TO-DAY.

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Ten Years of English Poetry.

SWINBURNE, MORRIS, ROSSETTI, 1861 — 1871.

TRAGEDY is a distinguishing feature of Mr. Morris's genius also; but compare the "Life and Death of Jason" with "Tristram of Lyonesse," and note the difference. The tragic element in Tristram is stern, fierce, inexorable, ever gathering form like a thunder-cloud, ever preparing to burst. In Jason it is comparatively light and airy, less fateful, continually holding off; here we are very comfortably sheltered from the stern reality of life. Mr. Morris gives us plenty of sweetstuff to eat with the bread of sorrow, and wine to mix with the water of affliction. With him tragedy is not "the blind fury with the abhorred shears" who "slits the thin-spun life;" it is rather that

> . . . . , sickle cutting harvest all day long,
> Which the husbandman across his shoulder hangs,
> And going homeward about evensong,
> Dies the next morning, struck through by the fangs.

Mr. Morris never cuts short his heroes, or stays their hand for ever on the eve of some golden event, but follows them contentedly along the highway of life, and gently releases them when all the prophecies concerning them have been fulfilled.

There is a peculiar significance in the titles of his two great romances—"The Life and Death of Jason," and the "Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nieblungs"—both titles signifying that there is to be much life and story before the final death and fall, and so indeed it is. Far different from these is the sign on the title pages of the old dramatists, "The Tragedie of So and So."

It is not improbable that the Jason was originally destined for

a place in the "Earthly Paradise," and that the author finding it capable of wider treatment, expanded it into a separate romance. However this may be, there is no poem in the "Earthly Paradise" comparable to it, none so worthy to shelter under that title. Here the poet has figuratively, no less than literally, dealt with "Medea's wondrous alchemy,"

> Which, wheresoe'er it fell, made the earth gleam.

Here "kings become gods, and meaner creatures kings;" and both the kings and the meaner creatures feast on every possible occasion, and pour out red wine like water to the gods. Men eat and drink and make merry quite indifferent that to-morrow they die, and never fearing that anything may be required of them this night. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like any one of these; nor was his temple more splendid than king Œtes' palace.

> The pillars made the mighty roof to hold,
> The one was silver and the next was gold,
> All down the hall; the roof, of some strange wood
> Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,
> Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
> Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
> With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
> Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
> From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
> But rather forests black and meadows fair,
> And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
> About their marble wharves and palaces;
> And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
> By many a changing foot of nymph and god,
> Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled maid.
> The floor, moreover, of the place was laid
> With coloured stones wrought like a flowery mead:
> And ready to the hand for every need,
> Midmost the hall, two fair streams trickled down
> O'er wondrous gem-like pebbles, green and brown,
> Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and therein
> Bright coloured fish shone through the water thin.

And here follows another feast. But underneath all this, which in the lines of a lesser poet, and in the hands of a less skilled master-craftsman, would have been as intolerable as any child's nursery twaddle, but which Mr. Morris with inimitable skill has made as real, and as possible, and as overflowingly full of charm for us as ever it was for the Greeks of old—underneath all this glorious summer sea of fairy pleasure and delight runs the "icy current" whose "compulsive course" will eventually overwhelm all.

The note of the tragedy is first struck on that eventful night when, Jason having come again to Iolchos, Pelias tells the story of the golden fleece, beginning with the treachery of Athamas, who, having wedded Nephele,

> . . . . . but, being nought afraid
> Of what the gracious gods might do to him,
> And seeing Ino, fair of face and limb
> Beyond all others, needs with her must wed,
> And to that end drove from his royal bed
> Unhappy Nephele.

Again it is touched on the first night that the Minyœ come to Æa, when Medea hands the cup to Jason.

> Then said she trembling: "Take, then, this of me,
> And drink in token that the life is passed,
> And that thy reckless hand the die has cast."

And, finally, it is struck with a dramatic distinctness on that far more eventful night when Medea, prepared to fly with Jason, steals from her father's palace to help him gain the fleece: where, "standing on the precinct of the god," she tells him all her love, and all that she has done and left undone for his sake.

> "Upon the day thou weariest of me,
> I wish thou mayst somewhat think of this,
> And 'twixt thy new-found kisses, and the bliss
> Of something sweeter than thine old delight,
> Remember thee a little of this night
> Of marvels, and this starlit, silent place,
> And these two lovers, standing face to face."
> "O love," he said, "by what thing shall I swear,
> That while I live thou shalt not be less dear
> Than thou art now?"
> "Nay, sweet," she said, "let be.
> Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,
> Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such;
> Whom I know not, indeed, but fear the touch
> Of Fortune's hand when she beholds our bliss,
> And knows that nought is good to me but this."

Here we know the character of the speaker; we know of her secret connection with that goddess who rules under three forms, in heaven, and earth, and hell; and we fear her power if chance should call it forth. We bethink of this night even before Medea herself, when at last Jason does grow tired of her; and we know the secret of those words which ring continually in his ears on the eve of his wedding with Glauce:—

> "Good speed, O traitor! who shall think to wed
> Soft limbs and white, and find thy royal bed
> Dripping with blood and burning up with fire."

Such lines as these show plainly enough that Mr. Morris has not "strung all the jewels of life on one string." However unreal his personages are in the mere outward region of fanciful revelry, whatever impossible heights they may scale in the serene light and air of unimpassioned sunshine, they drop to the level earth and become strikingly real and earnest the instant they enter the region of passion, and come in contact with "storms that rage outside their happy ground."

One touch only is wanting to make the character of Medea perfect, and the tragedy complete. She has no hand or heart in the death of Jason. He dies strangely, but not by her charm or power, as we are led to expect. The tragic alternation of pathos and passion, the splendid sustentation of free and flawless expression, of full and faultless harmony in the last book, all prove in what a manner their master could have given this final touch, if he had seen fit to do so. It is some pity that he did not see fit, but where a poet has done so much and so well, there is no room to blame him for what he has not done, only to praise him for what he has.

Of all the poetical gifts which this century has bequeathed to us, we ought most to render thanks for this one; not because it is the greatest, but because it is the one we could least have expected.

Surrounded by the toil and turmoil which have beset and besieged the life of this century, wrapped up in its shallow luxury, and hemmed in by its brick and mortar barbarity, this poem comes to us as a "breeze bringing health from pleasant places strong with life;" and every breath of its sweetness inhaled, should be given back in praise to its author. It is impossible to analyse its beauty or detail its charm: it is pre-eminently a work of art, and pre-eminently of the imagination. If its expression and style are intellectual rather than natural, it could not be otherwise in a work of this kind: inspired by no political, or social, or theological impulse of the times, it has been produced out of the poet's simple and unselfish love for things beautiful in themselves.

No one who compares this poem with the earlier work of Mr. Morris will think it any great pity that he has given us foreign story instead of English; and anyone who compares it with his more recent work, will find cause to rejoice that in this instance he has thought well "to touch the beautiful mythology of Greece." Ampler proof of his superiority on Grecian soil may be gained by comparing the Greek with the medieval stories in the Earthly Paradise. Taken all together, or singly, with the one noble exception of the "Lovers of Gudrun," the superior excellence of the Greek section is equally apparent. Among the "renownèd hills and isles of Greece," Mr. Morris reigns supreme: neither Tennyson, nor any other modern poet living or dead, has any power against him there, but out of Greece he treads a somewhat less divine measure.

Mr. Morris has enriched both us and his own fame by some poetical gifts since Mr. Brooke prophesied to our delight, that "of him much more was to be expected," but of late his hand has not been quite so lavish. Having sung to us so sweetly of men that neither toil nor spin, he has now thrown aside his singing robe awhile to teach us by precept and principle, and show us by practice, that we toil and spin a great deal too much. And having long delighted the holiday times of men, he has now set himself to lighten and make delightful, their working-times. It is impossible not to regret that so sweet a singer should have fallen silent, even for a short time, but we may rest assured that whatever poetry loses through his silence, humanity will gain; and whatever honour Mr. Morris misses as a poet, he will win as a man and a friend of men.

"I care not," said Heine, "that men lay a laurel wreath on my tomb, but lay a sword there, for I was a great soldier in the Liberation war of Humanity." Mr. Morris is quite sure of his laurel wreath, and he is entitled to a sword.

In Dante Gabriel Rossetti we have a deeper and realer tragic note than is ever touched by either of his disciples; if Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris may be classed as his disciples on the poetical side, as Mr. Ruskin has classed Holman Hunt as his disciple on the artistic side. Here, as there, the disciples are often above their lord, but they are never so real and deep.

According to Aristotle, it is the office of tragedy to purify us through the passions of pity, or of terror. The tragedy which purifies us most directly is the sterner form which affects us through

terror, as the tragedy of Agamemnon, and of Lear; but the tragedy which purifies us most surely and deeply is the more passionate and subtle kind which touches us through "the pity of it." This is the kind employed by Rossetti; and an artist who works continually in this strain, who continually seeks to awaken pity, as a purifying passion, is liable to misinterpretation. But in that "reverence of sorrow due to death," which even the humblest of his admirers may be permitted to share; by the side of a grave as yet

> . . . . . too young
> To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
> Its charge to it—

here it is impossible to hold any communion with those who have branded Rossetti's work as immoral. If any exception might be taken to this, it would be in the case of a certain Edinburgh worm, who was fattening himself by grubbing among Rossetti's pages and canvasses, while the great poet-painter lay breathing his last at Birchington; and in the case of a certain "British Quarterly" vulture who commenced screaming over his grave, immediately his body had been committed to the dust. But let these pass without any meaner chastisement than the hot shame which may burn upon their secret brows.

The morality of any man must be as infinitesimal as his immorality must be unbounded, who can only find his lower spirit ministered to in such noble and chaste work as Rossetti's.

Only as a man is pure himself can he know anything of purity, or what purity means; but he does not need to be impure to know what impurity means, or to pity those who have been sacrificed to it

There is a sympathy with the causes, and a sympathy with the effects of evil; a degrading sympathy with evil itself, and a pure and ennobling sympathy with the suffering it causes. Rossetti's is always the latter. He broods with infinite pity over this sin-smeared universe. At the entrance to his "House of Life" he has inscribed four lines in golden fire, and let no one think to enter that "House" who cannot repeat them with a pure heart, saying after him—

> Let not thine eyes know
> Any forbidden thing itself, although
> It once should save as well as kill; but be
> Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

It might be roughly affirmed that the moral element in Rossetti's poetry is strong in proportion as the "shadow upon life" is deep. It is certainly strongest in "Jenny," where the "shadow upon life" is deepest of all—deep

> Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
> Of doubt and horror,—what to say
> Or think,—this awful secret sway,
> The potter's power over the clay!
> Of the same lump (it has been said)
> For honour and dishonour made,
> Two sister vessels. Here is one.

The comparison of the "sister vessels," the thought of "the first common kindred link," heightens the doubt and horror, and the pity at first too tender and nervous to "think aloud," breaks

all the bounds of pity and rises into terror in that short deep tragic cry

> What has man done here? How atone,
> Great God, for this which man has done?"

Seldom has such a cry as this been uttered outside the bounds of dramatic poetry. Never before has man sent up such a passionate wail of pitiful horror for the lost soul of one unknown to him; as if, for the moment, the poet felt himself called upon to atone for this sin of the world. For a similar thought, though differently expressed, let the reader compare these stanzas from "The Scapegoat," in Miss Robinson's latest volume of poems, "The New Arcadia."

> Yet, now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,
> Shouting her villainous song,
> Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel
> For the infinite sorrow and wrong?
>
> With a sick, strange wonder I ask, who shall answer the sin,
> Thou, lover, brothers of thine?
> Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in?
> *Or I, who gave no sign?*"

From these stanzas of a lady-poet, one naturally returns to Rossetti's

> If but a woman's heart might see
> Such erring heart unerringly
> For once!

But the real greatness of this study does not lie on this side alone: that reader would be as unjust to himself as to the poet who should fail to note the artistic setting of this poem. Whatever subject Rossetti treated, whatever he introduced into his treatment of any subject, it is clearly discernible that his first thought and aim were art itself. Many men set to work upon a mere idea, and then it is the result of chance if they sometimes turn out a work of art; but the study of Rossetti shows that he got sure hold of his work first of all, and then set himself to render it artistic. In doing this he introduced into it whatever would enhance the value of the work as art; and often, as in this case, much which was good in itself, and which if it did not directly contribute to the artistic perfection of the whole, did not detract from it.

Rossetti never shocks the artistic sense, and seldom ever disturbs it, because he so seldom allowed anything a place in his work which was not either perfect in itself, or did not, in some manner, contribute to the final perfection of the whole.

Poetical as his paintings certainly are, his poetry is yet more artistic; and, in spite of all that critics may affirm or deny about his double genius and two gifts, the truth is that Rossetti was gifted with a single genius, which found expression in two ways. That this is so, is no discredit to the artist, but that it is so, is immediately ascertainable by reference to any part of his work.

We do not now need to bridge a comparison between the poem of "Jenny" and the design called "Found"; between the poem of "Ave" and the design for the "Girlhood of the Virgin," for the poet has given us sonnets of both these designs; and that the expression of each sonnet is as nearly akin to the expression of the

corresponding design, as the expressions of any two arts may be, needs no explaining to those who are acquainted both with the designs and the poems. But, apart from these considerations, the poem of "Jenny" would alone be sufficient to prove that its author possessed a painter's eye and imagination, even if he lacked a painter's hand. Nothing in Jenny's room that a painter might have noted has escaped the eye of the poet; and the thought of the sleeping girl waking in the morning and shaking his gold from her hair "like a Danaë," is decid dly a painter's fancy.

In one point "Jenny" differs from the most of Rossetti's poems —there is no passion in it. Of course only the lowest, or the most unselfish (it can scarcely be called the highest) would be possible there, and it would need a dramatic poet to give us either. The presence of personal passion would sink the poem miles beneath the lowest stage of art. It is only the splendid pathos which raises it so high.

In "Sister Helen" the passion is dramatic, so is the form of this ballad; here the poet does not speak at all in his own person; it is a dialogue of question and answer between Sister Helen and her little brother. It is noticeable that a somewhat similar passion would have been possible in "Rose-Mary," but here the poet is speaking himself, and there is scarcely a trace of it.

Although none of Rossetti's poems are distinctly set in the recognised dramatic form, he is the only poet since Shelley who has possessed in any notable measure the highest and most distinctive quality of the dramatist. He possesses more than any man who has been contemporary with him, the power to sink himself and enlist our sympathies for others. No other latter-day poet, with the exception of the author of "Philip van Artevelde," has been endowed with more than a thimbleful of this power. Whenever Mr. Tennyson assumes the dramatic guise, the flawlessness of his blank verse, which is here too blank, his "English respect for temperence and reserve," betray him at once. If Mr. Arnold has succeeded in giving us the personality of Empedocles, it is because he is one at heart with Empedocles. Mr. Arnold has played the accompaniment to that grand hymn of the philosopher more than once; sometimes on his beautiful Calliclean harp, and sometimes on his delightful prosaic organ. The "lightning and music" of Mr. Swinburne's verse are always his own; and the inhabitants of the "Earthly Paradise" have borrowed their charming "fluidity and sweet ease" from Mr. Morris.

Rossetti alone endows humans beings with the ordinary passions of mankind, and makes them talk "like men of this world." When the poet himself speaks, it is he, and his sheep always know his voice; also his tender personal pathos and intense passion are his own, and are always distinguishable as his. But when he resigns in favour of his characters, it is they who speak, and if they sometimes speak his language, they always use their own voice; moreover, their pathos and their passion are always their own.

The most notable example of this is the "King's Tragedy," which Rossetti counted his highest achievement in poetry. Considered as a single work, there is no room to dispute the poet's verdict, but its sixty pages will scarcely match against sixty pages of the "House of Life."

Rossetti's sonnets and some of his shorter lyrics are great by means of what may be called their comprehensiveness. Their minute artistic finish has been both acclaimed and disclaimed; but their real finish has been little noted. It is of that kind which Mr. Ruskin so highly commends in Turner.

In the chapter on "Finish," in the third volume of Modern Painters, Mr. Ruskin explains that a cliff of rude sea-shore is far more delicately finished than Sheffield cutlery, and a living oak tree than a polished deal board; and that Turner's paintings are more finished than those of other artists, not because they are more highly wrought, or finely toned, but for the very simple reason that they contain more. Turner has often painted more on a square foot of canvas than other men would or could have done on a dozen yards.

The same criticism applies to poetry. That verse is the greatest which expresses most in the smallest measure. Mr. Ruskin has himself exemplified this in the case of Milton; he has taken about half a page of "Lycidas," and shown that it really contains the matter of at least half a dozen pages; only the poet has concentrated his expression. It is all there, only we must look closely into the poem to discern it, just as we must look closely into Turner's beach painting to discern the shells, which occupy each about the space of one-thousandth part of an inch.

Again and again a student of Rossetti will be struck with wonder at the amount of thought or beauty contained in a single line of his poetry. Instances are plentiful. Take this sentence—

"Beauty like her's is Genius."

Or the phrase—

"Secret continuance sublime."

Or these two lines from the "Blessed Damozel

"Saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds."

Note the perfect landscape given in two lines of the "Hill Summit."

"Yet here an hour I may be stayed,
And watch the gold light and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light.

Finally, Rossetti may not expect his least meed of praise at our hands, in that he has been able to follow Shakespeare, with credit to himself, and without discredit to his master. All previous trespassers upon this highway have proved themselves "meddling fools," and added ill to their own fame, in precise measure as they added to Shakespeare's written word. But here is one who catches up Ophelia's sweetest snatch of song, and completes it as Shakespeare would have done; for no other ending than Rossetti's can be imagined. Here it is.

"*How shall I your true love know*
From another one?"
"*By his cockle hat and staff*
And his sandal-shoon."

"And what signs have told you now
That he hastens home?"

"Lo! the spring is nearly gone,
He is nearly come."

"For a token is there nought
Say that he shall bring?"
"He will bring a ring I gave
And another ring."

"How may I when he shall ask
Tell him who lies there?"
"Nay but leave my face unveiled
And unbound my hair."

"Can you say to me some word
I shall say to him?"
"Say I'm looking in his eyes
Though my eyes are dim."

Every line here is worthy of the hand which penned the first four; and the last two are now not inapplicable to the only poet able to follow that master-hand here, and who has now followed it further—into the "Heroism of Rest."

SILVANUS DAUNCEY.

Anglo-Saxon Barbarism versus English "Civilization."

SOME years ago, Cardinal Wiseman, writing on the subject, "Sense *versus* Science," complained that while the clumsy aqueducts of Rome, Caserta, Cordova, and other places, in spite of the ignorance of hydrostatics displayed in their structure, secured to rich and poor alike an abundant supply of pure water, our scientific arrangements, supposed to be so infinitely superior, could give to the poor nothing but a vile beverage filtered through graveyards, and tanked in impure reservoirs. Might not our system of action in many other matters be with equal justice complained of? Might not serious faults be charged against that "civilization" which fails in countless cases to insure bread to men able and willing to earn it, which denies justice to the man who, empty-handed, implores it, and which leaves it possible, nay easy, for men to live by the breach of its laws, while by its more than barbarous indifference it permits them to perish in the observance? We are of opinion that they might. Not to go so far back as the days of ancient Rome or Caserta, we believe it will be found that there are points in which we are actually behind our primitive fathers, of whom we are in the habit of assuming that we are so greatly in advance. Should this appear to be saying too much, let us draw the attention of the reader to certain well-ascertained facts, and then ask how far we have overstated the case.

To commence with a matter of the greatest importance in every age, we will devote a few words to the system of jurisprudence which our Anglo-Saxon fathers adopted. The administration of justice was by several courts of law: those held by the thanes in their own halls, and hence termed hall-motes; those of the ealdormen, with the principal ecclesiastics and freeholders, held every month, and called the hundred-motes, their authority extending over a large district called a hundred; and the shire-motes, or county-courts, held twice a year, and presided over by the bishop and ealdormen, their assessors being the sheriff and the noblest of the royal thanes. Laws enacted in the great National

Council were on these occasions recited. Appeals were allowed from the local hall and hundred-courts to the authority of the King, first magistrate by his office. The Witenagemote, or assembly of wise men, met thrice a year—at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

It will be necessary, before going further, to give some account of the distinctions of rank in society, which were not many or very complicated. First were the members of the reigning family, who were termed Athelings, and claimed descent from the conqueror Woden—who, it must be remembered, had been deified, and was worshipped by the Scandinavian races as the God of War. The veneration in which they came thus to be held by their Pagan followers was not dissipated by the introduction of Christianity, the effect continuing after the cause had ceased to operate. The order next in rank was that of the ealdormen or earls. They were the governors of shires, which were not, however, originally as large as our counties. It was the duty of each of these functionaries to lead the men of his shire to battle, enforce the execution of justice, and preside with the bishop in the shire-court. His remuneration was one-third of the fines and rents paid to the King in the district over which his jurisdiction extended. Between this rank and that of the thanes were the *comites*, as Bede terms them, who acted as personal attendants to the King. Of the thanes there were two classes—the King's thanes and the thanes of ealdormen and prelates. They were men of consequence, frequently governors of districts, and possessed of some power. The lowest classes of freemen were the eorles and ceorles (churls), of noble and ignoble descent. The "full-born" Saxon attached much importance to this distinction, and was accustomed greatly to look down upon his "less-born" countryman. Of the ceorles there were two classes, those who could rent land from any lord they pleased, and those who were attached to the land and could not leave the estate upon which they had been born. The former worked for their lords only in seed-time and harvest, and in those times only for a certain number of days, in return for which, or sometimes for rent in money and kind, they received lands at the hands of their chiefs; they could, moreover, possess land by charter, which was called boc-land (boc, book or charter), and upon becoming possessed of five hides of which they were elevated to the rank of thanes. (A hide of land was as much as could be tilled with a single plough.) The ceorles in towns enjoyed greater privileges than those in the country, having, too, more opportunities of acquiring wealth. They gradually improved their condition, till at length they formed a regular body politic, associating in guilds, having a common market and hanse-house (guild-hall) and being bound by common rights and interests. Many London and Winchester ceorles rose to the rank of thanes,—commerce, as well as the possession of a certain amount of land by charter, being a path to distinction, and a merchant becoming a thane by virtue of having sailed thrice to a foreign land with a cargo of his own. The inferior class of ceorles were less fortunate. They had to perform services during three days a week, in addition to those which the free ceorles were required to render; the Christmas holidays, with

the octaves of Easter and Pentecost, being the only exceptions. The poorest among them, the cottars and bordars, having but small holdings, only performed trifling services in return. The "bondes" were a class yet a little lower, but not slaves, being sometimes summoned to sit on juries. The condition of slaves—whose numbers were kept up by prisoners of war, and those who had been reduced to slavery as a punishment for crime—was painful enough. They were, however, allowed to acquire property, and having done so could purchase their freedom; besides which, in consequence of the exhortations of the clergy, many were voluntarily released from their bondage.

Between lord and vassal there seems generally to have been a good understanding. The tie which bound them, consisting of mutual agreements, was regarded as the most sacred which nature or custom could impose, and there are cases of very generous devotion on the part of vassals to their chiefs. So binding was the engagement between them held to be that even when a lord called upon his vassals to bear arms against the King, they rarely failed to do his behest.

Any inquiry into the social relations of the Anglo-Saxons must necessarily centre a good deal around the person of Alfred the Great. "During the long period of Danish devastation," writes Lingard, "the fabric of civil government had been nearly dissolved. The courts of judicature had been closed; injuries were inflicted without provocation, and retaliated without mercy; and the Saxon, like the Dane, had imbibed a spirit of insubordination and a contempt for peace, and justice, and religion. To remedy these evils Alfred restored, enlarged, and improved the salutary institutions of his forefathers; and from the statutes of Ethelbert, Ina, Offa, and other Saxon princes composed a code of laws suited to the circumstances of the time and the habits of his subjects." From the same author we learn that when Alfred's subjects had recourse to his equity for protection against injustice he "listened as cheerfully to the complaints of the lowest as of the highest" among them. "Every appeal was heard by him with the most patient attention, and in cases of importance he revised the proceedings at his leisure, and the inferior magistrates trembled at the impartiality and severity of their sovereign. . . . Neither birth, nor friends, nor power could save the corrupt or malicious judge." The poor and defenceless were ever the particular charge of this exemplary sovereign. No trouble, no time, no self-denial was in his judgment too great if the arbitrement of their cause seemed to demand it; and as he thus earnestly sought after their welfare, so was he zealously severe upon those who strove to crush them. No fewer than forty-four judges were executed during his reign for having unjustly condemned to death those upon whom they had sat in judgment. Nor did the blunders of culpable carelessness or gross ignorance escape their proportionate punishment. And Alfred's severity was not misplaced. He regarded his subjects as his fellow-men, his brethren,—not inferior animals, as many who have far less cause for pride than had Alfred are now accustomed to regard the outcast and miserable poor;—and he would no more have those brethren unjustly imprisoned or put to death than he

would have had them suffer the ills which were reserved for their descendants—to perish of starvation, or walk for hundreds of miles in search of employment, or die of pestilent fevers from being huddled together in foul dens, choked with the stench of drains and decaying refuse. It remained for civilization to effect this condition of things; and it remained for nineteenth century humanity, cloud-piercing, superstition-freed philosophy, and matchless legislative wisdom to say that it was very shocking, but it could not be helped—these dreadful creatures were perishing of their own accord, and it was quite impossible to lift them out of the slime and filth into which they had fallen.

But to leave this blissful civilisation, which some infamous wretches—some revolutionary scoundrels—are daring to term faulty, and turn once more to the days of barbarism. "No sovereign," says Sharon Turner, "ever shaped his conduct with more regard to the public happiness than Alfred. He seems to have considered his life but as a trust to be used for the benefit of his people," (would that modern sovereigns so considered theirs!) "and his plans for their welfare were intelligent and great. His predominant wish was their knowledge and improvement. This is no speculation of a modern fancy, it is his own assertion in his most deliberate moments. . . . His letter to his bishop breathes this principle throughout. To communicate to others the knowledge that we possess he ever states to be a religious duty." The idea of enforcing mental culture is so far from being new that in Alfred's time earls, governors, and ministers of state, many of whom had previously been unable to read or write, were compelled either to learn to do so or resign their offices; masters were provided for high and low, many of both classes being educated with the king's own son—such little progress had these unhappy barbarians made in that nice perception of propriety which in our day would make the lisping fop who had got into his otherwise empty head the impression that he was a superior being, instinctively start back at the idea of coming into contact with beastly common people!

In his system of police Alfred provided—bringing into working order, if he did not devise—a system by which criminal offences should be almost inevitably detected and punished. Every hundred or tenth (that is, every district containing a hundred or ten families associated together, something after the manner of the *curiæ* and *decuriæ* in the primitive constitution of the Romans) being held responsible for the conduct of its inhabitants, a criminal was certain to be apprehended if he remained within his own district, and if he went to another he would be regarded as an outlaw, being unpledged by the tithing or hundred to which he had fled. Alfred made it his business, also, to facilitate to his subjects the means of obtaining justice. "Every complainant," again quoting Sharon Turner, "might, on application, have a commission or writ to his sheriff or lord, or to appointed judges, who were to investigate his wrong." This sovereign "hastened the decision of causes. No adjournment or delay was allowed for above fifteen days."

Offences were generally atoned for among the Anglo-Saxons by

pecuniary compensation, only the worst crimes being regarded as "botelos," or inexpiable; while the value of a man's oath was according to his position in society! We said advisedly barbarism! Barbarism indeed! But are not these merely points wherein our fathers were *as* barbarous as we are, not wherein they were *more so?* Are not the most shameful offences—even those which our forefathers would have regarded as inexpiable—often *now* atoned for by pecuniary means? Are not the punishments due to the worst of crimes often evaded by men whose only virtue lies in their purse, and who can *buy* immunity—by employing men whose very profession it is to shield the head of guilt, if but the hand, though imbued with blood, is filled with all-cleansing gold? And are not the oaths of men made valuable or worthless according to their position in society, by the insolent bullying of some unscrupulous sophist who calls himself a man of the law—bullying which he only dares use towards a witness whose position in society leaves him no defence against insult? We know they are! All of us know it, though some of us are fond of trying to persuade ourselves and others that it is not so—all of us know that our whole system of jurisprudence is wrong, unjust, iniquitous! Those of us who call ourselves Christians know that it is so, and do not stir or lift up our voices to alter it; those of us who call ourselves rationalists, and profess to be guided by feelings of humanity and natural religion, know that it is so, and do not so much as move a finger to prevent it—to prevent what is contrary to *all* religion, to all truth, to all justice.

But to return yet again to *primitive* barbarism. An institution entirely without a redeeming point was the trial by ordeal, fully as irrational and senseless as the somewhat later witch-trial by "swimming." A great check to false swearing existed in the practice of requiring seven freemen bearing so high a character that all present acknowledged them as "true men," to take oaths supporting that of the plaintiff to the effect that he was not influenced by envy or animosity in bringing the charge. Another custom very beneficial in its effects was that of pronouncing sentence of outlawry against certain classes of criminals. Such, for example, would constitute the punishment of any one convicted of keeping a house of ill-fame. The criminal so banished was said to bear a wolf's head, and in the event of his returning and attempting to act in his own defence it was lawful for anyone to slay him.

The condition of the poor among the Anglo-Saxons was certainly more tolerable than it is in any country now. The great distinction between poverty at that time and poverty at this was that then only old and infirm people *could* be, in the sternest sense of the word, poor, and it was therefore a comparatively easy task to see that they did not want; whereas now, those (by hundreds and thousands) who are young, active, and able-bodied may, either from being unable to get employment, or being ill-paid when it is got, be cruelly, grindingly, piteously poor. That, too, which in our day hinders the poor from being helped as they otherwise would be—the prevalence of imposture—was among the Anglo-Saxons rendered altogether impossible by the law of settlement. "No man," says Kemble, "had a legal existence unless he could be

shown to belong to some association connected with a certain locality, or to be in the hand, protection, or surety of a landed lord." If, therefore, he sought relief in his own tithing or hundred, he would not be likely to receive it unless he were really in need—which could only be the case with a man whose services were quite useless to employers of labour—and if, being able to work for his living, he went elsewhere and sought relief, he would be regarded as an outlaw, not being pledged by the hundred or tenth to which he had fled. Here, of course, was an infringement on the liberty of the subject such as no one would be mad enough to think possible, even if it were not in the highest degree undesirable, at the present time; but what we would submit is that ends so good and necessary as the suppression of imposture, and the relief of those really in need, if attainable in the dark ages by one method (and, moreover, one which, whatever it may now look like, did not press heavily upon any one), should not be less attainable in our own day by another.

The means of providing for the wants of those who were poor indeed were many and various. Towards the close of the sixth century St. Augustine was instructed by Pope Gregory to "cause a fourth part of all that accrued to the altar to be given to the poor." Concerning tithes, too, it was enacted by the Witan that a third part should go to "God's poor and needy men." Thus of foals, calves, lambs, pigs, measures of butter, etc., every tenth one going to the Church there would be something very substantial for the poor; and that the poor received it, and none but the poor, is very certain. The corruptions in ecclesiastical institutions had not at this time set in, and the Church was in a very substantial sense the "mother" of her children. There was an *hospitium* attached to every monastery, and the care of the poor was particularly the business of the clergy. These are among the exhortations to almsgiving quoted by Kemble from different sources:—"Be thou gentle and charitable to the poor, zealous in almsgiving, &c." "We enjoin that the priests so distribute the people's alms that they do both give pleasure to God and accustom the people to alms." "When a man fasts, then let the dishes that would have been eaten be all distributed to God's poor." "It is daily needful for every man that he give his alms to poor men; but yet when we fast, then ought we to give greater alms than at other days; because the meat and the drink which we should then use if we did not fast, we ought to distribute to the poor." Among the most curious is the following of Archbishop Egbert's:—"Let him that collecteth immoderate wealth, for his want of wisdom give the third part to the poor." Athelstan commanded the royal reeves throughout his dominions to feed and clothe one poor man each. By these and other means ample provision was made for the poor, and thus was plenty enjoyed by all.

It is not, of course, possible in brief space to do more than touch upon a subject so wide-reaching as national life in any particular period, and these remarks must already be brought to a close. What we proposed to show was that "there are points in which we are actually behind our primitive fathers;" and we hope that, little as we have said, we have shown nothing less. They secured

justice to rich and poor alike—that is, it cost nothing to go to law, and, the law only having its existence that the subject might not be wronged, he had not, if wealthy, to spend his whole substance before he could be righted; nor, if poor, to suffer wrong because he could pay no one to see that he had right. They succeeded in devising a plan whereby it was made impossible for a large percentage of the community to set their laws at defiance, and get an easy living by systematically breaking them; they did not, as we have done, make their country a kind of asylum for pickpockets, swindlers, housebreakers, and pests of a yet worse description. They provided for the humblest peasant means by which he could get shelter, raiment, and abundance of food, yet never give to labour so many hours that only as much time was left as nature demanded for sleep, the condition under which alone thousands of men, aye and women, in this country, are now able to support existence. They put in operation a system whereby the wants of the really poor should never be neglected from fear of encouraging able-bodied men in idleness; while we, despite so complex a jurisprudence that a man may spend his life in trying to understand it, hardly dare give a crust to the beggar at our doors lest he should be one of an innumerable class of impostors who beg because they hate the honest labour which has won the food they eat. Nor does it affect the case to remark that these things were not *always* so among the Anglo-Saxons—that justice was only "secured to rich and poor alike," and the evils referred to averted, at times when Anglo-Saxon affairs were at their best. If but for a twelvemonth—nay, if but for a day—a barbarous, or semi-barbarous race succeeded in effecting only a single object for the good of the community, it would be a shame and a disgrace for any condition of society calling itself "civilization" to fail in effecting the same.

And what if these things cannot be done in a like manner now? Does it follow that they cannot be done at all? If so, what terrible spectres of want, and misery, and injustice and crime have sprung up in the train of civilization! But it is not so. It is because we are *half*-civilized, or *less* than half-civilized, that we have found no remedy for these evils. One of the most warm-hearted and cool-headed men of our time, one, too, who possesses intimate acquaintance with the best that the world has produced in letters, Professor Henry Morley, says in his "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria" that "it would be overpraise of human society, even as it now is, to describe it as half-civilized." And it is to this condition of society, under its strangely misapplied title of "Civilization" that we oppose "Anglo-Saxon Barbarism." Who shall disprove that in several points of the most vital importance the latter had immeasurably the advantage?

THOROLD KING.

Cashel Byron's Profession.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

Author of "An Unsocial Socialist," "The Irrational Knot," &c.

CHAPTER I.*

WILTSTOKEN CASTLE was a square building with circular bastions at the corners: each bastion terminating skyward in a Turkish minaret. The southwest face was the front, and was pierced by a Moorish arch, fitted with glass doors, which could be secured on occasion by gates of fantastically hammered iron. The arch was enshrined by a Palladian portico, which rose to the roof, and was surmounted by an open pediment, in the cleft of which stood a black marble figure of an Egyptian, erect, and gazing steadfastly at the midday sun. On the ground beneath was an Italian terrace with two great stone elephants at the ends of the balustrade. The windows on the upper storey were, like the entrance, Moorish; but the principal ones below were square bays, mullioned. The castle was considered grand by the illiterate; but architects, and readers of books on architecture, condemned it as a nondescript mixture of styles in the worst possible taste. It stood on an eminence surrounded by hilly woodland, thirty acres of which were enclosed as Wiltstoken Park. Half-a-mile south was the little town of Wiltstoken, accessible by rail from London in about two hours.

Most of the inhabitants of Wiltstoken were conservatives. They stood in awe of the Castle; and some of them would at any time have cut half-a-dozen of their oldest friends to obtain an invitation to dinner, or even a bow in public, from Miss Lydia Carew, its orphan mistress. This Miss Carew was a remarkable person. She had inherited the Castle and park from her aunt, who had considered her niece's large fortune in railways and mines incomplete without land. So many other legacies had Lydia received from kinsfolk who hated poor relations, that she was now, in her twenty-fifth year, the independent possessor of an annual income equal to the year's earnings of thirty thousand workmen, and under no external compulsion to do anything in return for it. In addition

* The Prologue, antecedent to the first chapter, appeared in the April number of this magazine.

to the advantage of being a single woman in unusually easy circumstances, she enjoyed a reputation for vast learning and exquisite culture. It was said in Wiltstoken that she knew forty-eight living languages and all dead ones; could play on every known musical instrument; was an accomplished painter; and had written poetry. All this might as well have been true as far as the Wiltstokeners were concerned, since she knew more than they. She had spent her life travelling with her father, a man of active mind and bad digestion, with a taste for sociology, science in general, and the fine arts. On these subjects he had written books, by which he had earned a considerable reputation as a critic and philosopher. They were the outcome of much reading, observation of men and cities, sightseeing, and theatre-going, of which his daughter had done her share, and indeed, as she grew more competent, and he weaker and older, more than her share. He had had to combine health hunting with pleasure seeking; and, being very irritable and fastidious, had schooled her in self control and endurance by harder lessons than those which had made her acquainted with the works of Greek and German philosophers long before she understood the English into which she translated them.

When Lydia was in her twenty-first year, her father's health failed seriously. He became more dependent on her; and she anticipated that he would also become more exacting in his demands on her time. The contrary occurred. One day, at Naples, she had arranged to go riding with an English party that was staying there. Shortly before the appointed hour, he asked her to make a translation of a long extract from Lessing. Lydia, in whom self questionings as to the justice of her father's yoke had been for some time stirring, paused thoughtfully for perhaps two seconds before she consented. Carew said nothing, but he presently intercepted a servant who was bearing an apology to the English party; read the note; and went back to his daughter, who was already busy at Lessing.

"Lydia," he said, with a certain hesitation which she would have ascribed to shyness had that been at all credible of her father when addressing her: "I wish you never to postpone your business to literary trifling."

She looked at him with the vague fear that accompanies a new and doubtful experience; and he, dissatisfied with his way of putting the case, added, "It is of greater importance that you should enjoy yourself for an hour than that my book should be advanced. Far greater!"

Lydia, after some consideration, put down her pen and said, "I shall not enjoy riding if there is anything else left undone."

"I shall not enjoy your writing if your excursion is given up for it," he said. "I prefer your going."

Lydia obeyed silently. An odd thought struck her that she might end the matter gracefully by kissing him. But as they were unaccustomed to make demonstrations of this kind, nothing came of the impulse. She spent the day on horseback; reconsidered her late rebellious thoughts; and made the translation in the evening.

Thenceforth, Lydia had a growing sense of the power she had unwittingly been acquiring during her long subordination. Timidly at first, and more boldly as she became used to dispense with the parental leading strings, she began to follow her own bent in selecting subjects for study, and even to defend certain recent developments of art against her father's conservatism. He approved of this independent mental activity on her part, and repeatedly warned her not to pin her faith more on him than on any other critic. She once told him that one of her incentives to disagree with him was the pleasure it gave her to find out ultimately that he was right. He replied gravely,

"That pleases me, Lydia, because I believe you. But such things are better left unsaid. They seem to belong to the art of pleasing, which you will perhaps soon be tempted to practise, because it seems to all young people easy, well paid, amiable, and a mark of good breeding. In truth it is vulgar, cowardly, egotistical, and insincere: a virtue in a shopman: a vice in a free woman. It is better to leave genuine praise unspoken than to expose yourself to the suspicion of flattery."

Shortly after this, at his desire, she spent a season in London, and went into English polite society, which she found to be in the main a temple for the worship of wealth and a market for the sale of virgins. Having become familiar with both the cult and the trade elsewhere, she found nothing to interest her except the English manner of conducting them; and the novelty of this soon wore off. She was also incommoded by her involuntary power of inspiring affection in her own sex. Impulsive girls she could keep in awe; but old women, notably two aunts who had never paid her any attention during her childhood, now persecuted her with slavish fondness, and tempted her by mingled entreaties and bribes to desert her father and live with them for the remainder of their lives. Her reserve fanned their longing to have her for a pet; and, to escape them, she returned to the continent with her father, and ceased to hold any correspondence with London. Her aunts declared themselves deeply hurt; and Lydia was held to have treated them very injudiciously; but when they died, and their wills became public, it was found that they had vied with one another in enriching her.

When she was twenty-five years old, the first startling event of her life took place. This was the death of her father at Avignon. No endearments passed between them even on that occasion. She was sitting opposite to him at the fireside one evening reading aloud, when he suddenly said, "My heart has stopped, Lydia. Goodbye!", and immediately died. She had some difficulty in quelling the tumult that arose when the bell was answered. The whole household felt bound to be overwhelmed, and took it rather ill that she seemed neither grateful to them nor disposed to imitate their behaviour.

Many of Carew's relatives came from England to hear his will read. It was a brief document, dated five years before his death, and was to the effect that he bequeathed to his dear daughter Lydia all he possessed. He had, however, left her certain private instructions. One of these, which excited great indignation in his

family, was that his body should be conveyed to Milan, and there cremated. Having disposed of her father's remains as he had directed, she came to set her affairs in order in England, where she inspired much hopeless passion in the toilers in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Chancery Lane, and agreeably surprised her solicitors by evincing a capacity for business, and a patience with the law's delay, that seemed incompatible with her age and sex. When all was arranged, and she was once more able to enjoy perfect tranquillity, she returned to Avignon, and there discharged her last duty to her father. This was to open a letter she had found in his desk, inscribed by his hand, "For Lydia. To be read by her at leisure when I and my affairs shall be finally disposed of." The letter ran thus.

"My Dear Lydia,

"I belong to the great company of disappointed men. But for you, I should now write myself down a failure like the rest. It is only a few years since it first struck me that although I had failed in many ambitions with which (having failed) I need not trouble you now, I had achieved some success as a father. I had no sooner made this discovery than it began to stick in my thoughts that you could draw no other conclusion from the course of our life together than that I have, with entire selfishness, used you throughout as my mere amanuensis and clerk, and that you are under no more obligation to me for your attainments than a slave is to his master for the strength which enforced labor has given to his muscles. Lest I should leave you suffering from so mischievous and oppressive an influence as a sense of injustice, I now justify myself to you.'

"I have never asked you whether you remember your mother. Had you at any time broached the subject, I should have spoken quite freely to you on it; but as some wise instinct led you to avoid it, I was content to let it rest until circumstances such as the present should render further reserve unnecessary. If any regret at having known so little of the woman who gave you birth troubles you, shake it off without remorse. She was the most disagreeable person I ever knew.' I speak dispassionately. All my bitter personal feeling against her is as dead whilst I write as it will be when you read. I have even come to cherish tenderly certain of her characteristics which you have inherited, so that I confidently say that I never, since the perishing of the infatuation in which I married, felt more kindly towards her than I do now. I made the best, and she the worst, of our union for six years; and then we parted. I permitted her to give what account of the separation she pleased, and allowed her about five times as much money as she had any right to expect. By these means I induced her to leave me in undisturbed possession of you, whom I had already, as a measure of precaution, carried off to Belgium. The reason why we never visited England during her lifetime was that she could, and probably would, have made my previous conduct and my hostility to popular religion an excuse for wresting you from me. I need say no more of her, and am sorry it was necessary to mention her at all.

"I will now tell you what my motive was in securing you for myself. It was not natural affection: I did not love you then; and I knew that you would be a serious encumbrance to me. But having brought you into the world, and then broken through my engagements with your mother, I felt bound to see that you should not suffer for my mistake. Gladly would I have persuaded myself that she was (as the gossips said) the fittest person to have charge of you; but I knew better, and made up my mind to discharge my responsibility as well as I could. In course of time you became useful to me; and, as you know, I made use of you without scruple, but never without regard to your own advantage. I always kept a secretary to do whatever I considered mere copyist's work. Much as you did for me, I think I may say with truth that I never imposed a task of absolutely no educational value on you. I fear you found the hours you spent over my money affairs very irksome; but I need not apologize for that now; for you must already know by experience how necessary a knowledge of business is to the possessor of a large fortune."

"I did not think, when I undertook your education, that I was laying the foundation of any comfort for myself. For a long time you were only a good girl, and what ignorant people called a prodigy of learning. In your circumstances a commonplace child might have been both. I subsequently came to contemplate your existence with a pleasure which I never derived from the contemplation of my own. I have not succeeded, and shall not succeed in expressing the affection I feel for you, or the triumph with which I find that what I undertook as a distasteful and thankless duty has rescued my life and labor from waste. My literary travail, seriously as it has occupied us both, I now value only for the share it has had in educating you; and you will be guilty of no disloyalty to me when you come to see that though I sifted as much sand as most men, I found no gold. I ask you to remember then that I did my duty to you long before it became pleasurable or even hopeful. And, when you are older and have learned from your mother's friends how I failed in my duty to her, you will perhaps give me some credit for having conciliated the world for your sake by abandoning habits and acquaintances which, whatever others may have thought of them, did much whilst they lasted to make life endurable to me."

"Although your future will not concern me, I often find myself thinking of it. I fear you will soon find that the world has not yet provided a place and a sphere of action for wise and well instructed women. In my younger days, when the companionship of my fellows was a necessity to me, I voluntarily set aside my culture. relaxed my principles, and acquired common tastes, in order to fit myself for the society of the only men within my reach; for, if I had to live among bears, I had rather be a bear than a man. Let me warn you against this. Never attempt to accommodate yourself to the world by self-degradation. Be patient; and you will enjoy frivolity all the more because you are not frivolous: much as the world will respect your knowledge all the more because of its own ignorance."

"Some day, I expect and hope, you will marry. You will then

have an opportunity of making an irremediable mistake, against the possibility of which no advice of mine or subtlety of yours can guard you. I think you will not easily find a man able to satisfy in you that desire to be relieved of the responsibility of thinking out and ordering our course of life that makes us each long for a guide whom we can thoroughly trust. If you fail, remember that your father, after suffering a bitter and complete disappointment in his wife, yet came to regard his marriage as the happiest event in his career. Let me remind you also, since you are so rich, that it would be a great folly for you to be jealous of your own wealth, and to limit your choice of a husband to those already too rich to marry for money. No vulgar adventurer will be able to recommend himself to you; and better men will be at least as much frightened as attracted by your wealth. Against one class, however, I wish especially to warn you: that to which I myself am supposed to belong. Never think that a man must prove a suitable and satisfying friend for you merely because he has read much criticism; that he must feel the influences of art as you do, because he knows and adopts the classification of names and schools with which you are familiar; or that because he agrees with your favourite authors he must necessarily interpret their words to himself as you understand them. Beware of men who have read more than they have worked, or who love to read better than to work. Beware of painters, poets, musicians, and artists of all sorts, except very great artists: beware even of them as husbands and fathers. Self satisfied workmen who have learnt their business well, whether they be chancellors of the exchequer or farmers, I recommend to you as, on the whole, the most tolerable class of men I have met."

"I shall make no further attempt to advise you. As fast as my counsels rise to my mind follow reflections which convince me of their futility."

"You may perhaps wonder why I never said to you what I have written down here. I have tried to do so and failed. If I understand myself aright, I have written these lines mainly to relieve a craving to express my affection for you. The awkwardness which an over-civilized man experiences in admitting that he is something more than an educated stone, prevented me from confusing you by demonstrations of a kind I had never accustomed you to. Besides, I wish this assurance of my love—my last word—to reach you when no further commonplaces to blur the impressiveness of its simple truth are possible."

"I know I have said too much; and I feel that I have not said enough. But the writing of this letter has been a difficult task. Practised as I am with my pen, I have never, even in my earliest efforts, composed with such labor and sense of inadequacy——"

Here the manuscript broke off. The letter had never been finished.

CHAPTER II.

In the month of May, seven years after the flight of the two boys from Moncrief House, a lady sat beneath a cedar tree

that made an island of shadow in the midst of a glittering green lawn. She did well to avoid the sun; for her complexion was as beautifully tinted as mother of pearl. She was a small, graceful woman with delicate lips and nostrils, green eyes with quiet unarched brows, and ruddy gold hair, now shaded by a large untrimmed straw hat. Her dress of Indian muslin, with half sleeves terminating at the elbows in wide ruffles, hardly covered her shoulders, where it was supplemented by a scarf through which a glimpse of her throat was visible in a nest of soft Tourkaris lace. She was reading a little ivory-bound volume—a miniature edition of the second part of Goethe's Faust.

As the afternoon wore on and the light mellowed, the lady dropped her book and began to think and dream, unconscious of a black object which was crossing the lawn towards her. This was a young gentleman in a frock coat. He was dark, and had a long, grave face, with a reserved expression, but not ill-looking.

"Going so soon, Lucian?" said the lady, looking up as he came into the shadow.

Lucian looked at her wistfully. His name, as she uttered it, always stirred him vaguely. He was fond of finding out the reasons of things, and had long ago decided that this inward stir was due to her fine pronunciation. His other intimates called him Looshn.

"Yes," he said. "I have arranged everything, and have come to give an account of my stewardship, and to say good-bye?"

He placed a garden chair near her and sat down. She laid her hands one on the other in her lap, and composed herself to listen.

"First," he said, "as to the Warren Lodge. It is let for a month only; so you can allow Mrs. Goff to have it rent free in July if you still wish to. I hope you will not act so unwisely."

She smiled, and said, "Who are the present tenants? I hear that they object to the dairymaids and men crossing the elm vista."

"We must not complain of that. It was expressly stipulated when they took the lodge that the vista should be kept private for them. I had no idea at that time that you were coming to the castle, or I should of course have declined such a condition."

"But we do keep it private for them: strangers are not admitted. Our people pass and repass once a day on their way to and from the dairy: that is all."

"It seems churlish, Lydia; but this, it appears, is a special case—a young gentleman, who has come to recruit his health. He needs daily exercise in the open air; but he cannot bear observation; and he has only a single attendant with him. Under these circumstances, I agreed that they should have the sole use of the elm vista. In fact they are paying more rent than would be reasonable without this privilege."

"I hope the young gentleman is not mad."

"I satisfied myself before I let the lodge to him, that he would be a proper tenant," said Lucian, with reproachful gravity. "He was strongly recommended to me by Lord Worthington, whom I believe to be a man of honour, notwithstanding his inveterate love of sport. As it happens, I expressed to him the suspicion you have

just suggested. Worthington vouched for the tenant's sanity, and offered to take the lodge in his own name and be personally responsible for the good behaviour of this young invalid, who has, I fancy, upset his nerves by hard reading. Probably some college friend of Worthington's."

"Perhaps so. But I should rather expect a college friend of Lord Worthington's to be a hard rider or drinker than a hard reader."

"You may be quite at ease, Lydia. I took Lord Worthington at his word so far as to make the letting to him. I have never seen the real tenant. But, though I do not even recollect his name, I will venture to answer for him at second-hand."

"I am quite satisfied, Lucian; and I am greatly obliged to you. I will give orders that no one shall go to the dairy by way of the warren. It is natural that he should wish to be out of the world."

"The next point," resumed Lucian, "is more important, as it concerns you personally. Miss Goff is willing to accept your offer. And a most unsuitable companion she will be for you!"

"Why, Lucian?"

"On all accounts. She is younger than you, and therefore cannot chaperone you. She has received only an ordinary education; and her experience of society is derived from local subscription balls. And, as she is not unattractive, and is considered a beauty in Wiltstoken, she is self-willed, and will probably take your patronage in bad part."

"Is she more self-willed than I?"

"You are not self-willed, Lydia; except that you are deaf to advice."

"You mean that I seldom follow it. And so you think I had better employ a professional companion—a decayed gentlewoman—than save this young girl from going out as a governess and beginning to decay at twenty-three?"

"The business of getting a suitable companion, and the pleasure or duty of relieving poor people, are two different things, Lydia."

"True, Lucian. When will Miss Goff call?"

"This evening. Mind: nothing is settled as yet. If you think better of it on seeing her, you have only to treat her as an ordinary visitor and the subject will drop. For my own part, I prefer her sister; but she will not leave Mrs. Goff, who has not yet recovered from the shock of her husband's death."

Lydia looked reflectively at the little volume in her hand, and seemed to think out the question of Miss Goff. Presently, with an air of having made up her mind, she said,

"Can you guess which of Goethe's characters you remind me of when you try to be worldly wise for my sake?"

"When I try— What an extraordinary irrelevance! I have not read Goethe lately. Mephistopheles, I suppose. But I did not mean to be cynical."

"No: not Mephistopheles, but Wagner—with a difference. Wagner taking Mephistopheles instead of Faust for his model." Seeing by his face that he did not relish the comparison, she added, "I am paying you a compliment. Wagner represents a very clever man."

"The saving clause is unnecessary," he said, somewhat sarcastically. "I know your opinion of me quite well, Lydia."

She looked quickly at him. Detecting the concern in her glance, he shook his head sadly, saying, "I must go now, Lydia. I leave you in charge of the housekeeper until Miss Goff arrives."

She gave him her hand; and a dull glow came into his gray jaws as he took it. Then he buttoned his coat and walked gravely away. As he went, she watched the sun mirrored in his glassy hat, and drowned in his respectable coat. She sighed, and took up Goethe again.

But she began to be tired of sitting still; and after a little while she rose and wandered through the park for nearly an hour, trying to find the places in which she had played in her childhood during a visit to her late aunt. She recognized a great toppling Druid's altar that had formerly reminded her of Mount Sinai threatening to fall on the head of Christian in "The Pilgrim's Progress." Further on she saw and avoided a swamp in which she had once earned a scolding from her nurse by filling her stockings with mud. Then she found herself in a long avenue of green turf, running east and west, and apparently endless. This seemed the most delightful of all her possessions; and she had begun to plan a pavilion to build near it, when she suddenly recollected that this must be the elm vista of which the privacy was so stringently insisted upon by her invalid tenant at the Warren Lodge. She fled into the wood at once, and, when she was safe there, laughed at the oddity of being a trespasser in her own domain. She now made a wide detour in order to avoid intruding a second time: consequently, after walking for quarter of an hour, she lost herself. The trees seemed never-ending: she began to think she must possess a forest as well as a park. At last she saw an opening. Hastening towards it, she came again into the sunlight, and stopped, dazzled by an apparition which she at first took to be a beautiful statue, but presently recognized, with a strange glow of delight, as a living man.

To so mistake a gentleman exercising himself in the open air on a nineteenth century afternoon would, under ordinary circumstances, imply incredible ignorance either of men or statues. But the circumstances in Miss Carew's case were not ordinary; for the man was clad in a jersey and knee breeches of white material; and his bare arms shone like those of a gladiator. His broad pectoral muscles, in their covering of spun silk, were like slabs of marble. Even his hair, short, crisp, and curly, seemed like burnished bronze in the evening light. It came into Lydia's mind that she had disturbed an antique god in his sylvan haunt. The fancy was only momentary; for she perceived that there was a third person present: a man impossible to associate with classic divinity. He looked like a well-to-do groom, and was contemplating his companion much as a groom might contemplate an exceptionally fine horse. He was the first to see Lydia; and his expression as he did so plainly showed that he regarded her as a most unwelcome intruder. The statue-man, following his sinister look, saw her too, but with different feelings; for his lips parted; his colour rose; and he stared at her with undisguised admiration and

wonder. Lydia's first impulse was to turn and fly; her next, to apologize for her presence. Finally she went away quietly through the trees.

The moment she was out of their sight, she increased her pace almost to a run. The day was too warm for rapid movement; and she soon stopped and listened. There were the usual woodland sounds: leaves rustling, grasshoppers chirping, and birds singing; but not a human voice or footstep. She began to think that the god-like figure was only the Hermes of Praxiteles, suggested to her by Goethe's classical Sabbat, and changed by a day-dream into the semblance of a living reality. The groom must have been one of those incongruities characteristic of dreams—probably a reminiscence of Lucian's statement that the tenant of the Warren Lodge had a single male attendant. It was impossible that this glorious vision of manly strength and beauty could be substantially a student broken down by excessive study. That irrational glow of delight too was one of the absurdities of dreamland: otherwise she should have been ashamed of it.

Lydia made her way back to the Castle in some alarm as to the state of her nerves, but dwelling on her vision with a pleasure that she would not have ventured to indulge had it concerned a creature of flesh and blood. Once or twice it recurred to her so vividly that she asked herself whether it could have been real. But a little reasoning convinced her that it must have been an hallucination.

"If you please, madam," said one of her new staff of domestics, a native of Wiltstoken, who stood in deep awe of the lady of the Castle: "Miss Goff is waiting for you in the drawing-room."

The drawing-room of the Castle was a circular apartment, with a dome-shaped ceiling broken into gilt ornaments resembling thick bamboos, which projected vertically downwards like stalagmites. The heavy chandeliers were loaded with flattened brass balls, magnified facsimiles of which crowned the uprights of the low, broad, powerfully-framed chairs, which were covered in leather stamped with Japanese dragon designs in copper-coloured metal. Near the fireplace was a great bronze bell of Chinese shape, mounted like a mortar on a black wooden carriage for use as a coal-scuttle. The wall was decorated with large gold crescents on a ground of light blue.

In this barbaric rotunda Miss Carew found awaiting her a young lady of twenty-three, with a well developed, resilient figure, and a clear complexion, porcelain surfaced, and with a fine red in the cheeks. The lofty pose of her head expressed an habitual sense of her own consequence given her by the admiration of the youth of the neighbourhood, which was also, perhaps, the cause of the neatness of her inexpensive black dress and of her irreproachable gloves, boots, and hat. She had been waiting to introduce herself to the lady of the Castle for ten minutes in a state of nervousness that culminated as Lydia entered.

"How do you do, Miss Goff. Have I kept you waiting? I was out."

"Not at all," said Alice, with a confused impression that red hair was aristocratic, and dark brown (the colour of her

own) vulgar. She had risen to shake hands, and now, after hesitating a moment to consider what etiquette required her to do next, resumed her seat. Miss Carew sat down too, and gazed thoughtfully at her visitor, who held herself rigidly erect, and, striving to mask her nervousness, unintentionally looked disdainful.

"Miss Goff," said Lydia, after a short silence which made her speech impressive: "will you come to me on a long visit? In this lonely place, I am greatly in want of a friend and companion of my own age and position. I think you must be equally so."

Miss Goff was very young, and very determined to accept no credit that she did not deserve. With the unconscious vanity and conscious honesty of youth, she proceeded to set Miss Carew right as to her social position, not considering that the lady of the Castle probably understood it better than she did herself, and indeed thinking it quite natural that she should be mistaken.

"You are very kind," she replied stiffly; "but our positions are quite different, Miss Carew. The fact is that I cannot afford to live an idle life. We are very poor; and my mother is partly dependent on my exertions."

"I think you will be able to exert yourself to good purpose if you come to me," said Lydia, unimpressed. "It is true that I shall give you very expensive habits; but I will of course enable you to support them."

"I do not wish to contract expensive habits," said Alice reproachfully. "I shall have to content myself with frugal ones throughout my life."

"Not necessarily. Tell me frankly: how had you proposed to exert yourself? As a teacher, was it not?"

Alice flushed, but assented.

"You are not at all fitted for it; and you will end by marrying. As a teacher you could not marry well. As an idle lady, with expensive habits, you will marry very well indeed. It is quite an art to know how to be rich—an indispensable art, if you mean to marry a rich man."

"I have no intention of marrying," said Alice loftily. She thought it time to check this cool aristocrat. "If I come at all, I shall come without any ulterior object."

"That is just what I had hoped. Come without conditions or second thought of any kind."

"But—" began Alice, and stopped, bewildered by the pace at which the negotiation was proceeding. She murmured a few words, and waited for Lydia to proceed. But Lydia had said her say, and evidently expected a reply, though she seemed assured of having her own way, whatever Alice's views might be.

"I do not quite understand, Miss Carew. What duties?—what would you expect of me?"

"A great deal," said Lydia gravely. "Much more than I should from a mere professional companion."

"But I am a professional companion," protested Alice.

"Whose?"

Alice flushed again, angrily this time. "I did not mean to say—'

"You do not mean to say that you will have nothing to do with me," said Lydia, stopping her quietly. "Why are you so scrupulous, Miss Goff? You will be close to your home, and can return to it at any moment if you become dissatisfied with your position here."

Fearful that she had disgraced herself by ill manners; loth to be taken possession of as if she were of no consequence when the gratification of a rich lady's whim was concerned; suspicious—since she had often heard gossiping tales of the dishonesty of people in high positions—lest she should be cheated out of the salary she had come resolved to demand; and withal unable to defend herself against Miss Carew, Alice caught at the first excuse that occurred to her.

"I should like a little time to consider," she said.

"Time to accustom yourself to me, is it not? You can have as long as you plea——"

"Oh, I can let you know to-morrow," interrupted Alice, officiously.

"Thank you. I will send a note to Mrs. Goff to say that she need not expect you back until to-morrow."

"But I did not mean—I am not prepared to stay," remonstrated Alice, feeling that she was becoming entangled in a snare.

"We shall take a walk after dinner, then, and call at your house, where you can make your preparations. But I think I can supply you with all you will require."

Alice dared make no further objection. "I am afraid," she stammered, "you will think me horribly rude; but I am so useless, and you are so sure to be disappointed, that—that—"

"You are not rude, Miss Goff; but I find you very shy. You want to run away and hide from new faces and new surroundings." Alice, who was self possessed and even scornful in Wiltstoken society, felt that she was misunderstood, but did not know how to vindicate herself. Lydia resumed, "I have formed my habits in the course of my travels, and so live without ceremony. We dine early—at six."

Alice had dined at two, but did not feel bound to confess it.

"Let me show you your room," said Lydia rising. "This is a curious drawing-room," she added, glancing around. "I only use it occasionally to receive visitors." She looked about her again with some interest, as if the apartment belonged to someone else, and led the way to a room on the first floor, furnished as a lady's bed-chamber. "If you dislike this," she said, "or cannot arrange it to suit you, there are others, of which you can have your choice. Come to my boudoir when you are ready."

"Where is that?" said Alice anxiously.

"It is—You had better ring for someone to shew you. I will send you my maid."

Alice, even more afraid of the maid than of the mistress, declined hastily. "I am accustomed to attend to myself, Miss Carew," she added, with proud humility.

"You will find it more convenient to call me Lydia," said Miss Carew. "Otherwise you will be supposed to refer to my grand aunt, a very old lady." She then left the room.

Alice was fond of thinking that she had a womanly taste and touch in making a room pretty. She was accustomed to survey with pride her mother's drawing-room, which she had garnished with cheap cretonnes, Japanese paper fans, and nic-nacs in ornamental pottery. She felt now that if she slept once in the bed before her, she could never be content in her mother's house again. All that she had read and believed of the beauty of cheap and simple ornament, and the vulgarity of costliness, recurred to her as a hypocritical paraphrase of the "Sour grapes" of the fox in the fable. She pictured to herself with a shudder the effect of a six-penny Chinese umbrella in that fireplace, a cretonne valance to that bed, or chintz curtains to those windows. There was a series of mirrors in the room, a great glass in which she could see herself at full length, another framed in the carved oaken dressing table, and smaller ones of various shapes fixed to jointed arms that turned every way. To use them for the first time was like having eyes in the back of the head. She had never really seen herself from all points of view before. As she contemplated herself, she strove not to be ashamed of her dress; but even her face and figure, which usually afforded her unqualified delight, seemed robust and middle-class in Miss Carew's mirrors.

"After all," she said, seating herself on a chair that was even more luxurious to rest in than to look at; "putting the lace out of the question—and my old lace that belongs to mamma is quite as valuable—her whole costume cannot have cost much more than mine. At any rate, it is not worth much more, whatever she may have chosen to pay for it."

But Alice was clever enough to envy Miss Carew her manners more than her dress. She would not admit to herself that she was not thoroughly a lady; but she felt that Lydia, in the eye of a stranger, would answer that description better than she. Still, as far as she had observed, Miss Carew was exceedingly cool in her proceedings, and did not take any pains to please those with whom she conversed. Alice had often made compacts of friendship with young ladies, and had invited them to call her by her Christian name; but on such occasions she had always called them "dear" or "darling," and whilst the friendship lasted (which was often longer than a month; for Alice was a steadfast girl), had never met them without exchanging an embrace and a hearty kiss.

"And nothing," she said, springing from the chair as she thought of this, and speaking very resolutely, "shall tempt me to believe that there is anything vulgar in sincere affection. I will be on my guard against this woman."

Having settled that matter for the present, she resumed her examination of the apartment, and was more and more attracted by it as she proceeded. For, thanks to her eminence as a local beauty, she had not that fear of beautiful and rich things which renders abject people incapable of associating costliness with comfort. Had the counterpane of the bed been Alice's, she would have unhesitatingly converted it into a ball dress. There were toilet appliances of which she had never felt the need, and could only guess the use. She gazed with despair into the two large closets, thinking how poor a show her three dresses, her ulster,

and her few old jackets would make there. Then there was a dressing room with a marble bath that made cleanliness a luxury instead of one of the sternest of the virtues, as it seemed at home. Yet she remarked that though every object was more or less ornamental, nothing had been placed in the rooms for the sake of ornament alone. Miss Carew, judged by her domestic arrangements, was a utilitarian before everything. There was a very handsome chimneypiece; but as there was nothing on the mantelboard, Alice made a faint effort to believe that it was inferior in point of taste to that in her own bedroom, which was covered with blue cloth, surrounded by fringe and brass headed nails, and laden with photographs in plush frames.

The striking of the hour reminded her that she had forgotten to prepare for dinner. She hastily took off her hat, washed her hands, spent another minute among the mirrors, and was summoning courage to ring the bell, when a doubt occurred to her. Ought she to put on her gloves before going down or not? This kept her in perplexity for many seconds. At last she resolved to put her gloves in her pocket, and be guided as to their further disposal by the example of her hostess. Then, not daring to hesitate any longer, she rang the bell, and was presently joined by a French lady of polished manners—Miss Carew's maid—who conducted her to the boudoir, an hexagonal apartment that, Alice thought, a sultana might have envied. Lydia was there, reading. Alice noted with relief that she had not changed her dress, and that she was ungloved.

Miss Goff did not enjoy the dinner. There was a butler who seemed to have nothing to do but stand at a buffet and watch her. There was also a swift, noiseless footman who presented himself at her elbow at intervals, and compelled her to choose on the instant between unfamiliar things to eat and drink. She envied these men their knowledge of society, and shrank from their criticism. Once, after taking a piece of asparagus in her hand, she was deeply mortified at seeing her hostess consume the vegetable by means of a knife and fork: but the footman's back was turned to her just then; and the butler, oppressed by the heat of the weather, was in a state of abstraction bordering on sleep. On the whole, by dint of imitating Miss Carew, who did not plague her with any hostess-like vigilance, she came off without discredit to her breeding.

Lydia, on her part, acknowledged no obligation to entertain her guest by chatting, and enjoyed her thoughts and her dinner in silence. Alice began to be fascinated by her, and to wonder what she was thinking about. She fancied that the footman was not quite free from the same influence. Even the butler might have been meditating himself to sleep on the subject. Alice felt tempted to offer her a penny for her thoughts. But she dared not be so familiar as yet. And, had the offer been made and accepted, butler, footman, and guest would have been plunged into equal confusion by the explanation, which would have run thus:

"I saw a vision of the Hermes of Praxiteles in a sylvan haunt to-day; and I am thinking of that."

(To be continued).

Associated Homes.

THE recent revival of Socialism is remarkable for the entire absence of the social community idea which in earlier Utopian socialistic schemes held so prominent a place. Many adaptations of Socialistic theories to national and industrial life are being advocated and discussed, but the smaller union of families has hardly been referred to. To-day the Socialist seems to begin at the circumference with such a proposal as the nationalization of the land and hopes to work towards the centre. Formerly in the scheme of Robert Dale Owen, the family was the centre from which the reconstruction of society was to radiate. This change in the present day socialistic method is perhaps due to the failure of early "familistère" schemes, and also. no doubt, to the greater development of the factory system of organized labour influencing public opinion more on the lines of political and industrial organization, than on that of the family affinities. Yet whatever the reason for this change, the same lapse of time that has brought it about, has also brought about a state of things in our large cities, especially in London, which is much more favourable to the realization of the united family idea than anything existing fifty years ago. The changes are both social and material, general and particular. Of course every better organization of society is helped by the better education, wider interests and more tolerant feelings characteristic of to-day as compared with the Chartist and Christian Socialist times.

But apart from these general considerations, important though they undoubtedly are, there is this fact that a large part of Robert Owen's scheme is in active operation now in London. Owen's methods are modified, but his principles are in the main adopted, though not exactly in the way he intended. The results are not so much for the benefit of all concerned as Owen designed, because there is less mutual co-operation than he proposed. Still many of the economies he advocated, such as large many-roomed houses containing many different families and wholesale cooking of food for large numbers are now common in most large towns. These great blocks of "dwellings" (of which the "Peabody Block" was the first sample and is still a good type of the cheaper quality) and the many dining rooms and "cook shops" all over London have

sprung up entirely because of a commercial demand. Their basis is business, not social theory. Yet they carry out, in a different way no doubt, part of Owen's plan. What is omitted as things are, is the unity of interest and the educational value of some local social organization which would more fully utilize these possibilities of material economy. It is therefore worth the consideration of modern constructive Socialism whether, with the advantages of to-day some return could not profitably be made to the earlier ideal.

Many of the large groups of blocks of dwellings are built very much on the same general plan as the "model industrial community" advocated by Owen. There is this great difference however. The "community" was a unit working on a common centre while in the London block every one, two or perhaps three rooms out of the five or six hundred rooms comprising the group of blocks is a separate kingdom complete in itself and entirely independent of the others. The "community" idea was one central kitchen and a wholesale cooking for the entire population. The modern block idea is a kitchen in almost every room, which in many cases is also a bed-room. Could not a union and modification of these two extremes very easily be effected with advantage to those concerned? The first, the community idea, is certainly the most economical, otherwise the "penny dinners" we hear so much about would not be possible. The second, the block idea, is certainly the most wasteful and full of discomfort. It is supposed to be the most "English" and "homely." Surely it is a misapplication of the word to suppose that home cannot exist if the family food is not prepared in the family sitting-room or bed-room. Those having a room or rooms in the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross would think it strange if told to do their cooking or even dining in them. Step a few yards north east to the Peabody Blocks in Bedfordbury and you will find another class of people who think it strange *not* to do their cooking in their own little rooms. The fact that those in the Hotel employ others to cook and clean for them is not sufficient explanation. The dwellers in Bedfordbury and other blocks employ the baker to cook their bread. When they learn that matters can be equitably organised so that all their food may be more cheaply and better cooked than they can do it individually, they will also cease to purchase their two ounces of tea, quarter of a pound of butter etc., in separate uncooked portions. The public cook shops and dining rooms are now sometimes used as supplementary to household preparations. A good deal yet requires to be done in bringing into closer and more mutually helpful relations wholesale purchase, cooking, and distribution of food as a matter of better domestic arrangement, and not merely for the male members of society who are more in the streets and about town. This is a practical business question of mutual co-operation. It is not a question of fine theories of the brotherhood of man. Yet both these elements enter into it and it is only by a careful recognition of both points that the matter can be suitably settled. There must be a strict business basis of justice to the individual and also a joint interest as a bond of union. The business connection must be close enough for economic efficiency, yet there must be freedom enough for social liberty.

This general statement of the case is not a mere begging of the question. The associated home idea which these phrases express (or cover a cynic may say) is a voluntary union which may be either much or little either economically or socially as each individual of the Associated Home may desire. It is not a boarding house or a hotel but the voluntary union of various people (whose homes are situated close to each other, in the same house in fact) for their mutual advantage in certain departments of domestic work. In the large blocks of dwellings now being built, such as Queen's Buildings, Southwark Bridge Road, the homes are now closely associated in the matter of the arrangement of the varfous apartments. The complement to such material association is a social and mutually helpful relation between the persons occupying these apartments. Each block or each group of blocks if not too large should be a unit, just as a large house or a large hotel is a unit serving common purposes from a single centre. There are large old city houses, used at one time by a single family and its attendants but now divided up with separate families in every one or two rooms.* The new houses built with the idea of division for separate families is not unfavourable to a re-union of the larger whole on terms in keeping with modern ideas and methods. With the single family there is one purse and one authority. That is the small unit of the past. This is in keeping with the time when the family coach slowly and laboriously carried its owner up to London from the country. The larger unit of the present and future has a joint stock purse and a joint delegated authority. This latter is in keeping with the railway express flying along with five hundred passengers. A similiar union is possible to the dwellers in the small rooms of our large blocks with equally good results. How? By a further adoption of the principle of co-operation which has successfully established stores all over England, especially in the northern counties. The present stores exist to purchase provisions wholesale and distribute in retail. The Associated Home would simply cook the provisions before delivery, and delivery could be made either in a central dining hall or at the private rooms of members as arranged. The Associated Home would also make more complete arrangements by public rooms of the nature of a club for the social life of its members than the co-operative stores do at present. By this process and by what it implies in other details one large kitchen would almost entirely supersede many little kitchens all over the block. As pointed out earlier in this article the wholesale kitchen is not either a new idea or a new fact to-day. Public dining rooms abound in all large towns. What is new about the present proposal is that those living close together in the modern block should form themselves into a co-operative society for the supply of household meals. There is no reason why the women and children who wait at home should not have the advantage of wholesale purchase and cooking from a common centre in the same way as the husbands and brothers who dine in the city. There is every reason why they should do so because they could

* This division of the orginal home unit is a process of disintegration and decay, the converse process of uniting houses built with the idea of separate homes is one of construction and growth.

secure an additional economy by forming a society and doing it for themselves. The co-operative domestic society combines all the conditions. The economy of united interests on a distinct business basis of justice to the individual.

Co-operative societies are usually formed on the basis of £1 shares. Each member must hold not less than one share. After it is fully paid up interest at 5 per cent. per annum is allowed. Interest on capital having been paid, all the profits (except a variable amount usually put to a "reserve fund") are divided in proportion to purchases. This dividend in Stores ranges from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per £1. The books are made up and dividend declared every three months in all Co-operative Stores on the "Rochdale" system. Thus if a member has purchased £20 worth of goods during the quarter, and the dividend for that quarter is 1s., he receives £1. This—the "Rochdale" system—is what co-operators call "equitable distribution." It provides for a fair interest (a fixed first charge) on the capital invested, a fair wage to the workers employed (many societies give a percentage to employés on the trade done), and then returns all the surplus profit to those on whose trade it was earned. In the co-operative store the capital belongs to the members, who are also the customers. As they take the risk they also take the profits. In the co-operative system the customer often takes more personal trouble than in individual trade. In a domestic co-operative society this greater mutual helpfulness between shopman and customer would most likely be increased. Provision for it would indeed be made in the constitution of the society. Women's work, it is said, is never done. This is because they are expected to attend to everything and everybody from early morn to late at eve. This, again, is because the unit of a single family is not large enough to admit of proper division of labour. In the Associated Home this could be remedied to a large extent. Within the larger number united for a common work there would be room for a proper division of labour. Instead of a few people doing everything, a much larger number would arrange to take turns in doing various duties. To begin with, the total amount of work would be greatly reduced. The work of preparing food for 200 people is much less when undertaken with the special appliances of a single large kitchen, as compared with doing it in thirty small kitchens. For the present the Associated Home as a society would leave out of consideration the work of the private rooms of members—the cleaning and dusting, etc., of bedrooms and sitting-rooms. The necessary work of the associate interests would be much less. It would also be centred in the Society's rooms, which would be related to the private rooms of the members much in the same way as are the public and private rooms of a large hotel. The work would also be done under the supervision of a manager, as is usual in co-operative societies. With one or two permanent and responsible officials the most of the work would be done by members of the Society as part of their regular household duties. That is to say the self-helpfulness of the co-operative customer would be systemized into a regular relay of employés for different times and duties. Some would come down for three hours in the morning and prepare

and serve breakfasts. Others would attend to the preparation and service of dinner, tea, and supper, and so on. All three would be paid servants of the Society, but of course, as each one's work was but a small part of a great whole, her wages would also be but small. Small as it is, however, she is being paid for doing what is really her own family work, and doing it under a better system. The few hours daily taken for the general work of the Society would not interfere with proper attention to the necessary work of members' private rooms. This arrangement of work is based on the idea that those who do the home work are not dependent on the money earnings of that home work for support. The wives, sisters, and daughters who now do the housework of private families are not wage-earners in the usual sense of the term. Their work doubtless is wage worthy, but it is not yet reckoned in that way. Of course these "part time" services to the united work of the Society are by members of the Society, and do not disqualify in any way, except when "on duty," for the enjoyment of the full social privileges of the Society as a club. In the individual home the men and women who go out to business are on the same social level as those who do the household work when they meet either at home or abroad, as they would be in the Associated Home. Of course only those would be employed by the Society who were competent to do the work required. The working-out of this system of mutual service on part time, and on a business basis of efficiency, would have many advantages which need not be detailed at present. Enough has been said to show that the Associated Home idea has no practical difficulties that a one or two years' experience would not wear away.

D. McEwen.

The Death of a Tyrant.

What Custom wills in all things should we do't
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For truth to overpeer.

Where the waters embrace and encompass the landing,
Where the waste hath no knowledge of herbage or tree,
Where no bird may abide, who is this that is standing
On the side of the sandhills that slope to the sea?

All around him the banks by the land-springs are hollowed;
At his feet the sands quiver and crumble and slide,
And are slowly and surely encircled and swallowed
By the silent and subtle advance of the tide.

In his heart is regret, in his limbs there is languor,
As of one that remembers days long ago dead:
In his eyes is the passion of impotent anger,
And of rage that long brooding on sorrow has bred.

This is he that of old had the nations in bondage,
This is he that would fain have them worship him still:
On his forehead are faded the flowers and the frondage
That his worshippers wove when they bowed to his will.

As a tale that is told is his strength and its story;
For a time and a season men bowed to his sway;
For a time and a season their chains were his glory,
Till they burst them asunder and cast them away.

For the tide of the time with the flood-tide has shifted,
And its sands are sucked out from the shore to the sea;
From the brow of the bondsmen a band has been lifted,
And the light has arisen that dawns on the free.

Lo, at last in their sight has a beacon been lighted,
And their hearts with its heat are aflame and aglow;
Lo, at last may the eyes that so long were benighted
See the fear that o'ershadows the face of the foe.

For the ancient dominion of Custom is dying,
And no friends will take pity and sing it its dirge,
Save the echoes that answer with sorrowful sighing
To the wail of the wind and the sob of the surge.

J. L. Joynes.

Contemporary Socialism.*

IN this volume Dr. John Rae has combined some essays which appeared in the *Contemporary* and *British Quarterly* with a chapter on Henry George and some opinions of his own on the Social Question. It is refreshing to find an opponent of Socialism who endeavours to treat the subject in a reasonable manner, and who has taken the trouble to make some researches on which to base his criticisms and conclusions. That the criticisms are for the most part blows in the air, and the conclusions not warranted by the facts, is probably due to the prejudices of which Mr. Rae has not been able to divest himself.

The re-appearance of Socialist agitation in this country is thus noted in the preface:—"When the first chapter of the present book was put into type there seemed little sign of our long immunity from Socialism, always so strange to foreign observers, being seriously disturbed, but now the air is busy with cries of Social Democracy, Christian Socialism, State Socialism, and every manner of social sentimentality and mysticism. Socialist societies are establishing themselves in the cities and at the universities; Socialist lectures are being delivered; Socialist discussions promoted; and there are already several Socialist organs in the weekly and monthly press, conducted with ability and a somewhat bitter zeal, and numbering among their contributors writers whose names are held in high respect, though, it is true, for other qualities than political wisdom. These organs do not represent, nor do they profess to represent, any positive unity of opinion, but their predominant tendency is the energetic one of revolutionary social democracy, which usually in the end turns and rends the softer varieties of Socialism in whose company it first sets out. It is too soon to say what may come of this movement, or what weight ought to be assigned to it. It would be foolish to disparage it. Haxthausen thought Russia was protected from Socialism by her rural commune. Professor von Stein thought Germany was protected from it by her want of manufacturing industries. Yet both were signally mistaken, and we may possibly cherish a like error if we fancy ourselves to possess a sure

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protection against Socialism in the practical character of our people and our habits of free and open discussion. Besides, there are everywhere many to whom the practical test of a scheme will not be, shall we be any better for the change? but rather, can we be any worse for it? and who will look with nothing but hope to any manner of revolution."

Chartism is admitted to have been "essentially a social-democratic movement," and the trade-unions are described as a bulwark against revolution. *Qui vivra verra.* Dr. Rae should pay a visit to Sunderland, where one of the most powerful Unions has failed in a strike lasting for many weary months, with the result that the death rate has risen to 42 per 1,000.

Our author's sincere intentions and deficient information are well illustrated in the description he gives of the aims of Revolutionary Social Democracy. "What they want is a democracy of labour, to use one of their own phrases—that is, a state in which power and property shall be based on labour; where citizenship shall depend on a labour qualification, instead of a qualification of birth or property; where there shall be no citizen who enjoys without labouring, and no citizen who labours without enjoying; where every one who is able to work shall have employment, and every one who has wrought shall retain the whole produce of his labour; and where accordingly, as the indispensable pre-requisite of the whole scheme, the land of the country and all other instruments of production shall be made the joint property of the community, and the conduct of all industrial operations be placed under the direct administration of the State. Furthermore, all this is contended for as a matter of simple right and justice to the labouring classes, on the ground that the wealth of the nation belongs to the hands that made it; it is contended for as an obligation of the State, because the State is held to be merely the organised will of the people, and the people is the labouring class; and it is contended for as an object of immediate accomplishment—if possible, by ordinary constitutional means, but, if not, by revolution."

Here there is no impotent shrieking at the Red Spectre, no direct endeavour to saddle modern scientific thinkers with the responsibility of justifying the noble but Utopian schemes of earlier times and softer heads and hearts; but here also there is no hint that collective control of in the means of production is looked on as the *inevitable* result of the socialized system of production, of the factory industry, the competition for the world-market, and the infinite subdivision of labour which makes socialized distribution and exchange of wealth at once possible and necessary; no hint that public ownership is recognised as merely the next stage in the evolution of society, just as the last stage in that evolution has been the supersession of the individual owner and organiser of industry by the Corporation or Joint Stock Company with its elected and paid officials; nothing to suggest that Socialists of our times have learnt that the only possible liberty consists not in doing what we should like, but what the inexorable laws which govern the growth of Society will *force* upon us whether we like it or not.

Dr. Rae is apparently quite alive to the necessity of a social change of some sort; the precise nature of the reforms he advocates will be indicated later on. He does not say with Mr. Mallock that the misery we see around us is a necessary concomitant of civilisation. He indeed does not attempt to take a rose-coloured view of our society as it is. "No thoughtful person of any class can be contented or can avoid grave misgivings and apprehensions when he reflects that in the wealthiest nation in the world, almost every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper; that according to poor-law reports, one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad; that according to medical reports to the Privy Council, the agricultural labourers and large classes of working people in towns are too poorly fed to save them from what are known as starvation diseases; that the great proportion of our population lead a life of monotonous and incessant toil, with no prospect in old age but penury and parochial support; and that one-third, if not indeed one-half, of the families of the country, are huddled, six in a room, in a way quite incompatible with the elementary claims of decency, health or morality."

Though he acknowledges this much, Dr. Rae is, of course, above all things sternly practical. He thinks a reformer "may look for a time when comfort and civilization shall be more universally and securely diffused; when heads and hands in the world of labour shall work together in amity; when competition and exclusive private property and self-interest shall be swallowed up in love and common labour. But he knows that the transformation must be gradual, and that the material conditions of it must never be pushed on in advance of the intellectual and moral." In other words Dr. Rae is so practical that he overlooks the fact that the economical conditions are so far advanced and daily advancing more rapidly. He naturally scouts as impracticable the only people who are advancing the intellectual conditions by educating the workers as to the causes of their degradation. He would have us believe that the moral conditions are neglected by those who unceasingly remind the oppressed that to submit wittingly to oppression is craven and constantly warn the well-to-do that there is a good time coming shortly when the immoral perversion of wealth, ground out of the misery of the poor, to minister to the luxury of the rich shall be prevented by "law" based on social justice and restrained by "order" quite other than that which reigned at Warsaw.

The introduction opens with a very interesting enquiry as to whether Democracy necessarily leads to Socialism. Dr. Rae wisely thinks that an important condition is "whether the laws and economical situation of the country have conduced to a dispersion or concentration of property," and declares that "the future stands before us with a solemn choice: property must either contrive to get widely distributed or it will be nationalised altogether." He is wise enough to perceive that property will not distribute itself and to fear that the State in endeavouring to distribute it will increase the already strong tendency of Democracy towards Socialism.

Then follows a summary of the progress of Socialism in various

countries which will be very disquieting to most of his readers but is, not unnaturally, rather an under-statement of the facts. Dr. Rae notably fails in endeavouring to ascribe the rapidity of the spread of our ideas in the United States entirely to German immigration. That undoubtedly has had some effect, but surely Dr. Rae must be aware that the "economical situation of the country" is the real cause. If Bismarck had never spread, by exiling a single Socialist, the ideas he vainly tries to suppress, the country that rejoices in the existence of the Standard Oil Company, whisky rings, railway rings, Jay Goulds, Vanderbilts, Stanfords, Crockers, and Huntingtons would have bred its own Socialists very quickly. But the worst error is in his confidence that "Socialism has gained no serious foothold in England." This passage was of course written before the quotation we have given from the preface, and Dr. Rae must be very sorry now that he ever penned it. The worth of Dr. Rae's remarks on the subject may be gauged by what he says of one of the most remarkable instances of State interference, the establishment of the germ of national banking:—"Perhaps the best safeguard against undue demands on the power of the State by the labouring classes is to enlarge their experience of how much they can do for themselves with the limited pecuniary ability they at present possess, if they receive sufficient encouragement to husband it and opportunity to invest it; and no one has done more for this end than Mr. Fawcett himself since he assumed the administration of the Post-office." When we remember that Dr. Rae is aware that Socialism "grows by what it feeds on," this passage of his is mere twaddle, and we are afraid that Dr. Rae knew that when he wrote it.

There is one point at least on which our author agrees with his opponents. "The decline of religious belief must certainly have impaired the patience with which the poor endured the miseries of their lot, when they still entertained the hope of exchanging it in a few short years for a happier and an everlasting one hereafter." Dr. Rae says this of Germany, but the observation is equally true of this country where the enemies of religion proclaim and the ministers of all denominations are forced to admit the decay of all religious belief among the "masses" of our large towns.

The chapters on Lassalle and Karl Marx are on the whole very fair from an opponent if they do not contain very much information. The contention as to the originality of Lassalle's ideas is briefly dismissed with the assurance that discussions on such subjects are fruitless, "especially if the idea be a false one." The value of Marx as a thinker is, of course, much under-estimated, but his services as an active revolutionary are aptly summed up in the sentence, "He sought, in short, to introduce the large system of production into the art of conspiracy."

The story of the schism in the "International" is told by Dr. Rae as well as it could be by an avowed opponent of both Collectivism and Anarchism writing without personal knowledge, but the whole history has yet to be told, and perhaps will be by some of the actors in the episode who are yet alive. We can learn something from our enemies, and, in the light of recent events and threats, Socialists in England may well lay to heart the comments

of Dr. Rae on this instance of "discord and division." "And so, with high thoughts of spreading a reign of fraternity over the earth, the International Working Men's Association perished, because being only human, it could not maintain fraternity in its own narrow borders. This is a history that repeats itself again and again in Socialist movements. As W. Marr said in the remark quoted above, revolutionists will only unite on a negation; the moment they begin to ask what they will put in its place they differ and dispute and come to nought. Apprehend them, close their meetings, banish their leaders, and you knit them by common suffering to common resistance. You supply them with a negation of engrossing interest, you preoccupy their minds with a negative programme which keeps them united, and so you prevent them from raising the fatal question—What next? which they never discuss without breaking up into rival sects and factions, fraternal often in nothing but their hatred. 'It is the shades that hate one another, not the colours.' Such disruptions and secessions may —as they did in Germany—by emulation, increase for a time the efficiency of the organization as a propagandist agency, but they certainly diminish its danger as a possible instrument of insurrection. A Socialist organization seems always to contain two elements of internal disintegration. One is the prevalence of a singular and almost pathetic mistrust of their leaders, and of one another. The law of suspects is always in force among themselves. At meetings of the German Socialists, Liebknecht denounces Schweitzer as an agent of the Prussian Government, Schweitzer accuses Liebknecht of being an Austrian spy, and the frequent, hints at bribery, and open charges of treason against the labourers' cause, disclose to us now duller and now more acute phases of that unhappy state of mutual suspicion, in which the one supreme, superhuman virtue, worthy to be worshipped, if happily it could anywhere be discovered, is the virtue men honoured even in Robespierre—the incorruptible. The other source of disintegration is the tendency to intestine divisions on points of doctrine. A reconstruction of society is necessarily a most extensive programme, and allows room for the utmost variety of opinion and plan. The longer it is discussed the more certainly do differences arise, and the movement becomes a strife of schools in no way formidable to the government. All this only furnishes another reason for the conclusion that in dealing with Socialist agitations, a government's safest as well as justest policy is, as much as may be, to leave them alone. Their danger lies in the cloudiness of their ideas, and that can only be dispersed in the free breezes of popular discussion. The sword is an idle method of reasoning with an idea; an idea will eventually yield to nothing but argument. Repression, too, is absolutely impossible with modern facilities of inter-communication, and can at best but drive the offensive elements for a time into subterranean channels, where they gather like a dangerous choke-damp that may occasion at any moment a serious explosion."

In the chapter in which Dr. Rae gives the result of his own cogitations on the Social Question, he appears to think he has admitted too much, and takes to the optimist view of "a system

of society, whose possibilities of answering the legitimate aspirations of the working classes are so far from being exhausted." He contests the chief arguments of the Socialists with great courage, and follows each attack with a damaging admission which makes him, like so many other writers on the subject, appear in the light of a bourgeois Balaam coming forth to curse and ending by blessing his opponents. For instance, according to him the Socialists greatly misconceive the effects of the large system of production of which he admits the result to be "the decadence of the lower middle classes"! the reduction of the workers "more and more to the permanent position of wage labourers"!! with "fewer opportunities of rising to a competency"!!! Again, Dr. Rae doughtily proclaims that "the position of the wage labourer is better than it has been for 300 years." This assertion he supports by saying vaguely that butcher's meat was the only thing which was cheaper then than now (entirely forgetting the enormous rise in the item of rent), and, more vaguely still, that "then the general advantages of advancing civilization which are the heritage of all, were either absent or inferior." Of course he brings figures to aid him, and the best he can make of a comparison of the estimates of Gregory King and Dr. Davenant in 1688, with Mr. Dudley Baxter's calculation of the income of the working classes in 1867, and Professor Leone Levi's guess at their numbers in 1871, is that it is "sufficient to disperse gloomy apprehensions" to figure out that the average income of a working-class *family* is now £81, and that the producers of the total income of the country get 40 per cent. of it. He denies the truth of the "iron law of wages," on the ground that the standard economists hold that the amount of the mimimum wages depends on the standard of comfort which the workers will consent to adopt, and complacently concludes what he seems to think a triumphant demolition of the Socialist theory of wages by emphatically endorsing Adam Smith's dictum that "in a society in which industry was conducted without the intervention of an employing class the wages of labour would consist of its product."

The growing uncertainty of employment, owing to the introduction of labour-saving machinery and new methods of production, is first denied and then admitted by Dr. Rae, who sums up by declaring that "State provision of work has many drawbacks, but something more must be provided for the case than workhouse and prison." As to commercial crises he claims that we are free from famine, which was so terrible a scourge to our ancestors, though he had previously acknowledged the prevalence of starvation diseases amongst the agricultural labourers and wage-classes in towns; finally he looks for improvement, as usual, to the Socialist proposals of commercial statistics and international co-operation.

One of the worst instances of this writer's puzzleheadedness or wilful misinterpretation of fact appears in his criticism on our views of the remuneration of labour. "Why is an organiser of manual labour better paid than the manual labourer himself? Why is the railway chairman better paid than the railway porter? Is it because he exerts more labour, more socially necessary time o

labour? No, the explanation is not to be found in different quantities of labour, but in different qualities of labour. . . . . Let every man have according to his work if you will; but then, in measuring work, the true standard of its value is not its duration but the social importance of the service it is calculated to render." Here, of course, Dr. Rae assumes that there is a free competition for the office of chairman of a railway. He chooses to forget that one of the conditions of eligibility is considerable wealth, the possession of a large number of shares in the concern, and that among the few who satisfy these conditions, and who therefore naturally want a high reward to tempt them to undertake their nominal work, there is a combination stronger than any trade union. We can guess what would be the remuneration of industrial managers under free competition from the fact that the cleverest of our middle class youths can be got to go to India as civil servants—submit, that is, to exile in a bad climate where money is less valuable than at home—for £400 per annum, and here also the middle class trade union raises the salary. But we prefer to meet Dr. Rae on his own ground when he says with charming frankness that it is useless to talk about the justice of the matter, "the real question is whether society can perform the services it now accepts from private capitalists better or more economically without them." We think it can, because with the increasing displacement of individual by joint-stock enterprise, the capitalist ceases to perform any service whatever, delegating all the work of organising and administering the business to elected and paid officials, who could just as easily be elected by society. The only difference would be that now the shareholders insist that their officials shall secure a profit from the business; then society, equally prompted by self-interest, would insist that the business should be conducted so as to benefit the community. Let us take as an illustration the change which is going on under our own eyes in the methods of retail trade. In the year of the battle of Waterloo the largest shop in London is said to have employed but sixteen assistants. Now there are in the metropolis firms which employ sixteen hundred men and women in carrying on a dozen branches of retail trade under one management. This change has been effected in three score years and ten by the same causes which revolutionised productive industry. The Universal Providers, Bon Marchés, and Co-operative Stores have come into existence, multiplied and thriven because they perform their services to society "better and more economically" than do petty shopkeepers. Everyone sees that in the competitive struggle the big firm, with its enormous capital, its economy in rent, lighting and superintendence and its advantage in buying on a large scale must eventually crush out its weaker rivals. The small firms indeed are finding out that it is so in the large towns, and the establishment of the Parcels Post, the last encroachment of the State on private enterprise, will undoubtedly ruin hundreds of shopkeepers in country towns as their patrons find it possible to transfer their custom to the co-operative stores in London. This form of expropriation (without compensation) of the smaller capitalist by the greater goes on, in spite of the protest of its victims, and with such

rapidity that in the next generation England will no longer be a nation of shopkeepers. But the gigantic emporium which proves its fitness to survive by drawing to itself the trade of fifty bankrupt shopkeepers is invariably the property, not of one individual, but of many capitalists. Their function is not to exercise the "organising brain" of which we hear so much. That is done by the managers, secretaries and officials who are elected and paid fixed salaries by the proprietors or shareholders, who beyond this election take no active part in the business. Now let us ask Dr. Rae's question. Is it not certain that the organising officials could be appointed by a board of directors elected by the whole community in the town, district or nation just as well as they are now appointed by a board elected by the shareholders? The saving would consist of the whole of the profits of the business. In point of fact this saving has been effected by the "municipalization" of the gas and water supply in Birmingham. Can any sane man doubt that similar economies will shortly be effected in all concerns in which the natural evolution of society has reduced the proprietors to the position of mere dividend absorbing shareholders? And this *is* the position at this moment of the proprietors of our railways, shipping, tramways, omnibuses, collieries and mines, while every branch of industry is in a more or less advanced stage of the progress from control by the individual to control by the community through its representatives. Of course Dr. Rae paints the evils of bureaucratic management in dark colours, and says nothing as to the waste caused by competition. Those who share his terrors would do well to read the chapters on Democratic Administration in Mr. Laurence Gronlund's work, "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of which an English edition is now published.

After a great deal of confused writing Dr. Rae finally comes to the conclusion that the best hope of improvement lies in the extension of trade unions, social reforms, and co-operative production, and fails utterly to see that each argument in favour of his proposals applies with tenfold force to carrying them out nationally and internationally by the collective self-help of the workers themselves organised in the democratic State. Many of the faults of the book are no doubt due to the fact that the chapters were written separately and thrown together afterwards. But it is, with all its faults, more likely to make its readers Socialists than a much better book by a much better writer. It is likely to be read by many a man who would never take up an avowed defence of Collectivism and no one can read it carefully without coming to the conclusion that the theories of Socialists are supported by Dr. Rae himself whenever he descends to argument.

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