this view must consider not merely what are the most efficient arrangements for producing within a limited time the greatest possible amount of "commodities," but what conditions will most conduce to the prosperity of mankind. For as the desire of "wealth" exists only in virtue of the utility of wealth to well-being, and as Political Economy has to do with the satisfaction of the desire for wealth, that country will be most economically prosperous in which there is the greatest amount of such comfort and happiness as may be ensured by the possession of those products of industry which, when satisfying the human necessity of well-living, are denominated wealth. Gluts of produce are not wealth.

To this view of wealth Mill's whole economic philosophy was subordinated. Commodities can only be wealth when felt to be a good, and Mill's consistent Utilitarianism recognised nothing as good save what was productive of joy in widest commonalty. But as to the *possibilities* of distribution he was, it will always be remembered, notably at issue with Socialists upon one fundamental point. On the population question he was Malthusian. In that there is every reason to believe that he died unrepentant. "If the supply of labourers is excessive," he says, "not even Socialism can prevent their

remuneration being low." He is touched by no doubt of the possibility of its being excessive. To the end of his life he never explicitly threw off the domination of his earlier belief respecting the limitation of wages by the amount of a Wages Fund, although his idea of the amount of the funds available did expand. But it is strange that, admirer as he was of Comte, he never appreciated the significance of a consideration insisted on by the disciple of St. Simon as fundamental to all industrial speculation, namely, that every labourer can, under existing circumstances, produce in a given time much more than he can consume in a similar period.

It must, however, be noticed that, as on this question of wages, so on almost all questions of social economy, Mill's opinions were uniformly progressive. In attempting to characterise his opinion on any point, one is reminded of what he himself remarks of his "Economy,"—"So wonderful are the changes, both moral and economical, taking place in our age, that, without perpetually rewriting a work like the present, it is impossible to keep up with them." To bring the judgment given in that work on some involved questions into harmony with his later writings, we cannot but think that the former would have to be entirely recast. It is permissible to hold the opinion that Mill's own contributions to economic knowledge are not such as would by themselves entitle him to be ranked as a great man. But his intellectual honesty, and his remarkable faculty of seizing on, and presenting in their strongest position, truths suggested to him, will not be called in question. There are some fundamental characteristics of his manner of dealing with economic enquiry which affected throughout the nature of his conclusions, and which, in conjunction with certain generalisations which he accepted, almost as axioms, from previous economists, rendered it impossible that he should arrive at the solutions of modern Socialists. But both in his method and in his acceptance of such axioms he was progressive.

By the time that any man arises competent to do work

bearing the same relation to the advanced thought of his contemporaries as Mill's did to that of his, it will be generally recognised that the attempt to treat Political Economy as a compendious and independent science that may be dealt with between the covers of one book is doomed to lead to conclusions just as insufficient as any that Mill attained to by adherence to the methods of the "Ricardian" school. In the very title of this book,—"Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy," Mill opened the way in England for the relegation of economic questions to their proper distribution throughout Sociology. His work is warm with human feeling, and he constantly appeals to principles other than economic.

In connection with the expression "economic principles" we are reminded of that which really is the fundamental difference between the positions from which Mill and Socialists respectively approach industrial questions. There are only two conceivable solutions of the problem of the relations of Capital and Labour. The one is that contemplated by Auguste Comte, the other is that of Socialists. The former anticipates the retention of the administration of capital by individuals, in trust for the community, the latter the placing of the machinery of production under democratic management by the whole body of workers interested. Mill's idea of the solution differed from either of these, in so far as he was, with regard to the motives for the production of wealth, an Individualist. He held most decidedly that the only assumption on which economic speculation can proceed is that the sole reliable motive for production, or abstinence from luxurious waste of wealth produced, is the hope of personal property in, and larger future enjoyment from such produce. He took that premiss from his predecessors as that upon which the science was based: and it may at once be said with confidence that upon that premiss the problem referred to cannot be solved.

And yet no man was more conscious that self-interest is

not an indispensable motive. "There is," he says, "a capacity of exertion and self-denial in the masses of mankind, which is never known but on the rare occasions on which it is appealed to in the name of some great idea or elevated sentiment." It is surely then not likely to make itself more generally known, so long as it is assumed that all exertion must be prompted by an appeal to the individual stomach. Indeed he very frequently forgets his premiss. When he inopportunely remembers it, it leads him occasionally into peculiar hobbies. For instance, in upholding, as he does, competition as economically preferable to the Socialist idea of organised and regulated production, after advancing to the conception of industry as carried on by collectivist associations of workers, he says, "if association were universal, there would be no competition between worker and worker, and that between association and association would be for the benefit of consumers, *i.e.*, of the associations themselves." It is difficult to see how he supposed that with one association endeavouring to undersell and cut out another in the same trade, a reduction of wages, in one or the other, could be avoided.

Further, he is not unfrequently led, in his appeals to considerations other than purely "economical," and especially in the application of moral, or as he would prefer to name them utilitarian principles, into curiously contradictory positions. This was to be expected when once he had departed from the economic standpoint from which Factory Acts appear an abomination, and all interference with a devil-take-the-hindmost scuffle, suicidal philanthropy. But it also hangs together with Mill's whole method of giving judgment on the rights and wrongs of any institution. It will be remembered that in that strenuous endeavour which he made to convince himself that the Utilitarianism which he had inherited is not merely a sufficient analysis of the phenomenal content of the idea of "goodness," but also a sufficient criterion of and guide to, right action, he sublimates

Utility to an abstraction as arbitrary and indefinite as any that ever roused the ridicule of Bentham. Right action was that which was productive of the greatest amount of happiness, not merely to the actor, or his immediate surroundings, but to the sum total of sentient existence present and to come; a definition unexpugnable but impotent, and furnishing a standard as intangible and as dependent on relative character and knowledge as that of a moral sense. We find him arguing *a priori* from general ideas of justice, presumably conceived identical with this highest Utility. We do not blame him for that. He himself in his essay on Thornton points out the objections to the method, namely that in the minds of different persons it leads to very opposite conclusions. It is more useful for persuasion than for proof, and even for the former requires very careful handling. It was regretted by many that Mr. George in his recent lecture tour here should have been content to hazard his conclusions so much upon his personal familiarity with the counsels of the Almighty. Mill's error lies rather in the contrary direction. He is constantly pulling himself up, with almost undue nervousness, and shying at imaginary fences, on the ground of immediate or proximate expediency. His criterion of utility is constantly shrinking from that which appears desirable for a permanent state of society to that which appears convenient for an existing generation, and again as suddenly expanding. "Competition," he admits, "may not be the best conceivable stimulus, but it is at present a necessary one, and no one can foresee the time when it will not be indispensable to progress." "All accumulation involves the sacrifice of a present for a future good." If the highest good is universal utility, as Mill thought men could be trained to perceive, it is not clear why he should have thought they must always look to lower "goods" in such an ever present question as that of industrial motive.

Although Mill is by his Individualism cut off from the ideals of Comte or the Socialists, in his own forecast of the probable

future of the labouring classes he approaches nearest to the latter.

His distaste for the monopoly of Capital, and consequently of Profits, forced him to contemplate and believe in the possibility of the entire abolition of the individual Capitalist.

In 1845, writing on the "Claims of Labour," he spoke of his looking forward, as to what might be hoped for for labour, to an universal system of profit-sharing. We trace here the iron grip of his early economic training. The individualist motive was to prompt the labourer to raise his wage by extra exertion. He conceived of nothing further than industrial establishments under the government of capitalists, with a guarantee to the labourers of a bonus on wages out of profits.

Later, in the Political Economy, we find him on more advanced ground. He opines that though the labourer cannot do without capital, he can very well do without the capitalist. "The form of association which if mankind continue to improve, must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between a capitalist as chief, and workpeople without a voice in the management, but the association of labourers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations, and working under managers elected and removable by themselves." He sketches with the utmost hopefulness the process by which he anticipates the change from the capitalist organisation, through profit-sharing to Collectivism, will be brought about.

In the Papers on Land Tenure, Mill justifies, as it can be justified, the principle of nationalisation of land, apart from other instruments of production. He considered the question of buying out the present holders. "Speaking for myself," he observes, "I should say the thing might rightfully be done, if it were expedient to do it, and I do not know that it may not be reserved for us in the future; but at present I decidedly do not think it expedient." The

reasons why he did not think it expedient are mainly those recently recapitulated by Mr. Fawcett.

The one sound objection which has been brought against the proposals to nationalise, without compensation, land, as distinguished from capital, has been that land, being theoretically now, and in the hope of Liberal land-reformers destined in the near future to be actually, freely exchangeable at any time against money or other representative of capital, you cannot, without injustice, treat them differently. George's quibble about the title of the seller is worthless; the rule he quotes is a mere artificial formula of civil convenience, and is barred by statutes of limitations founded on the same convenience. The ownership of land confers no more power for social iniquity upon the man who enjoys it than does the ownership of capital upon a mining firm or factory king. If it be unjust to expropriate the capitalist it is equally unjust to expropriate the landowner.

We have remarked that Mill did not think it "immediately expedient" to expropriate the landowners, even with compensation. Had he discussed expropriation without compensation, he would have undoubtedly considered it less inexpedient to expropriate the landlords than the capitalists. The necessary secretion of capital would, on his premisses, be severely checked by such a cataclysm, but no discouragement could demolish the land. The absorption of capital into collective ownership he looked forward to, such absorption in agricultural industry would leave the landlords hanging naked like leeches upon the national property, and "in no sound theory of private property," he warns us himself, "was it ever contemplated that the proprietor of land should be merely a sinecurist quartered upon it." So much for the landlords. But if their position was never contemplated in any sound theory, what is the defence of the position of the sinecurist owner of capital, the shareholder, or common investor, living upon interest? Mill replies to

the contention that the unearned increment of railway shares might be as justly confiscated as that of land, as follows. "Every penny which is obtained by railway shareholders is not the gift of nature, but the earnings and recompense of human labour and thrift" (the earnings, that is, of some people's labour, pocketed by others as a recompense for their own thrift). "I once knew a man" says Artemus Ward "who was taken by pirates, and languisht for ten years on bred and water in a lothsum dunjin. One day a brite idee struk him. He opened the window, and got out." It seems probable that had Mill lived a few years longer (the words I have quoted were written in 1873), he also would have opened his window in this direction, and have gotten out. When it had come to the comparing of the unearned increment of rent with that of profits, in respect of their sources, the distinction was getting a little fine. The distinction in respect of the claims of their recipients in any theory of deservings, was finer still. But here, as elsewhere, after arriving at certain conclusions from considerations of what he would have defined as the higher utilities, he suddenly stops short, changes his ground, and working upward from his old "economic" premiss, and what seem to be proximate expediencies, he would apologise for the permanence of interest, and for all the paraphernalia of profit-mongering, in his distrust of any but the individualistic impulse to the accumulation of capital.

Yet another way by which he might have got round the obstacle which deterred him from direct advocacy of Collectivism is suggested by his writings. Most of his readers will have noticed how strong in his mind are the demands of "natural justice," *i.e.*, of the more general rules of the higher utility, in relation to possessions obtained by one man from another. It is implied in his premisses that economical utility should be considered as giving the capitalist an indefeasible title to the gains of which his own labour and ability have placed him in possession. He is fully awake to, and

gives instances of, the fraudulent and illegitimate acquisitions of property owners, but the title of the remote descendants of these men to retain what has passed to them by gift he justifies by an appeal to immediate expediency. As legitimate gains of the capitalist he would regard those acquired in such a case, for instance, as the following:—A. employs in his business labourers, to whom we may suppose he is paying such wages as leave himself a moderate remuneration only, representing the real value of his superintendence and management. He devises, and introduces into his factory, a process which doubles his output without his increasing the number of his labourers or the severity of their toil. He leaves their wages at the former figure. A fortune made by the accumulation of the difference between his present and his former receipts Mill would regard as the legitimate encouragement of wealth-producing enterprise. But though he considers the right to private ownership and control of accumulations so made unimpeachable, he is prone to question the expediency of ancient usage as to their transfer by gift or inheritance. The power to give or bequeath he counts among the inducements to accumulate the capital indispensable to industry, but the advantage conferred by this power upon those in whose favour it is exercised, over those in less fortunate circumstances, is a frequent source of misgiving to him. "It may be said with truth, that those who have inherited the savings of others have an advantage, which they may have in no way deserved, over the industrious whose predecessors have not left them anything. I not only admit, but strenuously contend that this advantage should be curtailed as much as is consistent with *justice* to those who thought fit to dispose of their savings by giving them to their descendants." And he goes on, in his treatment of Inheritance, to endorse Bentham's protest against the passing of property, in case of intestacy, into any private hands save in the direct ascending or descending line of relationship. In discussing the question of bequest he makes no secret of his belief that its

curtailment on social grounds would be most desirable. In one of the dissertations he enlarges upon this idea, urging the social utility of restricting the provision to be made for children to an amount sufficient for their education as profitable citizens. Indeed, on this whole subject, that which alone seems to restrain him from advocating the universal escheating of the property of deceased persons to the state is his fear of the destruction of the economic motive. But there is no such obstacle to the escheating of land. He admits no expediency in the existence of rent pensioners. He admits no hardship in a son's receiving from his parents no more than is assigned to an illegitimate child. On the contrary he sees much economic expediency in every one having to work for their own subsistence. Why then, seeing that he does draw a distinction between rent pensioners and interest pensioners, in respect of their equitable claims to their income, should he not have contemplated the resumption of land by escheat?

Most of the faults of his "Political Economy" are directly traceable to the fatal notion that sociological laws could be deduced from a consideration of the probable workings of the desire for wealth. If his own account of the book be true, the abstract portions which are the feet of iron and clay on which his whole structure rests, were entirely his own work, the breast of silver and the head of gold are due to the inspiration of the woman afterwards his wife. However that may be, the silver and the gold are there, and the rest we can now purge out. The element of human sympathy grew ever stronger in his later work, and the last three years of his life we find devoted to eager co-operation with proletarian thinkers in the agitation for a settlement of Land Tenure upon a social basis. That in this matter Socialist feeling had overcome the economic tenets in which he was reared, just as his sense of the impossibility of a perpetuation of the capitalist monopoly of profits had led him to expect its rapid suppression by Collectivism, of however imperfect a type, few

who are familiar with his work as a whole will doubt. If it is regretted that the present endeavours to justify this opinion has not been supported by more copious quotation from his own writings, the excuse must be the narrow limits and inevitable slightness of this article, and the conviction of the writer that few mental exercises could be more beneficial than a reperusal by dissentients of the writings themselves.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

Christian Socialism at the Congregational Union.

THE Congregational Union is an assembly of the clerical and lay representatives of the Congregational Churches of England and Wales. It is not a legislative body: its meetings have no authority either in theology, church discipline or practice. It is in fact a large council of advice, at which, with due limitation, questions affecting the Congregational Churches, the political and civil rights of their members, their methods of work, and their modes of thought and life, are fully and freely considered. The meetings of the Union are held twice in the year, in May and in October. The May meeting is always held in London, and the October meeting in some large county town or city. This year, however, the October gathering was held in London. More than 1,500 ministers and delegates were present. The Union is, I need scarcely say, a very mixed assembly. Its political tone is robustly liberal, and in Mr. Dale and Mr. Rogers it has political leaders second to none in ability, earnestness, and fearlessness. Theologically the Union is evangelically liberal, not quite broad enough to give a home to Mr. Picton, but large enough in creed to have a Baldwin Brown for its Chairman, and some good sound Scotch Calvinists amongst its members. The Conservative element comes out rather upon semi-social questions. For years the Temperance movement found no adequate place in its programme, and

questions of social politics none whatever. Now it might be thought that this assembly would not be a very promising field for the cultivation of Christian Socialism. Where temperance was somewhat, until quite recently, at a discount, the more searching principles, and the more drastic methods of Christian Socialism it would be supposed, would have but little chance of even a hearing. Had the Christian Socialists counselled the 'wise men' of the Union upon their proposed movement in it the answer would, I believe, have been, 'no chance whatever.' But happily for us no one was consulted, wise or unwise. Those of us who did move in the matter felt that it was our duty to state the case, leaving the result with other and higher powers. Of this, however, we felt pretty confident. We should be speaking to men, the picked men of our churches, of whose earnestness as Christians we could have no possible doubt. We assumed that our appeal would reach the CONSCIENCE of the assembly. But we did not forget also that amongst these same Congregationalists there linger certain hallowed traditions of times gone by, when their fathers stood in the front ranks of the men who freed the slave, and opened, in after years, the ports of England to the harvests of the world. We heard the excited cheers of the assembly when the story of Bulgarian sorrows was told, and they were asked to stand by the statesman who demanded that the Turk should be forced to relinquish his cruel hold upon the homes and life of the people of that eastern land. Would, we thought, those same Christian men refuse to hear our story in which we should prove that in London thousands of women are forced by the exigencies of their life to face temptation well nigh as masterful over their virtue as the brutal power of the Turk was over the purity and peace of Bulgarian homes. I am glad to be able to say that our anticipations as to the reception which would be given to those of us who ventured to state the case were more than realised.

It will make this paper somewhat clearer if I state, very

briefly, the course taken by the Christian Socialists at the Congregational Union. For some year or so the thing has been in the air in London. Socialism in its various forms has been amongst us. In the London Congregational Union the subject has been more than once introduced by Rev. Fleming Williams, of Shoreditch. With a pluck well worthy of the man, he stood well nigh alone in this matter. In the autumn of last year the whole of London was deeply moved by the "Bitter Cry." That striking pamphlet was issued from the Memorial Hall, and its effect was deep, and it is to be hoped, lasting. The religious world, and especially the Congregationalists, were brought face to face with what Mr. Sims calls "Horrible London." Early in 1884 a few of us met together to talk over the social questions in their relation to our churches. We resolved to ask the Committee of the Congregational Union to have these questions discussed at the Autumnal Meeting of the Union. A letter to that effect was sent to Dr. Hannay. But at the end of April the notice for the May Meeting of the Union was issued, and amongst them I saw the following resolution: "That the assembly regards with much satisfaction the recent general movement of thought and feeling in regard to the condition of the poor in London and other parts of England, and it earnestly recommends the members of the churches to use their best endeavours, in their several localities to promote measures for the removal, as far as practicable, of the external hindrances which at present exist in the quarters occupied by the poor, to a healthy and virtuous home-life; and to enter into prayerful counsel with one another with the view of devising methods for bringing the truth of Christ and the regenerated life of the churches into more direct and practical contact with those whose poverty is unrelieved by the faith and hope of the Gospel.

I read that resolution with but little thankfulness. It emanated from a committee, and it promised to end in one. Feeling that the poverty of the poor, and not their depravity

was the chief source of their social condition, I immediately gave notice to amend the resolution by the insertion of the words—after "home life"—"to assist as far as possible, the endeavours of thousands of the poor to obtain fairer wages and shorter hours of work." I do not think there is any need for me to describe the debate that followed, save to say that it was long, earnest, and full of sympathy with us. It was adjourned until the autumn. In the history of the Union this proceeding stands alone. Papers which have not been read in May have sometimes been pushed out into the October session; but the discussion was, in our case, adjourned because the heart of the meeting was in it. During the summer months the matter slumbered awhile, with here and there a letter in the *Nonconformist* and the *Christian World*. At the request of the committee the adjournment of the debate was rescinded, and the whole matter was introduced *de novo*. Several difficulties arose by this change. The committee found it a very difficult thing to get any one to read a paper upon our side. The Rev. T. Green, M.A., of Ashton-under-Lyne, was chosen to present what may be called the side of the Employers and the Political Economists. And this he did, but, I am bound to confess, not with much success. He failed utterly to feel the facts as we know them. The workers of Ashton are amongst the *élite* of their class, and Mr. Green, a born wit, dealt with the case with too light a pen, if not with too light a heart. After some gentlemen had been asked to take our side, or to read a paper, I was, as the "last resort," asked to do so. I consented, but without much willingness. The time was too short, and I had said my say in May. But still, the thing had to be done, and I read the first paper at the City Temple on October 7th. From the first it was evident that something more than Dr. Parker's able address was in the hearts of the audience. The discussion was earnest, not to say hot. But it was inadequate, and the matter stands adjourned until May, 1885.

The discussion at the City Temple made one or two things

plain. Christian Socialism has made a position in the Union from which nothing but lack of earnestness on the part of those who advocate its principles can dislodge it. The debate in May did much to create a deep sympathy with our *objects* in the mind of the assembly. This was evident in several ways. For some weeks, the *Christian World*, by far the most vigorous, liberal and influential Religous newspaper of the day, prepared the hearts of the representatives of the Churches for a treatment of the matter at once wise and yet friendly. We owe very much to the support of the *Christian World*. The *Nonconformist*, contrary to every expectation warranted by its past history, has tried to take both sides. Its last utterance, however, is well worthy of the coldest political economist, and of the most callous capitalist. Fortunately for us, its influence is not supreme; its younger and wiser contemporary having now a strong and wide hold upon the best minds of the Churches. But not only do we find a hearty sympathy with us in the Press, it has reached the pulpit. On Monday, the Rev. A. Mackennal, M. A., preached the official sermon to the Union in the City Temple. It was a splendid defence of our principles, and an eloquent appeal to the Churches to sanctify their whole life, business life and spiritual life, with the love of man. *Individualism*, so long the weakness of the religious life of Evangelical Churches, was described in its true character, and spiritual Socialism was set forth with eloquence and passion, as the very heart of Christian faith and life. The man who preached that sermon will, I believe, be one of our leaders in the splendid struggle upon which we are entering against a narrow creed and a narrow life. In Dr. Parker's fine address on the following morning we could not fail to feel the same temper and tone. The "larger ministry" of the Christian life is but another name for Christian Socialism. All this, I need scarcely say, was a good preparation for our debate.

I do not know that I shall do wisely if I enter into the

details of the discussion which then took place. In a certain sense it ranged over the whole Social question. While religious in tone, it was in no sense confined either to a theological or denominational aspect. It was a healthy discussion as to the duty of Christian men in regard to the poor. Happily it did not spread out to the matter of Missions and Mission Halls, but it was confined to the far more practical question, the work and wages of the Poor.

One or two features of the debate were of surpassing interest. The Employer's side of the matter was defended upon the lines of what are called the laws of Political Economy. As in May, Mr. Rogers defended the conduct of men who make their money under the laws of political economy, and who spend it upon the lines of Christian principle. This dual style of life, although it was urged with much earnestness by Mr. Rogers, did not meet with a very hearty reception. The statement made again and again, that the laws of political economy are, like the laws of gravitation, inevitable, while cheered by a few, was received with an emphatic " No " by the assembly. The most vigorous defence of the buy-in-the-cheapest-and-sell-in-the-dearest-market economy was made by a gentleman from the north, who went in for Protection as the only possible way of defending the shipping trade from foreign competition, and thus putting up the wages of workers and the profits of employers. I need scarcely say that this sapient suggestion received the reception which it deserved. A very deep impression was made by Mr. Fleming Williams' speech, and Mr. Pearse's daring statement that it was our duty to make the Poor discontented with their lot. The debate was again adjourned, and we shall have the matter up again in May.

The Christian Socialists have, I think, every reason to be more than satisfied with the discussion raised by them at the Congregational Union Meetings. For a beginning it augurs well for the future. The position taken by the other side is one as simple as it is significant ; with the exception of

Mr. Green, they all admit the facts. No one attempted to disprove the statements made as to the condition of the poor. Here and there a speaker was angry with us for what we said ; but it was the anger of self-interest or ignorance. The line taken against us is this. "Where is your remedy?" The *Nonconformist* is particularly strong, not to say unfeeling upon this point. But it has been more than answered by a splendid leader in the *Christian World*. Mr. J. G. Rogers still defends his dual morality and insists upon the inevitable character of the laws of political economy. No remedy, say our critics. But what do they say. If I understand what they say aright, there can be no remedy! Is that the conclusion to which the Congregational Churches have come? Is nothing to be attempted, can nothing be done? I shall in season and out of season, push that question to the front. Is it the judgment of the Christian conscience that the Social condition of the poor is an inevitable result of our present methods of trade and that upon those methods there is to be no condemnation by the Congregational Churches? They are bound to answer that question. It is they who raised the bitter cry: can they shirk the responsibility of giving an answer to it?

But Mr. Rogers and others will say "where is a remedy? Where and how? Is it to be by legislation? But what of the inevitable laws of political economy! can legislation set them on one side? We up to the present have made our appeal to Conscience. Is it to fail and Parliament Law to succeed. But what legislation?" We know that the "inevitable laws" of political economy were utterly abrogated by the Factory Acts, the Employers Liability Bill and by the Irish Land Act. Is it in the same direction Mr. Rogers is looking for relief? Well, we wish him success. Reform the land laws by all means, and give the land to the men who work it. We shall be only too glad to go in with this new movement in the Congregational Union. Another Mr. George come to judgment in it! But is it quite certain that the cause

of the poor being underpaid and overworked is to be found in the depleted English villages? Mr. Rogers says yes. But what is the cause of the distress in the American Cities? What is the meaning of the Workman's League in New York and elsewhere? There are no land laws in America. No: but there are Capitalists-Monopolists there by the hundred! In America, so her eloquent ambassador tells us, the social danger is as great as here, and its very source is CAPITAL. In France there is a Peasant Proprietory: and there is the same social problem as here. We do not intend to loose our hold upon the Capitalist in London, the great middle men, who are not manufacturers, but only Trade-Brokers, in order to follow Mr. Rogers will-o'-the-wisp land reform. We know that we have touched the heart of the question: the poor are poor because they are overworked and underpaid.

But still we shall hear, where is your remedy? Now few remedies commend themselves to those upon whom they are to operate. There is no ONE remedy for the social condition. Our appeal in May and at the City Temple in October was to Christian men. We ask for a stern condemnation of the facts—the horrible condition to which we have come after fifty years of Liberal Legislation—after fifty years of Free Trade and an enormous increase of trade and of wealth—after fifty years of religious works amongst the poor the like of which had never been know before. A public opinion beneath which no Christian man shall be able to live and make a million of money out of the very life of the Poor. I know that such an opinion is growing. Only last week I heard of a Christian man who refused the opportunity to make a good investment because his dividends would be made out of the wretchedness of match-girls. But we ask for more than this. We ask Christian men not to make the necessities of the poor the standard of their wages. Is that ever the case? Not long since in speaking to a Christian man upon this matter he put this case "I want a clerk: I offer £70 per annum, more

than 100 men apply. One man, superior to the rest, says he will do the work for £50. I accept his offer: what else can I do?" I said. "Give him the £70, the "amount at which *you* assessed the work: why rob him of £20 every year, because he is starving?" The gentleman who put this case looked a little astonished.

What must be the *morale* of our Christian Church when their members fail to feel the simple injustice of a method of trade which settles the value of work not by its intrinsic worth, but by the circumstances of the worker! There is much need for practical teaching upon this point in all the pulpits. A case was given me the other day. A large London merchant gets an order for 1,000 shirts. He "places" the order with some other house and they sub-let it. The price is fixed. "What," said my friend, "can the merchant do?" I said, "Be content with a *broker's* profit and not expect to make the *manufacturer's* gain." Still, we shall be told, Where is your remedy? Amongst Christian men our remedy is conscience working upon the lines of profit-sharing. The result of that is assured; it will be better for the employer and for the employed. Years ago when there was famine in Ireland, men were employed at 6d. per day. A shrewd Yorkshireman suggested to the agent of an Irish peer that if 1s. per day were paid, in the end more work would be done and less money would be expended. And so it proved. Let me say it once for all. Our appeal as Christian Socialists is to Christian men. It is futile to throw political economy at us. It would be just as sensible to apply the multiplication table to the Psalmody of Christian worship. But we are prepared at the proper time to discuss the monetary results likely to follow the adoption by Christian people, both in buying and in making, of the principles of Christian Socialism, and to debate a past Political Economy and suggest a better. I know that the basis of my appeal was somewhat narrowed; but the debate justified that method of stating a part of the social condition. For the present I am not inclined to budge

from the position I have taken. There are others, however collateral to it. From the Congregational Union I expect a large-hearted care for the people. Our assemblies are called Democratic; so they are in their rules; but their members are the aristocracy of our Churches, How many working-men do we ever see among the delegates? We need their presence just as much as the House of Commons does. There is a deep suspicion amongst the working-classes that the parsons are against them. The memory of our failure to help them in their great Trades' Union battle is not forgotten. I have only this week received a letter from one of the great leaders of the people—Thomas Cooper. He tells me that years ago the stockingers used to say "Curse your parsons." And so it is still amongst the masses. We, they think, are always on the side of the "better classes." Perhaps we are. As we were told at the City Temple, it is the well-to-do who entertain us, give us money, and pay for our sermons, and subscribe to our charities. Admirable modesty! Far too much is the gentleman with the "black coat" honoured amongst us, and the rich man canonised. These are considerations which ought not to be lost sight of. The Social Movement is the deepest, the widest of all the movements of the day. It behoves the members of the Free Democratic Churches to find out their own position in regard to the PEOPLE. The atmosphere of a vestry, and the tone of dinner-parties are not just the best for the consideration of this matter. In the homes, workshops of the people, a man with men, hearing and learning what are the realities of their lives, we shall best know what the Social question means. In the solving of the great problem of the day we ought to have a part. And we shall have, when Christ and not Mr. Herbert Spencer is our Teacher. Sitting at our Master's feet the coming times will be times of Salvation, especially for the Poor, and not of slavery, save to the selfish and satiated rich. Thank God, the creed of the Calvinist,

that aristocratic outrage upon the Gospel, is little more than a miserable memory of a hard past. One day, the worse practice of the un-Christian capitalist, inspired by greed and justified by a cold and cruel economy, shall follow a belief which was a libel upon God and a curse upon man.

GEO. S. REANEY.

Hamlet

AT THE PRINCESS'S. *

THAT Wilson Barrett's presentation of Hamlet would at least be that form of success usually denoted by a French phrase was an assured thing. All the mechanical necessities of the play were certain to be satisfied. A man who could calmly postpone the production of Claudian for a week, because an earthquake would not work quite smoothly, was not likely to give us a Hamlet imperfect in any details of scenery or properties. More than this, Wilson Barrett is popular, and Hamlet is a part that, as actors say, plays itself. We were sure, therefore of *un succès d'estime*. We have *un succès artistique*.

"The actors are come hither. . . . Buz, buz," might have served as a Shakesperian motto for the auditorium of the Princess's theatre on Thursday evening, October 16th, 1884. Everybody was there, even the people who are not deeply read in the play, and to whom "Excellent well, you are a fishmonger," and the "like a whale" episode, appear to have the charm of novelty. It speaks volumes (not of Shakespere), for the average culture of our bourgeoisie that two gentlemen in the dress-circle on the first night, when Gertrude in the fencing scene took the cup, simultaneously ejaculated, with unfeigned surpirse," "Why she's got the poison!" It was a simple and affecting tribute alike to the genius of Shakspere, Margaret Leighton's acting, and their

* All references are to the Leopold edition.

ignorance. I am also credibly informed, that a discussion in the pit as to whether the skull in the churchyard scene was that of the late Hamlet or of the "chap Hamlet had killed" nearly lead to blows.

The new performance of Hamlet is veritably new. There are innovations in regard to the arrangement of acts and scenes, to "business," to the reading of certain lines, and to the reading of a most uncertain character—that of Hamlet himself.

I will take the different sets of novel ideas in succession. As to the scenes. The most important alterations are in the running on of Act II. into what is usually Act III., and, as if by a process of compensation, the running on of Act III. into Act IV. In representations of Shakspere hitherto, as in the various editions, the curtain has fallen at the end of the third of the soliloquies.

> The play's the thing
> Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

At the Princess's, however, the exit of Hamlet upon these words is at once followed by the entrance of the King and Queen with Polonius, Ophelia, and the two courtier-spies, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Then comes their talk, succeeded by the "To be" soliloquy, the final scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, the dialogue between the professional eaves-dropper, Polonius, and his amateur companion. The Act closes with the King's,

> Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Again, the customary ending of Act III. is Hamlet's fifth "Good-night" to his mother. But now-a-nights the King enters almost as Hamlet leaves the bed-chamber. Almost all Act IV., Scene i., of the printed editions is used. The only omissions are lines 1, 2, 17-22½, 39½ to end. The second scene, part of which Irving incorporates with Act III., Scene iii, is omitted entirely. The third, excepting lines 2-7, 10½,-16, 22-33, 58, 59, 69½, 70, is given and ends the Act. This third Act, therefore, ends with the king's apostrophe to

England. Knowing the blood-thirsty nature of the country, he appeals to England for the murder of Hamlet.

> Do it, England,
> For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
> And thou must cure me.

Thus the end of the second and third Acts are in the hands, or more accurately, in the mouth of E. S. Willard, as the King. This arrangement, originally suggested, I believe, by Edward Rose, in the volume of the Transactions of the New Shakspere Society for 1878-9, is, as far as concerns the telling of the story, more effective than the usual plan. Naturally, theatrical managers assume that their audiences know their Shakespere. The assumption is, as I have shown by illustration, in part erroneous, and under the old arrangement it is not "to consider too curiously" to imagine some mystification as to the exact address of Hamlet during the never-defined period that elapses between the interview of son and mother and their re-meeting at Ophelia's grave. More than that. From the purely artistic point of view, the insertion of these passages that render the story clearer, and indeed make it really a story, is to be commended. It is less a question of the due understanding by the spectator than of the intrinsic, artistic completeness of the work itself.

As a very small matter in comparison with the two gains just urged, this new arrangement, by virtue of which the King and not Hamlet has the end of two acts to himself, will do not a little to dispel the idea to which some of the critics had given utterance in dealing with Claudian, that there was a tendency to sacrifice other parts to that of the chief character. These acts, to each of which, if I may be allowed a rather wicked paraphrase, Wilson Barrett "thunders in the index" of its successor, will help to get rid of this belief.

Consequent upon this alteration as affecting the end of Act II., the desire not to have too long a wait between the second and third acts has led Wilson Barrett to commence the latter with a front scene in which the advice to the

players is given. By this means, something else is given—time to set the play-scene, whilst the action of the actual drama goes on. The mental shock that we might feel at this disruption of the first part of Act III., Scene ii., of the books, from the second part, is lessened, and, indeed, unless we are very conservative, is altogether warded off, by the original device of making the play-scene take place in the open air. The interview between Hamlet and the players and the after-interview between Hamlet and Horatio take place, therefore, as they are on the way to the *al fresco* performance. This is very natural, and the arrangement is clever. The only thing is that it is all so natural and clever as to make one half expect to see the characters walk as well as talk. If the advice was given on the way to the grounds it would have been given as the men walked along. One feels so clearly that theirs was a conversation by the way, and if there is a subdued anticipation that either the scene will glide by them in panoramic fashion, or the actors at least begin to mark time, the realism of it all must be blamed.

Into the one scene of Act IV. at the Princess's enter the following: Scene v. except lines 11-15, 17-20, 56-65, 77½-86, 131½, 132, 139-147, 153-155½, 160, 161½; Scene vi. nearly entirely; Scene vii., all but lines 8, 8½, 19-24, 40, 40½, 67-79½, 82-93, 109-122. From all this it will be seen that the conspiracy of the King and Laertes is worked out much more in detail than in other representations. All the gains already mentioned in connexion with the act-endings accrue once more here. For one thing especially let us be grateful — the restoration of the scene that furnishes us with the exquisite letter of Hamlet to Horatio (Act IV., Scene vi.) and of that (Act VI., Scene vii.) in which the letter to the King, scarcely less notable, is read. The letters of Shakspere's characters are to me always very beautiful. They move me like deep, still music. Read Antonio's to Bassanio, or this one from friend to friend that the Sailor brings to the castle at Elsinore, and see how

beautiful is the rhythmic prose. Its march is like that of Volumnia's words when she speaks of Coriolanus :—"When he yet was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of King's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak."

This letter to Horatio has not, of necessity, the pathos of Antonio's, that wrings from Portia on her wedding-day the passionate cry, "Oh, love, despatch all business and begone." But the description of the sea-fight, all done in four lines, has the condensed brevity of Tacitus, the music of Cicero. Note also the "Repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death;" and the "He that thou knowest thine—' to end. I think Landor, in his passages of description, has felt the influence of the prose of Shakespere's letters. Compare this sea-fight story with King Richard's account of his sea-voyage in the Imaginary Conversation with the Abbot of Boxley.

"Still harping" on the scenes, a word must be said on the plan of making two principal scenes, the play and the fencing, take place in the open air. The play gains in the picturesque, but loses in verisimilitude. The characters are "too much i' the sun" or moon. In the first place, there is no warrant in the text for this new arrangement. Indeed, as far as the last scene of the last act is concerned, there is indirect condemnation of it. Hamlet's

> Ho! Let the door be locked,

when the Queen dies, is meaningless if the scene be an open-air one. Again, to my thinking, Hamlet is an "indoor play." The Ghost scenes must be on the ramparts. But the stifling atmosphere of the Court of Denmark that Hamlet has to

breathe—"Denmark's a prison"—should in these two strongest scenes be rendered not less stifling. It is well that he is "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" within walls and under roof. The pent-up passion of himself and Claudius all through the time the actors are at their unconscious work, loses something of intensity under the free air of heaven.

Apart, however, from questions of text or of imagination there is a violation of local probability in the latest method. Denmark is not a tropical clime. No Court in its senses would attend an open-air performance that is not even a *matinée*. The whole business takes place by moonlight—moonlight under a northern sky, whose air is "nipping and eager." Of course, one line spoken after the play-scene is ended gains in significance, though I am not sure that the significance is one that Shakspere intended. That Hamlet should say "Now could I drink hot blood," after a chilly performance, is not unreasonable. Again, Hamlet may have designed this time-arrangement with a view to the shifting of responsibility. Catarrh might do its deadly work upon Claudius. As against this may be urged the fact that the delicately-nurtured and lightly-clad Court ladies would suffer and succumb first. But after Claudian, with its sacrifice of a city for the purpose of giving one man an opportunity of dying, if he likes, this would be but a small matter. And the case would have its rough parallel in those savage countries where the death of a monarch is regarded as incomplete without the slaughter of a certain number of his dependants.

For "business." Here, the new ideas are almost all, as I think, excellent. There is a little straining perhaps after new effects. There is a natural desire not to be open to the charge of slavish imitation. Perhaps there has been more yielding to this desire than wisdom would have dictated. But, on the whole, the innovations in the "business" are worthy ones.

Hamlet's entry is newly managed. He is seen approaching,

through the arches far up the stage. He does not, as in Irving's representation, sit next the Queen on the prompt side of the stage. This negative fact is in keeping with Wilson Barrett's reading of the character. In this not a gleam of love for his mother shows itself. All love is concentrated on his dead father. Hamlet then stands in the centre of the stage higher up than the King and Queen. A little child of the court, moving backwards from the presence of the uncle-king and aunt-mother has not lived long enough to master the art of crab-motion. He bumps against Hamlet. There is no other word for it, although the action is managed not ungracefully. The collision gives the new interpreter a very early opportunity of showing some evidence of his interpretation. The "human" nature of the Prince comes out Irving-fashion in his gentleness to the unskilled courtierkin, whom he caresses and keeps by him for a while as he seats himself at last.

Again, as an example of care in minute details, I note that when the King is ennumerating the three ideas against which over-grief for the dead is an offence, it is the phrase "a fault against the dead" that makes the half-indifferent listener turn his face towards the speaker. The court passing out, Hamlet, left alone, at once ascends in part the steps of the throne, a notion so good even thus early in the play that it is to be regretted little or no further development of it occurs. In the play scene, for example, Hamlet plays to the stage rather than to the throne and his delivery of the rymed lines after the court has vanished from the stage is, to my thinking infinitely inferior to Irving's idea of flinging himself upon the throne, rightly his, whence the usurper has been "frighted by false fire."

Returning to the second scene, one good point is made by the mirthless laughter, "the crackling of thorns under a pot," heard without as the solitary man says the lines,

> Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely;

and yet another by the turning away from Horatio and

Marcellus and up the stage, at the phrase "I shall not look upon his like again."

Of new points in the ghost-scenes the following were noted. The exit after the spirit, had its novel touches, marred however by over-protraction and, on the first night, by the noisy newness of the boots worn by both characters. However, by this time all this has worn off. The bringing home to him of the fact that his mother had sinned with Claudius, even before the father's death, is shown by the falling prone of Hamlet at the words, "My most seeming-virtuous queen." The only drawback to this "suiting the action" of Hamlet "to the word" of the ghost is that the very next line

> Oh Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

will strike with a certain sense of absurd aptness any one in whom the sense of the ludicrous is strong.

In these scenes two more points present themselves. Both are, I think, wrong readings. Or rather one is a wrong reading; the other a non-reading. After the Ghost has gone, the most modern Hamlet keeps to the ground, even during the apostrophe to the "host of heaven" (unaccompanied by a single heavenward gesture). But at the

> And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
> But bear me stiffly up,

he rises slowly as if affected by a sort of spiritual rheumatism. I cannot but think that Hamlet is erect from the beginning of this speech and that the 'up' is passive rather than active in its meaning. More serious and less open to controversy than this is the absence of business as accompaniment to

> While memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe.

Surely the "globe" is that of distraught Hamlet. To regard it as *orbis terrarum* or even as *mundus*, is only a wider absurdity than to regard it as the Bankside theatre. Yet, the simple gesture of the hand to the head that would at once settle and explain the passage, as far as the Princess's Hamlet is concerned, is not forthcoming.

Part and parcel of this same scene and act is the suicide-soliloquy. Of the rendering of this, more anon. As I am only here dealing with "business," let me commend the glancing at the dagger before the speech was commenced. I hoped this fine conception was the prelude to a fine piece of thought-reading. Alas! it was only a skeleton key.

Points in the Ophelia scene were the seeing Polonius twice; once at the question "Are you honest?" twice where Irving taught Hamlets to see Polonius. The premature discovery of Polonius and of the plot, added strangely to the meaning of the succedent dialogue. Nor is the exit by the door on the O.P. side, after two or three unsuccessful or ill-timed attempts to get off at the centre entrance, without its merits. Nothing succeeds like the unexpected.

The conduct of the player-company furnished me with a criticism upon myself and, possibly, upon many more impetuous critics. Upon the first representation of Hamlet—at the Princess's—under the management of Wilson Barrett—I was inclined to carp when I saw Mary Dickens, as the Player Queen, absent from the advice-to-the-players scene. It was not because I found, afterwards, that her bad delivery of the lines apportioned to her—and to many women and boys before her—showed the necessity of some advice. I had forgotten that the Player Queen is a boy. Not for want of reminder. Wilson Barrett has most carefully and most rightly brought Mary Dickens on in boys' clothes at first. But he had not forgotten, as I forgot, that the boy-actress would need more time to change than her-his fellows. It is a fine piece of business, not the less fine because it is not on the surface, this absence of the Player Queen in the scene before the play-scene. Nor is this, perhaps, "particular with" me. I and all men, when we in a few hours or minutes take upon ourselves to review that which is the outcome of days or months of cultured thought, may do well to pause—reflect.

The "business" of the play-scene. I like the discovery of

Claudius drinking. I do not like Hamlet to be so near the King. "Distance lends"—the line is "somewhat musty—" and the farther Hamlet is from the King, the greater the "enchantment to his view." The anti-climax of what should be the climax I have mentioned. In the words of Polonius, "But let that pass." But after the stage is, all too slowly, empty, why in the name of everything and everybody does Hamlet collapse down the steps of the stage into the arms of that man of all-work (and no play) Horatio?

At the end of this scene the antithetic influence of Irving comes out. The recorders after his denouncing speech, were flung into the air by Irving. Barrett hands them calmly to the obliging Horatio, an action excellent but for its predestined antagonism to that sacred to the Lyceum. Irving takes Polonius to the back of the stage and asks his opinion on meteorology. *Post hoc*, *propter hoc*, Barrett brings his man down to the footlights and enquires.

During the scene in the Queen's room there is the same mixture of the original good with the enforced strained. Let me dismiss the latter first. Polonius at the Lyceum is hidden on the O.P. side; at the Princess's on the prompt side. The picture-"business" one would have thought exhausted, as it is certainly exhausting. Not at all. With Irving the pictures were both in the mind's eye. This picture, with Barrett, is of Claudius in an album, opportunely discovered on the table of Gertrude. "And on this," is of Hamlet *(père)* in a locket, medallion, what not, round Hamlet's neck. The album is trodden on twice, once before the Queen, once before the King. An irreverent friend suggested to me that it must be a stamp-album. Two other weak points of business in this scene. One is of very general application. The Ghost ought to come between the Queen and Hamlet. As surely as the son should, on the teaching of the father, "step between her and her fighting soul," so surely the Ghost should step between her and her son now. The other is special to the Princess's. The pause between "I'll blessing

beg of you," and "For this same lord," is like the Player's speech or Polonius' beard. But I think the latter simile is the true one. And this the more because the pause might be filled out by a change of place on the part of Hamlet.

Of good, new points in this scene, note the clinging near the cross, not to it, when the Ghost appears, and the kneeling of mother to son that prompts the "Confess yourself *to heaven.*"

Only the last act remains for this "business" matter. In the scene with the grave-digger Irving stood. *Par consequence* Barrett sits. This posture may be condoned—Hamlet is sedentary—until Yorick's name is mentioned. That ought to bring Hamlet to his feet. No man can remain seated by the grave of one that knew him as a child. This blunder, in feeling, is not atoned by the excellent start on Laertes', "My sister," that tells first whose is the corpse buried "with maimed rites." Further, the whole scene loses by its being played on a dead-level. I speak of the stage, not of the acting. At the Lyceum, Hamlet descended towards the grave and the body of Ophelia was borne downwards thither. This was the mechanical interpretation of a spiritual idea. From the mountain-tops of hope and resolve, touched with a foreign air, Hamlet comes down to this, as Ophelia from God knows what sweet dreams is carried downwards by the Fates to her shorn

bringing home
Of bell and burial.

It seems sad with a representation so well intentioned to fall foul of the last scene as well as the last but two. Fortunately, the points here are but trivial. There is nothing here like what I must call the missing of poetry in the grave-yard scene. That the King is sword-pierced on the audience-side, that Horatio has to go at least two or three yards too long a journey for the poisoned cup, that the preliminary dying in a chair, since most wisely discarded, is next door to dying comfortably in bed—all this is little. And its littleness

diminishes almost to a vanishing quantity in the new light of the idea of presenting to the dying man the portrait, still worn round his neck of his dead father, at last, and thus, avenged.

The reading of the text. The principle adopted has been, I should say, this: Take any readings that do not absolutely destroy sense or the continuity of the play, no matter whence they come, so long as they are striking and likely to give rise to comment. I can only deal with a few, as "metal more attractive" lies yet before us. "And jump at this dead hour" (I. i. 65) becomes the feebler "And just at this dead hour" of the Folio. In the same scene Horatio's "extravágant and erring spirit" is spoken as if Horatio really thought, as I sorrowfully believe Mr. J. R. Crauford does think, that ghosts are reckless in money matters and transgress the paths of virtue. I wonder how many of the excellent company at the Princess's know or remember that the two adjectives here are practically identical in meaning. *Extra*=out, *vagare*=to wander; *errare*=to wander. And the extravagant spirit is nothing more than the out-wandering, the erring.

I suppose I must refer to the reading, immortalised by all the newspapers, of Hamlet's first line, "A little more than kin and less than kind." As all the world now knows the last word in the line is read with a short "i." One wonders that Mr. Barrett does not give the "t" sound of the German end 'd' and thus make the illusion complete. Here again, the compensating principle, possibly, intervenes. As every one in Hamlet *(in presenti)* pronounces "wind" most unjustifiably as if the vowel were long, I suppose the leading actor must shorten the "i" in "kind" to make amends. "The pronunciation of which one must . . . balance a whole theatre of others."

A reading of one of the king's lines, has not, as far as I know, met with the notice it deserves. Says the King to Hamlet, (I. ii. 117) "Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son." E. S. Willard, whether it be "a free visitation" or a "forced

accord," says this as if "cousin" were in the vocative case. Here is again, as it seems to me, the loss of a fine meaning. The word "cousin" is a synonym for general relationship. It stands as well for "nephew" from Claudius to Hamlet as for any other blood-tie. If this be so, mark the *crescendo* movement of the address. "Our chiefest courtier"—foremost of all this brilliant throng. "Our cousin," ours by birth and bed. "And our son." Now, this is altogether gone from the phrase as Claudius says it to-day.

Two readings in the ghost-scenes repel. "Is it very cold?" for "It is very cold." I know the former is the reading of the Folio and of Wilson Barrett. But dramatically, it is as weak as a note of interrogation must be by the side of one of astonishment. The effect now produced is as if Hamlet had a mind to go back and put on a flannel-shirt. Besides, the young, impulsive Prince of the Princess's would never have questioned as to whether it was cold or very cold. He would have laid down the weather as arbitarily as the law and dictated to his followers the exact temperature.

The other misreading is "disappointed" for unappointed in the pathetic line (carry yourself back to the Roman Catholic age of catholic Shakspere's time) "Unhousel'd, unappointed, unanel'd."

Later on, a yet more serious blunder (as I think I may call it) occurs. Reciting his fragments of the old ballad of "Jephthah's Daughter" our latter-day Hamlet says the "God wot" of line (II. ii. 421) as if the two words were his and not, as they are, a part of "the first row of the pious chanson."

In the suicide speech I note these exceptionable passages. Let it always be remembered that my notes are wholly based on the first and third nights of the piece. "Siege of troubles" for "sea of troubles," (III. i. 59) is a Goldsmithian reading (I know Theobald suggested it). And Goldsmith is about as reliable on Shakspere as on Natural History. "The oppressor's wrong" was (possibly by accident) wanting on each of these

nights. And in the Ophelia scene the meaningful "This was *sometime* a paradox" became the meaningless "This was *sometimes* a paradox." All the delicate sense of the sometime (Latin, *quondam*, baby-English, once upon a time) had vanished.

In the play-scene of the church-yard, it is the same story nearly. All honour to Wilson Barrett for bravely restoring the line "Shall I lie in your lap?", if only that we may have the swift stately rising to her feet in dignified silent reproach of Ophelia. This is the best thing Mary Eastlake does. But after this retention, why comes the omission of the "I could interpret" passage, and the terrible "trapically" for "tropically?" Of course we all know that "trapically" is the reading of the First Quarto. But its editors probably did not think of the meaning of "tropical," as every dictionary-student knows it, and I am obliged to think that Wilson Barrett has also forgotten.

The "Get thee to the tavern" of the Grave-digger to his younger, stupider companion, may be more intelligible to the average theatre-goer, but I think George Barrett would have preferred "Get thee to Yaughan." I am sure that William Shakspere would, could he have had any voice in the matter. And lastly, under this head, I am lost in wonder why a man and a manager who retains "Lady, shall I lie in your lap?" and the second verse of the St. Valentine's song, cuts out the wonderful line "And smelt so?—Pah!" This surely is misplaced prudery.

Before I turn to the last, but by no means the least of the matters to be discussed, the conception of Hamlet and its working out, a few words on the other characters. *Place aux dames.* Mary Eastlake's entire destitution of feeling makes her Ophelia in the earlier scenes destitute of interest. Her faulty elocution also increases the ill-effect. "Libertine" with the second "i" pronounced continental fashion; "watchman," with an equal emphasis on the two syllables; "*my* face," "*my* hand," with the "my" open—indeed there is an

epidemic of these unelocutionary "my's," and only Barrett and Speakman seem to have been vaccinated—all these detract sadly from the finish of a well-intentioned performance. I looked anxiously for a point that I have never seen any Ophelia make, and that it seems to me ought to be made. When Hamlet cries, "Why should'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" her emotions should seem to me so tremendous that I always wonder Ophelia does not shrink and shudder. It is not only the omnipotent sexual emotion to which appeal is made. The love for Hamlet, not unmixed with these, and yet in her maiden-mind so distinct, as she thinks, the terrific thought first of bringing a child and children into the world, then of being the mother of these that must sin and suffer, and always running through this the remembrance of the nearness of it all in the past, and the knowledge that *now* it is all fading away out of life—I cannot imagine any woman impassive thus assailed from without and from within.

The mad scene was good. Marred to some extent by the same anxiety to be original as that moving the Hamlet, nevertheless some of the original business was natural. The frenzied rush at the curtains, as if to let in more light, was an excellent idea. It is to be regretted that it was utilised again in Ophelia's exit, ultimating, on the first night, in a suggestion of the ineffectual struggles of an inexperienced boy in an apple-pie bed.

E. S. Willard's King Claudius was based very largely on the line, "One may smile and smile, and be a villain." At his first entry he smiles at large, and throughout there is a just palpable straining after courtesy and *bonhomie* quite in keeping with the character and the circumstances in which he is placed. Mr. Willard accentuates the King's love for Gertrude. He makes love to her *coram populo*. In this love-making, and in all his evil scheming with Laertes, Mr. Willard's remarkable command of facial expression is of great service. This same command is the more noticeable inas-

much as his chief is singularly deficient in this particular "artistic merit." Of all the gifts necessary to the actor's art, this one of face-play is that least in the possession of Wilson Barrett. There were one or two quiet artistic pieces of acting of the unobtrusive sort in Mr. Willard's performance that impressed me much. The pause in the line

"From the first corse till he—that died to-day,,'

the assenting nod to Polonius when the Chamberlain says of Hamlet "Mad let us grant him then;" the doubtful head-shake when the proposition of the scheme of espial appears to Polonius synonymous with its success; the taking off his crown in the last scene when at length the fatal thrust is given by Laertes, are all examples. But the finest effect in an undoubtedly fine performance is produced when the Queen brings in the news of Ophelia's death. The only thing to which Claudius is really moved is a close watching of Laertes. He is calculating the effect of this last blow upon the temper of Laertes, and therefore on his own plot against Hamlet. Mr. Willard's elocution is nearly as good as his acting. He is handicapped by a voice not naturally sympathetic, and not very flexible. But he speaks blank verse as well as any of his fellows, except Walter Speakman. "Stoups of Wine" unhappily however becomes "stowps" in his rendering.

Let me hasten to say directly that which I have just said by implication. Walter Speakman is the Mercurius of the cast, if Mercurius is chief speaker, in a qualitative sense, rather than a quantitative. There is quite a fitness in his name. Clear and sonorous of voice, his reading of the First Player's speech was indeed "well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion."

The mechanical arrangements in respect to the Ghost are well done. The device of making him appear in the very heart of one of the bastions of the castle, is especially good Unfortunately the mechanical arrangements seem to have extended to the vocal apparatus of the late Hamlet. After

the thunderous music of Mr. Tom Mead's voice, that of Mr. Dewhurst seems thin and artificial. I am not sure that the lightness of tone is altogether due to the actor. I remember hearing him play in the North of England a year or two ago, and then his voice was full and deep-toned—"an excellent thing in ghosts." It may be that the lighter treatment of the Ghost is due to "high commanding order," that the character may be "in the picture" of this new setting of the whole play. Nevertheless, even if this effect "comes by cause," it is, I think, an "effect defective." Nor is its inherent weakness lessened by the want of expression in the voice-inflexions of this most recent Ghost. One does not expect much facial play in this part. But modulations of voice are, if I may be allowed the Irishism, to be looked for. There is one misreading also by Mr. Dewhurst. "My sécure hour" he takes as "my secúre hour." Of course the word has in this passage the primary sense of *sine curâ*, without care. It is the hour of ease and rest, free from the care of state; not in any sense the hour of safety.

The cruel part of Horatio, the lay-figure of the piece, is rendered more colorless than usual by Mr. Crauford, and Mr. Frank Cooper's Laertes is as bad as his sculptor in Claudian. After the many hundred of times he has played this part, it does seem strange that even such an important line as "This nothing's more than matter," and such a touching one as "A document in madness," are literally gabbled off as if each was "Abracadabra." His father is a sound Polonius, whose introduction of a pathetic note in the kindliness of his "Come your ways," to Ophelia, at the end of Act I, Scene iii, is "sweet and commendable."

Miss Margaret Leighton is a very handsome and very young Queen. Both these qualities, with which Gertrude is not generally gifted, are evidently assumed in obedience to orders, that Nature has made it easy for Miss Leighton to obey. Her acting is throughout graceful and intelligent. Once it rises to a considerable height of power. When

Hamlet has killed Polonius, the cry "What hast thou *done?*" is very intense.

Two young artists disappointed me. Mr. Neville Doone's Osric is a poor performance, and Miss Mary Dickens' Player Queen sadly weak.

Finally, before dealing with the chief actor, let me say how delightful is his brother's First Gravedigger. The humor is dry and yet unctuous. There is no comic business, no gag. The curiously delicate pathos of the old man's "They last till doom's-day," is very beautiful.

Now for the Hamlet. To my mind, the conception is all wrong. But once grant the initial idea of the reading, or, as I think, misreading of the character, and the execution is admirable. Wilson Barrett's Hamlet is a man of action. He is a most decisive young person; and this despite the evidence in speech after speech, and in want of action after want of action, throughout the play. The two months that certainly elapse between the end of Act I, and the beginning of Act II, count for nothing in Mr. Barrett's conception. He is in conflict, as it seems to me, with almost the whole of the dialogue.

To fit in with this idea of Hamlet, the Prince and his mother are forcibly made younger. The thirty years old man becomes a youth in years, and the Gertrude of this revival is about four years older than the ordinary Hamlet. For this, there is no textual warranty. Indeed the text has to be seriously mutilated. Yorick's skull has "lain i' the earth," not three-and-twenty, but a dozen years. Of course the 1603 quarto has "dozen." But this is, as all scholars know, a pirated edition, brought out probably as the result of surreptitious note-taking and a good, but necessarily, not verbally or numerically perfect memory.

The words and thoughts of Hamlet are generally impossible for a young man of twenty or thereabouts, and the particular words to his mother,

> At your age
> The hey-day in the blood is tame

words not omitted by Mr. Barrett, are altogether out of harmony with the supposed age of the Queen in the present version. On the other hand, that Gertrude should be some 45 or 46 years of age, as in the general reading, is in keeping with her character. Balzac has taught us that one of the psychological periods of a woman's life is from 40 to 45, and *La femme de quarante ans* is but a special development of an idea running through all his study of *La Comédie humaine*. The terror of the play of Hamlet gains so much in intensity if this "seeming-virtuous queen," is a woman thus much advanced in years.

It will be seen, then, that the new performance might be not inaptly termed "A new way to play old tragedies," and that with Mr. Barrett's conception as to the age and as to the character of Hamlet, I am at issue. Let me get rid of the other points upon which my criticism must be adverse. There is an entire absence of humor in the rendering. So many of the lines of Hamlet are of that rare order which moves to laughter, always on the verge of tears, that we wonder how it is that this Hamlet never moves us to this laughter. Nor can it be said that there is much impulse to tears. The absence of the tender feeling for the mother reduces the possibilty of pathos, and even the filial feeling for the father has more of reverence than of moving affection. So also in the farewell with Ophelia, the consciousness of the presence of the two listeners is, in Wilson Barrett's conception necessarily, allowed to override the emotions of love for her, of pity for her and for himself. The scene gains in strength in one direction, but it loses the strength of tendernesss.

Rapidity of utterance, largely the result of nervousness, marred the elocution in some measure. "We'll teach you to drink deep ere we depart" was on the opening night one very compound word and the injunction to "Rest!" appeared to be addressed to a "turbid spirit." These eccentricities were, of course, due to the immense strain of the first night. But the habit of reduplicating, and often of retriplicating,

certain interjectional words, is a confirmed one, and is not excellent. Thus in Act II., Scene ii., the former "come, come," of line 278-9 was "come, come, come, come," and the two "buzzes" of line 398 became half-a-dozen exactly, on the third representation.

Upon the pronunciation of certain words, some students will be not at one with the earnest student who is giving them so much matter for reflection to-day. "Gape" with the long wide "a," "canonised" with the "o" short (I. iv. 47), "hearsëd" in the same line as a monosyllable, "aspect" (II. ii. 562) accented on the first syllable, "ócculted" (III. ii. 80), are all in something of a "questionable shape." But "poesy" for the "posy of a ring" (III. ii. 154), and "to mock your own jeering" in place of "your own grinning" (V. i. 200), despite the authority of the Folio for the latter reading, will jar on the ear of the lover of Shakspere.

As to the thought-reading of the part, my general position is given above. If we grant Mr. Barrett's two postulates, that Hamlet is a youth and is a youth of decision, the reading is excellent. But in granting these two, we give away that very indecision of character and its cause, the constant introspective habit, that are the Hamlet of Shakespere. As an instance of the difference between the two Hamlets, the ideal one of Mr. Barrett, the real one, as some of us think, of Shakespere, take the line

Would the night were come (I. ii. 254).

With the former, this is only a longing for the actual coming on of the evening with its solution of this present doubt and fear. With the latter, it is this and more. It is a general as well as a special cry. If only the end of it all were come, and with it "the rest" that is silence!

Or again, Irving's pause before "Hercules" in the line (I. ii 153) where the comparison of himself to the god of strength is made—this pause is, rightly from Barrett's point of view, not made by Hamlet. He goes swiftly on and institutes without hesitation the comparison that is to him a perfectly apt one.

Thus the indecision that is, as I have said, the Hamlet of Shakespere and the subtle pathos of the simile, vanish.

Still in harmony with the actor's idea is the rapid utterance of the question-answer to Polonius' " Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?" Our latest Hamlet says quite swiftly, " Into my grave?"—a line that ought, I think, to be taken as slowly and solemnly as a funeral march.

The like criticism has to be made upon the whole of the " To be " speech. The only line in this where the metronome seemed accurate was

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

But the dwelling upon thought after thought and the slight silent pauses, so eloquent, between thought and thought, were sadly missed.

So, to end this part, with the skull speech in the last act. The shadow of the coming doom did not seem deepening upon the man. The consciousness was not brought home to me that within the week, the speaker would be lying here dead. Of course the treatment of the scene was perfectly consistent with the idea of the actor. Only the idea is, I think, wrong.

Some of the passages are very finely given.

For every man hath business and desire
Such as it is. (I. v. 130)

The last four words are said with the full consciousness of their meaning. There is no straining after effect; only a burdened sigh and a simplicity of delivery that befits the exquisite simplicity of the words. The " poison in jest " (III. ii. 236) is splendidly managed. Best of all is the advice to Polonius. "As your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't." (II. ii. 185) Here, the whole complex working of a mind that even in the present reading of the character is complex, is shown. The assumption of madness to be maintained to Polonius, the bantering of the old man, the love for Ophelia, the thought of what might have been between them, the doubt whether the " Get thee to a nunnery " injunction

already formulated in his brain will be followed, all this is in the speech as Shakspere wrote it and as Barrett speaks it.

Every one must and every one will see the new Hamlet. The comparisons that, "odorous" as they may be, are of necessity challenged by the actor will be made. "For my own poor part," I believe, that the rendering of the play at the Princess's will be as popular as the rendering at the Lyceum. To the general public the new reading will appeal. The magnificent mounting, the evergreen nature of the play, the easy comprehension of the character of Hamlet as now represented, the picturesque acting of Wilson Barrett—all these will ensure a long run. An addition to our gallery of Hamlets has certainly been made. Whether the creator of the character would recognise it as his own offspring is, I think, open to question. But I am sure that he would be interested in this new study of his Hamlet by an earnest, a high-thinking, a loving student.

EDWARD AVELING.

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THE THEORY OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM: Rev. M. Kaufmann. *British Quarterly Review*, October.

THE SOCIALISM OF TO-DAY: Thomas Walker. *Congregationalist*, September.

If the magazines and reviews may be taken as a sign of the direction in which public thought is turning, there is every prospect of much keen discussion taking place this winter on Socialism. Indeed this is certain for not only are active preparations being made for carrying on a direct propaganda among the masses by the various Socialist bodies, but there is no town in England now where there is not some group of Socialists who either in debating societies or local parliaments, in the open streets or in the lecture hall are prepared to defend and if possible spread their opinions. Again Socialism is being eagerly debated as we see from the October magazines alike by Atheists and Christians and Indifferentists.

Dr. Aveling in *Progress* has a few thoughtful words to say on the Social Science Congress and Mr. Cowen's speech at Newcastle. He points out clearly and briefly the difference between State Socialism or Government interference, to which Mr. Lefevre looks forward with more or less equanimity, and democratic Socialism. Government at present is the government of a class, those who own the means of production, while the first step towards the establishment of a really democratic state is a complete readjustment of the relations of labour and capital, which Mr. Lefevre would hardly contemplate. Dr. Aveling might have added, what Mr. Kaufmann points to as a significant fact, "that the official organs of social democracy are now constantly recommending their readers no longer to oppose social reforms but to accept them as a means for strengthening their position as a revolutionary party." No reorganization of social relations could be permanently effected by an unorganized and ignorant and half-starved proletariat. A starving mob may create a bread riot but not a revolution.

M. H. A. Taine follows up the philippics of Mr. Herbert Spencer in the *Contemporary Review*. His views on the subject of Socialism are more hazy than Mr. Spencer's for no reference is made in his article on "Socialism as a Government" to any later works on democracy than Robespierre's speeches! With all the assurance imaginable he assumes as his premiss that in society to-day every person has equal freedom to develope all his faculties, and without deigning to test his assumption by the evidence of facts, he argues that any alteration in social relations, any government interference, would interfere with the equal liberty of all and

would be a return to barbarism. Government interference, Socialists also strongly object to, but M. Taine, while advocating that "we are all willing to be secured against violence and fraud," does not see that he is writing from the point of view of his own class, which has attained to economic freedom while the mass of men are not so protected. At any rate until he has brought his reading on social and economic questions to a somewhat later date he must not wonder if some diffidence is shewn in accepting him as an authority on the most complex social problems which he deals with by the light of nature. More interesting are the articles in the Quarterlies.

"Socialism at Home" is a generally correct account of the various Socialist movements in this country. The writer has paid his readers the compliment of getting to know his subject before he writes on it, in which he differs remarkably from most critics of Socialism. Waves of Socialism have passed over the country before, but he remarks that each recurring wave is stronger than the last, and people should not be talked into taking no notice merely because former waves have left them as they were. A sketch is given of the Democratic Federation. Both this writer and Mr. Kaufmann in the *British Quarterly*, assume, chiefly on the strength of one article which appeared in To-day, that Social Democrats are Atheists and Materialists. The truth is that Socialism demands no profession of creed. All who honestly work for the regeneration of society, be they Christians, Secularists, Buddhists, or what not, will be willingly accepted as fellow workers by Socialists. Socialism is the common ground on which all workers for humanity may join hands. If there has been a bitter feeling on the part of some Socialists against Christianity, it is but a natural reaction induced by the treachery of the Church on Social questions for the best part of three centuries. For years the priests of the Church have held up "the phantom of a Christless Cross"

> And round it feed man-eating beasts;
> Because of whom we dare not love thee;
> Though hearts reach back and memories ache,
> We cannot praise thee for their sake.

Preach the human brotherhood which Christ taught, and once more will he become the *bon dieu sans-culotte* of the people. Again on the charge of Materialism. The *Church Quarterly* says:—"But all aspirations end here below," and then quotes, "We base our morality on a direct physical foundation. . . . The morality of Socialism recognises no arbiter of moral right higher than the social well-being, and requires one theory only of its professor, the sacrifice of personal interest to social duty." But is a man a Materialist because he recognizes that a healthy body is the foundation of healthy morals. Did Kingsley's "aspirations end here below," because he recognised and preached this patent fact? It is to assert that a man can have no conception of an intellectual life if he admits that he must have food for his body before food for his mind.

Mr. Kaufmann urges that the Church should assume a mediatorial position between the opposing tendencies. There can be no doubt, he says, that we are in a period of revolution, and it is for the Church to modify and smooth the path towards reconciliation. This is so much the line of thought which Mr. Kaufmann personally takes in all his writings, that he naturally assumes it to be the right course for the society of which he is a member. But in this he his mistaken. Let the Church by all means insist on the necessary separation between the sin and the sinner, the individual and the system. But if it is to be true, and to gain the confidence of the masses in its honesty, it must give no uncertain sound as to which is the side of justice, or as to the cause it advocates. Altogether there is much information in these two articles which will be of interest and use to readers.

In the name of the writer in the *Congregationalist* we fancy we recognize one who was not so very long ago connected with the *Daily News*. Mr. Walker is alarmed at the tendency of "certain good men" to appeal to Socialism, and takes it upon himself to show them what a dreadful thing it is they are coquetting with. He has read Mr. John Rae's book on "Contemporary Socialism," of which indeed his article is merely an unblushing plagiarism, and he dogmatises with all the confidence of an ill-informed man, who is sure that he is addressing an audience even more ignorant than himself. He mentions the proposals of the English-speaking Socialists, and asks with horror whether they are to be regarded "as anything more than the fantastic products of a disordered brain," but inconsequently remembers that Socialism is "a power which has compelled the strongest Minister of modern times to arm against it, which was the soul of the Paris Commune, and which threatens every continental state with Revolution," and then is a little comforted by the reflection that the multitude of Socialists in this country are "the inept, the unenergetic, and the unfortunate." Another wave of depression comes over him as he notes the irrefutable fact that "in these days of advancing democracy, whoever gets possession of the seed-bed of discontent commands legislation," and finally the cloven hoof (we regret we cannot think of a politer phrase) comes out, as he naïvely remarks that "such a section of the population is a field for Christian and philanthropic effort." There is no hope of convincing the intelligence of a man who has as good grounds for his opposition to Socialism as a Roman Catholic would have in denouncing Congregationalism if all he knew about that sect was gained from a description of it by Cardinal Manning; and we are afraid it is impossible to frighten Mr. Walker into reasoning, for he is badly scared already: so we leave him with the assurance that England is in the first throes of the Social Revolution while we write. We will quote the one good thing in his article, a quotation from a leading article in the *Times* of July 1st, on the trade of the previous half-year.

"Capital is being organized with a completeness previously unknown, under the pressure of circumstances with which the old plan of indiscriminate competition is unable to cope. What the effect will ultimately be, whether upon capitalists or upon the great mass of men whom they direct, and over whose destinies they exercise so much power, it requires some audacity to attempt to predict. Political economy has a field before it whose very existence seems unsuspected by the good people who make ponderous speeches on the hypothesis that Mr. Cobden spoke the last word of economic gospel. What is tolerably plain at present is, that all our advances in machinery and in organization have brought no leisure to the human workers. The world can produce many times what it requires, yet the stress and strain of life seem to increase rather than diminish. But the toiling millions are daily growing in political power and in the knowledge required to speculate upon their lot, and the way to improve it. There are many indications that they will not rest content with the present arrangements, and it is time that economists prepared new developments capable of offering safe guidance in the difficulties of the future."

HENRY GEORGE: A Biographical, Anecdotal, and Critical Sketch, by Henry Rose, Editor of the *Hull Express*. Price 1s. London: W. Reeves, Fleet Street. Manchester: John Heywood, Deansgate. Hull: Brown and Son, Savile Street.

We are indebted to Mr. Rose for a lively little biography of Henry George, in which the career of the author of "Progress and Poverty" is carefully traced, and some interesting details given of his early life when he was as yet unknown to fame. His various experiences include a voyage

to Calcutta, a trip from Philadelphia round Cape Horn to San Francisco, where he tried his hand at gold-digging, and employment both as compositor and as editor on numerous newspapers. We must quote the account of his first achieving success as a journalist, after having joined in several of the rushes for gold and silver, and met with the usual "miner's luck."

"Finally he obtained employment in a printing office in San Francisco, and by this means found an opportunity to complete his trade as a printer. About the year 1861 he obtained a situation as compositor in the office of the *Alta California*, at that time one of the leading papers of the Pacific Coast. Though working at 'the case,' Mr. George kept himself posted in the events of the day, political and otherwise. He wrote anonymous letters to the paper on which he was employed, and had the great satisfaction of sometimes 'setting up' a portion of the matter he himself had written. Often his letters were published as leading editorials. During all this time the publishers of the *Alta* were ignorant of the name and occupation of the author.

"When President Lincoln was assassinated Mr. George wrote a long article (nine columns or thereabouts) on the life and acts of the martyr president. This article made a marked impression among the newspaper men of California, and extracts from it were published in every section of the United States. But no one knew the name of the author.

"Mr. George afterwards took a situation as compositor on the San Francisco *Times*. He still continued his letter writing anonymously, but sent his letters to the paper on which he was employed. He dealt with novel topics, and often saw, as in the *Alta*, his letters published as editorials. Dr. Gunn, the editor of the *Times*, became curious to know the author of these letters. He set inquiries on foot, but without success. At last an idea struck him. These letters were always dropped into the box at the foot of the stairs leading up to the editorial rooms; and at this box Dr. Gunn set a watch. Whenever a note was dropped in, the box was opened immediately by the person on watch and the handwriting of the address was closely scanned, to see if there was any resemblance between it and the handwriting they were in search of.

"Finally, one afternoon Mr. George came along on his way to his work. He stopped at the door, dropped a letter into the box, and went upstairs to the composing room. The person on guard opened the box, took out the letter, and saw it was addressed in the handwriting he had been looking for. He darted up the stairs and reached Mr. George as the latter was opening the door of the composing room. He gave him a long look, passed by him, and went into the editorial room, where he handed the letter to the doctor, saying at the same time that the man who had dropped it into the box was at that moment in the composing room.

"Dr. Gunn immediately rose from his chair, and, beckoning the man to follow him, opened a door and stepped into the composing room. The man pointed out Mr. George, who was standing in one of the 'alleys' taking off his coat, as the person who had put the letter in the box. The doctor went over to Mr. George, showed him the letter, and asked if that was his handwriting. Mr. George pleaded guilty. 'Then, young man,' said the doctor, 'you must not fool away any more of your time as a compositor. I have a place for you in the editorial room.' This 'place' Mr. George accepted.

"In less than three months after entering the editorial rooms of the *Times* Mr. George became its managing editor."

After several journalistic vicissitudes he obtained a municipal office which afforded him considerable leisure, and in 1878 he began the writing of "Progress and Poverty," a work which occupied him for little over a year.

There follows an interesting account of the reception with which the book met from publishers and public, of Mr. George's arrest in Ireland, and his recent lecturing campaign in England and the formation of the

Land Restoration League in this country. These details cannot fail to interest those who have read Mr. George's book, and been captivated by its eloquence, however much they may disagree with its conclusions.

But Mr. Rose, after giving us his biographical news, proceeds to a critical review of Mr. George's position with regard to Socialism, and recognising that it is antagonistic, himself endorses the antagonism. We will quote from his chapter on State Socialism, in order to show that he fails to appreciate the economical condition of the society of to-day:—

"Communists and Henry George must inevitably be wide as the poles asunder. Thus a fair but stern opponent of Mr. George—the writer of the review 'Progress and Poverty' in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1883—truly writes; 'Mr. George is essentially not a State Socialist. He emphatically does not mean that the State is to be the one capitalist, that all the nation are to be either clerks or operatives in the National House.' This is a view which is emphatically borne out in "Social Problems" where Mr. George so pointedly criticises the extreme apostles of Socialism—those who aim to organise the State as a vast machine. He says that what we must do, if we would cure social disease and avert social danger, is to remove the causes which prevent the just distribution of wealth. 'This work is *only* one of removal. It is not necessary for us to frame elaborate and skilful plans for securing the just distribution of wealth. For the just distribution of wealth is manifestly the natural distribution of wealth. And as to what is the natural distribution of wealth there can be no dispute. It is that which gives wealth to him who makes it, and secures wealth to him who saves it.'"

This looks like a sound syllogism, but unfortunately it will not bear a moment's examination. For if the land were nationalised to-morrow, the necessary effect of competition upon the distribution of wealth, at our present stage of economical development, must still inevitably be to take away wealth from him who makes it, and to secure it to him who appropriates that which others have made. It is the failure to recognise this necessity that is the flaw in Mr. George's argument, and vitiates all the conclusions which he draws.

THE CANTERBURY POETS: Coleridge. Edited by Joseph Skipsey (Author of "Lyric Poems"). Walter Scott; London and Newcastle.

We notice with satisfaction the appearance of the first number of a popular series of British and American poets under the able editorship of Mr. Skipsey. To this volume of Coleridge's poems Mr. Skipsey—himself a poet, inheriting in no small measure the northern lyrical genius, and an ardent student of our native poetic literature—has supplied a prefatory notice. It is written with much fervour and stirring eloquence; and, although perhaps a little discursive, shows a fine appreciation of the great qualities of Coleridge's verse, and of the supreme merits of his masterpieces. The volume is edited with diligent care, and in the arrangement of the poems capital judgment and good taste are displayed.

It is announced that a main object of this edition is to bring within the reach of poorer readers the works of poets, such as Blake, Chatterton, Marlowe, who are known only to the select few; so that the series will be of quite special importance, and a great boon to the growing class of impecunious book-buyers. The volume is handy in size, neat, well printed and bound and wonderfully cheap at the price (one shilling). We wish all success to the undertaking, and hope that the volume will circulate widely among that popular audience for whom it is designed.