TO-DAY.

No. 31.—JULY, 1886.

Out of Work.

IT was for Jim.
He wouldn't ha' done it, sir, but for him.
But what is a man to do,
With as feeling a heart in his breast
As ever a man possest,
(Which his name, sir, is 'Enery Drew),
And me down here with the fever, and baby just dead,
And Jim—*that's* Jim in the corner—a-crying for bread?

Well known in the court
(You ask 'em) is 'Enery Drew.
When friends ran short
Of a shilling or two,
It was him they came to for help, and he
Would lend it, and welcome: I wish,
He'd ha' listened to me,
And we shouldn't be here in this plight,
Without pence in the pocket, or food in the dish,
Or, maybe, a roof for the night.

He was sober, hard-working, and strong;
And even when wages were low
We could manage along.
But how when there wasn't no work? 'Twas so
That we pawned our things, and his watch went first,
His silver watch and his Sunday clo'es,
And the table and chairs, and the clock we chose
Before we were married; and then, at the worst,
The Bible my father left me, and everything;—
Last week we lived on my wedding ring.
We were always respectable, sir, before;
But the wolf, as the saying is, stood at the door:
And all the children but one were dead,
And he a-crying for bread.

"Hungry!" That was his cry: our Jim!
We could have borne it but for him;
'Enery, he'd been out all day
Tramping for work, a weary way.
Not a penny was left us: what could we do?
I ask you, gentleman, what would you?—
Let Jim starve for a bite o' bread
While gentlefolks all lay warm a-bed,
Or drank of their white wine and their red?—
"I'll stand no more of it," 'Enery said.

So away he went,
Me little thinking of what he meant;
Till on Tuesday last, old Matthew, that lives down the stair,
Came in a-shouting, "Your husband's afore the beak
For stealing a loaf of bread from a shop in the square,
And the bobbies have run him in, and he won't be out for a week."

That's all I know,
And I'm sure he did it for Jim—
Not for himself; he was always slow
In taking even his own, as often I've said to him,
But, after all, it wasn't one loaf of bread
Would have saved our Jim; so Jim—little Jim—he's dead.

(They say it's a Christian land;
Yet women and men at ease
Never give ear, nor lift their hand
To woes and wants like these.
And who in this Christian land
Will hark to a poor man's cry?
And how can you make us understand
Why Christians let men die?
It's tears of blood we shed,
As we starve and toil and freeze;
It's work we want, not money and bread
In doles from the charities.
What wonder that men go mad
With trouble and toil and maze?
What wonder that women are bad,
If nothing but badness pays?)—

It's not my business? true. But here, as I lie on my bed,
Can you tell me, sir, what to say to my husband (who stole the bread)
When he comes out of prison next week, and finds Jim —dead?

ADELINE SERGEANT.

"Birds of a Feather."

I WAS a governess in a private family; not a resident governess, but something rather freer than that, a daily governess.

It happened early in the year 18——, I was then twenty-four, that my employers took a house in Leicestershire for the hunting season. I, as part of the general luggage, went with them. It was uncomfortable for me; but I tried to smile and look cheerful, and I said (may I be forgiven the lie) that I was delighted at the idea, and that I was prepared to be happy under any circumstances.

When we arrived at our destination the house was found to be smaller than had been expected, and a bed-room was accordingly found for me in a cottage close by. In my bed-room I was very happy, there was always a cheerful fire, a table with ink and writing paper, and, in fact, everything that could make me comfortable.

My employers were most kind and considerate, they were unusually generous, and tried to make me feel at home; my pupils were clever, and it was no trouble to teach them; but yet, in spite of all these things, I felt miserable. I was not home-sick, yet I could not make myself happy. I hardly ever opened my lips to speak except when alone with the children; I felt weighed down with the feeling that nobody wanted to speak to me, that everybody was anxious to be kind to the governess, but that I, personally, was nothing at all to them. They were kind to me, yes, but then they were kind to their dogs. One evening I went to my lodging about 9.30, feeling unusually depressed. According to my custom I undressed, got into my dressing-gown and slippers, and sat down in my arm-chair over the fire. I sat thinking over my life, and wondering why I felt so lonely. I finally came to the conclusion that the reason of my loneliness was the total difference of character and of tastes between myself and my employer. The mother of my pupils was a gay, lively, worldly woman; I, on the contrary, was serious, and the position in which I was placed, made me seem heavier than I really was. I felt that

however much Mrs. Webster pressed me to stay and sit with them after dinner, she would probably say as soon as my back was turned, "Little fool! How old maids do worry me! I cannot stand their cackle."

It would never occur to her that perhaps the cackle of a married woman of nearly forty, might also be trying to an old maid of twenty-four.

I remembered as I sat in my chair by the fire, many of the remarks which, on previous occasions, Mrs. Webster had made to me, and I involuntarily shuddered. I remembered how she had said to me with raised voice, and with extended hands, "I tell you, Miss Beetle, it is a woman's first duty to look out for a husband: when she has found a husband, then the highest aim of her life is realized; every woman should hold a baby on one arm, and make its food with the other." I smiled, remembering that she had had two nurses to hold her baby, and two more to make its food.

Thinking in this strain, I felt how impossible it would be for me to be at all happy in such uncongenial society; and I found myself wishing to be well out of it, and imagining at the same time, a handsome young woman with a great desire for a husband taking my place, setting her cap at the step-son of five-and-twenty, surreptitiously flirting with the husband and father of the household, and, in other, and, equally stirring ways, upsetting the equanimity of the establishment. How Mrs. Webster would rejoice in the presence of a governess who was evidently trying to attain to a high standard of propriety.

How Myra, the eldest daughter, would profit by such a brilliant example of clever worldliness! and how happy should I be, having left an uncongenial atmosphere to work with people of my own way of thinking, in fact with birds of my own feather; people to whom I could talk on equal terms, and who would really be friends to me! How often I had longed for birds of my own feather as companions!

I determined to tell Mrs. Webster, on the next day, that I would leave at the end of the term, and gaining happiness in my new resolve, I gave up thinking of myself and my troubles, leaned back in my chair and went to sleep.

While asleep I dreamed that I died and went to hell. I lost all sense of my own identity, and all remembrance of my past life. I seemed to become someone else—with other loves, sorrows, and memories. I thought I had been a freethinker when on earth, had disregarded convention and the world's word, and had lived unmarried by form—but married by fidelity and love—to one who shared my a— religious opinions, and on these accounts had been sent to the lower regions. As I came out of the station, hell appeared to be a gloomy place, the streets were empty, and a perfect

stillness reigned, but as it was about half-past-one in the afternoon I concluded that everybody was lunching.

Nothing looked green and flourishing; the trees were covered with brown and drooping leaves, the grass was brown, and the only flower I saw in blossom, was the deadly-night-shade. I walked into a dark and dingy street, with large houses on each side, each enclosed in high walls, and surrounded by the brown trees above mentioned. Over the entrance-gate of every house was a sign-post, which enabled the new comer to find easily the home most suited to his tastes and requirements. I went on, led by some mysterious force, till I came to a house, with a sign-post stuck out bearing the inscription "Freethinker's Hall." I entered, feeling that this was to be my future abode. I was curious rather than despondent, and went into the first room I came to, where, standing by the table, I saw a man whose face I knew. It was the face that had been all the world to me when on earth, the face of the man with whom I had lived in open defiance of the world's opinion, though no marriage vows had been exchanged by us. I had loved him, truly and faithfully—and now, overjoyed, I went up to him, when, to my astonishment, he waved me back with his hand.

"Leave me," said he, "leave me, oh woman! We were friends on earth, but the order of the day here is, that "birds of a feather flock together;" it was your creed on earth that women were not undeveloped, abortive men, but that they were a totally different species, perfect in their own way; go then to your own species, the birds of *your* feather live at the opposite side of the house."

"Oh hear me," I cried, "Do you not know me? I am your love, your help-meet, your wife."

"Leave me, fond woman; can you not leave people of a different species alone? Go and herd with your own kind!"

I left the room sorrowful, but still curious, and I saw facing me a door, with the words "Women's apartments," printed upon it.

I entered, and seeing no one I walked to the book-shelves. There were many books which I had read with pleasure when on earth; the works of John Stuart Mill, Philosophy by Kant and Comte, "Esoteric Buddhism," by Sinnett many books on the "Science of Ethics" etc., etc.

As I stood looking round me George Eliot and Mary Wollstonecraft entered. They appeared melancholy, but at the same time a little pleased to see a new face, however they thought it would be a breach of good manners to show their feelings too much.

"How do you do? How do you like the idea of living here for the future?" said Mary Wollstonecraft, wishing to be friendly.

"It seems a little sombre," said I, "but I think things

might be worse than they are, I, at least, look forward to the pleasure of the society of people, of people of my own stamp, and I see here books which will give me pleasure for years."

"Those books," said George Eliot, "don't mention them. We would give all our possession for a change of literature; I thought of asking you if you had such a thing as a novel with you, you might perhaps have bought one to amuse you on your journey down here. I would not have deigned to read a book with a yellow cover when I was on earth; a *Punch* I should have called "Philistine," but now I wish, I wish I had a *Family Herald*!" Here the good lady struggled to keep back a rising sob. "You did not happen to bring 'Much Darker Days' in your pocket did you?"

"I have read it," I said, "but I have not been able to bring anything with me; I was told that I should find everything I wanted here, and that those things I liked best on earth would be put within reach of my hand below. But anyhow, I do not think I should have brought "Much Darker Days," it is a most vulgar skit."

"Vulgar! did you say it was vulgar? I can't tell you how I long for something vulgar as a change. A good piece of vulgarity would do me good, would do us all good; oh! how I wish someone would send me a vulgar valentine!"

I stared in astonishment, thinking perhaps the lady was losing her reason, and then said, to change the subject, "I have been travelling for a long time, and am hungry, do you think I could have some lunch without putting the kitchen to much inconvenience?"

"Certainly," said Mary Wollstonecroft, and rang the bell, at the same time I observed her exchange a glance and half smile with George Eliot.

"I don't think you will care about it much," said the latter; "perhaps at first however you may like it; but I may as well tell you at once that everything here is devilled: one occasionally gets tired of devilled food, but that is part of our life. We never see 'the devil walking about as a roaring lion,' but oh! if only he would devour us instead of making us devour devilled food!"

The luncheon was served, and I partook of it gladly; and, as it was my first meal, I enjoyed it, but I thought it just possible that I, like Mary Wollstonecroft and George Eliot, might, in time, get a little tired of devilled food; it also occurred to me that after a little I might get weary of the companionship of such celebrated people as George Eliot. However, I did not communicate my thoughts to those about me, who seemed delighted at the sight of a new face, and anxious to make me feel at home.

After luncheon George Eliot offered to take me out and

show me about a little. I heartily agreed, and we started. Presently we came to a large house surrounded by a garden; on the sign-post, overhanging the gate, was a picture of the "Scarlet Woman." In the garden women were walking, gaudily dressed women with painted faces; ladies belonging to widely differing historical periods, but with very much the same stamp of countenance.

I saw Potiphar's wife, Messalina, and Madame de Pompadour. I turned to my companion, and said: "At least we have been dealt with justly; you and I have both broken the earthly laws concerning marriage, but our conscientiousness in the matter has been taken into consideration, and we are not classed with the harlot and adultress."

"So we find to our disgust," was the reply. "'The Scarlet woman' now is an object of interest to me, what a pleasant change it would be to talk to her! And how delighted she would be to speak to us, although she would have laughed such people as ourselves to scorn when on earth. But let us pass on."

We next came to the home for mesmerists.

"This is really a most painful sight," said my guide. "Look at these men, do you see how they continually try to mesmerize each other? Formerly they were never able to manage it; but the other day a weaker man came amongst them, whom, to their joy, they found they *could* mesmerize. He, poor wretch, cannot help himself at all; he is seized and operated upon by all in turn, without even being asked if he objects. Look! he is over there now, talking to himself; let us go nearer and hear what he is saying."

We advanced, I heard the poor man speaking thus:

"What *shall* I do? I am absolutely helpless here in the hands of all these men; if only I could go I would mesmerize the Pompadour lot for a change! But I am forced to stay with these men. If only that Mr. Smith, whom I used to mesmerize so satisfactorily on earth, would come down here, I should then have my turn; but they say that he probably will be long-lived; and then they have hinted that he has joined the Salvation Army, and has turned from the error of his ways, and is mesmerising no more. No; I am afraid there is nothing for it but to live on with these men for ever —what a wretched, hopeless existence!"

My companion with a sudden movement of disgust, accidentally brought her elbow sharply against my chest, and I woke up with a start.

If morals were not so old-fashioned, and if this particular moral were not so evident, I would add one to this story. As it is I will only say that I did not do on the morrow as I had intended, but remained where I was until my pupils had grown too old for the schoolroom.

R. G. B.

The Fabian Conference.

THE Fabian Society did a brave and a wise thing in bringing together the diverse armies who are all fighting, in different ways, for social change. Brave, because in so doing they laid themselves open to attack, both from friends and foes; wise, because differences which loom large through the dust of controversy are oft found to be of words, rather than of things, when men meet face to face in friendly discussion. There is so large a majority in favour of keeping things as they are, so strong a prejudice against far-reaching changes, that it is well to rally as many as possible for each attack on the citadel of privilege, even though some of the soldiers who are willing to scale the outworks have no intention of carrying the central keep itself. The invitations of the Fabian Society, sent out in February last, met with a very gratifying response. The four other Socialist organisations, the Socialist League, the Socialist Union, the Social Democratic Federation, and the Anarchist group of Freedom, all promised co-operation; and though the Federation withdrew a week or two before the Conference, the assistance given by the others was so cordial and friendly, that the various shades of English Socialism were fully represented. The chief London workmen's organisations took active part in the gathering, and sent well-known members as delegates. The National Secular Society, whose admirable organisation is making it yearly a greater political power, was strongly represented. The various societies which seek changes in the tenure of land, the Land Restoration Leagues of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Land Nationalisation Society, the Land Law Reform League, all sent delegates. In fact, South Place Institute—where the Conference took place—saw a really remarkable assemblage of Democrats, both Radical and Socialist.

The first day, Wednesday, June 9, was devoted to the consideration of the better utilisation of Land for the benefit of the community, and the subject was opened by papers from Mr. J. B. Wallace (Irish Land Restoration Society), Mr. W. Jameson (Land Nationalisation Society), and Mr. W. Saunders, M.P. Very marked was the tone of the meeting during the reading of these papers. There was a burst of applause when

Mr. Jameson spoke against "Free Trade in Land," on the ground that they "did not want millionaires to buy up the land," for they would be worse, rather than better, than the old county families as landlords.

Mr. W. Saunders was vigorously cheered when he declared himself against private property in land, when he claimed the unearned increment for the State, and denounced the power given to the landlord by the present system to live in idleness on the labour of the poor.

The same feeling was again evoked during the speech of Dr. Russell Wallace, who pointed out that Free Trade in land would be a step backwards; and he met with the full approval of the meeting when he argued against every so-called reform which would tend to increase the landed proprietary class. To do this, he urged, was to increase the vested interests which sooner or later would have to be got rid of; and such "reforms" really delayed the accomplishment of the true ideal, which was that the land should be used for the benefit of the whole community, and that while individuals might hold it for use, they must not own it for speculation or rent-demanding.

Mr. G. W. Foote (National Secular Society) declared himself in favour of Land Nationalisation, and suggested that there ought to be no right of inheritance of land; a proposition very heartily endorsed by the meeting.

Loudly cheered also was the point made by Mr. Banner (Woolwich Radical Club), that the man who bought land, bought not only the land but also the right to live of those who dwelt on it, and in very truth became master of their lives, with a right to tax their labour, and to make them live in poverty while they worked for him. Men who want luxury, he added, should work for it; just as the workers have to do when they want anything. And it is notable how this appeal to justice, which is of the essence of Socialism, is making its way. "That's fair enough" is an ejaculation often heard from non-Socialist workmen, when the fundamental injustice of idlers' consumption is placed before them; they are content to work for what they get, and they very readily respond to the question: Why should a man get anything he does not work for? It is the revival of the eternal truth proclaimed by Condorcet: "Either all human beings have equal rights, or none have any."

At the second sitting Rev. S. D. Headlam in the chair, a plea was put in by Mr. F. Johnson (National Refuge Harbours' Society) for the making of harbours by the State. The suggestion was not discussed, but it is one which ought not to be let slip.

Edward Carpenter read a most interesting and practical paper on "Cottage Life on Land," based on his own practical experience; in his opinion half-an-acre of land was sufficient

for a man to live upon in reasonable comfort, and he argued in favour of small holdings for individual cultivators, and large holdings for groups of co-operative farmers.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., then spoke on the utilisation of waste lands, arguing that there was much land which would support a cultivator in comfort, although its produce was not sufficient to support cultivator, farmer, and landlord.

In the discussion that followed objections were raised by Mr. Webb, on the ground that it was better not to reclaim poor land, but rather to import food; and by others who went on the assumption that the lands were to be reclaimed for the enrichment of landlords, although the Bill to which Mr. Bradlaugh alluded had distinctly expropriated non-cultivating landlords, and had vested the confiscated lands in the State.

Dr. Clark, M.P., dealing with the question of rent, pointed out that the abolition of rent would mean the creation of a new privileged class, consisting of those who cultivated the better soils, and so obtained a greater amount of produce for the labour which, expended on worse soil, would give small return. He considered that rent ought to be paid for higher natural fertilities, but that it ought to go to the State and not to individuals.

The salient point in the evening's discussion was the unanimity of acceptance by the speakers of the theory that the freehold of the nation's soil ought to be in the nation, and that the land monopoly of a class must be destroyed. There was some difference of opinion as to the methods by which this principle should be applied, and how far it should be carried; but none as to the soundness of the principle itself. Here was, at least, one point of union between all Democrats; to this common goal they may march side by side.

On Thursday the subject was the utilisation of Capital, and Mrs. Fenwick Miller took the chair during the first sitting; she not only declared herself to be opposed to Socialism, but separated herself from the bulk of the Radical Party, by affirming her approval of private property in land. At the close of the meeting, however, she spoke strongly on the danger and injustice of the rapid growth of debt, and on the waste caused by the wars in which we were constantly engaged.

Sidney Webb, in his paper on the "Need of Capital," dwelt on the importance of largely increasing our capital, argued that all interest on capital—rent paid for advantages in production—should go to the State, and denounced the idle living which was rendered possible by the individual ownership of capital.

Mr. T. Shore read a paper on "Socialists and Co-operators," strongly urging on Socialists the wisdom of working with Co-operators.

On this point Mr. Adolphe Smith contributed a most useful speech, describing the action of the Ghent Socialists, who first established a co-operative bakery, and then added dry goods and drugs to the articles supplied. The profits all went to the propaganda of Socialism; a cheap paper was issued by them and lecturers were sent through provincial districts. At Paris, the Socialists were contesting seats on the municipality with a view to establishing municipal bakeries, wherein the best machinery should be used and the highest wages paid; this done, they proposed to invade other industries, and so gradually absorb the enterprise of the community. It is, of course, well known, it may be well to interject here, that much that goes under the name of co-operation in England is really mere profit-mongering and speculation. A "share" in the Civil Service Stores has a very high value as a dividend-paying investment, and it is not surprising that Socialists should look askance at a system in which they see some of the most detestable principles of commercialism as active as in the ordinary competitive shops. These faults are, however, parasitic on co-operation, and it is for Socialists to protest against them as alien to its spirit, and to vindicate co-operation from the slurs cast on it by the action of those who are individualistic, not co-operative, although ready to grasp at the advantages belonging to the system they decry.

Mr. Craig, of Ralahine, and Dr. Russell Wallace took part in the discussion which followed the reading of the papers mentioned above, Dr. Wallace earnestly denouncing interest, and arguing that money, which was in itself worthless, and a mere symbol for the convenience of exchange, ought not to be allowed to produce money.

Mr. Cuerel (John Bright Club) spoke as an Individualist, and challenged the doctrine that equal payment should be made for unequal capacity; as a worker himself he objected to such a proposal, and felt that he was better off than he would be under Socialism. Fortunately, the experience of Trades Unions shows that the majority of workers are not so selfish as Mr. Cuerel appeared to think, but that they are willing to combine for the *common* good, and to resist the idea that the weaker are to be trampled down by the stronger in each trade.

The second sitting was presided over by George Bernard Shaw, and was opened by a paper on "Certain Fallacies as to Capital," by Edward Aveling, D.Sc. (Socialist League). Edward Aveling is an orthodox follower of Karl Marx, in his weak as well as in his strong points; and the Marxian metaphysics occasionally throw a mist over his own naturally clear and acute expositions. He would be more useful to Socialism in England if he trusted more to himself. His paper was a very able one, clearly conceived and well delivered. Annie

Besant followed, speaking on the right and the need to socialise capital, and then came the discussion.

J. K. Donald (Socialist League) pointed out that co-operation did not solve the difficulty as to production, since the workers did not want to have to start anew to create capital, and he dwelt on the waste caused by competition, the needless multiplication of distributors in every department of industry. Messrs. Foote, Stern, and Banner took part in the discussion, which was closed by the replies of Mr. T. Shore, S. Webb, E. Aveling, and Annie Besant.

It is impossible to say that any common ground between Socialists and Individualists was found during the discussion on capital; some common action, possibly, might be achieved in co-operation, but their principles are as antagonistic as those of the supporters and antagonists of private property in land. It is a most extraordinary thing that people, who are in favour of the nationalisation of the raw material, should be against the nationalisation of the means of production. Men who are Socialist in their aspect to the one remain Individualistic in their aspect to the other. They illogically refuse to apply to capital the arguments which they hold valid as against private property in land; and I notice a curious tendency among Radicals who are strongly in favour of the nationalisation of land, to lose their tempers when they are pressed with their own arguments applied to capital, and to take refuge in denunciation and the free use of uncomplimentary epithets, instead of relying on reason and sound logic. "No case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," is the *mot d'ordre* in connexion with the dispute on capital in the non-Socialist section of the Radical camp.

On Friday, the discussion on the "Democratic Policy," was opened by a vigorous speech from Dr. Pankhurst, who occupied the chair. Dr. Pankhurst drew attention to the fact that during last winter there was not only distress, which was usual, but lack of patience in enduring distress, which was unusual. That the workers were beginning to challenge the justice and the necessity of a system which left them always poor, and sometimes starving, and that the question of change would not much longer be delayed. There was need for a revision of the conditions of capital and labour, and it was noteworthy that the desire and capacity for collective action were developing with the necessity for it. Dr. Pankhurst suggested three planks for the Democratic platform: (1) The putting down of class domination: (2) The extirpation of poverty: (3) The awarding to each of a just and equal share in the national wealth. We had to make common for all the results of common labour. Needless to say that Dr. Pankhurst's deliverance was much approved.

Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, the well-known Secretary of

of the Liberty and Property Defence League, read a paper which reduced the Individualist position either to a brutality or an absurdity: logical, *quand même*, he carried out his principles to their fullest extent.

Then came a very admirable and thoughtful paper, "A Scheme of Taxation," by John Robertson, in which was sketched the outline of a scheme which should enforce in taxation "equality of sacrifice," and close the sources of idle living by buying up railways, water-companies, etc., with money taken by taxation from the idle rich. There was nothing notable in the discussion, save an interesting analysis of Mr. Donisthorpe's paper by Sidney Webb.

The second sitting, F. Keddell in the chair, was opened by a paper by William Morris (Socialist League) on "Whigs, Democrats, and Socialists." He laid stress on the real strength of the Whig party, including as it did Tories and moderate Liberals; all, in fact, who were on the side of the privileged classes against the nation. These were all against any attack on the present constitution of the political world and of society. Over against these was a heterogeneous multitude which would grow into a party, the Democrats, a few inside the House and many outside, who believed Parliament might be captured, and utilised for the common good, who aimed at Social Reform and not political triumph, and even adopted some planks of of the Socialist platform. He believed they would fail, that the Whigs would be too strong for them, despite the half-blind struggles of "those who suffer, and have not been allowed to think." He then argued that it was not a wise policy on the part of Socialists to take political action; their work was to educate the people, to help them "to know their own, to know how to take their own, and how to use their own." They must try to make it impossible for an idle class to live.

The debate then turned on the question of the wisdom of taking political action.

The Rev. S. D. Headlam urged that Socialists should strive to free all over whom they had power, as the Irish people, and the English Establishment.

Dr. Pankhurst strongly pleaded for the use of the great engine of political power for the benefit of the people.

G. B. Shaw objected to taxation as a means of striking down Capitalism.

Annie Besant argued in favour of using political power in attacking the basis of the present industrial system.

Outside this main current of discussion came a paper on "Foreign Policy," by J. S. Stuart Glennie, and two or three speeches on topics that had arisen in debate.

The replies of the readers of papers closed the discussion, and the Conference.

The three days may be looked back upon with considerable satisfaction. On Land we found common ground: on Capital we found none: on Democratic Policy differences were fairly put, some points of agreement were found, and on others there is likelihood of agreement. There was a strong unity of feeling against the idle class; a general declaration that it was the duty of all to work; a determination to destroy class differences; a belief that poverty resulted from bad social conditions and was a remediable evil. And, I think, that with most, if not all, there was some desire to come to a basis of common action, some softening of prejudices, some generous impulse towards unity. It is something that hearts belonging to various schools of thought were moved by a common enthusiasm; we may reasonably hope that all who love the people will soon be found side-by-side fighting against the common foe.

ANNIE BESANT.

Russian Socialism and its Journal.

(MESSAGER DE LA VOLONTE DUPEUPLE).

THE forces of the age produce the man, and as the man's appearing is the natural outcome of gradual development he proves thereby that the age producing him contains those forces. To try and suppress the appearance of such men is to try and check those natural forces which produce them, and, consequently, to provoke revolutions and reactions; to give them free play is to let in progress by a series of compromises. This is a fact which Revolutions teach.

The wave that convulsed Europe in 1848 leaving its ineffaceable traces on the mind of man and in the annals of history as a ghastly warning to the future has affected Russia also. The characteristic saying "Die Zerstürende Lust ist die Shaffende Lust" has there found numerous adherents; and the ruthless oppression of the existing Government, the barbarous outrages committed constantly on the nation, the impeachment of freedom of thought and action, the natural evils of a despotic Government and of a Monarch wielding such enormous power as the Russian Tzar—made the movement for liberty more sterile, the fight more terrible, and the result of the bloody struggle which Europe is now anxiously expecting for the last five years will no doubt be of a more unusual character than any country or nation has formerly obtained. No episodes of contemporary history are so tragic as those of the Russian struggle. The enormous odds that the Revolutionary party has to encounter, have no parallel in history. Without a free press, without the power of free debate a few mighty spirits went forth "to awaken stupified Russia;" unwavering in their faith, ardent in their hope, they have succeeded in accomplishing that which only men and women of such zeal and

unexampled self renunciation could have accomplished. It is only necessary to read Stepniak's "Underground Russia," in order to see the unflinching resolve and sublime enthusiasm of the gladiators who are fighting in the aren a for Russian liberty.

A periodical now published by the Russian Socialists affords great facilities to those who are interested in the study of the Russian question. The journal entitled "The Messenger of the People's Will," is edited by Peter Lavroff, the great Russian critic, and Tchomirov, is printed in Geneva and appears every two months, being intended to be the continental organ of Russian socialism, and the representative of the party of popular liberty, who are fighting on distinct conditions and for distinct objects. The journal is also published with the view of spreading socialistic thought in general, and its programme is to discuss the problems which history presents to Russian socialists in their present struggle with the present enemy of the Russian people. In the preface to the first number the editors say: "Since Socialism is now rapidly spreading, there can be no longer a question of reforms and changes in the old economical order, and from those political institutions that are its natural development, and which are so closely linked with its conditions, into new orders and institutions that could neither retain nor be based on the old economical one. It is no longer a question whether the transformation of the old institutions into new ones could be performed by peaceful means and reforms, since there are none who will grant or concede those changes. The now existing social classes will not yield voluntarily that which gives them supremacy or on which their actual existence is based. And the working-classes could only then take to reform when they gave the governing majority, or to state more precisely, when they become the only social class, *i.e.*, when the first act of social revolution is accomplished. And therefore "The Messenger of the People's Will" has as its object to found, diffuse and advocate the final triumph of the principles of Socialism.

The economic transformation that would make the tools and produce of labour the working man's property; the system of training and education, the forms of private and social life that would conduce to a perfect and solid cultivation of each man's moral, physical and intellectual capacities, with a view to consolidating on their basis collective labour and collective progress are also what the Russian Socialists are striving to attain to and where they are in consort and unison. "with the thoughtful and sincere socialists of all countries." But besides Socialism in the abstract the Russian Party of the People's liberty have resolved in the present condition of things, to endeavour to "hasten the change of the Russian Political Institutions," and thus to remove the great obstacles which every party

of progress has to encounter in that country. The difference between this journal published in Geneva and those published secretly in Russia, is that the latter are organs of struggle with words, but also inseparable from action, whereas the object of "The Messenger of the People's Will" is to collect the incidents and facts, and show their logical sequence and also their relation with the general bent and progress of the Principles of Socialism of our epoch.

So much for the programme of the journal. Sufficient to know that Lavroff is its editor and also its liberal contributor to expect the journal to contain Philosophical and Critical articles full of vigour, pathos and insight. The first number of the Magazine has an article on the Problem of Socialism, written by the forcible pen of Lavroff with his usual energy and warm enthusiasm. "The Powers are always deceived," he writes. "When the police succeed in making a successful alarm and in leading up new sacrifices to the scaffold, or when they manage to bury a group of Revolutionaries in the vaults of the Central Prisons, when there comes a terrible stillness, as for instance before the 1st of March, 1881, or as at present when I am writing these lines, Europe considers that the end of the struggle has come, deems the Russian Revolutionary power exhausted, the champions of her liberty demoralized. But at the same time, it sagaciously expects a fresh explosion, anticipates a fresh stroke, a new appearance of a vivifying and unconquerable energy, of that continually regenerating enemy of the Russian autocracy. . . Bloody sacrifices are made on both sides. The whole might of Alexander II's autocracy, hoping to be strengthened by the corpses of thirty victims slain during his life time, was not able to avert the terrible fate to which the combat destined the omnipotent Emperor."

All the power of the Empire was for two years incapable of shielding the personal liberty of his successors, and he remained a voluntary prisoner in his own town, working out the imbecile hallucinations of his great-grandfather, who was also reached by inevitable fate. . . Eleven martyrs slaughtered in the first two years of the new government, did not confirm the throne of the new Emperor. . . and he only allowed himself to be crowned, when he was informed from the executive committee of the Revolutionary party, that they will not demand of him a bloody account for those killed and tortured, before the issue of the coronation manifesto. . . Yet his foolish and improvident government continues daily to prove his childish fears and base cowardice, in the face of the laughter of all Europe. . . Europe knows that the apparent stillness of the Revolutionary party, does not signify its resignation of action, nor its weakness. Europe saw how the brave representatives of new ideas went heroically to the wilds of Siberia, or ascended the scaffold gladly, declaring and clinging to the symbol of

their faith. And how women heroines, with resolution and determination, have conquered for themselves equality with men, long before the historical movement began—one by her singular example of self-renunciation, causing an entire change in the Russian Revolutionary movement, and another swinging, with her comrades, a pale corpse on the Golgotha of Russian Socialism. Europe knows that an extinct party could not have such representatives. . . When, a year ago, a verdict of death was pronounced on ten new victims of the Russian Revolutionary battle, all parties in Europe, who have interest in and sympathy with progress, declared loudly against it. The German Social Democrats and extreme Revolutionaries, the French working-men, the organs of the French radicals, and Victor Hugo, the Poles, yesterday Russia's national enemies—all joined to protest against the new bloody episode, with which the government of Alexander III, wanted to perpetuate the merciless and desperate struggle with the white and red Terror.

Such are the tragic facts of the history of the Russian Revolutionary party with which any preceeding historical event is incomparable. It is impossible to imagine that it is but self-interest or personal privileges that inspire the members of the Russian Revolution with such heroism and fanaticism as to go forth and resignedly die on the scaffolds. It is difficult to conceive that it is egotism only that inspires them with such determination, self forgetfulness and audacity, that compared with their conspiracies the plots of the Carbonari are merely child's play. What are those causes but historical principles? Principles that in time of old were sung and preached by prophets and saints, and that when first proclaimed contained sufficient might and power to kindle enthusiasm, ignite hope and make people determined and resolute to go forth readily and face all trials and deprivations? What are they but principles of equality and brotherhood that are preached in sermons, of self-sacrifice for the sake of love to those who labour and are heavy laden, sermons in which mighty voices urge us to forget and efface all our old prejudices and differences between nationalities and races, powerful and appealing sentiments that demand of us to renounce all our inherited barbaric notions of distinction and to forsake all that divides Pole from Russian, Irishman from Englishman, Bulgarian from Turk, and Jew from Cossack, so that all should join in unison as workers to hasten a reign of Catholicity and consolidated labour. Only those great moral principles could have kindled that noble and divine feeling of self-sacrifice which pervaded the men and women who came forth, abandoning their wealth, renouncing their pleasant habits, sacrificing their joyous lives, quietly and resolutely to declare before the benches of the

Emperor's servants, before the bullets of executioners, and under the rope of the scaffold, "We are Revolutionary Socialists!"

"The Financial Crisis," is an able article written by Mr. Ryasanoff in which the writer after a careful and detailed analysis of the Russian financial state comes to the conclusion that "the ruin of the autocratic Government is inevitable," though all the blunders are not the fault of the financialists, but the natural and logical outcome of the state of things. The Russian Tsars from the remotest past continue still to carry out as if it were the mission commended to them by the King of Kings the spreading by fire and sword on this sinful earth of their just and perfect Government, and their true and holy faith. They wage war against every nation on the earth and against every sect and party in their own kingdoms. The expenditure increases in proportion to the strife "the budget is doubled and the Government's debt has increased four-fold." The taxes become burdensome "and all this is done . . . to turn man into beast. . . . But the more energetically the machine of the imbecile Government works and plunders the already heavily burdened nation the sooner will come the financial crisis, and remove autocracy from the scene of history."

A vivid sketch by Tichomiroff of the "New Reign," is written in his usual lucid style. A true description of the new Government with all its evils and crimes. Horrible facts of the police administration that make the flesh creep. Respectable women are taken up as women of bad conduct and from the brutal conduct of the policemen towards them and from shame and despair are afterwards driven to commit suicide. Husbands dare not protest against the beastly insults of officials to their wives. Fathers dare not resist the debauchery and crimes committed on their daughters by police or gendarmes. . . . Such are the descriptions of the corruptions and outrages perpetually committed by the administration on the people, that one's blood freezes at the thought that those are the brutes to whom a generous and kind hearted nation is entrusted.

Much as there has been written of late of the horrors of Siberia, they are insignificant in comparison with the thrilling descriptions in the "The Messenger of the People's Will," entitled "Words on the grave of Alexander II." The facts are authentic, for they are written by people whose veracity cannot be doubted, and the descriptions scarcely surpass those of ✗ ~~Dortoyensky's~~, in his famous book "The Memoirs of a Mad House." "Timegoes on and the unvarying days are dragged by in succession. Weeks and months pass. . . The solitary apartments of the Central Prisons begin to show their effects. . . The wearied brain falls into apathy. . .

✗ Dostoieffsky's

The prisoners feel daily more and more how their health is being undermined, and their thoughts get pervaded with the notion that the apartment they are confined to will ultimately be their grave. . . And there beyond the wall in the far and distant village life is animatedly boiling. . . The echo of a fragment of a song travels over the steppes, and reaches the isolated prisoner's ear tearing his suffering soul. . . Misery becomes hopeless. And yet how he longs to live. . . The night is gradually sinking into darkness. . . The deep stillness is suddenly interrupted by a heavy sigh. . . This is Botsharoff a youth of 23. . . who begins to complain to the visiting doctor that he hears perpetually voices calling him. . . It will soon pass, consoles the doctor. But not so, some time passes and he begins again.

"What do you want from me, you demons? Eh, sentinel, put out those women! Who allows them to come in here?"

Again, some time elapses, when a song is heard through the stillness,

"I will sing you a song,
About my wedding I'll sing."

The voice that sings it sounds as though choking with tears.

"Eh, Barbarians! why do you torture me? What have I done to you?" and his groans turn into bitter sobs. The sick sufferer weeps loudly, lamenting over his lost life, over his perishing youth, and the extinction of his mind. A ray of reason has penetrated the dark chaos of his disturbed thoughts. For a moment he becomes conscious of the whole terrible position of his existence. His heart is pressing painfully, his breast is heaving heavily, and he bursts out into a flood of tears—bitter tears. But here follows the really terrible. A dreadful moan, as of one suffocating, is heard, followed by an outburst of tears. At first quick tears are heard streaming down, but his sobs becoming gradually louder and louder, they suddenly break into a loud laughter. How terrible that laughter sounds! What wildness and terror! He laughs wildly, and at the same time is trying to check it; he is swallowing water, runs madly about, but all of no avail, the horrible cho-chof goes on. Shouts and warnings are heard from all apartments, "What are you doing with him, murderers; leave him alone! don't touch him, he is sick," &c., &c. But the turnkeys are continuing their work, they have bound and left him. One's imagination freezes, and one shivers as one reads descriptions of the atrocious and barbarous acts of the Tsars Administration, of the inhuman punishments inflicted on those who venture to declare their independent ideas and thoughts; or who born with noble souls dare to protest against the brutality and corruption of

the whole Russian Government. Man after man and woman after woman who presume only to resist or comment on the crimes committed perpetually by the Government are sent immediately to the wilds of Siberia, where they are doomed to drag out an existence—unparalleled in the darkest Inferno, an existence of unimaginable human sufferings, of physical and moral tortures and of slow and terrible death. . . . What will Europe and America say when reading these sorrowful but alas too true publications? Is there a human heart in the world that throbs with human sympathy, that will not shrink and boil with indignation at the thought of the crimes which selfishness can lead man to commit? Is there a human heart that will not respond and quiver at the wail and cry of those martyrs? . . A struggle hot and terrible is yet to come in the future. The grapple is to be desperate and merciless. There will be no pause, no compassion, till liberty is gained, and till the radiant horizon, dawning with the gorgeous flame of Socialism will blazon forth to all eyes, "Good will to man, and glory to those who have suffered!"

R. T. LIPMAN.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

G—C, purchase, is at the same time sale, C—G, the last metamorphosis of one commodity and the first of another. As for our weaver, the career of his commodity terminates with the Bible, into which he has converted his £2 sterling; but the vendor of the Bible spends that sum in brandy.

G—C, the la phase of C—G—C (linen—money—Bible), is at the same time C—G, the first phase of C—G—C (Bible—money—brandy).

The social division of labour confines each producer-exchanger to a manufacturer of a special article, which he often sells wholesale, while his numerous necessities compel him to employ the money thus obtained in more or less numerous purchases. One sale thus gives rise to many purchases. The final metamorphosis of one commodity thus forms the starting-point of a number of first metamorphoses of other commodities.

Let us now examine the complete metamorphosis which is the result of the two movements C—G and G—C. These are accomplished by two opposite transactions on the part of the exchanger, sale and purchase, which impart to him the double character of seller and buyer. Just as in every change of the form of a commodity its two forms of commodity and money exist simultaneously, although at opposite poles, just so do the two forms of the exchanger, seller and buyer, appear in each

transaction of sale and purchase. Just as one commodity, the linen for example, undergoes alternately two opposite transformations, the commodity becoming money and the money a commodity, just so does its possessor play alternately the parts of seller and buyer in the market. These characters, instead of being fixed attributes, are thus seen to pass in their turn from one exchanger to another.

The complete metamorphosis of the commodity, even in the simplest form, pre-supposes four terms and three *dramatis personæ*, commodity and money, the possessor of the commodity and the possessor of the money. One of these exchanges appears first in his role of seller, or possessor of the commodity, and then his role of buyer, or possessor of money (*y*). As the final term of the first metamorphosis, the money is at the same time the point of departure for the Second. In the same way the seller in the first act becomes the buyer in the second, where a third possessor of a commodity presents himself to him as a buyer.

These two opposed movements in the metamorphosis of a commodity describe a circle: the commodity-form, the effacement of that form by money, the return to the commodity-form.

This circle begins and ends with the commodity-form. At the point of departure it attaches itself to a product which has no Use-value for its owner, and at the point of return it attaches itself to another product which does possess a Use-value for him. Here we again remark that money thus plays a double rôle. In the first metamorposis it places itself before the commodity as its Value-form, which elsewhere, in someone else's pocket, is a substantial and ringing reality. As soon as the commodity is changed into the chrysalis of money, the money ceases to be a solid crystal. It is no more than the transitory form of a commodity, its equivalent-form, which must vanish and change into a Use-value.

The two metamorphoses which constitute the circular movement of one commodity are formed simultaneously of the partial and inverted metamorphoses of two other commodities.

The first metamorphosis of the linen, for example (linen—money) is the second and final metamorphosis of the wheat (wheat—money—linen). The final metamorphosis of the linen (money—Bible) is the first metamorphosis of the Bible (Bible—money). The circle which forms the series of metamorphoses of each commodity is thus intertwined in the circles which form the others. The entire course of all the circles constitutes *the circulation of commodities*.

The circulation of commodities is essentially distinct from

(*y*) "Thus there are four terms and three contractors, one appearing twice over" (Le Trosne, *l.c.* page 908).

the immediate circulation of products. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to take a retrospective glance at what has already been said. The weaver has unconditionally exchanged his linen for a Bible—his own commodity for another; but that phenomenon is true only for him. The vendor of Bibles, who prefers the heat to the cold, does not think of exchanging his Bible for linen, and so forth.

The commodity of B is substituted for the commodity of A; but A and B do not reciprocally exchange their commodities. It may, of course, happen that A and B buy of each other, but that is of special case, not necessarily related at all to the general conditions of circulation. Circulation, on the contrary, enlarges the sphere of the material permutations of social labour by emancipating producers from the local and individual limits which are inseparable from the immediate exchange of their products. On the other hand, that enlargement itself gives place to an aggregation of social relations, which are independent of the agents of circulation and beyond their control. For example, the weaver can sell his linen because the farmer has sold his wheat; the printer can sell his Bibles because the weaver has sold his linen; the distiller can sell his brandy because the printer has sold his Bibles; and so on.

Circulation is extended no further, as an immediate exchange, in the change of place or hands of products. The money does not disappear, although it is eliminated at the end of each series of metamorphoses of *one* commodity. It always precipitates itself upon that particular point of the circulation which has been vacated by the commodity. In the complete metamorphosis of the linen (linen—money—Bible), it is the linen which enters first into circulation. The money replaces it. The Bible comes after it, the money replaces that; and so on. Then when the commodity of one exchange replaces that of another, the money remains always in the hands of a third. The circulation perspires at every pore in its pursuit after the money.

Nothing is more silly than the dogma according to which circulation necessarily implies the equilibrium of sales and purchases, seeing that every sale is a purchase, and *vice versa*. If it simply means that the number of sales actually effected equals the number of purchases, it is nothing more than a tautological platitude. But what it pretends to prove, is that the seller leads his own buyer to market. Sale and purchase are an identical act, as being the reciprocal relation of *two persons polarically opposed*, the possessor of the commodity and the possessor of the money. As acts *of the same person*, sale and purchase constitute two acts polarically opposed. The identity of sale and purchase entails the consequence that the commodity becomes useless; if once thrown into the alchemist's

crucible of circulation, it does not come thence as *money*. If one does not buy, the other cannot sell. This identity supposes, moreover, that the success of the transaction constitutes a resting-point, an intermediate stage, which may endure for a greater or less time, in the life of the commodity. The first metamorphosis of a commodity being at once sale and purchase, this partial process is at the same time separable and independent. The buyer has the commodity, the seller has the money, that is to say, a commodity gifted with the form which makes it welcome at the market whenever it may appear. No one can sell wlthout a buyer; but none is forced to buy because he has previously sold.

Circulation leaps the barriers by which time, space, and the relations of one individual to another straiten the barter of products. But how? In commerce by barter no one can alienate his own product unless some other person simultaneously alienates his. The immediate identity of these two acts introduces the antithesis of sale and purchase. After having sold, I am not forced to buy, either at the same place, at the same time, or of the same person to whom I have sold. It is true that purchase is the necessary complement of sale, but it is no less true that their union is the union of opposites. If the separation of the two complementary phases of the metamorphosis of commodities is prolonged, if the schism between sale and purchase is emphasized, their intimate union makes itself powerfully felt by—a crisis. The contradictions which the commodity conceals, of Use-value and value, of private labour which at the same time ought to be represented as social labour, of concrete labour which is only of value as abstract labour, of the personifying of the object and the objectivising of the person—these contradictions, immanent in the nature of the commodity, acquire in circulation their forms of movement. These forms imply the possibility—but only the possibility—of crises. In order that that possibility may become a reality, a chain of circumstances would be necessary which, from the point of view of the simple circulation of commodities, does not yet exist. (*z*)

(To be continued).

(*z*) See my remarks upon James Mill in "A Criticism, etc.," pp, 74—76. Two points are here characteristic of the method of economic apologetics. In the first place they identify the circulation of commodities and the immediate exchange of products, by a simple abstraction of their differences. In the second place they attempt to do away with the contradictions of capitalist production, by reducing the relations of its agents to the simple relations which result from the circulation of commodities. But the circulation of commodities and the production of commodities are phenomena which appertain to modes of production totally different, although to a different extent and within a different range. They know as yet nothing of the specific differences of these modes of production, and they cannot judge of them if they know nothing but the common abstract categories of the circulation of commodities. In no science are elementary and commonplace things of such importance as in political economy.

Books of To-Day.

STEPNIAK is conducting his mission for the conversion of the English people to the cause of the Russian Revolution with all the skill and genius of a successful counsel. By the dramatic and lucid style, by the picturesque writing, and by the *personal* element of "Underground Russia," he succeeded in attracting the interest and attention of all reading England. Then followed the tremendous indictment of the Autocracy in "Russia under the Tsars," to which his new book* is an eloquent and brilliant peroration. This collection of articles from various newspapers and magazines is an appeal by a master pleader to all the best instincts, and also to the self-interest, of the English nation.

In what better way could the sympathies of the British *bourgeois* have been excited on behalf of the Nihilists than by clearly proving to him that the downfall of the autocracy means the end of the conquering career of the Russian Army, and the consequent freedom from danger of our Indian Empire? This proof the author gives to demonstration in the chapter headed, "Why Russia is a Conquering Country;" and then, having shown us how closely our national interests are involved in the success of the revolution, he goes on to stir up our disgust and horror by an account of the frightful administrative abuses in the chapter on "The Russian Army and its Commisariat." This story of the way in which the Tyranny treats its own servants, the very men by whose bayonets it is surrounded and supported, is even more ghastly and more hideous than the vivid pictures of the horrors of St. Peter and St. Paul to be found in the pages of "Underground Russia." Here, for instance, is a fact which came out at the trial of Dr. Skariatine, a would-be reformer: "At Odessa a number of troops in course of embarkment for the seat of war were conveyed to the steamer 'Vesta' on barges without bulwarks, the sea at the time being very rough. Skariatine and another young doctor pointed out to the officers in command the danger of this proceeding, suggesting at the same time that means should be taken to prevent the soldiers from being thrown into the sea by the rolling of the boat. "What does that matter?" replied the officer. "We have enough of that sort of merchandise. A soldier is not like a horse, for the loss of which we are held responsible" (p. 115).

At the same trial, Skariatine related that "he had actually seen wood burnt instead of infected clothing, linen, and so forth, which, having been used for contagious cases in the hospital was ordered to be destroyed. The articles supposed to have been burnt, were then entered in the accounts as merely acquired, and of course re-issued and paid for a second time."

The chapter which most socialists will find best worth reading, is that on "European Socialism, and the Dynamite Epidemic." We strongly recommend these pages to the attention of anyone who is inclined to listen to the voice of the charmer at home, when he talks of a revolution of force, and recommends abstention from political action. Stepniak,

* "The Russian Stormcloud," by Stepniak. Swan Sonnenchein and Co.: London.

who at any rate, "speaks with authority and not as the scribes," is strongly in favour of helping forward every legislative measure for the amelioration of the condition of the people, seeing clearly enough that "It is not misery and degradation that give birth to social changes."

He draws the true distinction between a "political" and a "social" revolution, and of this latter he says, "the peacefulness of the proceedings is not only a thing desirable, as in political changes, but *the indispensable requisite of its fruitfulness, I may say its fulfilment.* This difference is by no means an accidental one." It lies in the very nature of the transactions both the revolutions have to deal with, and I cannot put too much stress in insisting on this difference! It seems to us that these few words coming from a genuine, not a pinchbeck revolutionist, from a man who in the cause of liberty has faced death in its most terrible shapes, should have more weight than any quantity of blood-thirsty bluster delivered in the absolute security of a club lecture room, or amidst the peaceful surroundings of a metropolitan park.

It has long been one of our favourite theories that since neither a man nor a woman possesses singly the power of rounding the full circle of social experience, the best sociological literature, whether scientific or imaginative, will in the future be the joint work of a man and a woman. But our faith has received a severe blow. Here is a little pamphlet,* the joint work of a man and a woman, each possessing undoubted ability, each alone doing good work. Acting in collaboration they have brought forth an essay which might have been produced with ease by an average newspaper reporter who had got hold of a translation of Bebel's work on "Woman." It is an essay absolutely without method, facts and theories pitch-forked in "regardless,' and the whole so plentifully besprinkled with moral reflections that one involuntarily echoes Sir Peter Teazle, and mutters "Damn your sentiments." The construction of some of the sentences suggests a drunken compositor and a hurried proof-reader. Perhaps it is one of the results of double authorship that two words are so often used where one would have done as well or better. And another may be the double allowance of sentimentality with which the rough extracts from Bebel are cemented and adorned. With the main contention of the pamphlet we cordially agree, but we are inclined to take exception to more than one of the statements by which it is supported. For instance no change in social conditions will render woman the physical equal of man. By her sex and her child-bearing she is for all time handicapped. The non-Socialist might well ask whether a Socialist system is as certain to bring about the emancipation of woman as Dr. and Mrs. Aveling appear to think. We can imagine an opponent asserting that unless work under the proposed system be compulsory, it is not certain that women will gain an independence. The present system is forcing women to stand alone, by grinding down the wages of men till it becomes impossible for them to support idle wives and daughters. But if all men received the fruit of their labour they might be disposed to spend some of it on keeping idle women in their houses, and woman from sheer inertia might rapidly return to her old slave's position—as a toy and a luxury to be kept by man for his gratification and delight. But this possibility does not appear even to have entered the minds of the authors of the "Woman Question."

Throughout the pamphlet runs the assumption that the sexual instinct is as strong in woman as in man. We are disposed to question this, and are inclined to think that it might be refuted both by experience, and by reasoning *a priori*. Before writing again on this subject, the authors would do well to consult the works of contemporary German philosophers especially those of E. von Hartmann, who seems to us to have established

* "The Woman Question," by Edward and Eleanor Marx Aveling, Swan Sonnenschein, Le Bas and Lowrey: London.

upon a sound metaphysical basis the fact of the greater strength of the reproductive instinct in the male. If the question is to be decided *a priori*, Hartmann we think has decided it. If the answer is to be looked for in average experience, we fancy the result will not be that arrived at by Dr. and Mrs. Aveling. We doubt whether many men and women, judging purely from experience, would endorse the following statement—that although "from man must come the first proffer of affection, the offer of marriage," yet "*after marriage the proffers come generally from the woman and the reserve is the man's.*" Either this last sentence has reference to the sexual instinct, or it has not. If it has—the majority of men and women will feel and declare it to be false; if it has not—it lies outside any argument on the Woman Question. While not denying that unimagined harm ensues on the suppression in either men or women of that which is one of their strongest instincts, we are not inclined to think that the suicide statistics here given strengthen the authors' case. The smaller percentage of married suicides may be due to the fact that the married people are likely to have strong family ties to keep them from self-destruction. Lunacy statistics perhaps might have been more to the point. We trust that for the sake of Socialism, before any other exposition of the "Woman Question" is made by any prominent Socialist, he will devote more thought and more care to the subject, than are traceable in the tract before us. We can only repeat the celebrated criticism, and say that in the Woman Question there is "much that is true—and a little that is new—but what is true is not new, and what is new is not true."