TO-DAY.

No. 50.—JANUARY, 1888.

Editorial Notes.

CONCERNING CANT.

There is a cant of democracy as hateful and as contemptible as any cant of religion or of society, and of such we have had a trifle too much during the last two months. Loud-mouthed complaints have been made by certain professed organs of the democracy against what they are pleased to call the *bourgeois*, the "middle-class." *Reynolds* calls on the "working class" to fight its own battle, and *Justice* pathetically demands whether the Law and Liberty League is to be "another middle-class affair."* Now what are the facts of the struggle between oppression and liberty during the last few months?

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In October last poor men were being arrested and thrown into prison, on police evidence only, on charges of obstruction and riot. The Social "Democratic" Federation did absolutely nothing to help them, even when one of its own members was assailed. Two members of a "middle class" Socialist Society were appealed to to get him out on bail, and when the case was in the police court one of these members

* It was *Justice*, we remember, which once in a fit of blind spleen, called the Thames Embankment "a thoroughly middle class affair."—Ed. To-day.

had to provide money for a hasty defence, the Social Democratic Federation having left its own man in the lurch, and no lawyer having been instructed up to a quarter of an hour before the case came on in court. Profuse promises were made by an accredited agent of the "working class organisation" to the "middle-class" helper as to the repayment of the money advanced; but from that day to this not a penny has been forthcoming from the said organisation.

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The battle grew sharper. Still no sign, save of "prave'orts,' from the "working class organisation." Then the despised middle-class came to the front and two members of the Fabian Society organised a Socialist Defence Association; "middle-class" men and women (the great majority of them being members of the Fabian) gave time and money to save their poorer brothers from gross injustice, and ignored all the distinctions of caste on which the editor of *Justice* (we mean the real not the nominal editor), for his own purposes, lays such stress. As the struggle grew fiercer more of the middle-class came forward and the "Law and Liberty League," another "middle-class affair," was founded. At the present moment, owing entirely to the exertions of these two middle-class associations, more than fifty men are free who would otherwise have been in gaol. The members of the Social Democratic Federation are glad enough to avail themselves of the funds of the League to pay solicitor, counsel, and fines, while their organ sneers at it, and their own representative on the Provisional Council is a middle-class man.

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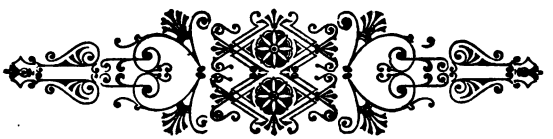
And what wretched cant the talk about "middle" and "working" classes is. A number of ignorant people have caught up the term *bourgeois* or "middle class," which they have heard is used in the works of German and French Socialists. Not having read the works they do not know that the word is used to designate a certain school of economists, and not to mark a distinction between manual and brain workers. They consequently apply it to all the latter as though the use of an excess of muscular over nervous tissue exalted the worker into a demi-god. If there is anything in the contention of *Justice*, the less brains a man puts into his work the nobler organism does he become. The true antithesis, as every sensible person knows, and as the editor of *Justice* knows too, is not between "middle" and "working" classes, but between workers and idlers, exploited and exploiters, and the workers and exploited include a very large proportion of the "middle-class."

Besides, as far as the Socialist movement is concerned, it has everywhere been started by members of the "middle-class." In Germany, in France, in Belgium, in England almost every prominent Socialist is a "middle-class" man or woman in the *Justic*iary sense of the word. All the leaders of the Social Democratic Federation past and present, who are known to the public, are of the middle-class. The only exception that can be named is Mr. John Burns, and, as a highly skilled engineer, he is nearer to the "middle-class" than he is to the unskilled labourer. It is high time that all this pernicious drivel about the different "classes" of workers was stopped. All workers must combine against the idlers and exploiters who are the common enemies, and those who try to split us up into warring sections are the deadly foes of the Socialist movement, and are merely trying to use it for their own petty personal ends.



Sonnets.

I.

One whom I knew for Love came to my sleep
And softly gazed with dreamy eyes on me,
The while he whispered, "Wilt thou be set free,
Or shall yon grave for ever hear thee weep?"
Then answered I, "Oh Love, I fain would reap
The fair young flowers of thy harvestry,
But oh, thou knowest how my life will be,
In yonder grave with her and buried deep."
Then answered he, "Look up; thou'rt mine again,
Not sorrow's." Lo, a vision wondrous fair
Stood by his side, such as the hearts of men
Oft dream of, seeing never, and I bear
The deep red rose of Love upon my breast,
Where erst Death's pallid lilies found sad rest.

II.

When my life's night was very sad and lone
Thou, my fair dawn, hast brought the light to me,
And shown me hope, for since the world holds thee
Good things and lovely are not wholly flown;
Nor is there need for evermore to moan
Though some fair dreams in sorrow buried be;
What need of weeping for the stars' dead glee?
The sun for them doth million fold atone.
Thy looks have made a new life stir in me:
I hold Love's sea-shell promises to hear,
The murmur of their music in mine ear,
And lo, they tell me secrets; ah, shall he
Who hears such whispers speak them? Nay, I fear
That thou canst read my secret mystery.

III.

If Love be rash and foolish, do not chide him,
That thy dear eyes have gazed his wit away;
If he be hasty, do not thou deride him,
That he can bear suspense not nor delay;
If he be mad, it was thyself supplied him
With that which snatched his wisdom quite away.
I must break silence: when wild winds do blow
Upon the forest it doth loudly sigh,
So, when love breathes on me, my words must flow
In a loud cry of longing, nor can I
Stop the wild burning agony of speech,
That would for Love a light of hope beseech;
I ask but leave to utter this, my cry,
And if thine heart responds not, let me die.

FRED HENDERSON.

Shelley and the Quarterly Review.

THE utterances of the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of Shelley's life, character, poetry, and opinions, afford a striking instance of the strange shifts to which a periodical may be driven when it undertakes the task of defending, through thick and thin, the *status quo* of a particular religion or social system, and when it entrusts this solemn charge to the care of certain anonymous, and therefore, as far as the public is concerned, irresponsible writers. What was to be expected when this champion of rigid orthodoxy and constitutionalism in poetry, politics, and ethics first felt it to be its duty to throw light on the poems and doctrines of a revolutionary enthusiast such as Shelley; and, further, when subsequent writers in the same Review were compelled if only for consistency's sake, and out of regard for that sequence of judgment which such periodicals affect, to follow in the same strain, and put a bold face on the unhappy blunders of their predecessors! Four times has this inspired oracle now uttered its portentous verdict on the Shelleyan heresy, and each separate utterance has been a veritable *bos locutus;* yet all the time Shelley's character and genius have been steadily rising higher and higher in general estimation.

It was in 1819, the year after that in which Shelley left England for Italy, that the *Quarterly Review* first addressed itself to the attack, in an article which was read by Shelley in a newsroom at Florence, and drew from him a loud peal of "convulsive laughter," according to the testimony of one who happened to be present. The article was, from the *Quarterly* standpoint, one of the right sort. It purported to deal with the *Revolt of Islam*, which had been published early in the preceding year; but the reviewer had also before him a copy of *Laon and Cythna*, the more outspoken form in which the poem had been first issued and almost immediately withdrawn. Dismissing the poetry as of no real value, and as at best containing only a few beautiful passages, the writer devoted himself to a furious attack on Shelley's ethical opinions and moral character—"these are indeed bold convictions," he wrote, "for a young and inexperienced man, imperfectly educated, irregular in his application, and shamefully dissolute

in his conduct." The charge of personal immorality is freely used throughout; indeed, it is this significant shake of the head, this solemn assumption of the position of one who knows, that lent the article its chief weight at the time, and makes it appear to us, in the light of fuller knowledge, so singularly unfair and disingenuous. The reviewer unhesitatingly charges Shelley with insincerity in his views and with vanity in his ambitious attempt to advertise himself before the world. "We will frankly confess," he says, "that with every disposition to judge him charitably, we find it hard to convince ourselves of his belief in his own conclusions;" and again, "he is too young, too ignorant, too inexperienced, and too vicious, to undertake the task of reforming any world but the little world within his own breast." After prophesying that, like "the Egyptian of old," Shelley would shortly be overwhelmed by the mighty waters of oblivion, the writer concludes with the following masterpiece of malignant innuendo, which can be surpassed by nothing to be found in the pages of the *Quarterly Review* from the time of its institution to the present day. "If we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we *now* know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text; it is not easy for those who *read only* to conceive how much low pride, how much cold selfishness, how much unmanly cruelty are consistent with the laws of this universal and lawless love." It is not surprising that Shelley, in his letter to the editor of the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of Keat's *Endymion* should have referred to this article as "a slanderous paper," and to its author as "the wretch who wrote it," for it must always stand conspicuous as one of the lasting disgraces of literary criticism. It was written by John Taylor Coleridge, and not, as Shelley wrongly suspected, by Southey or Milman; and it is curious to reflect that its writer owes his only remembrance by posterity to the very poet whose speedy extinction he so confidently prophesied.

In 1821 the *Quarterly* deemed it necessary to return to the attack, after the manner of an angry bull which detects signs of recovery and renewed vitality in the victim which it has recently mangled. This time it was Shelley's poetry rather than opinions on which the reviewer exercised his ingenuity; and from the remark that "of Mr. Shelley himself we know nothing, and we desire to know nothing," it may be inferred that the article did not emanate from the same source as that of 1819. In his own way, however, this writer must be admitted to have fully equalled Mr. J. T. Coleridge's performance. The two fatal defects which he points out in

Shelley's poetry (the volume under examination being *Prometheus Unbound* and the lyrics published at the same time) are the want of music and the want of meaning. "The rhythm of the verse is often harsh and unmusical," is his first complaint; and he proceeds to insist that "the predominating character of Mr. Shelley's poetry is its frequent and total want of meaning." Among instances adduced of this unintelligibility, are "something that is done by a Cloud," reference being made to the last and most beautiful stanza of the lyric of that name; the "debut of the Spirit of the Earth," in Act 3 of *Prometheus Unbound*; the comparison of a poet to a chameleon, which is shewn to have "no more meaning than the jingling of the bells of a fool's cap, and far less music"; and the stanza of the *Sensitive Plant*, concerning "the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue," which is held up to special ridicule. "In short," says the reviewer, summing up the qualities of the most splendid volume of lyrics that Shelley ever published, "it is not too much to affirm, that in the whole volume there is not one original image of nature, one simple expression of human feeling, or one new association of the appearances of the moral with those of the material world," the sole merit that could be allowed the poet being "considerable mental activity." In conclusion, this brilliant critic, chuckling at his own humour, quotes the final passage of Act 3 of *Prometheus Unbound*, printing it like prose in continuous sentences, and then gaily informs his readers that it was meant by its author for verse, since "Mr. Shelley's poetry is, in sober sadness *drivelling prose run mad.*"

Thus these two Quarterly Reviewers of 1819 and 1821 did their utmost to darken Shelley's fame; the one stating that not only were his opinions pernicious, but that he was personally licentious, vain, selfish, cruel, and unmanly; the other demonstrating the utter worthlessness of his poetry; while both scoffed at the mere idea of his gaining a permanent place in literature, There has never been a more significant illustration of the perils of prophecy; for though the writers themselves were protected by their anonymity from being personally confronted with the non-fulfilment of their predictions, they left an extremely awkward and compromising legacy to the succeeding generation of Quarterly critics. Their conduct was as inconsiderate as that of the rash merchant who commits himself to some wild speculation without reflecting that, though he may himself abscond in case of failure, he must leave to his embarrassed kinsmen the unpleasant duty of liquidating his debts. For forty years the great oracle observed a discreet silence; and watched the

increasing reputation of that "shamefully dissolute" poet, whose poetry did not contain "one original image of nature." Between 1847 and 1860 no less than six Lives or Memoirs of Shelley had been published, and it had become sufficiently evident, even to Quarterly reviewers, that his poems were not destined to be speedily forgotten. Accordingly, in 1861, there appeared a new article, dealing afresh with Shelley's life, character, and writings, and taking note of the editions issued by Mrs. Shelley, and the Lives by Hogg, Trelawny, Peacock, and Lady Shelley, which are referred to as "a Shelley literature quite extensive enough for a modest English poet." The writer evidently felt that his task was far from being an easy one, and to some extent the article is apologetic rather than actively hostile, the line taken being to modify the judgment expressed in 1821 as regards the value of Shelley's writings, while repeating and emphasizing the condemnation of his opinions and conduct. The lyrics, which once had less music than the bells of a fool's cap, are now praised as "moving and exquisite poetry"; even the *Prometheus Unbound*, though still found to have some unintelligible passages, is spoken of as "a grand conception" and a "great work.' "We are far from saying" confesses the reviewer "that the criticisms of forty years ago contain a full and just estimate of Shelley's genius." But on the subject of the review of *The Revolt of Islam* in 1819, and the strictures on Shelley's ethical theories, the quarterly moralist remains as obdurate as ever. "We cannot look back" he says "on that matter with the humiliation which, if we believed the partisans of Shelley, it would become us to feel"; he is, however, judiciously silent regarding the memorable passage in which his predecessor had hinted that he could tell dreadful things of Shelley's disgusting wickedness, but for his delicate reluctance to withdraw the veil of private life. On the whole, it must be gratefully recognised that this reviewer of 1861 wrote in a somewhat milder and humaner mood than that which is traditionally manifested by contributors to the *Quarterly*; indeed, in one noticeable passage, to be presently quoted, he set an example which his successor of 1887 would have done wisely to follow. The rest of his article was chiefly occupied with a sketch of Shelley's life; a defence of Harriet's conduct in the separation, and of Lord Eldon's judgment in the Chancery suit; and a suggestion that the pantheism expressed by Shelley in the *Adonais* might in time have ripened into a belief in the doctrines of Christianity.

In the quarter of a century that has elapsed since this third ukase was issued by the imperial despot of criticism, who had vainly condemned Shelley to the Siberia of neglected authors,

the Shelley cult is found to have made still more remarkable progress. Browning, Swinburne, Thomson, Rossetti, Garnett, Forman, Dowden, Symonds, Stopford Brooke—these are the leading names of those who have done homage to the "considerable mental activity" of the "imperfectly educated" young man whose vanity "had been his ruin." The publication of Prof. Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, towards the close of 1886, marked a new epoch in the appreciation of Shelley's genius; and the *Quarterly Review*, like the bungling headsman who causes a shudder to the reader of English history, was again under the uncomfortable necessity of taking up its axe for the purpose of slaying the slain. There is a terrible story of Edgar Poe's, entitled *The Tell-Tale Heart*, in which a murderer who has, as he thinks, securely disposed of his victim under the flooring of his room, is driven to desperation by the continued and audible beating of the heart of the supposed dead man. Equally embarrasing had become the position of the *Quarterly* towards the *cor cordium*, that heart of hearts to whose melodies it had been so strangely deaf, and whose motives it had so grossly maligned. What was to be done? The reviewer of 1887 found he had no course open to him but to follow still further the path on which his forerunner of 1861 had entered, and to entirely disavow the early criticism by which it had been sought to destroy Shelley's poetical reputation. The "drivelling prose run mad" is now transfigured into "the statuesque and radiant beauty of *Prometheus Unbound*," which drama is further described as "a dizzy summit of lyric inspiration, where no foot but Shelley's ever trod before." Even the *Cloud* whose metamorphoses so severely puzzled the wiseacre of 1821, is declared to be inspired by "the essential spirit of classic poets"; and we learn with a satisfaction enhanced by the source of the confession that "there are but two or three poets at the most, whom literature could less afford to lose than this solitary master of ethereal verse." After such praise, from such a quarter, the question of Shelley's poetical genius may well be considered to be settled. The Canute of literature has discovered that on *this* point the tides of thought are not subject to his control.

But there remained the further question of Shelley's life, character, and ethical creed, on which the opinions of thinking men are still sharply divided, and where it was possible for the *Quarterly Review* to make amends to its wounded *amour propre* by the reiteration of some of its ancient and characteristic calumnies. Here it was that the modern reviewer proved himself to be a man after Gifford's own heart, a chip of the old block (or blockhead) of 1819, and showed conclusively that though times change, and manners of speech are modified,

the spirit that animates the staff of the *Quarterly* does not greatly degenerate. There is no need to follow the full course of this latest attack on Shelley's "supposed ethical wisdom,' the upshot of the argument being that "as the apostle of incest, adultery, and desertion, his life and principles merit the strongest reprobation." This question has often been discussed elsewhere, and the truth may, or may not, be on the side of the reviewer; though the result of the *Quarterly's* previous strictures on Shelley does not augur happily for its accuracy on this point. But the master-stroke of the article is undoubtedly the charge which the reviewer brings against Shelley of meditating incest with his sister in 1811; a charge which Prof. Dowden (*a*) has since shown to be absolutely and ludicrously groundless, being founded on a complete misreading of one of Shelley's letters, published by Hogg. The intellect which could put such a monstrous interpretation on a letter which, though hurriedly and excitedly written, is perfectly innocent and intelligible in its main purport, will bear comparison with the literary acumen which, sixty years ago, could detect no meaning in the *Cloud* and *Sensitive Plant*; and the fact that the full exposition of this savoury morsel of criticism should have been reserved for so late a generation o *Quarterly* reviewers may convince us that there is no substantial falling off in the vigour of the race, and that there are still as good fish in the *Quarterly* as ever came out of it. The remarkable thing is that, on this particular point, the critic of to-day has scorned the comparative moderation and delicacy evinced by the critic of a quarter of a century ago; for in the article published in 1861, the writer expressly blamed Hogg for publishing those of Shelley's letters which were written in an incoherent and excited mood after his expulsion from Oxford, and seems to forsee that they might be put to an evil use by an unscrupulous interpreter. "Mr. Hogg," he said "gives us pages of rhapsody from which it would be easy for a little hostile ingenuity to extract worse meanings than we believe the writer ever dreamed. He has not condescended to guard against such an injustice, by the smallest commentary of his own. For the purposes of biography, the letters are all but valueless. If there were any motive for so using them, they would be fatal weapons in the hand of calumny." A *Quarterly* reviewer may be supposed to be proof against all external remonstrance, but he must surely feel some filial respect for the solemn adjurations of his own literary forefathers, and the passage just quoted from the anonymous but not wholly unscrupulous writer of 1861 may therefore be con-

(*a*) Athenæum, May 14, 1887.

fidently commended to the serious attention of the anonymous and very unscrupulous calumniator of 1887.

It seems, then, that there is still a certain amount of truth in the remark made by Shelley in one of his cancelled prefaces, that "reviewers with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race." The *Quarterly Review* claimed to be able to instruct the general public on points of literary taste; and we have seen that in its estimate of Shelley's poems it has been at least a quarter of a century behind the rest of the world, and has at last been compelled entirely to recant its earlier opinions. The attempt now made to excuse the former unjust depreciation of Shelley's literary genius, because of his social heresies, is singularly pointless and feeble; for though an ordinary reader might be pardoned for not discovering the poetical value of writings which for other reasons he disliked, this could be no valid excuse for the blindness of a professed reviewer, whose special duty it was to separate the good from the bad. Yet we find the latest *Quarterly* reviewer complacently remarking that "the attitude in which Shelley stands towards the past, the present, and the future, explains the unreasoning neglect of his poetic genius during his life." True, it explains it, but it does not on that account justify it. On the contrary it suggests the thought that the same *odium theologicum* which so long retarded the recognition of Shelley's poetical powers may still be a fertile cause of the obloquy and misrepresentation often cast on his character and opinions. But this, too, will pass. It has taken the *Quarterly Review* close on seventy years to discover that Shelley is a great poet; seventy years more, and it will perhaps think fit to rescind its present verdict that he was "in mind and genius, in moral character and perception a child."

H. S. SALT.

The St. Gallen Congress.

THE fact that the German Socialist party were intending to hold a Congress had become known to the press at least two months before the time when the Congress was actually held. The great secrecy observed in regard to place and time may be judged from the fact that Bismarck and all his host of spies were unable to discover its date or whereabouts. Special means to ensure this were taken. Thus various places were hinted at in public with a view to throwing a false scent. Until about a week before the Congress, the exact place of the meeting was in fact known to only three persons: the standing committee in Zürich for the management of party affairs. Toward the end of September I received information to meet the deputies, Bebel and Singer, who had just arrived in Zürich on important party business. Then for the first time, the time and place were made known to a few "comrades" under strict injunctions of secrecy.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 2nd and 3rd of October, from all parts of Germany, delegates converged towards St. Gallen. Great circumspection was still deemed necessary in the matter, taking of tickets and so forth, not to awaken the suspicions of the spies. However, evening came, and as the various trains drew up at the station of the little Swiss town, parties of men might have been seen alighting, who were as unobtrusively as possible greeted by persons evidently expecting them. The watchword "Zur Schönen weg" was passed and the groups disappeared into the darkness. After trudging some time along a country road we arrived, with one of these groups at the beer establishment of the "Schönen Weg," a not unpleasant-looking new building, supported on wooden pillars, and faced with small tiles, architecturally known as "shingles." Ascending a staircase from the outside we reached a large upper room, where already a considerable number of persons were assembled. About an hour later, when the last contingent had arrived, lists were circulated for the purpose of identification. But it must be noted that although I have used the word "delegates" no delegation

was officially recognised as this would have been illegal, and rendered those present liable to prosecution on their return to Germany for belonging to a secret political association. The "Parteitag" was avowedly convened at the private invitation of certain deputies of the Reichstag, all that was required was the identification, the names and addresses of the "visitors." The result was that myself and one or two other foreign guests occupied an identical position with regard to the Congress, with the delegates themselves, as to speaking, voting, &c., though good taste of course forbade the general exercise of this privilege. All present were supposed to take part in the proceedings.

The real business of the Congress began on the Monday morning with the discussion of the administration of the funds for the relief of distressed members of the party, etc. Of the subjects debated I need not say much, as I have already noticed them elsewhere. Suffice it to state that among other topics were discussed the influence of direct and indirect taxation on the working-classes, the burning questions of opportunism in Parliament, of Anarchism etc., etc. The two last questions mentioned are those of most interest to us here. There is a tendency, I should premise, in the Parliamentary group, *i.e.*, the twenty-five Socialist members of the last Reichstag, to crystallise into a right and a left wing. I say a tendency, since such an important personage as Herr Liebknecht strenuously denies the actual existence of such a division. But whatever may be the correct view of the matter, there is no doubt of the fact that certain members of the group or "fraction" as it is termed, have shown a disposition to assist in the ordinary working of the Parliamentary machine by compromise with other parties, and by voting measures of a questionable character, while another section has as certainly opposed this policy. The crucial case upon which the debate largely turned was what is known as the "Steamship convention" which took place in April, 1885. The German Government had proposed to subsidize a commercial company for running a line of fast sailing steamers to Eastern Asia. Under the pretext that this would in some way temporarily benefit the working-classes by indirectly increasing German trade, besides directly promoting the employment of a certain number of workmen in the ship-building industry, etc., the so-called right wing of the "fraction," which constituted a small majority, insisted on voting for the Bismarckian measure. The minority, backed by the official organ of the party, the *Sozial Demokrat*, of Zurich, vigorously attacked the attitude of their colleagues, feeling ran so high at the crisis that a "split" in the party seemed inevitable and imminent. The danger was notwith-

standing tided over, chiefly owing to the mediation of Herr Leibknecht, one of the oldest leaders of German Socialism, a man enjoying the respect of both sides. The "majority" however, still insisted that they had the party at their back in spite of the numerous hostile resolutions passed by bodies of members in various important centres. The matter could obviously only be decided so far as the general party was concerned by a Congress, more especially in Germany, where the right of public meeting and of the press is abolished. Hence the great interest with which the Congress of last autumn was looked forward too among all German Socialists. Herr Hasenclever, who belonged to the right section and who is one of the oldest members of the party,(1) occupied the chair, and in a speech which opened the discussion on the attitude of the "fraction" during the sessions of the late Reichstag, energetically defended the conduct of the parliamentary representation. The attack which followed from all sides showed plainly enough the tone of the Congress. Scarcely a voice, except from among the deputies themselves, was raised in favour of the "steamer-convention." The "Baltic canal" scheme which, as a kind of relief works, had been also supported by the fraction, also did not escape without severe criticism. The debate was continued for some hours, with animation, on a motion to the effect that the delegates be instructed to confine themselves as far as possible to criticising the measures of the Bourgeois parties and to the enunciation of principles. Polizei-stunde (11 o'clock) came, and it was still unfinished. On its resumption next morning Liebkencht sought to reconcile parties by showing that there was no real distinction between right and left, that the whole question resolved itself into one of detail about which there might be allowable differences of opinion. All agreed that parliamentary action was a necessity, and all agreed that principle should not be compromised. As to when the necessity for immediate action ended and the compromise began there could and would be divergent views. This resolution, slightly modified, was carried. The chief significance of the proceedings lay, however, in the debate, which proved conclusively that, to say the least, as little as possible of temporising action was deemed desirable by the bulk of the party; otherwise expressed, that there was the greatest possible jealousy as to the maintenance of principle and corresponding opposition to anything that seemed to countenance Bourgeois measures, and which apparently tended to help to carry on government and "social order" as at present understood.

(1) Since the Congress Herr Hasenclever has become insane, and is now in an asylum.

This point of the limits of admissable action by Socialists in conjunction with bourgeois parties is, I fancy, likely to become a knotty one in this country as soon as we get a parliamentary party. Let us not blink the fact that in practical action it is very difficult to steer between the common rut of political intrigue and the refusal to take any part in current legislation. Yet this difficulty must assuredly be faced. To adopt the short and easy method of shirking it, as some of our friends advise, is hardly likely to further our cause. As August Bebel remarked to me the explanation of the tendency of certain persons to fall into the beaten track of political life, is a doubt or disbelief in the near advent to power of the working classes, and therewith the definitive victory of the Socialist principle. Much foolish cry of force, force, when there is no force, has led some persons in the English party to sneer at the idea of a popular upheaval altogether. But it is worthy of notice that (with the exception of Herr Kayser, of Dresden), there is probably not a single member of the German party who believes in the possibility of the establishment of Socialism without a forcible upheaval. The German party is practically unanimous as to the necessity of parliamentary action, and, within certain limits, of the advocacy of "palliative measures," but the conviction of the advent, sooner or later, of revolution (in the popular sense of the word) is none the less strong. Now the distinction between right and left in the "fraction," as August Bebel observed, largely turns upon this sooner or later. Those who would plump the party into the whole maelstrom of parliamentary chicane, doubt, as I have said, the nearness of the great battle, those who would steer clear of it, believe in its nearness. That the latter is the view taken by the great bulk of German Socialists, was proved by the Congress. The opinion is indeed expressed by one or two influential members of the party, that the outbreak of a European war would be the signal for a general rising of the proletariat, at least throughout central Europe; Bismarck, it is added, is aware of this, hence his efforts to maintain peace at almost any price.

With respect to the second great subject of discussion, that of Anarchism, Liebknecht moved the resolution in an admirable speech, in which he pointed out how the Anarchist doctrine was anti-socialistic in so far as it based itself on the autonomy of the individual, and how when it ceased to do this it ceased to be Anarchism properly speaking, and became a mere illogical form of Socialism. He also dealt at length with the Anarchist cultus of "violence," showing that this divinity has no more special claim to the adoration of Revolutionists

than of Reactionists, since in the natural course of things it is used by the one side as much as by the other. He further showed that individual acts of violence only produced their effect when they were the overt expression of a widespread sentiment in the masses. The case of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, was adduced as an instance of the latter. A long discussion followed, in which Bebel took part. The latter, while agreeing with the resolution in substance, deprecated the tendency among Socialists of a moderate shade, to dub everyone Anarchist who refused to attach the same importance to constitutional matters or to immediate action that they themselves did. He stated that Herr Kayser had on more than one occasion accused him of Anarchism, because he disapproved of certain parliamentary tactics pursued by the latter. The best means of combating Anarchism were then discussed, and the resolution was finally adopted as follows :—" The Anarchistic theory of society, in so far as it aims at the autonomy of the Individual, is *anti-socialistic*, and nothing more than a one-sided development of the fundamental conception of bourgeois Liberalism, and this, even though in its critique of the modern social order it may adopt the Socialistic point of view. Above all, it is incompatible with the socialization of the means of production, and the social regulation of production, and (unless we are prepared to return to hand-labour) issues in an insoluble contradiction. The Anarchist cultus and exclusive admission of a policy of violence rests on a crude misunderstanding of the *rôle* of physical force in universal history. Force is just as much a reactionary as a revolutionary factor; the former, in fact, more frequently than the latter. The tactics of the individual application of force do not conduce to the desired end, and in so far as they wound the moral feelings of the masses, are positively injurious, and therefore reprehensible. For these acts of individual violence, however, even for those which are most persecuted and proscribed, we hold the persecutors and proscribers directly responsible, and regard the tendency to such acts, as a phenomenon which has at all times manifested itself under similar circumstances, and which in Germany to-day is made use of by certain police-organs, by paid *agents-provocateurs a la Ihring Marlow*, against the working-classes, for the purposes of reaction."

I have given this resolution in full, as it puts the whole Socialist case against Anarchism succinctly. In Germany, the number of Anarchists is extremely small, all the better Anarchists having passed into the Socialist camp. The same thing has occurred in Italy, where, for instance, the ex-Anarchist, Corta, is now doing useful work in the Italian Parliament. The

fact evinces itself everywhere that Anarchism is the spurious growth of a young Socialist movement. It is then that what the hot youth of the movement term "stalwart Socialism," but to which the cooler and irreverent heads give a grosser name, most luxuriantly flourishes.

The concluding work of the Congress was the expulsion of two members, Herren Vierick and Geiser, the late deputies from the movement, on account of their having declined to sign the circular convoking the Congress, without giving sufficient reasons. They are both persons of great moderation of view. On the Thursday afternoon the proceedings closed, the Congress having lasted four days.

What struck one in the whole conduct of the German "Congress" was the perfect orderliness of the arrangements and the freedom from personalities which characterised the proceedings throughout. There was almost an entire absence of applause. Had such knotty points as that of the conduct of the "fraction" in the Reichstag been discussed in one of our own Socialist bodies, the mind stands aghast at the opprobrious epithets which would have been heard to hiss from all sides. The English language would have scarcely furnished materials adequate for the invective struggling for utterance in the breasts of the assembled delegates. At St. Gallen, though I am far from saying that there was no warmth displayed, yet I can say there was no mere uproarious clamour, nor was there any more flinging about of epithets. The "head-washing," as it is termed in Germany, of the delinquent ex-deputies was carried out effectually, but in a manner to avoid all unnecessary personal rancour. Altogether the irresistible impression produced on any one by a comparison of the bulk of the German and English representatives of Socialism, is certainly not favourable to the latter. In the delegates present at St. Gallen we have typical representatives of the German working-man. With very few exceptions the whole of the delegates present (about 80) were themselves working-men sent by *constituencies* of working-men (I italicise the word constituencies, for it must not be forgotten that the Socialist party in German towns does not consist of a mere band or group of some fifty or less persons; but in all cases numbers many hundreds, and in not a few, many thousands). Here, then, we have a body of representative working men displaying a reasonable and natural self-control in the discussion of "burning" questions, and in culture and real refinement, yielding in no respect to the so-called "educated" classes, with all their advantages. Would we could say as much in this country.

The result of the Congress is naturally viewed with intense

satisfaction by the advanced section of the party. A more complete discomfiture for the "moderates" could not have been wished for. So complete a victory, indeed, was hardly expected. The German Socialist party henceforward pursues its course as a definitively revolutionary body, but which, nevertheless, makes use of all existing means toward the forthcoming of its great end, the emancipation of labour, no matter whether those means consist in pacific propaganda, within or outside of parliament, in legislative action, with a view to curbing the immediate action of capital; or whether they take their ultimate form of an organised and forcible struggle for the overthrow of the current order of Society.

E. BELFORT BAX.

At Sunset.

Behind the house-tops, out of sight, at even
The sun sank slowly to the radiant west,
And, dark against the oriflamme of heaven,
Spread wide above his blazing house of rest,
A slender wreath of smoke rose through the air,
And blurred with murky brown that background fair.

Methought that glory was the infinite life
That was before we were, and is for aye—
The little wavering breath of smoke the strife
Our hopes and fears make time, we call *to-day*,
That ceases, while beyond is still the light,
Whereto creation moves through wastes of night.

LILY HAYNES

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Transated from the Origina German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our ast number.)

SECTION III.
SENIOR'S "LAST HOUR."

One fine day in the year 1836 Nassau W. Senior, who on account of his economic science and his fine style may be named the prince of English economists, was called from Oxford to Manchester to learn in the latter city the political economy which he taught in the former. The Manchester men chose him as their trumpeter because of the then recently passed Factory Act, and also because of the still more threatening Ten Hours' Agitation. With their usual practical keenness they had detected that Mr. Professor "wanted a good deal of finishing," and therefore they wrote and invited him to Manchester; and the Professor, on his part, has embodied the lecture he got from the Manchester cotton lords in a pamphlet, entitled "Letters on the Factory Act as it affects the Cotton Manufacture" (London, 1837). In this pamphlet we come across the following instructive passage:—

"Under the present law, no mill in which persons under 18 years of age are employed can be worked more than 11½ hours a day, that is, 12 hours for five days in the week, and 9 on Saturday. Now the following analysis (!) will show that in a mill so worked, the whole net profit is derived *from the last hour.* I will suppose a manufacturer to invest £100,000:—£80,000 in his mill and machinery, and £20,000 in raw material and wages. The annual return of that mill, supposing

the capital to be turned once a year, and gross profits to be 15 per cent., ought to be goods worth £115,000. . . . Of this £115,000, each of the 23 half-hours of work produces 5-115ths, or one twenty-third. Of these 23-23rds (constituting the whole £115,000) twenty, that is to say £100,000 out of the £115,000, simply replace the capital; one twenty-third, or £5,000 out of the £15,000 gross profit (!), makes up for the deterioration of the mill and machinery. The remaining 2-23rds, that is, the last two of the 23 half-hours of every day, produce the net profit of ten per cent. If, therefore (prices remaining the same), the factory could be kept at work 13½ hours instead of 11½, with an addition of about £2,600 to the circulating capital, the net profit would be more than doubled. On the other hand, if the hours of working were reduced by one hour per day (prices remaining the same), the net profit would be destroyed; if they were reduced by one hour-and-a-half, even the gross profit would be destroyed (*a*)."

And our Professor dubs this an "analysis!" If he believed the clamour of the manufacturers to the effect that the workmen spent the greater part of the day in the production—that is, the re-production—of the buildings, cotton, machinery, coal, &c., that analysis was quite superfluous. In that case he would have made answer thus:—"Gentlemen! If you have

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(*a*) Senior, *l.c.*, pp. 12, 13.—We pass by such curiosities in this passage as are of no bearing on our present purpose; the statement, *e.g.*, that manufacturers regard as part of their profit, whether gross or net, the outlay necessary to make good the wear and tear of machinery—that is, to replace part of their capital. We also leave untouched the accuracy of Senior's figures, Mr. Leonard Horner, in "A letter to Mr. Senior" (London, 1837), showed that Senior's figures are as valueless as his so-called "Analysis." Leonard Horner was on the Factory Inquiry Commission in 1833, and an Inspector or Censor of Factories till 1859, and rendered never-to-be-forgotton service to the working classes in England. He maintained a life-long battle not only with embittered employers of labour, but also with Cabinet Ministers, who regarded the number of votes given by them in the House of Commons as far more important than the number of hours worked by the mill-hands.—Senior's statement, quite apart from blunders in principle, is very confused. What he meant to say was, that the master employs the wrkman for 11½ hours or 23 half-hours every day; the working year, like the working day, may be taken to contain 11½ hours or 23 half-hours, (multiplied by the number of working days in every year). This being understood, the 23 half-hours show an annual product of £115,000; one half-hour shows $\frac{1}{23}$ of £115,000; 20 half-hours show $\frac{20}{23}$ of £115,000 or £100,000—that is, they only replace the capital advanced. There are left three half-hours, which show $\frac{3}{23}$ of £115,000, or £15,000, as the gross profit. One of these three half-hours shows $\frac{1}{23}$ of £115,000 or £5,000, and replaces wear and tear of machinery; the other two half-hours (the last hour) show $\frac{2}{23}$ of £115,000, or £10,000 as the net profit. In the text Senior changes the last $\frac{2}{23}$ of the product into parts of the working day itself.

10 hours' work done instead of 11, then, other conditions being the same, the daily quantity of cotton, machinery, &c., consumed will decrease in like proportion. Your gain will equal your loss. Your mill-hands will in future spend an hour and-a-half less in reproducing the capital advanced." If, on the other hand, he did not believe off-hand in that clamorous crew, but, as an expert, thought an analysis was needed, then he ought by all means, in treating a question which concerned exclusively the relation between the net profit and the length of the working day, to have asked the manufacturers to guard against mixing up together machinery, workshops, labour, and raw material, but to place on one side of the account the constant capital laid out in buildings, raw material, machinery, and so on, and to put the capital spent in wages on the other side. If the professor, after doing this, had found, agreeably to the calculations of the Manchester men, that the workman reproduced his wages in two half-hours, he should have continued his analysis somewhat in the following fashion:—

Taking your own figures, the labourer produces in the last hour but one his wages, and in the last hour your surplus-value or profit. But seeing that he must produce equal values in equal times, it follows that what he produces in the last hour but one will be of the same value as what he produces in the last hour. Moreover, it is only while he is at work that he can produce value of any sort whatever, and the quantity of labour he does is reckoned by his labour-time. This, we know, comes to $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day. One part of these $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours goes to producing or replacing his wages, and the other in producing net profit. Besides this he does nothing at all. But as his wages and his surplus-value are of equal value, it must necessarily follow that his wages are produced in $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours, and his net profit in the other $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Then again, as the value of the yarn produced in 2 hours equals the sum of the values of his wages and of net profit, the value of this yarn must be measured by $11\frac{1}{2}$ working hours, of which number $5\frac{3}{4}$ measure the value of the yarn produced in the last hour but one, and the other $5\frac{3}{4}$ the value of that produced in the last hour. Now we come to the point. The last working hour but one is simply an ordinary working hour like the first. But then how can the spinner produce in one hour value that embodies the labour of $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours? He does not do so. The use-value which he produces in one hour is a certain definite quantity of yarn. The value of this yarn is indicated by $5\frac{3}{4}$ working hours, of which number $4\frac{3}{4}$ were previously embodied in the means of production, viz.: the machinery, material, &c., and only the remaining hour is added by him. Therefore as his wages are produced in $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours, and the yarn produced

in one hour also contains $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours' labour there is no mystery in the result that the value he creates by the spinning of $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours equals the value of the product of one hour's spinning. If you imagine that he spends one minute of his working day in reproducing or replacing the values of the cotton, machinery, etc., you are on the wrong tack entirely. On the other hand, it is just because he spins, and thus turns cotton and spindles into yarn, that the value of the cotton and spindles moves over of its own accord into the yarn. This result follows not from the quantity, but from the quality of his labour. Of course, he will carry over into the yarn, in the shape of cotton, more value in an hour than half-an-hour; but that happens because in an hour he uses up more cotton than he does in half-an-hour. You can, therefore, see that your statement that the workmau produces the value of his wages in the last hour but one of his day, and your net profit in the last hour, comes merely to this—that in the yarn produced in any two working hours, whether the first two or the last two, $11\frac{1}{2}$ working hours are embodied (just a day's work)—that is, two hours of his own work, and $9\frac{1}{2}$ of somebody else's. And my statement that he produces his own wages in the first $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours, and produces your net profit in the second $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours, comes simply to this, you pay him for the first, but not for the second. When I talk of paying for *labour*, instead of paying for *labour-power*, I only use the slang current amongst yourselves. Now, my friends, just compare the time for which you do pay with the time for which you do *not* pay, and you will see that they are in the ratio of half-a-day to half-a-day; in other words, 100 per cent., and a very nice percentage it is, too. Go a little further, and you will see it is beyond all doubt that if you make your labourers work 13 hours instead of $11\frac{1}{2}$, and, after your fashion, treat that extra hour-and-a-half as simple surplus-labour, that surplus-labour is really increased from $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours to $7\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and the surplus-value is proportionately swelled out from 100 per cent. to $126\frac{2}{23}$ per cent. Thus you are altogether too hopeful if you think that by adding $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to the working day, you will send up your profits from 100 per cent. to over 200 per cent., or more than double. And, on the other hand—the heart of man is a wondrous machine, especially when he carries it in his purse—you are too desponding if you fear that by reducing the labour hours from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 you will scatter all your profit to the winds. No such thing. If the other conditions remain unaltered, the surplus labour will drop from $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours to $4\frac{3}{4}$ hours, which still affords $82\frac{14}{23}$ per cent. of surplus value—a rate of per centage not to be despised. This fearful "last hour," as to which you have invented more stories than have

been told about the day of judgment, is all rubbish. If it is lost, it will not cost you your net profit, nor will it cost the young men and maidens, who work for you, their "purity of mind."(*b*) When *your* "last hour" shall strike in real earnest,

(*b*) If on his part Senior tried to show that the manufacturers' net profit, the existence of the English cotton trade, and England's control over the world's markets, all depended on the "last hour," Dr. Andrew Ure, on his part, showed that if young people under eighteen were turned out one hour sooner into the cruel and careless outer world, instead of being kept during that hour in the pure moral atmosphere of the workshop, idleness and vice would deprive them of all hope of ever saving their immortal souls. Ever since 1848, Factory Inspectors have never been weary of satirising the masters with this "last" and "fatal hour." Mr. Howell, in a Report of 31st May, 1855, says:—"Had the following ingenious calculation (quoting from Senior) been correct, every cotton factory in the United Kingdom would have been working at a loss since 1850" (Reports of the Inspectors of Factories for the half-year ending 30th April, 1855, pp. 19, 20). In 1848, after the Ten Hours' Bill was passed, the owners of some flax spinning mills sparsely scattered about the country on the confines of Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, foisted a petition against this Bill upon a small number of their workmen, one of the clauses in which runs thus:—"Your Petitioners, as parents, conceive that an additional hour of leisure will tend more to demoralise the children than otherwise, believing that idleness is the parent of vice." The Factory Report of 31st October, 1848, remarks on this:—"The atmosphere of the flax mills, in which the children of these virtuous and tender parents work, is so loaded with dust and fibre from the raw material that it is exceptionally unpleasant to stand even ten minutes in the spinning rooms, for you are unable to do so without the most painful sensation, owing to the eyes, the ears, the nostrils, and mouth, being immediately filled by the clouds of flax dust, from which there is no escape. The labour itself, owing to the feverish haste of the machinery, demands unceasing application of skill and movement, under the control of a watchfulness that never tires; and it seems somewhat hard to let parents apply the term 'idling' to their own children, who, after allowing for meal times, are fettered for ten whole hours to such an occupation in such an atmosphere. . . . . These children work longer than the peasants in the neighbouring villages. . . . . Such cruel talk about 'idleness and vice' ought to be branded as the purest cant and the most shameless hypocrisy. . . . . That portion of the public who, about 12 years ago, were struck by the assurance with which, under the sanction of high authority, it was publicly and most earnestly proclaimed that the whole net profit of the manufacturer flows from the labour of the last hour, and that therefore reduction of the working day by one hour would destroy his net profit—that portion of the public, we say, will hardly believe its own eyes when it now finds that the original discovery of the virtues of 'the last hour' have since been so far improved as to include morals as well as profit, so that if the duration of the labour of children is reduced to a full 10 hours, their morals, together with the net profits of their employers will vanish, both being dependent on this last, this fatal hour." (Reports of Inspectors of Factories for Oct. 31st., 1848, p. 101.) The same Report proceeds to give a few specimens of the morality and virtue of these pure-minded men, of the deceits and subterfuges, as well as threats, which they brought to bear, first of all, on a handful of helpless workmen to induce them to sign such petitions, and afterwards to foist

ponder the words of the Oxford professor. And now, gentlemen, 'Good-bye,' and though we may meet in another world, I hope not in this."

Senior set up his war-cry of "the last hour" in 1836.(*c*) Later on James Wilson, an economic prophet of high degree, raised it again on the 15th April, 1848, in the *London Economist*, in opposition to the Ten Hours' Bill.

SECTION IV.

SURPLUS PRODUCE.

Surplus produce is that portion of the product which represents the surplus-value—which in the example in Sec. 2 was one-tenth of the 20 lbs. of yarn, *i.e.*, 2 lbs. The rate of surplus-value is fixed by the proportion it bears to the variable capital, and not to the whole, in the same way as the proportionate part of surplus produce is fixed by its ratio to that part of the whole produce in which necessary labour is embodied. Seeing that to produce surplus-value is the be-all and end-all of the capitalist mode of production, it is obvious that the wealth of a man or of a community must be measured by the proportionate value of the surplus-produce, and not by the absolute total turned out(*a*). The total of the necessary

these Petitions on Parliament as representing the opinion of one branch of industry or of the entire working population. It reveals the lamentable condition of (so-called) economic science to bear in mind that neither Mr. Senior (though later on he upheld the Factory legislation to the extent of his power) nor those who opposed him, have ever yet been able to expose the obvious fallacies of the "original discovery" as to the "last hour." They make an appeal to experience, while the why and the wherefore escapes them altogether.

(*c*) All the same the learned gentleman derived some benefit from his journey to Cottonopolis. In his "Lectures on the Factory Act" he causes the net gains—*i.e.*, the "profit," "interest," and "something more" besides, to depend on one single hour's work of the workman. A year before that, in his "Outlines of Political Economy,"—a book written for the delectation of Oxford students and cultured Philistines—he "discovered in opposition to Ricardo's determination of value by labour, that profit is derived from the labours of the capitalist, and interest from his asceticism"—in other words, from his "abstinence." The trick was old, though the phrase was new. Roscher rightly turns it into "Euthaltung"—"holding in." Some of the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons of Germany, not so well up in Latin as Roscher, translated it "Eutsagung"—"renunciation."

(*a*) Ricardo (p. 416, l.c.) says:—"To an individual with a capital of £20,000, whose profits were £2,000 per annum, it would be a matter quite indifferent whether his capital employed 100 or 1000 men, whether the commodity produced sold for £10,000 or £20,000, provided, in all

labour and the surplus-labour, *i.e.*, of the times in which the labourer replaces the value of his labour-power and produces surplus-value—completes his actual labour-time, that is to say, his working day.

END OF CHAPTER IX.

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cases, his profit were not diminished below £2,000. Is not the real interest of the nation similar? Provided its net real income, its rent and profits, be the same, it is of no importance whether the nation consists of ten or twelve millions of inhabitants." Long before Ricardo's time Arthur Young, an enthusiastic advocate of surplus profits, and otherwise a wild and loose writer, whose repute is in inverse ratio to his merit, said :—"Of what use in the modern kingdom would be a whole province thus divided [according to the old Roman custom, by small independent workers] however well cultivated, except for the mere purpose of breeding men, which taken singly is a most useless purpose?" (Arthur Young:—"Political Arithmetic, etc.," London, 1774, p. 47). Very curious is "the strong inclination. . . . . to represent net wealth as beneficial to the labouring class . . . . . though it is evidently not on account of being net," (T. Hopkins, "On Rent of Land, etc.," London, 1823, p. 126).

Books of To-Day.

AMONG the many and various phenomena whose cause is the progress of the Socialist movement may be numbered the awakening interest which is, at the present time, being manifested in the affairs of the Russian Empire. Every Socialist who desires to be able to give a reason for the faith which is in him, and every anti-Socialist who wishes to meet his opponent on equal terms, must perforce devote himself to the study of two branches of science—Economics and Sociology; and in the case of the latter he cannot do better than follow the fortunes and history of the land of the White Czar. There he will find the great problems of society being worked out under his eyes, and the starting point, primitive barbarism, is so little distant that the calls upon the student's time and energy are of necessity very much less than they would be were the subject of his examination one of the older civilizations.

The stages of Sociological Evolution, which in other European countries occupy centuries, are by the Russian people passed through in decades. Imagine what must be the pace of the progress and development of a nation which, a few hundred years ago, had not given birth to one man famous in literature, science, or art, and which in the present century has produced Tourgueniev, Tolstoi, Pouchkine, Dostoiefsky, Krapotkine and Todtleben; whose territory in the 15th century was 560,000 kilometres, while to-day it is no less than 22,311,992! This is the main reason we think, why of late years there has been such a strong demand for "books about Rnssia," a demand which up to now has been very inadequately met. Of course another reason is that the demand has been created by the supply in the shape of the intensely and painfully interesting books and articles of Stepniak and Prince Krapotkine. It is almost impossible for anyone who has read and shuddered over the works of these writers to rest content with the information therein given. He is necessarily driven to further questionings as to what manner of people it is which, in the dull work-a-day world of the present, is daily offering to the gallows and the dungeon, the saints, heroes and martyrs whose lives and deaths have been painted for him by the brilliant pen of the author of "Underground Russia."

Hitherto almost the only sources of real information open to the anxious enquirer were Mr. Wallace's "Russia," and the more important work of M. Leroy Beaulieu, but each of these books, though useful and even valuable, the latter especially so, had the disadvantage of not being written by a Russian. The book before us (*a*) therefore fills a gap, and meets a real need. Its subject is, what in the preface it professes to be, Russia as a Social Organism, and the dissective skill of the demonstrator is throughout every chapter of the book helped rather than hindered by the intense and passionate love of his country which informs every line he writes.

The very completeness of the work is the principal difficulty in the

(*a*) *Russia, Political and Social*, by L. Tikhomirov, translated from the French by Edward Aveling, D. Sc. London, Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co., Paternoster Sq., 1888.

way of a reviewer anxious to do it critical justice, and the utmost we can do is to touch very briefly on those chapters which are most likely to be of interest to Socialist readers. Of these the chief will be found in the first part of the second volume, which deals with the intellectual movement, or what M. Tikhomirov calls the "Intelliguentia." We specially commend these pages to that clique of English Socialists of whom we have had something to say in our Editorial Notes in this number of To-Day, as they prove by conclusive evidence the splendid service which an educated class can render in the struggle for economic freedom, and give the lie direct to those would-be "bosses" of the movement who are eagerly sowing dissension among us by the perpetual glorification of manual as opposed to brain labour. In Russia as in England the originators and leaders of the revolutionary movement are men and women of the educated classes, and there as here they are met with distrust and suspicion; but at that point all likeness ends between them.

In Russia the distrust is due to pure ignorance—ignorance so gross that accusations of witchcraft against the "Intelliguentia," find ready credence among the peasants;—in England it is due(such of it as exists outside the publishing office of *Justice*,) to the jealous and self-interested scheming of less than half-a-dozen "middle-class" men. *Du reste* it would of course be little less than an insult to the splendid heroes of the Russian "Intelliguentia," to compare their sufferings and martyrdoms to the small and easy sacrifices which are demanded of such of the comfortable classes in England as embrace the creed of Socialism.

Those who have read the translations of Russian fiction recently published by Vizetelly, will turn with eager anticipation to the chapter headed "Literature," and they will not be disappointed. When, we wonder, will English novelists realise their true mission and begin to render to the people's cause the sort of service that has been so freely, and in the teeth of such bitter persecution, given by the "naturalistic" school of Russia. Perhaps when they do they will meet with sharper treatment than an edict of banishment from the shelves of Mr. Mudie. We do not think, though, that even if the present system of Warrenism reaches never so mature a development the censorship in England is likely to take up quite so acutely ridiculous an attitude as it does in Russia. Here is a pretty little story told by M. Tikhomirov, which shews that tyranny can be sometimes as idiotic as it is always malignant. A poet had written a little love poem in which occurred the lines—

> "Oh, could I, silent, and in lonely lands,
> Unseen of all, dwell near thee and at peace."

The censor condemned the poem because it spoke of love, "which is unbecoming in Lent," and he added, as a note, "this means that the author does not wish to continue his service to the Emperor, so that he may be always with his mistress. Besides, one cannot be at peace except near the Gospel, not near women."

What we have said above of the rapid strides made by Russia in social progress is in no department of life better exemplified than in the position of women. Two centuries ago the husband's horsewhip used to be hung over the marriage bed as the sign and symbol of his absolute power. When Peter the Great, the one Tzar who really worked for civilisation, promulgated a decree that men and women should meet in social assemblies, it was looked upon as almost an outrage against decency. Now there is no country in the world where the relations between husband and wife are more equal, more human, than among the cultivated classes in Russia; and this has been one of the most direct outcomes of the intellectual movement. "The Intelliguentia, with its customary idealism, idealized love. In this it sought after a union of men and women so harmonious, a feeling of such depth, as mere

physical passion could not give. But where was the woman to be found who could give birth to the kind of love that was a necessity to such a man." She has been found, and is now in her turn becoming "a stimulus of vast strength to the man's perfectioning." It may interest some of our "advanced" women to learn that short hair is no longer regarded by their Russian sisters as being a mark of enfranchisement. They have passed through the short hair stage, and look back upon it as one of the youthful follies of the movement towards equality.

Like every other work on Russia, M. Tikhomirov's book is a tremendous indictment of the Tzardom. It seems to be the one human system of which we may say that it has done nothing well. And the present representative of the odious thing is in every way worthy of his predecessors. Under Alexander III. the tyranny has ceased to be merely obscurant and obstructive, and has become aggressively reactionary; the tyrant himself, M. Tikhomirov tells us, is in the habit of personally revising the sentences passed on political offenders, and the revisions of the Emperor mean the increase of the penalties.

Happily we are not compelled to leave the book without a gleam of something like hope being vouchsafed us; for the revolution is gaining ground. In the army and navy revolutionary principles are at length firmly established; among the peasantry the seed sown by the heroic labours of the propagandists is bearing fruit in due season; and we close the second volume of this dark story of her history with the feeling of absolute certainty that at no very distant date, though with much travail and suffering, Russia's freedom will be born.

We must not end this review without a word of praise to the translator. We have not seen the French edition, and are not able to estimate the difficulties which may have beset Dr. Aveling's way, but the language and style are uniformly good, and what awkwardly turned sentences there are are exceptionally few and far between. Why in the world Dr. Aveling should have thought it necessary to state, in a prefatory note, that he does not share all the author's views we are quite unable to guess. Is a translator supposed to translate nothing with which he does not agree?

There is still another of M. Tikhomirov's books on Russia, *Conspirateurs et Policiers*, which has not yet been published in England. Will Messrs. Sonnenschein and Co. (to whom, by-the-way, Socialists owe no end of gratitude), kindly have it put in hand at once?

Let us do Mr. Barrie the justice to say that he seems to have spared no pains to make his little book (*b*) funny. Indeed the laborious conscientiousness, which he has evidently devoted to this end, commands the reader's respect, and one feels an indulgent sympathy for an author who has so earnestly striven to be epigammatic, when one reflects on the disappointment which he must have experienced when his aspirations after brilliancy only landed him in the unintelligible. But very often the completest success rewards him. The book is full of sayings smart, if not very profound, and the leading idea is worked out amusingly. There are many men who would be "better dead." We all feel that from our hearts. The authors of shilling shockers, for instance, would not be greatly missed. It says something for Mr. Barrie's success in this branch of literature, that one is not tempted to place him in the list of "suggested" persons, which includes Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Hyndman, but, on the contrary, wishes "more power to his elbow." He has not yet done his best work.

Better Dead appears to us to be worth reading. Whether it is worth a shilling is a question which lies between Mr. Barrie's publishers and the public.

(*b*.) *Better Dead*. By J. M. Barrie. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co., Paternoster Square, 1888.