TO-DAY.

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Cashel Byron's Profession.

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PROLOGUE.

I.

MONCRIEF House, Panley Common. Scholastic establishment for the sons of gentlemen, &c.

Panley Common, viewed from the back windows of Moncrief House, is a tract of grass, furze, and rushes, stretching away to the western horizon.

One wet spring afternoon the sky was full of broken clouds, and the common was swept by their shadows, between which patches of green and yellow gorse were bright in the broken sunlight. The hills to the northward were obscured by a heavy shower, traces of which were drying off the slates of the school, a square white building, formerly a gentleman's country house. In front of it was a well-kept lawn with a few clipt holly trees. At the rear, quarter of an acre of land was enclosed for the use of the boys. Strollers on the common could hear, at certain hours, a hubbub of voices and racing footsteps from within the boundary wall. Sometimes, when the strollers were boys themselves, they climbed to the coping, and saw on the other side a piece of common trampled bare and brown, with a few square yards of concrete, so worn into hollows as to be unfit for its original use as a ball alley. Also a long shed, a pump, a door defaced by innumerable incised inscriptions, the back of the house in much worse repair than the front, and about fifty boys in tailless jackets and broad turned-down collars. When the fifty boys perceived a

stranger on the wall, they rushed to the spot with a wild halloo, overwhelmed him with insult and defiance, and dislodged him by a volley of clods, stones, lumps of bread, and such other projectiles as were at hand.

On this rainy spring afternoon, a brougham stood at the door of Moncrief House. The coachman, enveloped in a white india-rubber coat, was bestirring himself a little after the recent shower. Within doors, in the drawing-room, Dr. Moncrief was conversing with a stately lady aged about thirty-five, elegantly dressed, of attractive manner, and only falling short of absolute beauty in her complexion, which was deficient in freshness.

"No progress whatever, I am sorry to say," the doctor was remarking.

"That is very disappointing," said the lady, contracting her brows.

"It is natural that you should feel disappointed," replied the doctor. "I would myself earnestly advise you to try the effect of placing him at some other—" The doctor stopped. The lady's face had lit up with a wonderful smile; and she had raised her hand with a bewitching gesture of protest.

"Oh no, Dr. Moncrief," she said. "I am not disappointed with *you*; but I am all the more angry with Cashel because I know that if he makes no progress with you, it must be his own fault. As to taking him away, that is out of the question. I should not have a moment's peace if he were out of your care. I will speak to him very seriously about his conduct before I leave to-day. You will give him another trial, will you not?"

"Certainly. With the greatest pleasure," exclaimed the doctor, confusing himself by an inept attempt at gallantry. "He shall stay as long as you please. But"—here the doctor became grave again—"you cannot too strongly urge upon him the importance of hard work at the present time, which may be said to be the turning point of his career as a student. He is now nearly seventeen; and he has so little inclination for study that I doubt whether he could pass the examination necessary to entering one of the universities. You probably wish him to take a degree before he chooses a profession."

"Yes, of course," said the lady vaguely, evidently assenting to the doctor's remark rather than expressing a conviction of her own. "What profession would you advise for him? You know so much better than I."

"Hum!" said Dr. Moncrief, puzzled. "That would doubtless depend to some extent on his own taste—"

"Not at all," said the lady, interrupting him with vivacity. "What does he know about the world, poor boy? His own taste is sure to be something ridiculous. Very likely he would want to go on the stage, like me."

"Oh! Then you would not encourage any tendency of that sort?"

"Most decidedly not. I hope he has no such idea."

"Not that I am aware of. He shows so little ambition to excel in any particular branch that I should say his choice of a pro-

fession may be best determined by his parents. I am, of course, ignorant whether his relatives possess influence likely to be of use to him. That is often the chief point to be considered, particularly in cases like your son's, where no special aptitude manifests itself."

"I am the only relative he ever had, poor fellow," said the lady, with a pensive smile. Then, seeing an expression of astonishment on the doctor's face, she added quickly, "They are all dead."

"Dear me!"

"However," she continued, "I have no doubt I can make plenty of interest for him. But it is difficult to get anything now-a-days without passing competitive examinations. He really must work. If he is lazy he ought to be punished."

The doctor looked perplexed. "The fact is," he said, "your son can hardly be dealt with as a child any longer. He is still quite a boy in his habits and ideas; but physically he is rapidly springing up into a young man. That reminds me of another point on which I will ask you to speak earnestly to him. I must tell you that he has attained some distinction among his school fellows here as an athlete. Within due bounds I do not discourage bodily exercises: they are a recognized part of our system. But I am sorry to say that Cashel has not escaped that tendency to violence which sometimes results from the possession of unusual strength and dexterity. He actually fought with one of the village youths in the main street of Panley some months ago. The matter did not come to my ears immediately; and, when it did, I allowed it to pass unnoticed, as he had interfered, it seems, to protect one of the smaller boys. Unfortunately, he was guilty of a much more serious fault a little later. He and a companion of his had obtained leave from me to walk to Panley Abbey together. I afterwards found that their real object was to witness a prizefight that took place—illegally, of course—on the common. Apart from the deception practised, I think the taste they betrayed a dangerous one; and I felt bound to punish them by a severe imposition, and restriction to the grounds for six weeks. I do not hold, however, that everything has been done in these cases when a boy has been punished. I set a high value on a mother's influence for softening the natural roughness of boys."

"I dont think he minds what I say to him in the least," said the lady, with a sympathetic air, as if she pitied the doctor in a matter that chiefly concerned him. "I will speak to him about it of course. Fighting is an unbearable habit. His father's people were always fighting; and they never did any good in the world."

"If you will be so kind. There are just the three points: the necessity for greater—much greater—application to his studies; a word to him on the subject of rough habits; and to sound him as to his choice of a career. I agree with you in not attaching much importance to his ideas on that subject as yet. Still, even a boyish fancy may be turned to account in rousing the energies of a lad."

"Quite so," assented the lady. "I will certainly give him a lecture."

The doctor looked at her mistrustfully, thinking perhaps that she herself would be the better for a lecture on her duties as a mother. But he did not dare to tell her so: indeed, having a prejudice to

the effect that actresses were deficient in natural feeling, he doubted the use of daring. He also feared that the subject of her son was beginning to bore her; and, though a doctor of divinity, he was as reluctant as other men to be found wanting in address by a pretty woman. So he rang the bell, and bade the servant send Master Cashel Byron. Presently a door was heard to open below; and a buzz of distant voices became audible. The doctor fidgeted and tried to think of something to say; but his invention failed him: he sat in silence whilst the inarticulate buzz rose into a shouting of "By-ron!" "Cash!" the latter cry imitated from the summons usually addressed to cashiers in haberdashers' shops. Finally there was a piercing yell of "Mam-ma-a-a-a-ah!" apparently in explanation of the demand for Byron's attendance in the drawing-room. The doctor reddened. Mrs. Byron smiled. Then the door below closed, shutting out the tumult; and footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Come in," cried the doctor encouragingly.

Master Cashel Byron entered blushing; made his way awkwardly to his mother; and kissed the critical expression which was on her upturned face as she examined his appearance. Being only seventeen, he had not yet acquired a taste for kissing. He inexpertly gave Mrs. Byron quite a shock by the collision of their teeth. Conscious of the failure, he drew himself upright, and tried to hide his hands, which were exceedingly dirty, in the scanty folds of his jacket. He was a well grown youth, with neck and shoulders already strongly formed, and short auburn hair curling in little rings close to his scalp. He had blue eyes, and an expression of boyish good humour, which, however, did not convey any assurance of good temper.

"How do you do, Cashel?" said Mrs. Byron, in a queenly manner, after a prolonged look at him.

"Very well, thanks," said he, grinning and avoiding her eye.

"Sit down, Byron," said the doctor. Byron suddenly forgot how to sit down, and looked irresolutely from one chair to another. The doctor made a brief excuse, and left the room; much to the relief of his pupil.

"You have grown greatly, Cashel. And I am afraid you are very awkward." Cashel coloured and looked gloomy.

"I do not know what to do with you," continued Mrs. Byron. "Dr. Moncrief tells me that you are very idle and rough."

"I am not," said Cashel sulkily. "It is bec—"

"There is no use in contradicting me in that fashion," said Mrs. Byron, interrupting him sharply. "I am sure that whatever Dr. Moncrief says is perfectly true."

"He is always talking like that," said Cashel plaintively. "I can't learn Latin and Greek; and I dont see what good they are. I work as hard as any of the rest—except the regular stews perhaps. As to my being rough, that is all because I was out one day with Gully Molesworth; and we saw a crowd on the common; and when we went to see what was up it was two men fighting. It wasnt our fault that they came there to fight."

"Yes: I have no doubt that you have fifty good excuses, Cashel. But I will not allow any fighting; and you really must

work harder. Do you ever think of how hard *I* have to work to pay Dr. Moncrief one hundred and twenty pounds a year for you?"

"I work as hard as I can. Old Moncrief seems to think that a fellow ought to do nothing else from morning 'til night but write Latin verses. Tatham, that the doctor thinks such a genius, does all his constering from cribs. If I had a crib I could conster as well—very likely better."

"You are very idle, Cashel: I am sure of that. It is too provoking to throw away so much money every year for nothing. Besides, you must soon be thinking of a profession."

"I shall go into the army," said Cashel. "It is the only profession for a gentleman."

Mrs. Byron looked at him for a moment as if amazed at his presumption. But she checked herself and only said, "I am afraid you will have to choose some less expensive profession than that. Besides, you would have to pass an examination to enable you to enter the army; and how can you do that unless you study?"

"Oh, I shall do that all right enough when the time comes."

"Dear, dear! You are beginning to speak so coarsely, Cashel. After all the pains I took with you at home."

"I speak the same as other people," he replied sullenly. "I dont see the use of being so jolly particular over every syllable. I used to have to stand no end of chaff about my way of speaking. The fellows here know all about you, of course."

"All about me?" repeated Mrs. Byron, looking at him curiously.

"All about your being on the stage, I mean," said Cashel. "You complain of my fighting; but I should have a precious bad time of it if I didnt lick the chaff out of some of them."

Mrs. Byron smiled doubtfully to herself, and remained silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then she rose and said, glancing at the weather, "I must go now, Cashel, before another shower begins. And do, pray, try to learn something, and to polish your manners a little. You will have to go to Cambridge soon, you know."

"Cambridge!" exclaimed Cashel, excited. "When, mamma? When?"

"Oh, I dont know. Not yet. As soon as Dr. Moncrief says you are fit to go."

"That will be long enough," said Cashel, much dejected by this reply. "He will not turn £120 a year out of doors in a hurry. He kept big Inglis here until he was past twenty. Look here, mamma: might I go at the end of this half? I feel sure I should do better at Cambridge than here."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Byron decidedly. "I do not expect to have to take you away from Dr. Moncrief for the next eighteen months at least, and not then unless you work properly. Now dont grumble, Cashel: you annoy me exceedingly when you do. I am sorry I mentioned Cambridge to you."

"I would rather go to some other school, then," said Cashel ruefully. "Old Moncrief is so awfully down on me."

"You only want to leave because you are expected to work here; and that is the very reason I wish you to stay."

Cashel made no reply; but his face darkened ominously.

"I have a word to say to the doctor before I go," she added, re-seating herself. "You may return to your play now. Good-bye, Cashel." And she again raised her face to be kissed.

"Good-bye," said Cashel huskily as he turned towards the door, pretending that he had not noticed her action.

"Cashel!" she said, with emphatic surprise. "Are you sulky?"

"No," he retorted angrily. "I havent said anything. I suppose my manners are not good enough. I'm very sorry; but I can't help it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Byron firmly. "You can go, Cashel. I am not pleased with you."

Cashel walked out of the room and slammed the door. At the foot of the staircase he was stopped by a boy about a year younger than himself, who accosted him eagerly.

"How much did she give you?" he whispered.

"Not a halfpenny," replied Cashel, grinding his teeth.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the other, much disappointed. "That was beastly mean."

"She's as mean as she can be," said Cashel. "It's all old Monkey's fault. He has been cramming her with lies about me. But she's just as bad as he is. I tell you, Gully, I hate my mother."

"Oh, come!" said Gully, shocked. "That's a little too strong, old chap. But she certainly ought to have stood something."

"I dont know what you intend to do, Gully; but I mean to bolt. If she thinks I am going to stick here for the next two years, she is jolly much mistaken."

"It would be an awful lark to bolt," said Gully with a chuckle. "But," he added seriously, "if you really mean it; by George, I'll go too! Wilson has just given me a thousand lines; and I'll be hanged if I do them."

"Gully," said Cashel, his eyes sparkling: "I should like to see one of those chaps we saw on the common pitch into the doctor—get him on the ropes, you know."

Gully's mouth watered. "Yes," he said breathlessly; "particularly the fellow they called the Fibber. Just one round would be enough for the old beggar. Let's come out into the playground: I shall catch it if I am found here."

II.

That night there was just sufficient light struggling through the clouds to make Panley Common visible as a black expanse, against the lightest tone of which a piece of ebony would have appeared pale. Not a human being was stirring within a mile of Moncrief House, the chimneys of which, ghostly white on the side next the moon, threw long shadows on the silver-grey slates. The stillness had just been broken by the stroke of a quarter past twelve from a distant church tower, when, from the obscurity of one of these chimney shadows, a head emerged. It belonged to a boy, whose body presently wriggled through an open skylight.

When his shoulders were through, he turned himself face upwards, seized the minature gable in which the skylight was set, drew himself completely out, and made his way stealthily down to the parapet. He was immediately followed by another boy.

The door of Moncrief House was at the left hand corner of the front, and was surmounted by a tall porch, the top of which was flat and could be used as a balcony. A wall, of the same height as the porch, connected the house front with the boundary wall, and formed part of the enclosure of a fruit garden which lay at the side of the house between the lawn and the playground. When the two boys had crept along the parapet to a point directly above the porch, they stopped, and each lowered a pair of boots to the balcony by means of fishing lines. When the boots were safely landed, their owners let the lines drop, and re-entered the house by another skylight. A minute elapsed. Then they reappeared on the top of the porch, having come out through the window to which it served as a balcony. Here they put on their boots, and stept on to the wall of the fruit garden. As they crawled along it, the hindmost boy whispered,

"I say, Cashy."

"Shut up, will you," replied the other under his breath. "What's wrong?"

"I should like to have one more go at old mother Moncrief's pear tree: that's all."

"There are no pears on it at this season, you fool."

"I know. This is the last time we shall go this road, Cashy. Usen't it to be a lark? Eh?"

"If you dont shut up, it wont be the last time; for you'll be caught. Now for it."

Cashel had reached the outer wall, and he finished his sentence by dropping from it to the common. Gully held his breath for some moments after the noise made by his companion's striking the ground. Then he demanded in a whisper whether all was right.

"Yes," returned Cashel impatiently. "Drop as soft as you can."

Gully obeyed; and was so careful lest his descent should shake the earth and awake the doctor, that his feet shrank from the concussion; and he alighted in a sitting posture, and remained there, looking up at Cashel with a stunned expression.

"Crikey!" he ejaculated presently. "That was a buster."

"Get up, I tell you," said Cashel. "I never saw such a jolly ass as you are. Here, up with you! Have you got your wind back?"

"I should think so. Bet you twopence I'll be first at the cross roads. I say: let's pull the bell at the front gate and give an awful yell before we start. They'll never catch us."

"Yes," said Cashel ironically: "I fancy I see myself doing it, or you either. Now then. One, two, three, and away."

They ran off together, and reached the cross roads about eight minutes later: Gully completely out of breath, and Cashel nearly so. Here, according to their plan, Gully was to take the north road and run to Scotland, where he felt sure that his uncle's gamekeeper would hide him. Cashel was to go to sea, where, he

argued, he could, if his affairs became desperate, turn pirate, and achieve eminence in that profession by adding a chivalrous humanity to the ruder virtues for which it is already famous.

Cashel waited until Gully had recovered from his race. Then he said,

"Now, old fellow. We've got to separate."

Gully, thus confronted with the lonely realities of his scheme, did not like the prospect. After a moments reflection he exclaimed,

"Damme, old chap, but I'll come with you. Scotland may go and be hanged."

But Cashel, being the stronger of the two, was as anxious to get rid of Gully as Gully was to cling to him. "No," he said; "I'm going to rough it; and you wouldnt be able for that. You're not strong enough for a sea life. Why, man, those sailor fellows are as hard as nails; and even they can hardly stand it."

"Well, then, do you come with me," urged Gully. "My uncle's gamekeeper wont mind. He's a jolly good sort; and we shall have no end of shooting."

"That's all very well for you, Gully; but I dont know your uncle; and I'm not going to put myself under a compliment to his gamekeeper. Besides, we should run too much risk of being caught if we went through the country together. Of course I should be only too glad if we could stick to one another; but it wouldnt do: I feel certain we should be nabbed. Goodbye."

"But wait a minute," pleaded Gully. "Suppose they do try to catch us: we shall have a better chance against them if there are two of us."

"Stuff!" said Cashel. "That's all boyish nonsense. There will be at least six policemen sent after us; and even if I did my very best, I could barely lick two if they came on together. And you would hardly be able for one. You just keep moving, and dont go near any railway station; and you will get to Scotland all safe enough. Look here: we have wasted five minutes already. I have got my wind now; and I must be off. Goodbye."

Gully disdained to press his company on Cashel any further. "Goodbye," he said, mournfully shaking his hand. "Success, old chap."

"Success," echoed Cashel, grasping Gully's hand with a pang of remorse for leaving him. "I'll write to you as soon as I have anything to tell you. I may be some months, you know, before I get regularly settled."

He gave Gully a final squeeze, released him, and darted off along the road leading to Panley Village. Gully looked after him for a moment, and then ran away Scotlandwards.

Panley Village consisted of a High Street, with an old fashioned inn at one end, a modern railway station and bridge at the other, and a pump and pound midway between. Cashel stood for a while in the shadow under the bridge before venturing along the broad moonlit street. Seeing no one, he stepped out at a brisk walking pace; for he had by this time reflected that it was not possible to run all the way to the Spanish main. There was, however, another person stirring in the village besides Cashel. This was Mr. Wilson, Dr. Moncrief's professor of mathematics, who was

returning from a visit to the theatre. Mr. Wilson had an impression that theatres were wicked places, to be visited by respectable men only on rare occasions and by stealth. The only plays he went openly to witness were those of Shakspere; and his favourite was "As you like it": Rosalind in tights having an attraction for him which he missed in Lady Macbeth in petticoats. On this evening he had seen Rosalind impersonated by a famous actress, who had come to a neighbouring town on a starring tour. After the performance he had returned to Panley, supped there with a friend, and was now making his way back to Moncrief House, of which he had been entrusted with the key. He was in a frame of mind favourable for the capture of a runaway boy. An habitual delight in being too clever for his pupils, fostered by frequently overreaching them in mathematics, was just now stimulated by the effect of a liberal supper and the roguish consciousness of having been to the play. He saw and recognized Cashel as he approached the village pound. Understanding the situation at once, he hid behind the pump, waited until the unsuspecting truant was passing within arm's length, and then stepped out and seized him by the collar of his jacket.

"Well, sir," he said. "What are you doing here at this hour? Eh?"

Cashel, scared and white, looked up at him, and could not answer a word.

"Come along with me," said Wilson sternly.

Cashel suffered himself to be led for some twenty yards. Then he stopped and burst into tears.

"There is no use in my going back," he said sobbing. "I have never done any good there. I can't go back."

"Indeed," said Wilson, with magisterial sarcasm. "We shall try to make you do better in future." And he forced the fugitive to resume his march.

Cashel, bitterly humiliated by his own tears, and exasperated by a certain cold triumph which his captor evinced on witnessing them, did not go many steps further without protest.

"You neednt hold me," he said angrily: "I can walk without being held." The master tightened his grasp and pushed his captive forward. "I wont run away, sir," said Cashel more humbly, shedding fresh tears. "Please let me go," he added in a suffocated voice, trying to turn his face towards his captor. But Wilson twisted him back again, and urged him still onward. Cashel cried out passionately, "Let me go," and struggled to break loose.

"Come, come, Byron," said the master, controlling him with a broad strong hand; "none of your nonsense, sir."

Then Cashel suddenly slipped out of his jacket, turned on Wilson, and struck up at him savagely with his right fist. The master received the blow just beside the point of his chin; and his eyes seemed to Cashel to roll up and fall back into his head with the shock. He drooped forward for a moment, and fell in a heap face downwards. Cashel recoiled, wringing his hand to relieve the tingling of his knuckles, and terrified by the thought that he had committed murder. But Wilson presently moved and dispelled

that misgiving. Some of Cashel's fury returned as he shook his fist at his prostrate adversary, and, exclaiming, "*You* wont brag much of having seen me cry," wrenched the jacket from him with unnecessary violence, and darted away at full speed.

Mr. Wilson, though he was soon conscious and able to rise, did not feel disposed to stir for a long time. He began to moan, with a dazed faith that someone would eventually come to him with sympathy and assistance. Five minutes elapsed, and brought nothing but increased cold and pain. It occurred to him that if the police found him they would suppose him to be drunk; also that it was his duty to go to them and give the alarm. He rose, and, after a struggle with dizziness and nausea, concluded that his most pressing duty was to get to bed, and leave Dr. Moncrief to recapture his ruffianly pupil as best he could.

Accordingly, at half-past one o'clock, the doctor was roused by a knocking at his chamber-door, outside which he presently found his professor of mathematics, bruised, muddy, and apparently inebriated. Five minutes elapsed before Wilson could get his principal's mind on the right track. Then the boys were awakened and the roll called. Byron and Molesworth were reported absent. No one had seen them go: no one had the least suspicion of how they had got out of the house. One little boy mentioned the skylight; but, observing a threatening expression on the faces of a few of the bigger boys, who were fond of fruit, he did not press his suggestion, and submitted to be snubbed by the doctor for having made it. It was nearly three o'clock before the alarm reached the village, where the authorities tacitly declined to trouble themselves about it until morning. The doctor, convinced that the lad had gone to his mother, did not believe that any search was necessary, and contented himself with writing a note to Mrs. Byron describing the attack on Mr. Wilson, and expressing regret that no proposal having for its object the readmission of Master Byron to the academy could be entertained.

The pursuit was now directed entirely after Molesworth, as it was plain, from Mr. Wilson's narrative, that he had separated from Cashel outside Panley. Information was soon forthcoming. Peasants in all parts of the country had seen, they said, "a lad that might be him." The search lasted until five o'clock next afternoon, when it was rendered superfluous by the appearance of Gully in person, footsore and repentant. After parting from Cashel and walking two miles, he had lost heart and turned back. Half way to the cross roads he had reproached himself with cowardice, and resumed his flight. This time he placed eight miles betwixt himself and Moncrief House. Then he left the road to make a short cut through a plantation, and went astray. After wandering until morning, thinking dejectedly of the story of the babes in the wood, he saw a woman working in a field, and asked her the shortest way to Scotland. She had never heard of Scotland; and when he asked the way to Panley, she lost patience and threatened to set her dog at him. This discouraged him so much that he was afraid to speak to the other strangers whom he met. Having the sun as a compass, he oscillated between Scotland and Panley according to the fluctuation of his courage. At last he yielded to

hunger, fatigue, and loneliness; devoted his remaining energy to the task of getting back to school; struck the common at last; and hastened to surrender himself to the doctor, who menaced him with immediate expulsion. Gully was greatly concerned at the prospect of being compelled to leave the place he had just run away from; and earnestly begged the doctor to give him another chance. His prayer was granted. After a prolonged lecture, the doctor, in consideration of the facts that Gully had been seduced by the example of a desperate associate, that he had proved the sincerity of his repentance by coming back of his own accord, and had not been accessory to the concussion of the brain from which Mr. Wilson supposed himself to be suffering, accepted his promise of amendment and gave him a free pardon. It should be added that Gully kept his promise, and, being now the oldest pupil, graced his position by becoming a moderately studious, and, on occasion, even a sensible lad.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Byron, not suspecting the importance of the doctor's note, and happening to be in a hurry when it arrived, laid it by unopened, intending to read it at her leisure. She would have forgotten it altogether but for a second note which came two days later, requesting some acknowledgment of the previous communication. On learning the truth she immediately drove to Moncrief House, and there abused the doctor as he had never been abused in his life before; after which she begged his pardon, and implored him to assist her to recover her darling boy. When he suggested that she should offer a reward for information and capture, she indignantly refused to spend a farthing on the little ingrate; wept and accused herself of having driven him away by her unkindness; stormed and accused the doctor of having treated him harshly; and finally said that she would give £100 to have him back, but that she would never speak to him again. The doctor promised to undertake the search, and would have promised anything to get rid of his visitor. A reward of £50 was offered. But whether the fear of falling into the clutches of the law for murderous assault stimulated Cashel to extraordinary precaution, or whether he had contrived to leave the country in the four days which elapsed between his flight and the offer of the reward, the doctor's efforts were unsuccessful; and he had to confess their failure to Mrs. Byron. She agreeably surprised him by writing a pleasant letter to the effect that it was very provoking, and that she could never thank him sufficiently for all the trouble he had taken. And so the matter dropped.

Long after that generation of scholars had passed away from Moncrief House, the name of Cashel Byron was remembered there as that of a hero who, after many fabulous exploits, had licked a master and bolted to the Spanish main.

III.

There was at this time in the city of Melbourne, in Australia, a whitewashed building, above the door of which was a board inscribed GYMNASIUM AND SCHOOL OF ARMS. In the

long narrow entry hung a framed manuscript which set forth that Ned Skene, ex-champion of England and the Colonies, was to be heard of within daily by gentlemen desirous of becoming proficient in the art of self-defence. Also the terms on which Mrs. Skene, assisted by a competent staff of professors, would give lessons in dancing, deportment, and calisthenics.

One evening a man sat smoking on a common wooden chair outside the door of this establishment. On the ground beside him were some tin tacks and a hammer, with which he had just nailed to the doorpost a card on which was written in a woman's handwriting: "*Wanted, a male attendant who can keep accounts. Inquire within.*" The smoker was a powerful man, with a thick neck that swelled out beneath his broad flat ear lobes. He had small eyes, and large teeth over which his lips were slightly parted in a good-humoured but cunning smile. His hair was black and close cut; his skin indurated; and the bridge of his nose smashed level with his face. The tip, however, was uninjured. It was squab and glossy, and, by giving the whole feature an air of being on the point of expanding to its original shape, produced a snubbed expression which relieved the otherwise formidable aspect of the man, and recommended him as probably a modest and affable fellow when sober and unprovoked. He seemed about fifty years of age, and was clad in a straw hat and a suit of white linen.

He had just finished his pipe when a youth stopped to read the card on the doorpost. This youth was attired in a coarse sailor's jersey and a pair of grey tweed trousers which he had considerably outgrown.

"Looking for a job?" inquired the ex-champion of England and the Colonies.

The youth blushed and replied, "Yes. I should like to get something to do."

Mr. Skene stared at him with stern curiosity. His professional pursuits had familiarized him with the manners and speech of English gentlemen; and he immediately recognized the shabby sailor lad as one of that class.

"Perhaps you're a scholar," said the prizefighter, after a moment's reflection.

"I have been at school; but I didnt learn much there," replied the youth. "I think I could book-keep by double entry," he added, glancing at the card.

"Double entry! What's that?"

"It's the way merchants' books are kept. It is called so because everything is entered twice over."

"Ah!" said Skene, unfavourably impressed by the system: "once is enough for me. What's your weight?"

"I dont know," said the lad with a grin.

"Not know your own weight!" exclaimed Skene. "That aint the way to get on in life."

"I havent been weighed since I was in England," said the other, beginning to get the better of his shyness. "I was eight stone four then; so you see I am only a light weight."

"And what do you know about light weights? Perhaps, being so well educated, you know how to fight. Eh?"

"I dont think I could fight you," said the youth, with another grin.

Skene chuckled; and the stranger, with boyish communicativeness, gave him an account of a real fight (meaning apparently one between professional pugilists) which he had seen in England. He went on to describe how he had himself knocked down a master with one blow when running away from school. Skene received this sceptically, and cross examined the narrator as to the manner and effect of the blow, with the result of convincing himself that the story was true. At the end of quarter of an hour, the lad had commended himself so favourably by his conversation that the champion took him into the gymnasium, weighed him, measured him, and finally handed him a pair of boxing gloves and invited him to show what he was made of. The youth, though impressed by the prizefighter's attitude with a hopeless sense of the impossibility of reaching him, rushed boldly at him several times, knocking his face on each occasion against Skene's left fist, which seemed to be ubiquitous, and to have the property of imparting the consistency of iron to padded leather. At last the novice directed a frantic assault at the champion's nose, rising on his toes in his excitement as he did so. Skene struck up the blow with his right arm; and the impetuous youth spun and stumbled away until he fell supine in a corner, rapping his head smartly on the floor at the same time. He rose with unabated cheerfulness and offered to continue the combat; but Skene declined any further exercise just then, and, much pleased with his novice's game, promised to give him a scientific education and make a man of him.

The champion now sent for his wife, whom he revered as a pre-eminently sensible and well mannered woman. The new comer could see in her only a ridiculous dancing mistress; but he treated her with great deference, and thereby improved the favourable opinion which Skene had already formed of him. He related to her how, after running away from school, he had made his way to Liverpool; gone to the docks; and contrived to hide himself on board a ship bound for Australia. Also how he had suffered severely from hunger and thirst before he discovered himself; and how, notwithstanding his unpopular position as stowaway, he had been fairly treated as soon as he had shown that he was willing to work. And in proof that he was still willing, and had profited by his maritime experience, he offered to sweep the floor of the gymnasium then and there. This proposal convinced the Skenes, who had listened to his story like children listening to a fairy tale, that he was not too much of a gentleman to do rough work; and it was presently arranged that he should thenceforth board and lodge with them, have five shillings a week for pocket money, and be man of all work, servant, gymnasium attendant, clerk, and apprentice to the ex-champion of England and the Colonies.

He soon found his bargain no easy one. The gymnasium was open from nine in the morning until eleven at night; and the athletic gentlemen who came there not only ordered him about without ceremony, but varied the monotony of being set at

naught by the invincible Skene by practising what he taught them on the person of his apprentice, whom they pounded with great relish, and threw backwards, forwards, and over their shoulders as though he had been but a senseless effigy, provided for that purpose. Meanwhile the champion looked on and laughed, being too lazy to redeem his promise of teaching the novice to defend himself. The latter, however, watched the lessons which he saw daily given to others; and, before the end of a month, he so completely turned the tables on the amateur pugilists of Melbourne that Skene one day took occasion to remark that he was growing uncommon clever, but that gentlemen liked to be played easy with, and that he should be careful not to knock them about too much. Besides these bodily exertions, he had to keep account of gloves and foils sold and bought, and of the fees due both to Mr. and Mrs. Skene. This was the most irksome part of his duty; for he wrote a large schoolboy hand, and was not quick at figures. When he at last began to assist his master in giving lessons, the accounts had fallen into arrear; and Mrs. Skene had to resume her former care of them: a circumstance which gratified her husband, who regarded it as a fresh triumph of her superior intelligence. Then a Chinaman was engaged to do the more menial work of the establishment. "Skene's Novice," as he was now generally called, was elevated to the rank of assistant professor to the champion, and became a person of some consequence in the gymnasium.

He had been there more than nine months, and had developed from an active youth into an athletic young man of eighteen, when an important conversation took place between him and his principal. It was evening; and the only persons in the gymnasium were Ned Skene, who sat smoking at his ease with his coat off, and the novice, who had just come downstairs from his bedroom, where he had been preparing for a visit to the theatre.

"Well, my gentleman," said Skene mockingly: "you're a fancy man, you are. Gloves, too! They're too small for you. Dont you get hittin' nobody with them on, or you'll mebbe sprain your wrist."

"Not much fear of that," said the novice, looking at his watch, and, finding that he had some minutes to spare, sitting down opposite Skene.

"No," assented the champion. "When you rise to be a regular professional, you wont care to spar with nobody without you're well paid for it."

"I may say I am in the profession already. You dont call me an amateur, do you?"

"Oh no," said Skene soothingly: "not so bad as that. But mind you, my boy, I dont call no man a fighting man what aint been in the ring. You're a sparrer, and a clever, pretty sparrer; but sparring aint the real thing. Some day, please God, we'll make up a little match for you, and show what you can do without the gloves."

"I would just as soon have the gloves off as on," said the novice, a little sulkily.

"That's because you have a heart as big as a lion," said Skene,

patting him on the shoulder. But the novice, who was accustomed to hear his master pay the same compliment to his patrons whenever they were seized with fits of boasting (which usually happened when they got beaten), looked obdurate and said nothing.

"Sam Ducket of Milltown was here to-day while you was out giving Captain Noble his lesson," continued Skene, watching his apprentice's face cunningly. "Now Sam is a real fighting man, if you like."

"I dont think much of him. He's a liar, for one thing."

"That's a failing of the profession. I dont mind telling *you* so," said Skene mournfully. Now the novice had found out this for himself already. He never, for instance, believed the accounts which his master gave of the accidents and conspiracies which had lead to his being defeated three times in the ring. However, as Skene had won fifteen battles, his next remark was undeniable. "Men fight none the worse for being liars. Sam Ducket bet Ebony Muley in twenty minutes."

"Yes," said the novice scornfully; "and what is Ebony Muley? A wretched old nigger nearly sixty years old, who is drunk seven days in the week, and would sell a fight for a glass of brandy! Ducket ought to have knocked him out of time in seventy seconds. Ducket has no science."

"Not a bit," said Ned. "But he has lots of game."

"Pshaw! Come now, Ned; you know as well as I do that that is one of the stalest commonplaces going. If a fellow knows how to box, they always say he has science but no pluck. If he doesnt know his right hand from his left, they say that he isnt clever, but that he is full of game."

Skene looked with secret wonder at his pupil, whose powers of observation and expression sometimes seemed to him almost to rival those of Mrs. Skene. "Sam was saying something like that to-day," he remarked. "He says you're only a sparrer, and that you'd fall down with fright if you was put into a twenty-four foot ring."

The novice flushed. "I wish I had been here when Sam Ducket said that."

"Why, what could you ha 'done to him?" said Skene, his small eyes twinkling.

"I'd have punched his head: that's what I could and would have done to him."

"Why man, he'd eat you."

"He might. And he might eat you too, Ned, if he had salt enough with you. He talks big because he knows I have no money; and he pretends he wont strip for less than fifty pounds a-side."

"No money!" cried Skene. "I know them as'll make up fifty pound before twelve to-morrow for any man as I will answer for. There'd be a start for a young man! Why, my fust fight was for five shillings in Tott'nam Fields; and proud I was when I won it. I dont want to set you on to fight a crack like Sam Ducket anyway against your inclinations; but dont go for to say that money isnt to be had. Let Ned Skene pint to a young man and say 'That's the young man as Ned backs'; and others will come for'ard—aye, crowds of 'em."

The novice hesitated. "Do you think I ought to, Ned?" he said.

"That aint for me to say," said Skene doggedly. "I know what I would ha' said at your age. But perhaps you're right to be cautious. I tell you the truth, I wouldnt care to see you whipped by the like of Sam Ducket."

"Will you train me if I challenge him?"

"Will I train you!" echoed Skene, rising with enthusiasm. "Aye will I train you, and put my money on you too; and you shall knock fireworks out of him, my boy, as sure as my name's Ned Skene."

"Then," cried the novice, reddening with excitement, "I'll fight him. And if I lick him, you will have to hand over your belt as champion of the colonies to me."

"So I will," said Skene affectionately. "Dont stay out late; and dont for your life touch a drop of liquor. You must go into training to-morrow."

This was Cashel Byron's first professional engagement.

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

(To be continued).

An Enemy of Society.

"HANC PESTEM REIPUBLICÆ."—*Cicero.*

Methought I saw a dark, defiant face
With fierce lips set in everlasting scorn,
And backward-blown wild locks, by storm-blasts torn.
Sad eyes, deep-caverned, not without the grace
Of tenderness, that found no resting-place
In that despairing world whereinto born
He knew not how to make it less forlorn,
And so defied, and died: men call him base.

I saw this man: before his feet there knelt
A hunted, haggard slave, with fettered limbs
And branded cheek, and, "Nay—thy lot is mine,"
Smiled he, and raising, flung an arm round him.
"Who art thou?" And before I heard, I felt
His answer, "Lucius Sergius Catiline."

A. WERNER.

Communism.

THE State, the social organism crowning itself with a governing head,—as the body drawn around the soul of society,—might be expected to show a structure corresponding to the form unconsciously stamped in the family, to the ideal cherished in the Church. And, if we lay bare the anatomy of society, we shall find that its nervous system is a fine-fibred Communism, which, as the body increasingly becomes the expression of the soul, is spiritualizing the more material vascular system and working out a slow transfiguration. An organism implies separate members and functions co-ordinated into a common life. It cannot be an organism without having an individual organs; but it is an organism, inasmuch as these are bound together in a corporate oneness which has all things common. The true growth of any organism, of the social organism, is to be found in the ascendancy of this organic life in common over the functional life in separateness; in the equalizing of the circulation through every member of the body, in the carrying on of that secretion from the blood which each organ makes for its own upbuilding so that its private enrichment shall but subserve the commonwealth, and all the parts shall say, "We are members one of another."

The natural movement of society then should show to-day a twofold action,—the repression of excessive individualism and the stimulation of defective association, with a consequent narrowing of the area of common property; which is the double tendency we see working under purely economic laws.

Economists are the authority for declaring that prices, profits, and interest are slowly sinking toward a minimum.

The shrinkage of prices and profits means that the natural limits of individual fortunes are gradually narrowing. Colossal fortunes, it is true, are still to be accumulated, and show no sign of speedily disappearing from the earth. But colossal fortunes are always of doubtful legitimacy, if not of open illegitimacy, and are therefore unnatural. They are the running to seed of the system of private property, a premonition of decay, a call for the scythe. They have perhaps never been so vast as now since the Roman Empire, and therein is their interpretation. They introduced the decline and fall of Rome. They drained off the blood

of the Empire, and exhausted its corporate life in feeding their cancerous growth. We might fear that modern society would succumb to this impoverishing wealth, if we did not feel that its very dangerousness was producing a reaction which holds out the hope of ridding the system of these fungoid growths. One Jay Gould does more to dispose the average man to regard favourably the most radical measure for the limitation of private fortunes, a graduated income-tax, than the most fiery arguments of Socialists. We are to-day in the meeting of the waters. The ebb-tide is still running strongly out, while the flood-tide is setting in beneath the surface. The millionaire will some day be an economic fossil, a social plesiosaur; though that day is not to-morrow.

The shrinkage of interest—a world-wide phenomenon—means that nature's forces are preparing for the abolition of the non-productive classes who now live in luxury. When there is no increase of money except as it is married to work, then most literally will the law be obeyed,—"If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." And when all work, there will be more bread eaten, and less cake. As the needs of society make burdensome a class living apart from legitimate labour, above the comparatively modest affluence which such toil alone can win, the conditions of society are making it impossible.

Equality is the goal toward which economic forces are working, as liberty was the goal toward which political forces have been working, and fraternity is the crown and conciliation of both.

Economic laws are at the same time working naturally toward widening the area and intensifying the action of association, in every sphere of the business world. Alike, in trade, in manufactures, and in agriculture, this current is perceptible. Its volume and momentum increase yearly. Capital is rapidly passing out of the stage of individual action into a period of associative action. It is everywhere combining and thus multiplying its power. We are in the age of the joint-stock company. Private property, for its own preservation and increase, is developing into associative property. Commodities can be produced and exchanged most cheaply on a large scale, and thus private capital is being forced into corporate capital. A new personality appears in law,—the corporation. Corporations may be soulless, but they certainly are not bodiless. They have already assumed gigantic proportions. Their immensity is the measure of the wealth that is being created and held in common.

Labour is slowly learning the lesson that capital has first mastered. In union there is wealth as well as streugth. The small savings of individuals, which separately were powerless to make the average workman more than a mere hired hand, are being thrown together into a common fund, and thus they create credit and capital for the association, on which the members lift themselves to comfort and independence. Co-operation is preached everywhere with the enthusiasm of a new gospel. Co-operative stores, co-operative manufactures, co-operative building societies, co-operative credit banks, are springing up marvellously. Co-operation already has a history and a noble one. Its power to-day is wholly unrealised by those who have not studied its growth.

Agriculture, the slowest industry in change, is feeling the new current. While France has successfully applied co-operation to industrial production, England to distribution, Germany to the creation of capital, the United States seem likely to develop first its application to agriculture. Creameries, cheeseries, etc., late and rapid growths, show that farmers are finding that they can combine with great economy of time and labour, and thus secure larger profits. The expensive machinery of modern agriculture suggests conjoint ownership. The sudden growth in the far West of Bonanza Farms is one of the most striking signs of that abnormal development of individualism which threatens danger to the corporate life, and so begins to rally the organic forces toward a crisis and a new epoch. Farms half the size of a State will crush the competition of small farmers, or drive them to combine in order to compete.

Competition is thus begetting co-operation.

Above these purely economic developments, in the varied spheres of social life, this same principle is working to build up an increasing body of common properties. The multiplicity of interests shared among men leads to a steady growth of societies, clubs, and organisations of all sorts, having social, literary, musical, artistic, scientific, philosophic aims in common, and holding thereto more or less of common property—from the minute-book of the youth's debating society up to the West End clubs.

The social crystallization is dissolving and recombining in forms of higher association.

This process, traceable everywhere through the economic and social world, is working slowly upward toward the development of a State which shall be the organic expression of a real commonwealth, in a vast body of common property. Even now, government, local and general, discharges a multiplicity of functions for which it necessarily holds and manages a very large public property. It opens roads and streets, paves, lights, and sweeps them; constructs and works sewerage systems; owns, as the ward of the people, all unappropriated lands, all lines of natural transportation, rivers, lakes, sea-coasts, and surveys, lights, guards them; distributes letters through huge postal organisations; observes the weather from its scattered signal stations; secures property and person by costly fire and police departments; administers justice through its courts and prisons; educates the children of the people in its hosts of school-houses; watches over the public's bodily well-being through its Boards of Health; cares for the poor, the sick, the maimed, the insane; washes the public in free baths, recreates it in free parks, amuses it in free gardens and museums, and does all sorts of similar things in a way which should fill the soul of the *laissez-faire* theorist with horror and disgust, but which none the less adds vastly to the general "health and wealth." In this huge of body of State properties, each citizen is co-proprietor, and thus a member of an actual Communism.

The tendency is steadily in the direction of multiplying these common services on the part of the State, and thus of adding to

these common properties. Many confluent streams swell this current. As the social organism develops an ever-heightening complexity,—its inevitable progress according to Mr. Spencer's well-known *dictum*,—the presence of a co-ordinating brain becomes more essential in the head. To preserve harmonious interaction among these complex functions, the supervision and superintendence of the State are more constantly demanded. The increasingly scientific character of agriculture and industry calls for that large direction of investigation and experiment which the State alone can supply. The growth of international relations binds countries together in interests which governments alone can watch and foster. Departments thus multiply and enlarge, and the store of public properties grows continually.

The rapid concentration of capital which is everywhere seen—many small dealers disappearing in one large dealer, rival firms gravitating into a few all-swallowing firms, competing companies consolidating into enormous corporations—cannot be stopped. Too many forces are working together to bring about this movement. Neither is it to be wholly deplored. Since doing business on a large scale cheapens production and lessens the cost of exchange, it thus makes for the general good, so long as work is open for those who are thus displaced.

But in America the dangerous power these monopolies are developing, the burdensome taxation they lay upon trade, the demoralizing influence they are exerting upon legislation, the utter indifference they display to the public interests, the unscrupulous tyranny they use in pushing their selfish schemes at the cost of the people, are creating a sentiment which will ere long compel governmental supervision.

Governmental control passes easily into governmental ownership. For its own dignity and independence, its own security and perpetuity, as well as for the good of the people, the State is thus being drawn into the discharge of one function after another of the corporate life. The State has already assumed the supervision of the railroad system in England, through a commission with iuridical powers; has taken the first step in this direction in America in the Massachusetts Commission, and in the agitation for a national commission. It is considering the purchase of the railroads in Germany, and actually owns them in part or in whole in France, Italy, Belgium, and Russia. It has now for some years worked the telegraph system in England, with a great cheapening of rates. It is developing the *rôle* of the people's banker, not only in its traditional issue of currency, but in its institution of postal money orders, in its opening of governmental savings-banks connected with the postal system, in its putting forth in America bonds of ten dollars for the investment of the poor, and in its supervision of saving-banks by the States. These are signs of a widespread movement. If, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., says, we can expect the railroads and other corporations subserving common needs to be run in the interests of the public only by making the State own them, then to this ownership the State must sooner or later come. The steady growth of the organic life is asserting itself in the spreading conviction that

private interest cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the public interest, and that all rights must be held in trust for the common wealth. Society is increasingly asserting the interests of the many against the interests of the few, of the people against classes, of the public against individuals, and thus is unavoidably building up a common property, as the material housing of such a community.

This process is going on all around us, in the face of the minimizing of government inculcated by the scribes of political economy, and without any violent artificial intervention by the apostles of Socialism, solely by the action of natural forces too strong to be resisted. Thus, Wisdom is justified of all her children; and the ridiculed prophets of the ethical order behold economic and social laws working out their vision of the co-operative State.

It is in this way Socialism expects to realize slowly its long-cherished dream. The co-operative State is to be the flower of the process of integration now going on in society; the government's necessitated co-ordination of the associative action developed voluntarily among the people on an increasingly large scale; the ultimate generalization from co-operative trade and industrial organizations, the body of public property built around the spirit of "The Commons," the Republic of the Commonwealth.

Orthodox economy is at one with heterodoxy as to the fact of this on-going social evolution, and as to the general form of society in the future. Sober students look forward to the time when co-operation shall have completely revolutionized our industrial system and reconstructed society. Mr. Thornton writes, "Regarding the subject as soberly as I can, it seems to me impossible that the day should not arrive when, at most, all productive industry and most of all other industry will be, in one sense or other, co-operative; when the bulk of the employed will be their own employers; and when, of the portion who have other employers, most will be the participants in those employers' profits."

Mr. Mill writes: "In the co-operative movement, the permanency of which may now be considered as assured, we see exemplified the process of bringing about a change in society, which would combine the freedom and independence of the individual with the moral, intellectual, and commercial advantages of aggregate production; and which, without violence or spoliation or even any other sudden disturbance of existing habits and speculations, would realize, at least in the industrial department, the best aspirations of the democratic spirit, by putting an end to the division of society into the industrious and the idle, and effacing all social distinctions but those fairly earned by personal services and exertions. . . . As associations multiplied, they would tend more and more to absorb all work-people, except those who have too little understanding or too little virtue to be capable of learning to act on any other system than that of narrow selfishness. As this change proceeded, owners of capital would gradually find it to their advantage, instead of maintaining the struggle of the old system with work-people of only the worst description, to lend their capital to the associations; to do this at a diminishing rate of interest, and at last, perhaps, even to exchange their capital for

terminable annuities. In this or some such mode, the existing accumulations of capital might honestly, and by a kind of spontaneous process, become in the end the joint property of all who participate in their productive employment, a transformation which thus effected (and assuming, of course, that both sexes participate equally in the rights and in the government of the association) would be the nearest approach to social justice, and the most beneficial ordering of industrial affairs for the universal good, which it is possible at present to foresee."

Orthodox economy remains, however, incredulous of the dream of "The Co-operative State." Nevertheless, that dream was, in the brain of the wisest of philosophers, the profoundest of social and political students, "the Bible of the learned for twenty-two hundred years." Plato saw this vision centuries ago; and we have its mirrorings in "The Republic," that sublime ideal of a real government of a free people. This same dream has cheered the souls of earth's noblest thinkers through all the dark days since the great Greek, when, turning away from the shadows lying heavily upon the world, they have caught sight of the City of God coming down from heaven,—Utopia, *Nowhere* yet on earth in outward form, but in spirit so long seen and striven for that a rearrangement of the old elements may make it *Now-here*.

This dream may indeed prove a nightmare to disordered societies, and may shape itself in convulsions. Anarchic action there will be in this natural evolution of the social world, as there has been in the natural evolution of the physical world.—the violent effort of repressed forces to burst the hard crust of the old order, even as we see to-day in Europe. Karl Marx says, "Force is the accoucheur of every old society which is pregnant with a new one." That is true only in so far as civilization has made parturition an unnatural process, difficult, painful, and dangerous, necessitating often surgical obstetrics; sometimes even the Cæsarian operation of Terrorism and Nihilism. Freedom renders even the travail throes natural, and therefore easy and safe; and there is only "joy that a man is born into the world." And freedom is the political health into which mankind is being led. Revolutions will prove to be but cataclysms in the action of an evolution. Breakers, heavy and thunderous, there will be where the incoming tide meets the wash of the ebbing current, and the cresting wave will gather high and threatening against the backward suction of the undertow; but over the bar the seething sea will spread itself, calm and smiling, as, drawn by influences from above no hold of earth can check, the deep ocean swells up bays and rivers, creeks and tiny streams, sweeping the slimy places of corruption with the cleansing waters of a larger life, and spreading over dry and barren waste the freshness and fertility of the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

What the form of the new order shall be, who dare precisely predict? This, however, we may assuredly know: "that body which shall be" will prove no resurrection of the material housing once and forever laid aside. Nature does not go back to the grave to pick up worn-out bodies. Continuing the soul which in its infancy shaped the body of the past, it fashions round it,

matured and developed, the body of the future; a loftier likeness of the old in the new, a transfigured organisation. Every organism is a Communism, but man is not a reproduction of the oyster. Civilisation turned once, in the far-back past, away from the Communism which found no place for private property, and gave no play to individualism. To revert to *that* Communism would be retrogress not progress, the return to childhood in senility, in poverty if in purity, in ignorance if in innocence. Not thus is man to become a little child that he may enter the kingdom of heaven.

Ruskin finely says: "There is a singular sense in which the child may peculiarly be said to be the father of man. In many arts and attainments, the first and last stages of progress, the infancy and the consummation, have many features in common; while the intermediate stages are wholly unlike either and are furthest from the right. Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover."

This is the progress of the race; the action of that law of circularity which, urging civilisation round yet also up, brings society again into the same longitude where once it anchored ages since, but now in far higher latitude; its symbol, the spiral. The world is sweeping round into the meridian of Communism, but it will prove the parallel of a nobler "ism" of common property than that of the past. The Communism of the future will not do away with private property, but will restrain it to healthful proportions, will subordinate its aggregate to the mass of wealth held in common, and will guard against its renewed dangerous development by subsoiling it with a deep, wide, firm basis of common property, held for the people by co-operative associations, economic, social, and religious, and by the State. In that commonage will probably be included all properties which shall prove themselves, in the experience of mankind, essential to the commonwealth, even, if needs be, to the collective ownership of the land, the instruments of production, and the means of exchange.

Between the opposite poles of individualism and association, in oscillating cycles, civilisation gravitates toward the poise of the pendulum, the golden mean of an institution of property in which all needful severalties of personal possession shall form freely within the ensphering body of a vast and noble Communism. The distant goal of this troublous age is once more a stationary period. In the far back past, the calm of the mountain lake, placid and pure as the snow-fields around it; then the wild whirl of the mountain stream, delightedly escaping from stagnation, hurrying away from the old and tranquil haunts, reckless of where and how, so only that, obedient to the resistless yearning which stirs within its bosom, there is motion on; plunging wildly in tumultuous freedom, here in the gay sunlight, there in the gloomy gorges, hurling over huge precipices in untried ventures, shaking into thin mist, splintering on craggy rocks, grinding into white foam in the seething whirlpool, but hasting on; freshening the air for the dwellers in the valleys down which it scampers, greening the grass and goldening the grain and kissing the flowers with its dewy

breath till they blush into iris-hued ripplings of delight; anon bursting its embankments, pouring over the fields of patient industry, deluging, devasting, destroying; spreading at length into the smooth-flowing river, which moves onward still, through mighty continents of being; bearing the burdens of the people of the earth, exchanging their productions, building up fair cities and crowding them with wealth, causing the desert to blossom as the rose; yet clogging here and there into slimy shallows and turgid marshes, where the poison gathered from the heedless life along its shores washes upon the ground and exhales into the air, and makes the great river, on which weary men must toil and from which thirsting men must drink. a deadly curse, blighting the regions round into a land of the shadow of death; at last flowing into the broad sea, where all streams mingle and are one, where all evil elements are purified and precipitated, and clean and wholesome the great deep hushes into the calm of the Pacific, whose waters stir only with the long, low ground-swell and the gentle, steady trade-winds, while they flash beneath the bright beams of an eternal summer, and pulse with the movements of all varied and beautiful life round the happy islands where man is once more a child in the garden of the Lord, wherein stands the "tree of life . . . yielding its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations; and there shall be no curse any more."

From the mountain-tops, we may see the light of the dawning day on that far-off sea of peace, and cry, with Saint-Simon in his parting breath, "The future is ours."

R. Heber Newton.

Ten Years of English Poetry.

Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, 1861 — 1871.

BETWEEN the first appearance of a great poet and his ultimate recognition as one—between the accomplishment of the work which is to win him immortality, and the final ascension of that work to "the abode where the eternal are," there is generally a long interim of, for the most part, fruitless dispute and barren cavilling. "Our enemy is often our helper," says Burke: and the fact that twenty years of generally adverse criticism has had no direr effect upon the three greatest poets of our own generation, than than to make both them and their work famous, is in itself as conclusive a proof tha they are altogether beyond such criticism as it is certain evidence that such criticism is altogether unsound and unjust. It is always a valuable aid to a sound and just criticism of any matter, to take, wherever such is possible, some other criticism of the same subject as a kind of centre, or *point de repere* to work from.

At the moment nothing presents itself better suited to the present purpose, than the brief but comprehensive notice which Mr. Stopford Brooke has accorded these three poets in his Primer of English literature. On the last page of the first edition of that excellent little book, Mr. Brooke says, "Within the last ten years a new class of literary poets has arisen, who have no care for a present they think dull, for religious questions to which they see no end. They too have gone back to Greek and medieval and old Norse life for their subjects. They find much of their inspiration in Italy and in Chaucer; but they continue the love poetry, and the poetry of natural description. No English poetry exceeds Swinburne's in varied melody; and the poems of Rossetti within their limited range, are instinct with passion at once subtle and intense. Of them all William Morris is the greatest, and of him much more is to be expected. At present he is our most delightful story-teller: he loses much by being too long, but we pardon the length for the ideal charm. The Death of Jason and the stories told month by month in the Earthly

Paradise, a Greek and a medieval story alternately, will long live to delight the holiday-times of men; although it is some pity that it is foreign and not English story." The class of literary poets here mentioned might be more widely defined as a school of literary poets; some flatulent critics have delighted in calling it the Pre-Raphaelite school of poets, though what that name means when applied to poetry, those who use it may be best able to explain: unexplained it seems about half as sensible as to call our next school of Alexandrian poetry (if we ever have one) the Pre-Turnerite school. But apart from this, the term Pre-Raphaelite, or any other such term, is misleading in such a case as this: it implies a common workmanship under a common master. Now strangely similar as the three great poets mentioned above may be in minor points, in some small mannerisms, and technicalities, they are eminently dissimilar in all those higher regions of thought and sound, which each has traversed in his own original way; dissimilar in thought no less than in sound, in subject no less than in treatment. The faults and defects of one are to a great extent the faults and defects of all, but the peculiar greatness and high perfection of each are wholly and solely his own.

Mr. Rossetti, the eldest of the three, had completed several of his poems while the others were yet students, "dreaming in class-time;" but Mr. Morris was the first to place any serious work before the public. He began by "rekindling the beauty of the Arthurian legend," and reviving the old ballad form.

It was no discredit to Mr. Morris then, and it cannot detract from his fame now to record, that his Arthurian poems were more than partially eclipsed by Mr. Tennyson's which were published in the following year. Whether the idyll be the best form for the poetic translation of this kind of legend may be matter of doubt, unless it be settled by the fact that Mr. Tennyson has employed this form for this purpose, and that here he is unapproachable by any poet who has ever lived.

In his ballads, which are cast in the simpler metres of the style, Mr. Morris attains a higher standard of perfection than in his poems; but one may be allowed to doubt if he has here a "firmer tread" than the great poet by the light of whose genius he put forth the first-fruits of his work. Unless it be a greater thing to fill a verse with syllabic grace than with general perfection of thought and style, then assuredly it is not a greater thing to have written "Welland River" than to have written "Stratton Water." All the failings of Rossetti's ballad lean to virtue's side, while Mr. Morris has, wisely perhaps, stopped short of the point where such failings become possible. If Mr. Morris had not inscribed his first fruits to Rossetti, and if Mr. Swinburne had not generously acknowledged both his own and Mr. Morris's indebtedness to the poet-painter, it might be rather unfair to speak of these poems in connection with Rossetti. But in reading them one is often reminded of the fact that many of Rossetti's poems were written between 1847 and 1853. Not that Mr. Morris has imitated Rossetti, but he has been influenced by him. We know the bent of Rossetti's genius at this period, and we oftentimes catch a reflexion of it here.

To say more than this would be truly unjust, for the primal note of all Mr. Morris's work is originality; and where a man has given abundant proof of the possession of such a quality, it is scrupulously unfair to deny it to him in a single instance where it was partially shared by another.

The critic who should affirm that Mr. Morris had here imitated Rossetti, would be almost as blame-worthy as he who should assert that Mr. Morris had here followed Tennyson, albeit his work appeared before that of the laureate.

It is precisely the originality of these poems which makes them so noteworthy and so praiseworthy, and stamps their author as a distinct poet. It is not often so young a writer commences by being original; but these are the work of one who at the outset was not content to follow where another had passed, and who, having opened up a new path, preferred to cover a furlong of his own ground roughly, rather than run a league along any beaten track. It was also the novelty of this book which evoked the chief blame as well as the chief praise bestowed upon it—in other matters it was little noticed.

Far more noteworthy in the annals of contemporary literature will be the record of the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's first volume of collected poems. It was hardly to be expected that such unconventional poetry as "Poems and Ballads" would pass test with the conventional critics, even though they had hailed "Atalanta," and maintained a calm demeanour over "Chastelard." But by no comparison of precedent could it have been imagined what a "hideous roar" the "rout" would make over this new birth. Since the day when the ephemeræ of criticism were industriously blaspheming Shelley, while he of the giant's robe assiduously set himself to consign "Endymion" and its author to inexhumable oblivion, and made all his own fame infamous by this one notable blot; from that day when the Society for the Suppression of Vice licensed itself to deal in poetical criticism until now, nothing in all the wide range of English letters has met with such vehement reprobation, such fierce pouring forth of accumulated petty malignance, as, on its initial publication, assailed this first series of "Poems and Ballads."

One cannot imagine Mr. Swinburne being diffident, or deprecating criticism as Keats did; but one is fain to think that had he suspected what was lying in wait for him, he might have been tempted to have forestalled many of the opprobrious remarks which gained currency; to have someway denied the "pressmen" their dish of hash, and warded off the storm a little from himself.

That he did not do this left him open to the far more effectual way employed by Byron in dealing with his critics. Both these men answered the weak whips of their chastisers with stinging scorpions; Byron in scathing satire, and Mr. Swinburne in fierce vindication of himself and his work; though not, as he made plain, to justify either himself or his work, but for the sake of his publishers, who, fearful for that "immortal part," their reputation, instantly commenced calling in the prints with all the haste they could.

It is too late in the day to attempt any analysis of the reviews

which called forth this defence, and one might with less presumption undertake to "justify the ways of God to man" than to justify Mr. Swinburne, even if he had not already justified himself an hundred times. The chief fact to be noted is that Mr. Swinburne's work, like the "Endymion" of Keats, like various works of Shelley, has held its own and won its way in spite of all the charges brought against it; a rational deduction from this is, that it would have won its way quite as easily if these charges had not been brought against it; and the final corollary to be inferred is that, therefore, it is lasting work, in other words, true poetry.

There having been occasion to mention Keats in this context, it may perhaps be pardonable to here make a slight digression in his favour. In a late issue of the "Quarterly Review,"* an anonymous scribe, who discourses with more words than wisdom, on the three elegies, "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "In Memoriam," has been pleased to favour us with his opinion that "the review of Keats's works, which appeared so many years ago in the *Quarterly* was in reality sound and just, though perhaps rather sternly sound and just, as was always the case with Gifford." Unfortunately, this is not the only instance in which the most notorious case of critical malignance on poetical record has been wholly or partially extenuated or condoned. Even Mr. William Rossetti has countenanced it obliquely. In a prefatory notice prefixed to Messrs. Moxon's edition of Keats, this generally admirable and always conscientious critic says: "It would be equally untrue and futile to deny that some of the censure awarded by the critic was deserved —abundantly deserved." The article referred to by these critics is too long to detail here in full, but a précis will suffice. At the outset the reviewer frankly admits that he has not read "Endymion;" though he has made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself to get through it, he cannot pass the first book. He doubts if Keats be the real name of the author, as he cannot conceive that any man in his senses would put his name to such a rhapsody, which is simply a mass of the most incongruous ideas couched in the most uncouth language. He says that the poet amuses himself and wearies his readers with an immeasurable game at bout-rimés; and calls Keats a copyist of Hunt, only more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more absurd and tiresome. Finally he winds up with this sentence: "We should have abstained from inflicting on him any of the tortures of the 'fierce hell' of criticism, which so terrify his imagination, if he had not begged to be spared in order that he might write more." Briefly this is the review which was "sound and just," and between the lines of it may be read the censure which was "abundantly deserved."

If Mr. Rossetti means that the immaturities which mar both the "literary style" and the "narrative plan" of Endymion, did indeed deserve some kind of honest censure, then we may allow his judgment to pass as speculative, even if we do not accept it as determinative. But to deny that Keats deserved the virulent and scurrilous censure heaped upon him in the pages of the Quarterly

* The July number, 1884.

is neither futile nor untruthful, for of genuine censure there is absolutely none, only sour dashes of banter and raillery.

It is rather pitiable to be under the obligation of requesting a fifth-form boy to re-study his Latin accidence, nevertheless it may sometimes be necessary for his own good. If the Quarterly reviewer of to-day, who thinks that Gifford's criticism of Keats was sound and just, will hearken and give heed to a little gratuitous advice, he will take the first opportunity of re-reading Keats and the back numbers of his literary organ, if he has read either before. And when he has discovered that there is in the English language a beautiful elegy called "Thyrsis," which, whether it compare for better or for worse with Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" as poetry, is altogether above comparison with that poem as elegy; and when he has discerned that "Thyrsis" is nearly related to "Lycidas," and not totally estranged from "Adonais;" while "In Memoriam" is not even distantly allied to either—when he has discovered and discerned this, we shall be pleased to learn the result of his later studies in Keats and the back numbers. To view his ludicrous statement otherwise than as a blunder in the accidence of criticism, is but to add one more proof to the many already existing, that ordinary literary criticism is no higher, or better, or sounder to-day than it was half a century ago; that it is still what Wordsworth styled it then "an inglorious employment."

But to return to Mr. Swinburne. In defending his poems against the charge of immorality, Mr. Swinburne opened a very wide question; a question not merely interesting to the student of his own poetry, or to the art faculty of the present day only; but of high importance to all students, and more especially to all artists, in any department of their wide choice at any period: the question whether the moral element, the test of morality, be the test of art, and further whether the bounds of morality be the bounds of art. Mr. Swinburne's own answers to these questions do not appear to have given general satisfaction; though he certainly answered them clearly enough for the satisfaction of all, as regarded his own work; and apparently for his own satisfaction as regarded all work.

One would suppose it must be obvious to all educated outside Mr. Spurgeon's college, that the moral element, the test of morality, is not, and cannot be, the test of art: for although some, nay most, of the noblest art in the world has been produced by the sheer force of morality "touched by emotion," yet in times, especially these times, when morality is too seldom touched by emotion, we get works of high moral excellence, assuming the name and pretending to the form of art, but which are really as "dry as summer dust," and as inartistic; proving clearly, in this matter at least, that of itself morality can do nothing; nor in this case can its impotence be extenuated on the plea of good intentions. Unfortunately it is not quite so distinctly evident, nor so easily demonstrable, that the bounds of morality are, or should be, the bounds of art: for the bounds of morality in its relation to art do not yet seem to be definitely determined. For instance, Mr. Arnold says that the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" gives us the expression of a moral idea comparable with the deepest and gravest

utterances of Shakespeare or of Milton. But Mr. Arnold's lord and master, Wordsworth, whom Mr. Arnold has confessed to be a great critic, considered this Ode very immoral, and denounced as "perfectly indecent" the lovely opening line—

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness.

So where are we?

Certainly Wordsworth's opinion was expressed some time ago, but then at any moment a Quarterly scribe may hop up and approve it as "sound and just."

However the quality which Wordsworth disparaged in this ode is not of the kind which condemns a work, and disclaims it as art. It is a quality of subject, not of the poet's mind, and no quality of subject can ever dethrone art; because no subject which is unworthy of art is capable of it. The worthiness of any subject for the purposes of art is always its capability, and on this side the domain of art is illimitable. It is the function of the artist to take some atom from the vast mass which lies to his hand and reproduce it as art. In order that he may do this, it is required of him that he shall treat his chosen subject in a spirit worthy of that subject. The minute he treats any subject in a spirit unworthy of it, in a spirit lower than the spirit of the subject itself, that minute his treatment ceases to be art. This will perhaps make clear what has been prefigured above, that no quality can condemn a work or disclaim it as art, which is not brought into that work by the artist, and for such qualities only as he brings into his work can he be held responsible; but for all these qualities he is responsible. Let him look to it! No man has any right to bring immorality into this world at all; so that the bounds of morality in the artist will always be the bounds of his art.

It would scarcely have been necessary to have entered upon the discussion of this question here, if Mr. Swinburne's early poems were not still held amenable to the charge of immorality.

Wherein does this monstrous quality lie? Neither the Anactoria nor the Hermaphroditus were decried and defamed in their original dress. They were not unfit subjects for art, or the art of them would have been impossible: it may be emphatically denied that Mr. Swinburne has debased either, therefore he has not forfeited their claim to art. Why all this outcry because a gem of ancient poetry, and a jewel of ancient sculpture have been translated into English verse?

In the Hermaphroditus Mr. Swinburne has done the same thing as Keats in the Ode to a Grecian Urn. He has translated sculpture into poetry, not with Keats' peculiar imaginative felicity, or verbal perfection, but certainly with more "criticism of life," so we may not wholly despair of some day being told that Mr. Swinburne's Hermaphroditus gives us the expression of a moral idea comparable with the deepest and gravest utterances of Shakespeare or of Milton. Artistically, both the Anactoria and Hermaphroditus are fine poems; but the first leaves an impression of feeling strained to possess a passion highly conceived, yet hardly attainable, and the second of an expression laboured to set forth an ideal beauty. The passionate sweetness and natural subtility of inner and self-sustaining music in the Anactoria are

unmatched by any other poem in this book, or anywhere short of the first chorus of the "Litany of the Nations." But the passion itself is nowhere so fresh, the bitter sweet of this Sapphic fruit is noway comparable to that desire "more fell than anguish or the sea," which follows the account of a "republican marriage" in Les Noyades. Here the figure of the poem relates the fortune of a rough, red-handed lover, who having given all the passion of his soul for the scorn of a high-born maiden, was at last taken captive with her, and obtained favour of the gods to be bound to her, and drowned with her, according to the custom in the Loire.

"Not twice in the world shall the gods do thus," says the narrator of this brief tragedy:—

> . . . But I,
> Though the gods gave all that a god can give,
> I had rather chosen the gift to die,
> Cease and be glad above all that live.
> For the Loire would have driven us down to the sea,
> And the sea would have pitched us from shoal to shoal;
> And I should have held you, and you held me,
> As flesh holds flesh, and the soul the soul.

There might have been but a moment's consciousness of this rapture—

> But you would have felt my soul in a kiss,
> And known that once if I loved you well;
> And I would have given my soul for this
> To burn for ever in burning hell.

This may not be the ideality of love, but it is the reality of passion. The most ideal poem in this book is a short one to the "Sundew":

> A little marsh-plant, yellow-green,
> And pricked at lip with tender red

whose blossom the summer saves

> . . . . . so
> That it lives out the long June heat.
>
> The deep scent of the heather burns
> About it; *breathless though it be*
> *Bow down and worship; more than we*
> *Is the least flower whose life returns,*
> *Least weed renascent in the sea.*

The noble pantheism of such touches as these, in which the poet, like Wordsworth, is gifted with a "spiritual passion," and "sees into the life of things," is only surpassed by the tender and divine reverence through which he has been enabled to see into the life of little children, to search the divine depth of a child's heart, and gather pearls from that which is as deep and peerless as the sea. No other English poet has sung of children, their tears and their laughter, their pity and their joy, as Mr. Swinburne has sung of them. To no other Englishman has it been given to make brighter "the loveliest lamp for earthly feet," and to encircle and gild with a sunlike glory "the light of little children and their love." One name only among all the names of English poetry can claim any kindred here. To all acquainted with his work the mention of any kind of poetry pertaining to childhood will always bring to mind the delightful name of Matthew Prior, as the mention of his name will always recall his charming love-letter to a child of quality, aged five. This is the only poem in our language worthy

to stand by Mr. Swinburne's verses, "A Child's Pity." There is no room for a question of preference between these two; both are perfect after their fashion. Neither poet has done what the other has, but each has given according to his special grace, and with the most perfect delicacy, the inexpressible charm of childhood.

On one other theme Mr. Swinburne's singing God is jubilant above all others: he has sung and re-sung of the sea more than any other singer of our sea-girt land. He has set every motion of the waves to music, and painted every light and shade reflected in or by the ocean from the sun-dawn to the stars, from the star-dawn to the sun. His delight in the ocean is like that of the wind,—

> That satiety never may stifle,
> Nor weariness ever estrange,
> Nor time be so strong as to rifle,
> Nor change be so great as to change.
> His gift that renews in the giving
> The joy that exalts him to be
> Alone of all elements living,
> The lord of the sea.

No poet, not even Shelley, has loved the sea more passionately than Mr. Swinburne; and in this passion for the great destroyer lies the distinguishing point of his genius. The sea is symbolical of many things, but above all other things it is symbolical of death: and the distinguishing feature of Mr. Swinburne's genius is tragedy. He sees the darker and the sterner side of human life, and he renders it, sometimes as it is, but more often after the manner of the sea, symbolically. Splendid lyrist as he is, he achieves little without the help of tragedy, and that little not of the highest order, not always above imitation. It may be said that his genius is tragical, and his talent lyrical. When his genius and his talent work together he produces his highest poetry, which is tragi-lyrical.

SILVANUS DAUNCEY.

(To be continued.)

The Jevonian Criticism of Marx.

A Rejoinder.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S brilliant but good-natured "comments" on my article on the theory of value seem to invite a few words of reply from me.

I will, however, make them very short. After admirably illustrating the fact that to each individual the utility of beef runs daily and weekly through enormous variations, Mr. Shaw declares that this does not affect the exchange value of the article. No more it does, if the variations counteract each other. If they are all in the same direction at the same time they do affect the exchange value—as Mr. Shaw would know were he a butcher or a housekeeper. But at any rate, says Mr. Shaw, the exchange value cannot rise above the "cost of catching, killing and cooking a cow." Had I Mr. Shaw's pen in my fingers I could give my readers a delectable picture of the indignant housekeeper defeating the extortionate butcher by sallying forth to catch, kill and cook "a cow" for dinner, but I will not enter upon an unequal combat in badinage with Mr. Shaw. I presume he means that the price of beef cannot rise above the cost of bringing it into the market. No more it can, permanently. Temporarily it can, and often does. The only reason why it cannot do so permanently is because as long as labour can produce a higher average utility by bringing beef into the market than by taking any other direction it will put itself to that special task by preference and so will *reduce the final utility of beef* by supplying the want of it down to a lower point.

I am quite at a loss to know what Mr. Shaw means by saying that "If the labour necessary to produce the beef be halved or doubled, neither the mass nor the final degree of utility in the beef will be altered one jot; and yet the value will be halved or doubled." Unless and until both the total and the final utilities *are* altered the exchange value will remain exactly the same. It is only by producing more beef, and thus at the same time increasing its total and lowering its final utility, that the increased facilities of beef-making can produce any effect on the price whatever.

As for Mr. Shaw's extortionate sheikh he simply illustrates my contention that *some* of the consumers always get the whole, and

every consumer may sometimes get a part of the commodity he consumes at something less than it is worth to him (the first mouthful of beef costs no more than the twentieth), but that all pay the price represented by the minimum or final utility of the last increment to that one of the consumers, to whom it has, relatively to other commodities, the least utility.

Similar remarks apply to Mr. Shaw's remaining criticisms; but I should like to say a word in elucidation of my statement that when the supply of any commodity is increased the successive increments meet an ever less urgent want, and are in fact less and less useful. I admit that in a certain sense this language is misleading, for if we are speaking of *absolute* utilities the presumption is that if the supply of beef is increased till it falls to 6d. a pound, the final increments which get into the workman's alimentary canal are more useful than previous ones, the fate of which we need not pursue beyond the servants' hall. But I never compare absolute utilities and I do not see how such a comparison could be instituted on any scientific basis. All I contend for is that if yesterday no one had a watch except those to whom a watch was as useful as anything that could be got for £15, and if to-day a number of men possess watches to whom they are only as useful as other things which could be got for £10, the new watches are *relatively to other things* less useful than the former ones were.

Mr. Shaw's youthful experiences about x and a are so highly instructive that I cannot refrain from dwelling upon them for a moment. His friend induced him to "let $x=a$," and Mr. Shaw—not expecting that x would take any mean advantage of the permission—granted the request. But he did not understand that in letting $x=a$ he was also letting $x-a=o$, and the proof (of the proposition, $2=1$) that "followed with rigorous exactness," assumed that $x-a$ did *not* equal o.

Mr. Shaw arrived at the sapient conclusion that there was "a screw loose somewhere"—not in his own reasoning powers, but—"in the algebraic art;" and thenceforth renounced mathematical reasoning in favour of the literary method which enables a clever man to follow equally fallacious arguments to equally absurd conclusions *without seeing that they are absurd*. This is the exact difference between the mathematical and literary treatment of the pure theory of political economy.

Only a single word, in conclusion, on the importance of this controversy. It is not a mere question of abstract reasoning (although, if it were, that could hardly be urged in its disparagement by an admirer of Marx). It affects the whole system of economics, and more particularly Marx's economics. In admitted contradiction to apparent facts, and without (at present) any attempt to remove the apparent contradiction, Marx by sheer logic attempts to force us into the admission that "profits," "interest," and "rent," *must* have their origin in the "surplus-value" that results from purchasing "labour-force" at its value and selling wares at their value. The key-stone of the arch is the theory of value adopted by Marx, and I have tried to show that it is not sound. In doing so I have found an unexpected but powerful ally in Mr. John Carruthers, whose

elaborate and thoughtful essay on "The Industrial Mechanism of a Socialist Society," shows the phenomena of "profits" reappearing, in a modified form, in communal industry. My own rather clumsy illustrations of the varying utilities and values of "coats and hats," etc., laboured under the disadvantage of requiring my readers to imagine the wants of society in part at least supplied successively, not contemporaneously. Mr. Carruthers escapes this, and shows how in a communal industry the price (though he would not say the "exchange" value) of each article depends on its final utility, and that it is only when, *as a consequence* of the indications thus afforded, labour has been properly apportioned amongst the industries, that prices are apportioned to labour cost.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

The Coming of Liberty.

Ho brothers, do ye hear her? Her advent draweth nigh,
The old injustice fadeth, the old wrongs wane and die,
Thrones totter and are shaken, and in vain the tyrant grieves,
Soon the blast will scatter kingdoms, as the wind the autumn leaves.

Ho brothers, will ye aid her? for her purpose cannot fail,
Hers is the one true triumph, hers the cause that must prevail,
Yea no man can withstand her, she shall sweep her foes away;
Strive for her in the dawning, great your guerdon in the day.

From amid the din of cities, from amid the toil of fields,
A million hearts she quickens, a million arms she wields;
Their days are full of beauty, tho' they struggle to be free,
If the foretaste bring such sweetness, what shall the fulness be?

Her sign is like Jehovah's, when his race from bondage fled,
Before the king's host darkness, but a light upon us shed;
Her gifts are peace and plenty, and a work that comes as rest,
With clothing for the naked, and freedom for th' oppressed.

The great dead sang songs of her in the dim and mournful years—
'Men would beat their swords to ploughshares, and to pruning hooks their spears.'
And the greatest would be humble, and the first would be the last.
'When hers would be the kingdoms, and the days of evil past.'

She knows her own true servants, she would have you with her best;
Ye have the power to help her, and her helpers will be blest.
Up, and strive to kill oppression, and to dry the mourners' eyes,
And to lighten each man's burden—Ho brothers, men, arise.

Arise, the world will bless you, tho' it give you hatred now,
Arise, altho' men mock you, tho' they crown with thorns your brow,
Arise, and battle for her, till her foes be overthrown;
As yours will be the struggle, so the glory yours alone.

F. Trevethen Brice.

Charles Louis Delescluze.

BUT few facts are at hand to enable one to write even a sketch of this great and heroic life. Born at Dreux in 1809, Delescluze in his youth studied law at Paris and abandoned it because it was, as he said, the "logic of rascals to shield murder and theft." In 1834 he underwent the first of his long list of imprisonments, for the part he took in the April revolution, and in the following year in Belgium he obtained the editorship of the *Courier de Charleroi*. He returned to Paris, where he founded a journal called the *Revolution Democratique et Sociale*, which brought him fifteen months' imprisonment and twenty thousand francs fine.

After a long period of liberty, nearly eight years, he was condemned to transportation by the High Court of Justice sitting at Versailles, but the condemnation was given in his absence in England, where he remained until 1853. On his return, he was immediately imprisoned at Mazas, transferred afterwards to Belle-Isle, and finally to Cayenne.

These sojourns lasted until 1858, when the amnesty permitted him to return to France, where he made haste to bring out another new journal, *Le Reveil*, which earned him fines and imprisonments with great rapidity, three of each within twelve months.

In the month of February, 1871, he was elected deputy by a large number of votes; and later, when the Assembly went to Bordeaux, he sat there for some time, and then gave in his resignation, in order to take part in the Commune as delegate at the Ministry of War.

Well and faithfully did he perform his duty in the days of siege and struggle that followed, and when the cause was lost he would not seek safety in flight. At the Chateau d'Eau seven enormous barricades had been erected; for thirteen hours they had sustained a most terrible attack from every direction. The people, profiting by the lesson of the previous days, had taken possession of the houses in front of the works; but the soldiers climbed upon the roofs of the houses, advanced from one to another, and poured a destructive fire into the ranks of the people behind the works. Delescluze proceeded along the Boulevard Prince Eugene, with the calm indifference of a stoic philosopher. Shells and bullets were falling

and whizzing in every direction. He was deep in thought, not of himself, but of the great cause that now, after so much sacrifice, was lost again. He met Gambon going to Belleville; Delescluze only said: "Lost again. Humanity will look to another time, and, may be, another place, but the final triumph cannot be far off. It will be sufficient reward if we have hastened it." Several officers and citizens gathered around him and entreated him to turn back. He only pressed their hands and kept on his way. Delescluze had probably done more than any other man to incite the people to resist their oppressors, the conspirators of Versailles. And when they rose, he promised to remain with them to the last. He would lead them to success or he would die in their midst. The cause was now lost. Delescluze was going to prove his fidelity. He was in citizen's dress, and had in his hand a cane that he had carried constantly for many years. When he reached the barricade the battle was at its height, raging with inconceivable fury. But the people died as resolutely as they fought. There were no cries of pain or terror. The wounded died without groans. There was no sound but the roar, the crash, and the shouting of the assailants. The air was thick with smoke; it was stifling.

The people had been at their post in the midst of this terrible scene, without intermission, for thirteen hours, some of them for two days. They were covered with sweat, many of them with blood, and blackened with powder. The ground was strewn with splinters, balls, and fragments of shells. The gutters were flowing with blood. When Delescluze reached the barricade he was recognised by many of the people, and they greeted him with the shout of "Vive la Commune!" Delescluze responded with a single shout of "Vive l'Humanité!" took his place at the barricade and began to fire with a revolver.

The carnage was now fearful. The walls were almost battered down, and the people were falling thick under the fire of the chassepots. About two o'clock they were fiercely assaulted at every point. Exhausted with fatigue, more than half of them dead upon the ground, and overpowered on every side, the brave people, though they fought with the fury of despair, were all either killed or disarmed. Not a man, not a woman, not a child surrendered. Every one fought till the last; till the soldiers, sick of carnage, wrested their arms from them.

Late in the afternoon the body of Delescluze was found, riddled with balls and surrounded by the corpses of twenty-eight soldiers. And the next day it was announced by the Versailles Government that "the too guilty Delescluze had been picked up dead by the troops of General Clinchant."

On such men rest the best hopes of Humanity.

W. D. TRAMMELL.

Am I a Socialist?

THIS is a question that all of us have had, or will within the next few years have, to ask and answer. Even orthodox newspapers say that "Socialism in England is entering on a new phase and commands attention. It has become a theory to be examined, modified, adopted or fought against." If suspended judgment be at present possible, suspended action cannot long continue advisable or safe. Those that are not for English Socialists, are counted against them; and it is folly for one, who is really against Socialism, to sit, dumb and still, while the creed he distrusts hourly gains adherents. Who will care for the petty squabbles of Radicals and Tory, when the merits of systems are being compared? Whether we like the responsibility or not, we must face the problem; with whatever reservations we please, we must take a side.

The mainsprings of human action each party respectively determines to assume and vindicate, are (1) the self-regarding instinct, aiming indirectly at universal elevation through each man's struggle to elevate himself and his family; (2) the Social Instinct, aiming directly at universal elevation through each man's struggle to elevate all.

There is little doubt upon which of these passions an earnest Social Reformer would fain rely. Give the first full play, and at best it is seen to involve the sacrifice of generations to perish unredeemed. The second offers immediate relief. To our moral sense self-absorption seems base and self-abnegation beautiful. But we may not prefer what we fancy beautiful to what we fear to find true.

With this thought in mind I went to the works of various opponents of Socialism. I re-read with especial care, what John Stuart Mill has written upon this subject, resolving, on the one hand, that I would not petulantly turn from the teacher to whom I owe so much, that I would not become an emotional convert with prospect of after-recoil; on the other, that if, after I had renewed my acquaintance with the economists, I could become a Socialist, I would.

Remember, I start with a desire to embrace Socialism, if I can, because Socialism promises so much. Anyone that prefers the

present condition of affairs to Socialism, bereft of its essential or adventitious drawbacks, simply wishes to retain an unfair advantage, which he believes that the ascendant system has conferred upon him and his. Few cynically avow this motive, and the right or wrong of such a feeling I do not intend here to consider. I assume that we all want to have the system that will be best for all of us. I assume the state of thought expressed in a fragmentary sentence like, "Socialism is a fascinating ideal—but—but—but—" I propose to examine the "buts," and if I can satisfactorily dispose of them, why then Socialism will remain, naked and beautiful, to serve and love.

We all pretty well know by this time what Socialism is. In order, however, to appreciate these "buts" we had better be exact. Socialism implies a recognition of the justice and advisability of allowing men at this stage of human progress to feel dependent upon the community for the necessities of life. I shall as far as possible confine myself to the principle, and refrain from discussing the limits within which it may at once be safely worked. That, if this principle can be firmly established, many of the contemporary socialistic demands must be granted, is obvious.

We have to ask ourselves (1) whether this principle is just, and (2) whether it is expedient.

We shall, I think, find that the answer we return to the first of these questions depends upon the answer we discover for the second. What is expedient for the whole human race is also fair for each separate individual. Mr. Matthew Arnold and the *Times* newspaper are in agreement with the Socialists upon this point, which we may therefore take as practically settled. I need not adduce quotations from these authorities. The celebrated leading article upon Mr. Chamberlain is fresh in every one's recollection In an address entitled "Equality,"* delivered at the Royal Institution Mr. Arnold has enunciated with brighter lucidity similar views. If Socialism be expedient, it is also and for that very reason just.

In discussing the expediency of Socialism, I will first deal with what may be termed its essential characteristics, and the dangers that are said to surround them, leaving for separate consideration afterwards the comparison we may find it necessary to draw between it and alternative panaceas. Clearly we might gain from Socialism an absence of anxiety, which if it did not make us lazy, would render our lives happier, our thoughts less trivial, our work more concentrated and better. It is essential to Socialism however, that the rights of property, as now understood, should be rudely violated; that competition for luxuries should be confined within narrower limits, that very great power should be vested in the State, *i.e.*, as Burke puts it, "the nation in its collective and corporate character." In these essentials of Socialism many see astounding dangers which we may perhaps group under three heads as relating to (*a*) Population, (*b*) Competition, and (*c*) Liberty.

(*a.*) I do not see that Population has in reality anything to do

* "Mixed Essays." Smith, Elder and Co., 1879.

with Socialism. But the belief that it has is general, and arises from the fact that certain economists lay great stress upon the benefits which might attend the regulation of population, while certain Socialists make light of them. Concede for a moment all that the most extravagant Malthusians have asserted. Does this concession militate against Socialism? On the contrary, Mill, who urges the paramount importance of self-restraint, admits that "the Communistic scheme,* instead of being peculiarly open to the objection drawn from danger of over-population, has the recommendation of tending in an especial degree to the prevention of that evil." According to him the disciple of Malthus has nothing to dread from Socialism because, he says, the origin of evils caused by over-population would, under a socialist régime, be unmistakeable; and, the origin being known, public opinion would reprobate, or legal penalties repress, culpable self-indulgence at the expense of the community. It is well to note this circumstance, as, although later economists largely modify the teaching of Malthus and Mill, many persons yet cling to the *dicta* of the older prophets. All seem to agree, however, that in any case, future or present, when population is really redundant, the people will not and cannot understand their position, unless education and comfort inspire them with hope and fear. What save some species of Socialism can speedily confer pleasurable culture upon all? The gift is one that brings responsibility in its train. Thus, enter Socialism and exit the Population Scare.

(*b.*) The economists assert that competition (including the power of acquiring any amount of personal property—*i.e.*, present and potential consumption—and many kinds of half-public property—*e.g.*, land and money to be used as capital) is necessary to overcome "the natural indolence of mankind"; to excite men to improve themselves; nay, even "to preserve their faculties from deterioration."† Without the stimulus of competition people would not, they say, take the trouble to produce enough to support a decent standard of comfort and a high condition of culture. "To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dulness."

This is for Socialism a gloomy outlook indeed, but Mill elsewhere maintains that:

"Mankind are capable of a far greater amount of public spirit than the present age is accustomed to suppose possible. History bears witness to the success with which large bodies of human beings may be trained to feel the public interest their own. And no soil could be more favourable to the growth of such a feeling than a Communist association, since all the ambition, and the bodily and mental activity, which are now exerted in the pursuit of separate and self-regarding interests, would require another sphere of employment, and would naturally find it in the pursuit of the general benefit of the community. . . And independently of the public motive every member of the association would be amenable to the most universal and one of the strongest of personal

* "Principles of Political Economy," Book 2, I., 3.

† J. S. Mill "Political Economy," Book 4, VII., 7.

motives, that of public opinion. The force of this motive in deterring from any act or omission positively reproved by the community, no one is likely to deny; but the power also of emulation, in exciting to the most strenuous exertions for the sake of the approbation and admiration of others, is borne witness to by experience in every situation in which human beings publicly compete with one another, even if it be in things frivolous, or from which the public derive no benefit. A contest, who can do most for the common good, is not the kind of competition which Socialists repudiate."*

I do not wish to quote odds and ends of Mill in the manner that some pious controversialists are wont to adduce isolated texts of Scripture in support of their peculiar dogmas. In this passage he is undoubtedly regarding Socialism as a vision of the future, and not as a panacea for existing evils. He would have denied or questioned that "the ambition, and the bodily and mental activity, which are now exerted in the pursuit of separate and self-regarding interests" could, within our time, find a sphere "in the pursuit of the general benefit of the community." He objects to Socialism, we well know, upon other grounds, with which I am not at this moment concerned, but shall perhaps touch upon under the head of "Liberty." Confining our attention to the influence of competition we shall, if we accept unchallenged what Mill says above narrow our discussion. We shall put out of court the loose statements that, to dispense with it, "the *whole* current of human thought would have to be changed."†

We shall confess that by fostering other passions, the strength of which in human nature we observe to be remarkable, we *can* do away with what the economists term competition. We shall see that the "revolution" spoken of as necessary to turn a competitive into a socialistic community is analogous to the moral revolution, which turns a thief into an honest, a liar into a truthful person, or other similar feasible metamorphosis. The objection to the change is that it does not suit the temper and material welfare of the times, not that it is unnatural or essentially unwholesome. Experience tells us that we have been benefitted by competition.

Everybody extols the advantage of acting in accordance with the teachings of experience. Lawyers demand a precedent before they will advance a yard, and seem afraid to do anything that has not been done before. Political economists are somewhat lawyer-like in this respect. Their business, the substitution of science for fancy, naturally makes them captiously cautious. When a change is suggested for which they discover no near analogy in the past, they are fearful of risk. Reasons for believing it desirable weigh little with them, unless they can actually foretell the result. They have an affinity for crawling and distrust a swifter mode of progression. Their warnings are worth consideration, but though a small certainty is undoubtedly good, a grand probability with attendant dangers may be better. The question is one of comparative chances, and depends upon the odds. To gain much we must stake something.

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* "Political Economy," Book 2, I. 3.

† "Some Objections to Socialism," by C. Bradlaugh.

In reading Political Economy, we novices must be careful to distinguish between facts and inferences. Facts we must often accept as stated, because an examination of authorities would require research beyond our reach; but we must critically scan every inference.

Now what are the facts from which the economists deduce their theory that competition exerts a beneficent influence? Roughly these—that in some countries a crystallised custom has retained predominant power in fixing the reward society allows labour undertaken for its benefit; in others competition has won a wider sway—that the countries of competition are the more flourishing—in them a more restless activity throbs, larger conceptions of ultimate possibilities prevail, the few are possessed of a higher culture, and an appreciable number of the many are less miserably situated than in the countries of custom. Their inference apparently is that competition is a law of life.

Granting these premises, which some dispute, the conclusion is surely extravagant and outruns the limits of the argument. Was not the custom, which competition has superseded, manifestly unjust, the legalised privilege of the strong to crush the weak, instead of the unmolested opportunity which has been grafted upon their old terrible vested interests? We find competition better than manifestly unjust custom, better in so far as it tempers the ancient tyranny—that is all.

Again, experience is useful rather to teach us what we should not do than to tell us what we should. It is an invaluable monitor but an inadequate guide. From it we learn to discard what is useless and harmful, but often we have to try a new plan, in the formation of which experience cannot help us save indirectly.

Has competition ever made the majority of the inhabitants of a populous country moderately happy? If the answer be "No," and it has had a fair trial, experience bids us cast it away and attempt something fresh.

Suppose Socialism to be suggested as it is, and grant Mill's sketch of its questionable difficulties and unquestionable beauties to be a judicious estimate of its position. We ask in deference to experience, "Has Socialism, as we understand it, ever been tested and proved a failure?" If the answer be "No" to both this and the former question; if no scheme more attractive and less vulnerable to shafts of criticism than Socialism be propounded, experience bids us adopt Socialism without delay.

We need not deny that competition has done good work in its time; we may own that it was helpful in awakening men's sluggish energies; but "every real improvement in the character of the English, whether it consist in giving them higher aspirations or only a juster estimate of their present objects of desire, must necessarily moderate the ardour of their devotion to the pursuit of wealth."* Here we find that "the spirit of accumulation in the more prosperous part of the community requires abatement rather than increase." The rich are wasteful because of their abundance, but it is only our poor who are, as a class, unthrifty in comparison

* J. S. Mill, "Political Economy," Book 1, VII. 3.

with their means. "Education is not compatible with extreme poverty. It is impossible effectually to teach an indigent population. And it is difficult to make those feel the value of comfort who have never enjoyed it, or those appreciate the wretchedness of a precarious subsistence, who have been made reckless by always living from hand to mouth. Individuals often struggle upwards into a condition of ease; but the utmost that can be expected from a whole people is to maintain themselves in it, and improvements in the habits and requirements of the mass of unskilled day-labourers will be difficult and tardy, unless means can be contrived of raising the entire body to a state of tolerable comfort, and maintaining them in it until a new generation grows up."* Even were competition, as I do not see that we can with our present knowledge reasonably assume, destined to be an accident of the final stage of human progress, we should want a fresh reign of healthier custom in order to repair the wrongs of the past, and start competition in an equitable manner. Is not much of the fierce and cruel greed we see battling with better motive around us the consequence and not the cause of the bitter bread struggle? Ought we to be frightened at the notion of appeal to men's higher yearnings? Ideals, instinct with purpose, are floating in the air, if we will but catch them. It is true that mere external changes, alterations in the form of government and so forth, can do little, unless public opinion and the public heart move with them. But the fact that we feel drawn towards Socialism is a sign, the best we can have, that we are, or soon shall be, fit for Socialism. "When a new desire has declared itself within the human heart, when a fresh plexus is forming among the nerves—then the revolutions of nations are already decided, and histories unwritten are written."†

(*c.*) If I thought that Socialism would interfere with individual liberty and stunt original development, I, for one, would oppose it to the utmost of my small power and influence, even though I knew it would emancipate three-fourths of the population of the universe from ceaseless and hopeless drudgery. I should hold it the worst form of well-intentioned cruelty to raise men from material, and leave them in mental bondage. The first is endurable, the second intolerable. Yet the most cherished ties of our human fellowship to some extent bind us. We cannot conceive a system or imagine an existence that must prove sufficiently free.

The government of a socialistic State, incurring extraordinary responsibilities, must be invested with enormous powers. There are two diseases to which a powerful government in a democratic country is supposed to be especially subject, viz., Corrupt-officialism and Majority-tyranny.

Corruption and jobbery are cognate dangers to those treated under the head of competition. I dismiss them as consequences of the present system that we may hope will slowly disappear while their cause is being removed.

The danger of Majority-tyranny is, on the contrary, a real

* J. S. Mill "Political Economy,' Book 2, XIII. 3.

† "Towards Democracy," J. Heywood, 1863, p. 49.

difficulty, which Socialists must firmly face. Here no paltry social excrescence but a great principle is involved. We can neither wish nor hope to diminish the desire men evince for liberty and spontaneity. "Unlike the physical wants, which as civilisation advances become more moderate and more amenable to control, it increases instead of diminishing in intensity, as the intelligence and the moral faculties are more developed."* A socialistic state would be "in a different position as regards the people" to any we have hitherto known; but is it a sufficient answer to objections drawn from danger of government interference with personal idiosyncrasy to say that "the State is at present the people's master, but under any democratic scheme of Socialism it would become their servant and merely be charged with carrying out their will?"‡ A majority has no better authority than a despot, and is unfortunately almost as apt to pry into and meddle with those departments of human conduct in which the individual should be a law unto himself and do what is right in his own eyes. I confess I I am hardly satisfied with the spirit in which this objection is occasionally approached.

But ‖ "this, like all other objections to the Socialist schemes, is vastly exaggerated." We can provisionally meet it by Mill's admission that "the restraints of Communism would be freedom in comparison with the present condition of the majority of the human race." I further suggest that individual liberty depends so much less upon the powers with which a Government is invested than upon the moral conception of personal rights which obtains amongst a people that we can afford to disregard the former if we make the cultivation of the latter sufficiently the object of our care. What is it that protects us in the imperfect liberty we now possess? Not laws! There are unrepealed statutes that would permit us to be persecuted for a thousand harmless eccentricities. Not the strict limitation of official authority! The Home Secretary can open our letters. The Mayor is empowered to prohibit our public meetings, or at any rate to let us hold them at our own risk, which in the case of an unpopular minority comes to the same thing. Why would even those who might sympathise with feelings that prompt an intolerant exercise of these powers declare against it? Because the public conscience has gained a notion of what freedom ought to mean. Governments cannot control any more than they are able to evolve a moral conception.

We have now very far from complete mental liberty. We see on all sides of us sceptics, Socialists, sexual reformers, who dare not disclose themselves. Why? Because, if they did they would be crushed to death in the custom-tinctured competitive struggle. Custom would knock them down and competition trample upon them where they lay. We see a Ballot Act encouraging men to conceal opinions they ought to be encouraged to earnestly propagate. I fear it is futile to expect liberty of thought to spring from

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* J. S. Mill. "Political Economy." Bk. 2; I. 3.

‡ "Socialist Catechism," p. 18.

‖ J. S. Mill. "Political Economy." Bk. 2; I. 3.

mere immunity of expression while class distinctions and immense inequalities of wealth remain. I believe we can best foster it by striking at these, and by accurately defining to ourselves and whomsoever will listen what each man owes to the community, a subject upon which as much misunderstanding exists as upon the measure of freedom to which he will then be clearly found entitled. Socialism will not hinder our doing this, nor will it help us, save by placing the people in a position to comprehend. The persistent preaching of personal rights must go hand in hand with the acquisition by Society of supreme social power.

To sum up, I see clear advantages to the cause of freedom that will be gained by the downfall of the capitalist system. I see indistinct incidental dangers affecting the same which may attend the construction of the Socialist system, and must be guarded against. I am confident that in the change we shall gain more than we lose. I see no reason why a perfect freedom should not co-exist with the due performance of social duties.

In this cursory examination of a few common objections to the Socialistic ideal I have not abstained from occasional remark upon the evils of the social system, that it is designed to displace. I have endeavoured to think of the absolute as well as the comparative merits of Socialism. My initial question remains unanswered. A change from bad to better may be justified when the position to be won falls far short of perfection, and a position, theoretically desirable, may not suit a given nation and a given age.

We hear complaints that contemporary Socialism is destructive, that Socialists vaguely indicate the principles of the change they propose and have no settled scheme. I imagine that destruction must commence before construction can be completed. The real point at issue is the condition and tendencies of existing society; whether and how far our present social system is a bad one; whether its diseases can be cured without drastic remedy; how long the process will take. These questions must be answered adversely to the present system before Socialism can come within the region of practical politics and be settled.

"To see a truth occasionally is one thing; to recognise it habitually and admit no propositions inconsistent with it is another."* The placid statement of comfortable people that they are alive to social evils has become a ghastly truism. How can one describe our society in a sentence or a paragraph? "There are at least 60,000 families in London whose homes consist of one room only."‡ What! nobody screams—nobody is very much surprised. Then that is enough. We know what our society is—of what it is composed. A huge body ceaselessly toiling with one parasite at its head and another at its heel to devour its hard-won gains. The parasite at its head costs more labour, but its festering feet inflict the keener pain. Meanwhile the vast frame toils unceasingly, ministering to the vampires that prey upon it.

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* J. S. Mill.

‡ "*The Over-pressure of Poverty and Drink*," *etc.* By T. Marchant Williams, Inspector of Schools for the London School Board. Reeves 1884, p. 13.

The problem is whether to get rid of the parasites by an operation or mitigate their voracity by doses of physic. The patent medicines usually prescribed are called Religion and Reform.

What I want to know from the advocates of Reform is how long the process is likely to take before it acts upon the extremities wherein the parasitic growths are situate. I want to know what time is expected to elapse before the outcasts that infest every city will have a chance given them of earning a decent and honest living. If I am told that over-population causes the difficulty and self-restraint alone can remove it, I reply that over-population must continue while the poor wretches remain in their present condition. I want to know what interval is expected to elapse before a "materialised" upper class will allow the "brutalised" labourers and mechanics of England leisure and opportunity for recreation and culture. Are two, four, six or how many generations to be immolated for the sake of the survival of the fittest in A.D. 2,000 or thereabouts? I should like to gain some notion of the amount of animal life and potential happiness that must be offered up in idle adoration of the theory of individual action and self-help. If doses of Reform mean centuries of prolonged misery and oppression, I am for the operation instead.

The Christian Socialists constitute but a tiny section of the English Church. The attitude which orthodox religious people take towards Socialism is indicated in the following passage.

"If there are, then, points of contact between Socialism and Christianity, implied in the very term Christian Socialism, there are also essential differences which a careful study of the subject brings to light. Christianity endeavours to work from within; Socialism from without. The former would, if possible, persuade —the latter is ready to compel—man to treat his neighbour as himself. Religion would make the love of Christ the spring of human effort; Socialism makes the force of central authority the lever of social action. Religion aims at improving first the individual, and thus eventually hoping to purify society; Socialism, on the contrary, demands radical changes in society to increase the sum of happiness in each individual. Socialism requires the use of the legal strait-jacket to enforce comparative equality; Religion prefers the constraining influence of Christ to draw together the members of the Christian brotherhood."*

Now I ask the Churchman, as I asked the Reformer, what he expects to accomplish by these means and when. The Christian has been trying to love his neighbour as himself for centuries under the present system, and here we still are with competition supposed to be a necessary accompaniment to production. To yearn for an altruistic world, yet studiously refrain from influencing society towards Socialism, is to imitate the habits of the Peculiar People who pray for the recovery of their sick, but persistently neglect to minister to the patient's physical wants. It is as if the members of the Peace Society cherished an unconquerable aversion to international arbitration. That "God helps them who help themselves" seems a healthier conclusion for the earnest. I can

* "Church Quarterly Review." January 1884, p. 420

see no salvation for society save through the sacrifice by the few of luxuries produced by the wasted labour the many lavish upon them. I can see no chance of this sacrifice being soon made, or even its necessity being widely understood, save through the united action which we call Socialism.

"If," says Mill, "the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices—the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance." And this seems practically the choice that has to be made. If Socialism be not necessarily "the sole refuge against the evils which now bear down humanity," it is at least the only effectual remedy that has yet been proposed and found advocates. A perfect individualism, such as that of which Mill dreams, is an ideal far more intangible than Socialism.

Until then I receive accounts, other than any I have yet heard, from the lips of Priest and Politician of their plans for the regeneration of society, I see no escape from sinking or rising into sympathy with those who urge the people's demand for the possibility of a higher life, who preach the doctrine of discontent, the gospel of Socialism. "Class hatred, Selfishness," say you. This is just what Socialism is not. It is absurd to talk of the bulk of the nation as a class; and when Socialism succeeds it must be by the efforts of the artisan, who will raise the pauper as he lowers the peer to his level. Reform, a combination of the "Haves" to keep down the "Have-nots," may be selfish, if you like, but not such a programme as ours. An honest delight in the contemplation of a future material equality involves the surrender of lower aims in all who believe in the superiority of their own talents, as the greater number of men obviously do. Socialism may be, as Mr. Edward Carpenter suggests, only a phase, another shell to be discarded, when we have outgrown it. Perchance it will lead to Mill's Individualism at last. When Socialism has made us Socialists in spirit, we can afford to be Individualists in name and form.

CHARLES A. EVERY.