TO-DAY.

No. 51.—FEBRUARY, 1888.

The New Order.

Will it bloom amid sunshine and showers
  Enriching our desolate land
As the rainbow-hued deeps of the flowers
  Bear promise of summer at hand?

Will Æolian music come stealing
  Through the quivering breezes of night,
Until Freedom's great organ swells pealing
  Through its broad open portals of light?

Or will wild Rebellion outbreaking
  On a flaming and hurricane blast,
Rend the mountains, which earthquakes are shaking,
  While lurid skies shudder aghast?

For the murmur of millions is nearing,
  A tumult of anguish and wrath:
Dark tyranny spell-bound and fearing,
  Stands right in the thunderbolt's path.

"Fall bolt!" shouts Despair, God-defying,
  "Speed Thy Kingdom" is woman's meek prayer,
While the child's inarticulate crying,
  Scales the heavens' blue ramparts of air.

Speed the Kingdom! though earth and sky blending
  Should mingle in ruin sublime:
See a temple through ages unending
  Crowns the smouldering ruins of Time.

For the old order now is confusion ;
" Rights " oppress for their duties lie dead,
Thieves defile amid wanton profusion,
The temple, whence worship has fled.

On the pale horse of Want, Death the rider
Smites millions, Hell s brood in his train ;
While his sword-stroke of hunger swings wider,
And the reapers lie starved 'mid the grain.

But the watchers who wait for the morning,
See its rose colour pale into grey,
Now the sunlight high summits adorning,
Gives signal to waken and pray.

" Stand to Arms," 'tis your Captain commanding,
Hear the thunder of battle begun,
Falling comrades swift aid are demanding,
Your guerdon be, " Soldier well done."

W. A. CARLILE.

The Whip Hand.

A POLITICAL STORY—IN THREE PARTS.

By A. Gilbert Katte.

THE Minister had been cordial but cautious. He had not actually committed himself to anything, it was not his way; but he had given Sir Reginald to understand that if the present Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House succumbed to the dangerous illness from which he was suffering—his, Sir Reginald's, claim to the vacant seat in the Cabinet should have due consideration. And he had gone further, he had hinted that even if the bronchitis. aided by the bitter east wind, failed to get the better of the struggle with the eminent physicians and carry poor old Mr. Smeeth over to the permanent majority, it was still possible that the same change would be made. For Mr. Smeeth was old, both in years and views, and was hardly the man to lead the very shaky and insubordinate majority against an eager and unscrupulous opposition in the stormy times which were coming upon the Government.

Sir Reginald Hastie stood a moment or two on the steps of Lord Branstock's chocolate-coloured little house in Curzon Street, twisting the ends of his long light moustache, and turning rapidly over in his mind the main points of the Prime Minister's conversation.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it, the wily old peer had made up his mind though his language had been diplomatically vague; and in a few weeks, possibly in a few days, the country, and especially the business part of it, would be startled by the news that Sir Reginald Hastie—the rebellious school boy of *Punch*—had made one step from below the gangway to the Ministerial Bench, and that the finances of the Empire were entrusted to a man who had never had the previous drilling even of an under secretaryship.

He tucked up the collar of his overcoat, stepped down on to

the pavement, looked up the street, down which the bitter March wind was cutting like a million invisible razors, and then crossed over towards South Audley Street.

"I think I'll call again;" he said half aloud, "poor old boy, I hope he'll get better and go up to the Peers, he'll be all right there, and there'll have to be a little shuffling of the pack any way. For I know one thing, if I go in, Dodder and Dawdle will have to go out, or wake up considerably."

"Dodder and Dawdle," were the nick names by which he always thought, and very often spoke, of two members of the Government, one a new Yorkshire Baronet, and the other a rich Banker, whom Lord Branstock had put into the Cabinet in order to give it that solid and middle-class air which a commercial nation demands.

As he approached Grosvenor Square several carriages passed in succession, to some of whose occupants he raised his hat.

"Glad they did'nt catch me in Curzon Street," he thought, "they might have guessed what was up."

Within a few dozen yards of the corner a man turned it whom he knew. It was Lord Nimrod, a Liberal peer, who was rapidly gravitating towards Conservatism, and of whom an evening paper had spoken as a "future premier." He had lately taken an active part in politics; that is to say, he had attended several public meetings, and spoken with ease and intelligence. Hitherto he had been known to fame only as a mighty hunter of big game.

The two men caught sight of each other at the same moment and saluted with umbrellas. They stopped—

"You are going to call at 28," said Lord Nimrod, "don't go it's no use now."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, "You don't mean to say ———"

"About half an hour ago, he went quite suddenly at last; its this accursed East wind. Are you going down to the House to-night, I suppose they'll adjourn."

"Of course they will; no I don't think I shall go to-night—poor Smeeth, I'm awfully sorry."

"Yes, he was a useful sort of man. What will Branstock do, do you suppose?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. How frightfully cold it is. Good-bye."

At the corner of the square Sir Reginald stopped and looked towards number 28. A carriage was just starting from the door, and two men, members of the House, were raising their hats to someone inside. He took his cigar case from his pocket and then, remembering that he could not light a match at that corner in that wind, put it back again. Just then the

carriage passed him, and he recognised in it the leader of the opposition, looking very old and rather pale and ill.

"By Jove!" he said half aloud, "he looks bad. If he comes out on days like this he'll be following poor old Smeeth, and then there'll be nobody left worth fighting. Its impossible to score off booky prigs like Rawley or glib cads like Courtier; what a lot they'll be!" At this moment a hansom drivelled slowly towards him from across the square, driver and horse vying with each other as to which should look the most downcast, cold and miserable. It suggested something to his mind. "I'll go and see Kate and have a cup of tea with her," he said. "She has the best right to know what's coming, and she'll be much more pleased than Ethel—Ethel can wait."

He hailed the cab. "118A, Maida Vale," he said, jumping in.

While he is on his way we will give the reader a few of the facts which had led up to the present position of affairs.

Sir Reginald Hastie was what is called in political life "a *very* young man," that is he was just in the forties. He had entered Parliament for a pocket borough eight years before through the influence of his uncle, the Marquis of Lawder. In those eight years he had spoken more often and moved more amendments and adjournments than any other man in the House, not excepting the followers of the Irish leader himself. He had had the good fortune to take his seat at a time when the leader of his own party had just gone up to the Peers, and when the party itself was a dejected and disorganized opposition. He at once began a series of virulent, though often pertinent, attacks upon the leader of the House and all the occupants of the Ministerial bench. He constantly challenged divisions, and led many a forlorn hope into the lobby; but once or twice he managed, by sheer skill in passing resolutions, to reduce the Government majority. He had a faculty for finding out his opponents' sore places, and he always hit on the raw. Over and over again the House had been amused and a little scandalised by the spectacle of the gray haired premier lashed into a fury by the attacks of this young free lance below the gangway. He had practically no personal following, but the few who did stand by him were young, physically strong, and rhetorically smart, and, although only about half a dozen in number, were a party which had to be reckoned with in every big debate. When the general election came which sent his party back to power, Sir Reginald, with his usual pluck, threw up his little borough and stood for a great democratic constituency in the North of England. At first his chances looked desperate and the Liberal press, with its accustomed foresight, made much fun of them. But Sir Reginald had the true

democratic style about him, he addressed the great, sweating, crowded audiences "as though he loved them." His advanced policy, his flashy and often brilliant rhetoric, his ready repartee, went down with the well-to-do artizans who made up the majority of the constituency, and, backed by the whole of the Commercial class, when polling day came he defeated the "steady and stolidy" Liberal who opposed him by a substantial majority. He was helped in his canvass by his rich and pretty wife.

When the new government was formed all the world expected that he and one or two of his friends would receive at least some minor official posts; but somehow or other they were passed over; Lord Branstock did nothing original this time. Then Sir Reginald changed his tactics. He posed as "the candid friend" of the new administration—and his criticisms were so very candid that he soon became a thorn in the side of Mr. Smeeth, on whom Lord Branstock's mantle had fallen, and for whom it was much too large and heavy. As the opposition became better organised and more active, it became more and more impossible for the Government to have this powerful and ready debater continually harassing its flanks. Lord Branstock, one of whose chief merits was his frank recognition of facts, "climbed down," and hence his private conversation with Sir Reginald on the very day that Mr. Smeeth succumbed to the east wind and acute bronchitis.

As Sir Reginald sprang out of the cab at 118A, Maida Vale, he recognised about fifty yards further along towards Kilburn the back of a fellow M.P., and old school fellow. The sight seemed to cause him some displeasure. "I suppose he's just left," he said to himself as he watched the retreating figure for a second or two, "what the devil does he want here?"

Almost as soon as his hand touched the knocker the door was opened.

"Mistress in?" he asked of the neat little maidservant, and taking the affirmation in her face for an answer made straight for the drawing room.

The lamp had not yet been lighted, but the whole room was aglow with the flames of a brighly burning fire. Gazing fixedly into it, and leaning with one elbow upon the mantle-shelf, was a woman of about five and twenty; but who looked some five or six years older at the present moment owing to the troubled and puzzled expression on her face. Her perfect mouth was drawn down a little at the corners, making the short upper lip just the sixteenth of an inch longer than usual. Her rather high, broad forehead, fully displayed by the way in which she wore her dark golden wavy hair, was furrowed by two lines of perplexity. One white hand held a large scarlet Japanese fan

tightly against the folds of a brown coloured dress, made of what the advertisements call "art fabric." Her figure, small and slight, was at the moment too tightly braced, and rigid to be entirely graceful.

Sir Reginald had time to close the door behind him, and the displeased expression had left his face and given way to one of real pleasure, before the noise of his entrance reached her ear. She turned towards him, tossed her fan into an arm-chair, and came swiftly forward holding out both hands—.

"Oh, Rege, whatever's the matter? I never expected you to-day. You've only just missed Camelot. I'm so glad he's gone."

He caught her by both elbows, bent forward and kissed her, then turning her towards the fire led her, with one hand on her shoulder, on to the hearthrug.

"I saw him just up the road," he said, in a not very pleasant tone of voice, "It seems to me he spends a good deal of his time here, Katie. I should think you had better ask him when *I* am coming if you want him at all."

"Oh don't be silly," she answered, catching him by the lappet of his overcoat and giving it a little shake. "I don't want him at all, but I certainly don't want him when you *are* here. Why are you always so stupid about Camelot, Rege? Do you know I do believe he's the best friend you have in the world."

"Oh, very likely," with a half sarcastic laugh, "and therefore I don't want to have him for an enemy. But bother Camelot, I was only joking, of course I know its all right little woman," he added hastily, seeing a troubled look come into her face. He put his arm round her waist, drew her to him, and raising her chin with his left hand went on "I have brought you great news to-day, Katie. I have come straight from Branstock."

"From Branstock!" freeing herself from his arm, "Did you see him? did he send for you?"

"Yes, he's caved in."

"Oh Reginald! I knew it would come. What are you to have?"

"Guess!"

"Ireland?"

"No thanks. The Exchequer."

"*What!* and Smeeth?"

"Dead—to-day; but it would have been all the same anyhow."

"O-o-h! but who will lead now!"

He struck a senatorial attitude.

"*You! you!* Oh, that's too impossible! My dear boy, you must be dreaming."

"It does seem like it, doesn't it?" he said, taking off his overcoat. "but really, Kate, it isn't for you to say so, its only what you've been prophesying all along."

"Oh, but not so soon! What *will* people say? Oh, for to-morrow's papers—poor, dear old *Standard*."

"There'll be nothing about it in to-morrow's papers—they'll be deliciously wrong. Branstock, you and I, are the only people in London in the secret at present. Can't you let me have some tea?"

"Of course," she said, going to a little table and coming back with a cup, "but you'll stay dinner, do not go away to-night, Reginald; we must have a long, long talk, and settle the business of the nation for the next five years."

"I am afraid I can't, my pet," he said, taking the cup and looking away from her a little awkwardly. "I must dine at ho—— at Catchcart Place to-night, I've promised."

"Of course, it's always the way." There was something in the tone and manner in which the words were spoken that caused him to look up with a shade of annoyance on his face. It grated on his ear. Slight as it was, it marked the speaker off as belonging to a different order from the women whom he was accustomed to meet in his friends' drawing-rooms. Had any of these women heard it, even from the other side of a screen, "she's not one of us," they would have thought, and they would have been right, as they always are in these matters. There was an absence of "fine shades" only, but still the "fine shades" were not there.

He put down his cup, and drew her on to his knee. "Now don't be an unreasonable girl," he said, "you know I can't help it. She told me this morning she wanted to talk to me about something. I wouldn't stop then so I put her off till to-night. I must go. I don't know what it is she wants to say; the old subject I expect—money."

She got off his knee, though he tried to detain her, and, turning her back to him, put up one foot on the fender and looking in the fire asked in a low voice—

"Do you think you could do without the 'married woman' altogether now Rege?"

"It would be devilish awkward, Egypt," he answered with a harsh laugh.

"You'll get £5,000 a year, won't you?" Not changing her attitude.

"Yes, but the situation's not permanent, Katie."

"What would you do if you *had* to give her up, or if she gave you up?" she questioned, turning and looking full at him.

"God knows! a colonial governorship I suppose, but why

discuss it? The question can't very well arise. I must tell her of the new move to-night. It will put her in a good temper possibly; she'll see she's getting value for her money.

There was a sudden *frou-frou* of drapery and she was kneeling at his side. "Reginald," she said "*Don't* tell her to-night. *Don't, don't,* I *can't* bear it.

There was so much pleading and pathos in her voice that he leaned forward and drew her head tight against his breast. "Why my dear little girl what on earth's the matter? Of course I won't if you don't wish it. But what does it matter? She must know soon."

"But not to-night," she whispered, "let me have the secret all to myself to-night."

"All right, then, you shall," he said, "I'll leave it until to-morrow."

They sat in silence while the blaze of the fire burnt itself away to a mere red glow. When the room was almost dark she spoke again.

"Exactly how much do you care for the 'married woman' Reginald?"

Well, upon my soul I don't know: about as much as she cares for me I fancy. But why bother about her?

"She helps you a good deal" she said, not noticing the question "They all say she won the seat for you; even Camelot thinks so."

"Camelot knows nothing about it" he answered testily, "I won the seat with my own brain and my own tongue. Ethel got the votes of half-a-dozen snobby tradesmen, but my majority was 800. This 'influence of woman' business is absurdly overdone. A pretty woman loses as many votes as she gains by offending the women—merely by being pretty—and then they put pressure on their husbands."

"That looks as though women *had* some influence doesn't it?" she asked with a mischievous smile.

"Well yes, you rather had me there Katie," he answered laughing, "but to return to the subject, if Ethel does help me, its not because she cares for me but because she likes meddling. Help—its *you* who help me, my sweetheart," catching her face between his hands, and speaking with passionate enthusiasm. "It was your letters that won Ralston—your confidence and encouragement, your hope. Why, one dear little note from you put more devil into me than any number of 'promises of support' that Ethel brought in with her to dinner. *She* never believed that I should win.

"But I *knew* it" she said springing up. "There, go now Rege, I'm not jealous, not a bit. Now put your coat on. Goodbye—Come to-morrow. . . . "Rege" she called as

he was closing the door. "You may tell the 'married woman' to-night if you like, I don't care, I knew first."

He came back, caught her in his arms again, kissed her and then left the house. When she heard the front door slam behind him she sank down into the chair in which he had been sitting, and in a few minutes her face again assumed the puzzled, troubled expression it wore when he had entered. "What ought I to do?" she asked of herself. "He shall be Prime Minister and he must have the money. Well, anyhow, I hold the whip and that's almost as good as using it. No, there shan't be a scandal if I can help it." Then she started up with a sudden thought. "By heaven," she said, "I've a good mind to write and warn her. That *would* be a sacrifice for him." Further self converse was cut short by the entrance of a servant to clear away the tea-cups.

Meanwhile, Sir Reginald Hastie was saying to himself as he walked rapidly down the Edgware Road, "I'm glad Katie was sensible about my telling Ethel, she's a dear little brick not to be jealous. By God, how some women would worry me. I'm afraid I should have had to have told Ethel anyway. It'll put her in such a good temper. She's been awfully queer lately and I *cannot* stand home worries just now. I must keep a clear head. By Jove I never asked what Camelot had had to say. I wish he wouldn't go there quite so often."

What is Gambling?

FROM time to time, in the absence of Trafalgar Square demonstrations and such like opportunities for the display of valour, the suppressed energy of the police finds vent in raids on certain "low dens," where men of enterprising temperament but limited means meet together for the purpose of gambling. The publication of these hazardous exploits never fails to excite a storm of virtuous horror in the daily press, while it arouses in thinking minds somewhat serious reflections as to the exact nature of the offence committed by the unfortunate individuals who have been so suddenly exposed to the public gaze. I once knew a man intimately who entertained a morbid horror of gambling *per se*. So great was his fear of arousing the unholy instinct, that playing cards were absolutely prohibited in his house, and the slightest tendency towards games of hazard promptly checked. Yet, strange to say, this man was one of the most inveterate gamblers that ever lived, but he had no knowledge of the fact. He would not have dreamt of putting money on a race horse, and yet never hesitated to put money on a stock, "buying for a rise or fall," as it is mildly called. He shrank from the idea of hazarding half a crown on a game of whist, and yet cheerfully risked £10,000 on a game at law by speculating in property over which an action hung. To place money on a roulette table on the chance of black or red was a heinous sin in his eyes; to place money on a house, on a prospective railway route, on the chance of valuation or no valuation was evidence of "business" abilities, and a possibility of becoming Lord Mayor.

There is a certain street not far from Holborn Viaduct frequented by a set of very wealthy men who almost monopolise the dealings in the valuable products of South Africa. Money passes very freely amongst them, but a perennial stream flows into their market from the pockets of the public, so making possible the operations by which they preserve the means for sustaining luxurious houses. One morning, two young men returned to London with claims to certain mines, which interested the said wealthy men, and sold the claims to one of

them for £1,200. By 2 o'clock these claims had changed hands a dozen times, and the last purchaser sold his bargain to a syndicate for £24,000. The syndicate shortly afterwards floated a limited liability company and the shares were soon at a premium. Eventually the shares fell, but I question whether many of the shrewd original promoters held any then, and it is doubtful whether the real value of the mine was nearer £1,200, or the sum above £24,000 which the public gave for it. There is scarcely as much gambling as this done in a day in a dozen of the "dens" brought to the front lately. A broker once took me to his club—a well conducted and orderly institution, where everything was of the best. In one room was a board of green cloth marked out for baccarat or faro. On my behalf he hazarded a trifle, and won, with the proceeds paying for our refreshment. Being much interested I remained watching the play for nearly an hour, during which several "banks" were made, and one gentleman lost over £300. I have watched the play at Monte Carlo, and think, if anything, it is rather slower. Some foolish Italian Count came to Monte Carlo whilst I was near, with the intention of recruiting his fortunes or shooting himself. The latter result ensued, and I enquired the amount of his losses. Thirty-five thousand francs—in about a fortnight; equal to less than five hours' play in London! Most of the tragedies at Monte Carlo are of a similar nature. It's rather hard that our little place should always be chosen for the last act. A man gambles wildly at Aix les Bains, Nice, Milan, in every city, and on every race-course in Europe, and finally with the wreck of his fortune seeks that enchanting little spot on the Riviera for the romantic finale. Thus Monte Carlo gets the credit for the work begun by sporting papers, financial journals, and money columns of dailies, when its share isn't a half per cent. of the total result. I don't want to defend Monte Carlo, but let us have consistency. It is a curious fact that the bulk of the complaints against the latter place come from the wealthy dissenting bourgeoisie through the "missionaries" who haunt the Riviera ever seeking subscriptions, and egged on by the speculative builders who covet the fine sites of the principality not yet desecrated by the "improvements" of modern civilization. Our aristocracy know better. They laugh at this absurd talk when they remember the sum which changed hands in Pall Mall last week, or at the settling after the St. Leger.

Why is it worse to watch the tape in a "low den" than in the office of a stock jobber who will operate with one per cent "cover?" It is indeed difficult to see what constitutes the difference between putting a sovereign on the chance of red or

black, and putting a similar amount on the chance of North-Western Ordinary closing at 161 instead of 160. The real difference is in this fact. At roulette the play is fair, being pure hazard on either side; in gambling "on 'change" it is unfair, the brokers playing with loaded dice. If the croupiers at a roulette table might first persuade the speculators to put their money on a particular hazard, and then "form a syndicate" (to put it politely), for checking the wheel at a different result, we should have a pretty close analogy to operations on 'Change, where the public are interested in one issue, and the dealers in another. To "corner" a market is equally immoral with drugging a racehorse or turning out the lights and raiding a gaming table, only it hasn't such a bad name. Custom permits of strange inconsistencies. The true function of the tradesman is to act as agent for the purchaser, taking for his services and skill in procuring goods a uniform percentage. To set one's skill in a particular trade against the purchaser who buys on the faith of the seller's word, is to play an unfair game. It may be "business," but it is not the less immoral.

Take another aspect of the case. At school it is a point of honour to give a weaker boy a start in a race, or some advantage in a game. Later on this spirit is still present in every sport. Few genuine sportsmen care to witness an unfair handicap. The good billiard player allows points to his weaker adversary, the stronger horse has to carry weight. But, suppose we were to make the weaker horse carry weight, and give points to the experienced player. Anyone with a sense of equity would think it madness. And yet this is what is done every day. We take a poor boy with uneducated parents and a squalid home, underfeed him, expose him to cold and disease, and turn him on to the world penniless at 13 years of age. We take the robust child of wealthy parents, who can lavish on him every care, and we keep him under educational influences until 21 or 22 years of age, meanwhile developing his strength by athletic exercises and good living, and then send him forth armed with irresistible capital to compete in the race of life with the other defenceless youngster. When they come in contact we call it "freedom of contract," and proudly boast that every career is open to all, that all citizens of civilized States are equal. So the unfair battle continues from day to day, and what would be hooted in a prize-ring as rank cowardice is practised in ordinary life as a gentlemanly career. Hands are held up in righteous horror at the men who play simple games of pure hazard, or love a fair handicap in a trial of skill, but those same hands hold a blessing for the man who matches fine physique, splendid education, powerful social

influence, and heavy capital against the efforts of a half-educated, hungry, and penniless cripple. The stake of the one is an alteration in his bank book which will not deprive him of a single luxury; the stake of the other is the happiness of his home, perhaps the very lives of wife and children, all that is dear to him in the cruel world.

On a small scale I have personally indulged in games of hazard for money—even roulette—but have almost invariably been a *loser*, a fact which should give a stronger sanction to these remarks. But I have no wish to justify gambling, I only ask that when under a cloak of righteousness we discuss the terrible depravity of the frequenters of "gambling hells" we may not forget that the code of honour of the honest sportsman, bookmaker, or roulette player is, at least, as high as that of the "business" speculator. The former handicaps the strong, and scorns to play, except at pure hazard, without fair odds, whilst the man of "business," with bear and bull syndicates, corners in cotton, coffee, sugar, tin, or what not, never hesitates to overreach, never hesitates to make "free contracts" with the weakest, until the seething ferment of modern commerce makes for the poor man one huge "gambling hell" of which a betting den is but a quiet corner.

A BARRISTER.

"Justice" on India.

" And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie can be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TENNYSON.

MR. HYNDMAN has apparently been relieving his feelings again by a fling at British rule in India. His text is the meeting of the National Indian Congress, recently held at Madras—not Bombay. Much of what the paragraph writer in *Justice* says about this Congress is excellent. "These men, with something of a growing national pride in India as a whole, with a common language, English, to discuss in, and with common grievances to ventilate, cannot be sneered into nonentities as mere windy baboos. They constitute a growing power, and the facts around them give them the basis on which to exercise it. We bitterly regret that India is so little studied by our fellow-workers." This quite unexceptionable paragraph is preceded by the silly statement that a Congress has never been held at a more critical time—a statement which may be regarded as internal evidence that the paragraph under review was written by Mr. Hyndman, for we all know his habit of expecting a crisis every alternate afternoon. The paragraph is followed by a series of reckless mis-statements—"At this present time we are ruining in India 200,000,000 of people at the least. Whereas Maharajahs Holkar and Scindia, and he of Jeypore can die worth millions sterling, their subjects having benefitted the while by their rule, we are stuck in a slough of perpetual deficit. The natives under British rule are getting poorer and poorer every day, and have little or no share in the government of their own country." We are not ruining 200,000,000 in India; we are not stuck in a slough of perpetual deficit; the natives, under British rule, are not poorer than the inhabitants of native states, and they have more share in the government of the country they live in.

It is indeed true that native princes accumulate hoards of treasure, while the government of British India, following the example of every European government, constantly

borrows money. The antithesis, I allow, is extremely effective for rhetorical purposes; but I cannot believe that Mr. Hyndman has not read sufficient political economy to know the difference between money and wealth. The native princes accumulate money, the British Government accumulates wealth. Piles of silver and gold hoarded in palace vaults are absolutely useless. But without the railways, which are responsible for the bulk of the Indian debt, the Congress which has just met in Madras would never have been gathered together, and the unity of sentiment, which is growing slowly but surely among the peoples of India, would never have been born.

Moreover, the sums lavished by the Indian government on military works and army maintenance are not, as some English radicals would have us believe—Mr. Hyndman is not so silly as this—so much wealth thrown away; for it is just this expenditure which gives security to the remaining wealth of the country, Indian history teaches by innumerable instances the folly of accumulating unguarded treasure. The successive invasions of India have been accomplished by men eager to plunge their hands in the piles of gold and silver accumulated by parsimonious or ostentatious princes. A bag of gold in a cellar is just as useful as, and no more so, than a breast-work of earth with an iron cylinder behind it; but the bag of gold will attract invaders, and the earth-work and cannon will keep them out.

However, it is probably true that the administration of native states is less expensive than the administration of British India, and it is possible that we have made a mistake in introducing too rapidly the expensive contrivances of European government. As has been well said every Englishman in India is an ardent administrative reformer, he wants to improve everything and does not realise sufficiently that the cost of an improvement may be greater than the benefit conferred. But a great deal of the comparative cheapness of native administration is more apparent than real. Thus for example a *tehsildar*, a kind of *sous-prefet*, who in British India would draw 200 rupees a month, will in one of the native states of Bundelkhand draw only four or five rupees a month. But the tehsildar in a native state lives in at least as good style as the tehsildar in a British district. Some one has to pay the 195 rupees and the person who does pay this, and a good deal more, is the unresisting peasant who is quietly robbed by the petty tyrant over him. I do not mean to assert that a tehsildar in British India is always above a bribe, but he is much more carefully watched, and the payment of big salaries is the best preventitive of bribery yet discovered.

Nor is it true that British India is a slough of perpetual deficit. In the ten years ending March 31st, 1885, there were five years of deficit and five years of surplus. The total deficit was Rx 12,091,949* and the total surplus Rx 9,873,118 or a net deficit of Rx 2,218,831. That is to say, the net deficit in ten years is less than half the amount spent by the Indian government out of revenue on Buildings and Roads in one year. Meanwhile, there had been large remissions of taxation, including the almost complete abolition of customs duties—perhaps an unwise measure—and a considerable average reduction of the salt tax. There was, however, a very heavy deficit in the year 1886, Rx 2,801,726, and again in the last financial year, ending March 31st, 1887, there was either a deficit or a very small surplus. But, as people in England ought to know very well, but don't, these last two deficits were caused first by the Penjeh war scare which involved the mobilisation of a large number of troops, and secondly the rapid and heavy further fall of silver. In October, 1885, the rupee still stood at 1s. 7d., in the autumn of 1886 it nearly touched 1s. 4d. There has since been a slight revival, accompanied by several oscillations, but the rupee still exchanges for less than 1s. 5d. It does not require much imagination to realise what this fall means to a Government which has every year to meet in England obligations amounting to several millions sterling, contracted at a time when the rupee was worth from 1s. 10d. to 2s.

We next come to the statement that natives of British India "have little or no share in the Government of their own country." First of all what is meant by "their own country." An Englishman has a very clear idea what he means when he speaks of his own country, but has a native of India? I was recently talking to a Mahommedan friend from India, now residing in this country, who has since arriving here rapidly devoured, without fully digesting, some of the splendid ideals which have made Engiand a free country. He told me that "his country" had as good a right to be free as England, that because England was strong that did not justify her in tyrannising over "his country," which was weak, and so on. To all of which abtract propositions I heartily assented, but knowing that the idea of country, as a limited geographical area inhabited by a homogeneous race, is almost exclusively a a modern western notion, I asked him what he meant by "his country." With a burst of candour he said, "I am afraid I was talking as if I meant India, but in my heart of hearts Islam is my country.

*Rx means ten rupees. At the present rate of exchange ten rupees ar worth about fourteen shillings, or seven-tenths of a sovereign. Thu Rx 2,800,000ll £1,960,000.

This is the difficulty in the way of self-government in India to which people who have never left the shores of England cannot possibly give full weight. Without going to India it is impossible to realise the wideness of the gulf which separates Mahommedan and Hindoo, and which makes it at present impossible for them to work together for a common cause. At the first National Indian Congress at Bombay the Mahommedans, who are one-fifth of the population of India, were absolutely unrepresented. Two or three Mahommedans were induced to join the second congress at Calcutta, and according to the brief newspaper reports there are apparently a few more Mahommedans at the present congress at Madras. If this is so, it affords some ground for satisfaction, but I am afraid that the half-dozen or dozen Mahommedan delegates represent no one but themselves.

Leaving, however, aside the question of the meaning of the word "country," and assuming, as English people will assume, that the geographical area called India, containing 250,000,000 people separated from one another by diversities of language, of religion, of race, far wider than any diversities to be found in the whole of Europe,(*a*) that this area is yet to all these people "their own country," in the same sense that England is an Englishman's country; still it is not true that Natives of India have "little or no share in the Government of their own country." Mr. Hyndman, of course, only refers to British India, a scattered area containing 200,000,000 people. According to the census of 1881 we find that for every British-born subject employed in the work of Civil Government in British India, in any capacity there were over two hundred natives of India employed.(*b*) But of course the answer to this fact is

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(*a*) The Principal languages of India are: Hindustani. 82,000,000 speakers; Bengali, 39,000,000; Telugu, 17,000,000; Mahratti, 17,000,000; Panjabi, 15,000,000; Tamil, 13,000,000; Gujerati, 9,000,000; Canerese, 8,000,000; Ooriya, 6,000,000. Altogether sixty distinct languages appear in the census returns, each spoken by more than 10,000 people.

The Principal religions of India are: Hindoos, 188,000,000; Mahommedans, 50,000,000; Aboriginals. 6,400,000; Buddhists, 3,400,000; Christians, 1,862,000; Sikhs, 1,853,000; Jains, 1,221,000; Parsees, 85,000; Jews, 12,000.

(*b*)

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Officers of Supreme & Provincial Government	580,185	6,352	586,537
Officers of Municipal Local & Village do.	791,379	17,764	809,143
Totals	1,371,564	24,116	1,395,680

The number of British-born subjects employed in India, in the Civil Service, Railway Service, Education, Engineering, and as Chaplains, Police, etc., etc., is 6,770. Besides British-born subjects there are in

that the bulk of the British-born employees are occupying high adminstrative posts, whilst the bulk of the native employees engaged in various grades of underling work and underling pay. This is indisputable, and it is much to be desired that natives should obtain a larger share of the higher posts. A good deal, however, has been done in this direction and now will in all probability be done in the next two or three years. There are one or more natives on the supreme court of each province, and a large number of important though subordinate, judicial and executive posts are in the hands of natives. In an average Indian district, with perhaps a million inhabitants, and a good deal bigger than most English countries, there are about half-a-dozen English officials, all the rest of the work, judicial and administrative, being done by natives.

Municipal Institutions are also beginning to make headway in India. At present, unfortunately, the elective principle does not work very well, owing to the antipathy between Mahomedans and Hindoos, but still a large number of people are being, through these institutions, brought to share in the responsibilities of Government. There are also district councils or county boards on a semi-elective plan, but the activity of these bodies is not at present great. Finally there are the Provincial and Supreme Legislative Councils. The members of these councils are nominated by the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, or by the Viceroy, and though these councillors cannot claim to have received the sacred oil of popular election, they are probably at least as representative of the people on whose behalf they act as are the legislative bodies of most other countries. On the other hand their functions are extremely limited and it is possible that elective members would be less deferential to the Executive Government.

The conclusion to which the tirade in *Justice* logically leads is that we should at once abandon our possession of India, "which is a complete curse to the workers, both there and here." The members of the National Indian Congress will be about the last people to accept this conclusion. Their Congresses always commence with profuse protestations of loyalty to British rule, protestations which draw their main value from the reasons behind them. The numerical majority of the Congress and its promoters are Bengalis and Parsees, for these

India some 140,000 other European and Eurasians, men, women, and children. These are not classified according to occupation, but assuming even 10 per cent. of them to be engaged in Government work, we get only some 20,000 Government employees of European and semi-European extraction as against 1,393,000 native employees.

are the people who were the first to learn the English language, and the first to imbibe western ideas. But also the Bengalis and the Parsees are more than any other people dependent for their position on the continuance of British rule. The Parsees are a small and honourable commercial community, to whom settled government is a matter of primary importance. The Bengalis have, owing to their familiarity with English got themselves the cream of government employ, not only in Bengal but all over Northern India. Outside Bengal they are detested as hungry parvenus by Hindoo and Mahommedan alike. The cowardice of a Bengali is a bywood in India, and the Bengali employee would instantly decamp from his post if the protection of British bayonets were withdrawn. However, as the Bengali himself frequently says, there are other virtues besides bravery, and one of these is public-spirit. This virtue the Bengali apparently possesses to a high degree, and so also does the Parsee, and perhaps to a still higher degree, and, therefore, it is not only from motives of self-interest that the promoters and members of the National Indian Congress are ostentatiously loyal. For the idea underlying these *National* congresses, the idea of Indian unity, has sprung entirely from British rule and can only be developed by the continuance of British rule.

The attainment of this ideal seems at present so far off that we may pardon doubters who say it will never be attained, but we may be certain that if the causes which gave birth to this idea are suddenly removed the idea will as suddenly perish. The withdrawal of British rule would mean a series of racial and religious wars, followed by a Russian invasion. Thus the English position in India is strong, because of the diversity of race and religion within the country, and because of the eagerness of the enemy without. But because we have such a strong position in India it does not follow that we ought to sit still and do nothing. Our work is to build up a united Indian empire, by promoting English education in every direction, by training natives to take a progressively larger share in the government of town and province and empire, and above all by training native officers in modern military science, and admitting them to the highest posts in the army, so that in the last resort, India may be able to defend herself against foreign aggression if England should ever be mean enough to desert her great dependency.

HAROLD COX.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER X.

The Working Day.

Section I.—The Extent of the Working Day.

We began by supposing that labour-power is bought and sold at its value. This value, just like the value of any other commodity, is fixed by the labour-time necessary to produce it. If it takes six hours to produce the average daily means of living for the labourer, he will have to work six hours daily on an average to produce his day's labour-power—*i.e.*, to reproduce the value given to him as the price of his day's work. The *necessary* portion of his day's work is six hours, which, if other things be equal, is a fixed quantity. But this by no means defines the length of the working day.

Let the line AB represent 6 hours, the necessary labour time (*a*). If work is carried on for 1 hour, 3 hours, or 6 hours more than AB, there will be three other lines, which (taken together with AB) will represent three working days of different lengths—*i.e.*, 7, 9, and 12 hours respectively, thus:—

1st Working Day, A————B—C = 7 hours.
2nd ,, ,, A————B———C = 9 hours.
3rd ,, ,, A————B————C = 12 hours.

(*a*) It must be remembered that Marx uses the phrases "necessary labour-time," "surplus-labour," and so on, in the sense which he has himself clearly defined in previous chapters.—J. B.

The line BC in each case shows the length of the surplus-labour. The working day is AB + BC or AC, and therefore it varies in length according to the length of the variable quantity BC. AB remains fixed, and so the proportion which BC bears to it can always be found. In the 1st working day it is $\frac{1}{6}$th, in the 2nd $\frac{3}{6}$ths, and in the 3rd $\frac{6}{6}$ths. Also, as the ratio $\frac{\text{surplus labour-time}}{\text{necessary labour-time}}$ fixes the rate of surplus-value, this latter is formed by the rate of BC to AB, and in the three working days just given it amounts respectively to $16\frac{2}{3}$, 50, and 100 per cent. The rate of surplus-value alone does not indicate the length of the working day. If, for example, that rate were 100 per cent, the working day may consist of 8, 10, 12, or a greater number of hours. This would only prove that the two component parts of the working day—necessary labour and surplus labour—were equal, and would not show how long each part was.

While on the one hand the working day is a variable and not a fixed quantity, on the other hand it can only vary within certain definite limits. The lesser limit is not fixed; it is clear that if we make the line BC (representing the surplus-labour) equal to nothing, there is a minimum limit, for the working day is reduced to that part during which the labourer must labour for his own support; but it is the very foundation of the capitalist mode of production that this necessary labour shall only be *part* of the working day, so that that day itself cannot under any circumstances be reduced to this minimum only. But though it has no lesser limit, the working day has a greater limit, for it cannot be carried on beyond a certain fixed point, and that point is determined by two things: the first is the physical possibilities of labour-power. A man can only expend a certain quantity of labour-power in 24 hours. Even a horse, one day with another, can only work 8 hours per day. During one part of the 24 hours a man must rest and sleep; during another part he must eat, work, and dress. These are physical necessities; but beside these there are, in the second place, moral necessities which limit the length of the working day. The mental and social needs of the labourer must be met, though the number and extent of those needs are of course fixed by the state of social advancement in which the man lives. There are thus both physical and social limits to the working day. Each of these limits is more or less elastic, and we find these working days of 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 hours—that is to say, of greatly varying lengths.

The capitalist buys labour-power at a certain price per day. He thus buys the right to use that power—he buys its use-

value—for one day. But how long is that day to be—in other words, what is to be the length of the working day? (*b*)

It is, at any rate, less than the natural day. But how much less? The capitalist of course has his own private notions about this *ultima Thule*, the necessary limits which fix the length of the working day. As a capitalist, he is nothing more than personified capital. His heart is capital's heart. But capital has only one object, one single life-motive—its tendency to create value and surplus value—to force its constant factor, the means of production, to suck up as much surplus-labour as it possibly can (*c*).

Capital is lifeless labour, which, like a greedy vampire, lives by sucking out the life-blood from living labour; the more blood it sucks, the fuller is its own life. The time which the labourer works is the time during which the capitalist uses the labour-power he has bought from him. (*d*)

If the workman spends this time for himself he robs his master (*e*). The capitalist then takes as his standpoint the law of commodity exchange. Like every other buyer, he wants to get as much benefit as he can from the use-value of his commodity. But the labourer, who has been silenced hitherto by the storm and stress of the production process, now comes to the front and speaks after this manner:—

"The commodity you have bought from me differs from all other commodities because its use creates use-value, and a greater value than its own. That was your reason for buying it. What appears on your part a natural growth of capital, is really the expenditure of more labour-power on my part. You and I only know one single law in the market—the law which governs commodity exchange; and the use of the com-

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(*b*) This question is of much more moment than the celebrated query to the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce:—"What is a pound?"—a question which Peel would never have proposed if he had not been as much in the dark as to the nature of money as the "Little Shilling men" at Birmingham.

(*c*) It is the object of the capitalist to get the largest possible amoun of labour from the capital he lays out (d' obtenir du capital dépensé la plus forte somme de travail possible). J. G. Courcelle Seneuil: Traité théorique et pratique, des entreprises industrielles. 2nd ed., Paris, 1857, p. 63.

(*d*) "An hour's labour lost in a day is a prodigious injury to a commercial state. There is a very great consumption of luxuries among the labouring poor of this kingdom; particularly among the manufacturing populace, by which they also consume their time, the most fatal of consumptions." An Essay on Trade and Commerce, etc., pp. 47 and 153.

(*e*) "Si le manouvrier libre prend une instant de répos, l'économic sordide qui le suit des yeux avec inquietude, prétend qu'il la vole." (N. Linguet, "Théorie des loix civiles," etc., London, 1867, vol. II., p. 466).

modity does not belong to him who sells it, but to him who buys it. You are therefore the owner of the use of my daily labour-power. But the daily price you pay me for it must enable me to reproduce it each day so as to sell it again. Leaving out of the question natural wearing-out because of age, and so forth, I must be able to-morrow to work with the same average power, health, and vigour as to-day. You are always preaching at me the gospel of 'economy' and 'abstinence.' Very well! Like a sensible and careful owner, I will save up my labour-power, which is my only wealth, and I will refrain from reckless wasting of it. Every day I will expend, put in motion, and throw into action just as much of it as is consistent with its average and proper duration and healthy reproduction. By making the working-day of an unlimited length you can consume in one day as much labour-power as I can restore in three. What you win in the shape of labour I lose in solid bodily substance. To use my labour-power is one thing—to destroy it is quite another thing. If I do a reasonable quantity of work, and the average life of a labourer is 30 years, the value of the labour-power which you buy from me each day is $\frac{1}{365 \times 30}$ or $\frac{1}{10950}$ of its entire value. But if you use me up in 10 years, instead of paying me daily $\frac{1}{3650}$ of its total value, you pay me only $\frac{1}{10950}$, or exactly $\frac{2}{3}$ of its daily value—in other words, you rob me each day of $\frac{2}{3}$ of the value of the commodity I sell to you. You use three days' labour-power and only pay me for one, and that is in opposition to our contract as well as to the law of exchange. I therefore require the working-day to be of the normal length, and I require this without appealing to your feelings, because in business matters there is no room for sentiment. You are no doubt a model citizen, and perhaps a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and also in "the odour of sanctity," but the monster which you embody when you stand before me has no heart in its bosom. The throbbing which is there heard is the beating of *my* heart. I therefore demand to have a working-day of a normal length, because, like every other seller of a commodity, I demand the proper value of my commodity" (*f*).

(*f*) While the great strike of the London builders (1860-61) was going on, for the reduction of the working-day to 9 hours, their committee issued a manifesto which contained a plea very much like that of our supposed labourer above. This manifesto ironically refers to the fact that Sir Morton Peto, the greatest profit-grabber amongst the master builders, was "in the odour of sanctity." (This same Peto, after 1867, came to a smash).

We thus see that quite apart from very elastic limits, the nature of commodity-exchange does not set any bounds to the working-day, or to surplus-labour. The capitalist upholds his rights as a buyer when he seeks to make the working-day as big as he possibly can, and, if it can be done anyhow, to make two working-days out of one. On the other hand, the inherent quality of the commodity sold to him limits the extent to which the buyer can use it, and the workman upholds his right as a seller when he tries to keep the working-day within definite and normal limits. We therefore find here an autonomy—a contest of right against right, both bearing the stamp and seal of the law of exchange. When equal rights contend, force is the arbiter, and thus it is that the history of capitalist production shows the fixing of the working-day to be the result of a struggle between collective capital represented by the capitalist class and collective labour represented by the working class.

(To be continued.)

Books of To-Day.

WE congratulate Socialists on the advent of a book which can be lent to the enquiring friend without any of the usual misgivings. How many of us are there who have not, at one time or another of our existence as Socialists, been asked by someone whom we have been, more or less successfully, trying to convert, what book he ought to read? And how many of us are there who have not hesitated to give an answer for fear of putting something into the catechumen's hands which would only have the effect of scaring him off? Pamphlets there have been in lavish abundance and of weightier volumes not a few, but for a book which should be "just the thing" most of us have long been looking in vain. This want has no doubt arisen from the fact that most of the Socialists who have the necessary capacity to undertake the much called for task are men of ardent temperament and strong convictions, and, when writing on the subject nearest their hearts, have a way of letting their enthusiasm run away with them. Many of our literary lights too, have a strain of eccentricity—or let us call it strong individuality—in their character, which is very apt to mar their work for the purpose under discussion. For instance, there is much that is good, and some that is extremely valuable, in Mr. Bax's "Religion of Socialism," but would his apology for the railway cheat be a likely bait for the nibbler at Socialism? Mr. Hyndman's "Historical Basis of Socialism" too, is an interesting book, and contains the useful results of a good deal of diligent, though somewhat desultory research, but as an aid to propaganda it is spoiled by the prominence of all those errors of judgment, taste and temper, those exaggerations and inaccuracies which do so much to render nugatory nearly everything that gentleman undertakes. The little pink brochure with the pretty cover, written some years ago by Messrs Morris. and Hyndman in collaboration, for the Social Demoeratic Federation, has somehow disappeared, and Mrs. Besant's "Modern Socialism," although the best thing of its kind published up to now, is hardly exhaustive enough to have more than a transient value. In these depressing circumstances it gives us great satisfaction to be able to chronicle the appearance of a book (*a*) which, as a manual *de propaganda fidei*, is quite certain to do immense good and equally sure to do no possible harm to the cause.

The author is not altogether *homo ignotus* to Socialists. Some time ago a good many of us were pleasantly surprised to find an article on Socialism in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* written by a man who had quite evidently taken the trouble to understand what he was writing about.

(*a*) An Enquiry into Socialism by Thomas Kirkup Longman, Green, and Co, London, 1887.

Such treatment was new to us—we had not been used to it, and we were duly thankful. But whatever claims upon our gratitude the article above mentioned may have given Mr. Kirkup, he has strengthened and enhanced them tenfold by writing the book now before us. For it is without exception the best piece of work that has yet been done on the subject. No one who reads it will be able to make the irritating remark that he "can't make out what Socialism means." If he does he will deserve to be kicked or prayed for, for he will thereby prove himself to be dishonest knave or hopeless fool.

The pages best worth reading are those of the introduction. After a brief but singularly clear-sighted historic survey, Mr. Kirkup traces the development of the movement through three stages. The first, the stage of private experiment, the era of Owen and Fourier; of whose schemes he says that although "most of them failed in the form given them by their founder, they exercised an important influence on the subsequent development of Socialism." The second stage was that in which Socialism began to form an alliance with democracy. Here the men of the time were Louis Blanc and Lassalle. The third is the present — the stage of scientific or conscious Socialism — of which movement "Marx is the critic and interpreter." Mr. Kirkup sees clearly enough, however, that it is not necessary to master "Das Kapital" in order to be a Socialist, and that quite enough for all our purposes is to be deduced from the statements and admissions of the "bourgeois" economists of our own country. "While in many writers, such as Jevons and Cairnes, there is this glimpse of the tendency to a new economic order, in J. S. Mill we have the conscious recognition that English economics must and ought to pass into Socialism. Should we regard this as the Utopian side of Mills' teaching, or is it only another proof that he was a man of wide horizon, of keener perception, and of deeper sympathy with struggling humanity than the best of his disciples? The question is worth considering." Mr. Kirkup has considered it, and he leaves little doubt in our minds as to what his answer is.

Against the charges of those "practical" persons who accuse Socialism of being elusive and contradictory, he defends it by saying that this apparent illusiveness is owing to its marvellous plasticity and adaptability, to its "Protean readiness to assume new forms as circumstances require." Surely the best of all qualities in a world-wide movement. "Surely such a movement with its robust strength, its exhaustless vitality, and rapid development cannot be reduced to a formula." Could it, we may add, it would be pre-ordained to speedy damnation.

Of those of our critics who are for ever picking out and holding up to ridicule the various fads, diversities, and eccentricities of individual Socialists, our author has some caustic words. "It might be thought," he says, "that while recording and condemning the errors of original thinkers, it should be one of the main functions of history to make prominent and perpetual whatever is salutary and suggestive of better things. With regard to the early Socialism, this reasonable method has been reversed. Of the valuable aspects of its teaching current history has had little or nothing to say, but it has persistently emphasized the quixotic and extravagant."

Passing from this most excellent introduction we come to a chapter on the rise of the present industrial system. The story told in this chapter is as horrible as a true tale of the development of Capitalism must needs be. From it we will select only one short passage for quotation. Speaking of *Laissez Faire*, he says, "By itself freedom is no solution of the real and positive difficulties and intricacies of social life. The principle of freedom only means that organisation should be suited and subordinated

to the good of man, and not made an instrument of constraint and suffering." The examination of the present system in Chapter III. is as thorough and as unsparing as any Socialist could wish, and we are not sure that the quiet, judicial method of Mr. Kirkup is not more effective than the highly coloured denunciations and diatribes of more enthusiastic believers. Mr. Kirkup on parasites is good reading. Hear him: "A most natural result of the present system is the enormous development in modern societies of the parasitic class. Wherever there is a rank growth of excessive wealth, of idleness and luxury, there all manner of unclean and questionable things grow and multiply. The social parasite may be generally described as one who lives on the social body, drawing his sustenance therefrom, without rendering any equivalent service, without doing any good and useful work. In view of ethical and social science it matters not essentially whether the parasite belong to the upper or lower ranks of the present body politic, whether he draws from it half a million pounds per annum or extracts from it a miserable tribute of ten shillings a week, the accumulated earnings of beggary or infamy. The difference is one of degree only. For there is a wonderful hierarchy in the parasite class, and each great parasite may have hundreds of dependants that prey upon him continually, and these, again, may have to afford subsistence to a lower grade. Still they are parasites, all of them, that live on society without doing any useful work. . . . . The names of those who have achieved eminent success in the struggle for riches, finding themselves under no necessity of exertion for a livelihood, and seeing the highest place in the fashionable world accorded to wealth disassociated from industry, naturally pass over to the ranks of the wealthy unemployed. As a natural accompaniment to these great parasites, we have another class of parasites, consisting of hangers-on, toadies, tuft-hunters, and all manner of flatterers and caterers of pleasure, prominent among whom is the *demimonde*, that most peculiar product of civilisation. At the lower end of the scale is the gnoble array of vagabondage, largely mixed up with and reinforced from the classes above described. She that began the lamentable career as the mistress of the rich man, ends it as an outcast on the streets, demoralised, drunken, and despairing."

The question—what is Socialism? is asked in Chapter IV., and in finding a satisfactory answer the author incidentally points out a good many queer things which Socialism is not. Perhaps, however, the best turn he has done us is his statement and examination of current notions on Socialism in Chapter V., in which he succeeds in separating the kernal from the husk in a manner worthy of imitation by some of our accredited propagandists. In dealing with the notion which some of these latter seem to go out of their way to foster, that Socialism and Christianity are antagonistic forces, he says, "It is also by many believed that Socialism is hostile to Christianity, and is naturally associated with secularism and a revolutionary materialism. So it frequently is and has been. But the connection of Socialism with views of this nature is purely an accident. Socialism has also been associated with Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant. Considered as a principle and theory of social and economic life, Socialism is marked by the entire harmony, and even identity, of its moral spirit with that of Christianity." And again, "Why should his economic emancipation be delayed, why should the struggle for it be confused and obscured by the importation into it of theological and speculative controversies which are foreign to it, and should be fought out in other fields and on their own merits." Why indeed, we may ask with Mr. Kirkup, and add on our own account that any man who does so confuse or obscure the issue, no matter how great his ability or how far beyond question his sincerity, proves *de*

facto his own entire incapacity and unfitness to be an apostle of the Cause In the same chapter he strikes a true note in appealing to the patriotism of his countrymen on behalf of the new faith. "The country that can first raise its working population to an intelligent and enthusiasti solidarity of feeling and interest, a compact nation of free, instructed men, would in the scientific warfare of to-day have an exceptionally strong position against Governments of Capitalists dragging after them an unwilling, demoralized, and ignorant host of proletarians. It would have all the enthusiasm of the armies of France during the First Revolution, joined to the more perfect technique of the present day." This is a sort of talk which we wish we heard more often from our able lecturers. In their desperate efforts to be "International" they too often forget one of the strongest emotions of western human nature. We remember with some sadness that Mr. Hyndman used to talk like this once, until he excited the animosity of the foreign element in the movement, who called him a "jingo" and frightened him into silence.

In his review of the prospects of Socialism in the last chapter, he deals with some of the familiar "objections," and we are bound to say that he states them more clearly than the most of our opponents, and refutes them more convincingly than the most of our friends. The "prospects" themselves he finds fairly brilliant, and he shews himself quite wide awake to the meaning of all the great streams of tendency of our time.

We are so much taken with Mr. Kirkup's book that we should have liked to have noticed it at even greater length, and to have reproduced from it many more passages, but we hope we have said and quoted enough to convince all our Socialist readers that it is their clear duty to get it, and to lend it freely. It is just the book to put into the hands of friends who are "interested in Socialism," and any Socialist who has no such friends must be himself but a feeble adherent and poor sort of creature. We ought to add that it is essentially Mr. Kirkup's method and matter and not his manner that has so greatly delighted us. His success owes nothing to his literary style, which is only up to the ordinary level of what we may call "good" writers; and as we do not like to end such a long review without picking just one hole, we may say that there are a trifle too many sentences beginning "Socialism is," &c., &c. Just this moment, turning over three or four pages, we came upon six of them. Although Mr. Kirkup has nowhere positively called himself a Socialist, it is impossible, after reading his book, to doubt that he is one.

Just another quotation, and we have done. "In any case the democratic movement is just beginning, and it is rather early to pass sentence upon it, but of this, at least, we may be sure, that the people who think that the democracy consists of votes by ballot, and that everything else will proceed in the old way will be grievously disappointed." Most grievously, Mr. Kirkup; and we hope and believe that for some of the rapidity with which that disappointment will come upon them they will have you to thank.

The United States of America must be a terrible thorn in the side of that well-meaning being, the half-way land reformer; for although he is a fairly purblind person, he must be more or less conscious of the hollowness of his cry for Free-Land, Taxation of ground rents, etc., etc., whenever he comes across such little pamphlets as that just published by the Land Nationalization Society (*b*). Perhaps he never does come across them, though. Let us hope he doesn't; for it is difficult to believe in the honesty of a man who, after reading Professor Wallace's address, can still believe that

(*b*) Land Lessons from America. By Alfred R. Wallace, LL.D., F.R.G.S., Land Nationalization Society, 57, Charing Cross, S.W.

anything short of the complete destruction of Land Monopoly will make even a beginning of the cure of the evils of our time. In America every reform for which your Radical clamors is the law of the land. There is no primogeniture or entail—there is complete registration of sales and mortgages, cheap and easy transfer—and full taxation of land values. Over and above all these advantages the Americans possess a practically inexhaustible extent of land—much of it being of wonderful fertility—and yet all the evils of which we here complain are there "as rife as sins." "Land speculation, which we think is bad enough with us, is but a trifle here compared with what it is in America. It is the great mode of making money." How about the putting a stop to the iniquitous speculation, gentlemen of the joint committee for the taxation of ground rents? The prohibitive price of land in England is frequently attributed to the smallness of our supply. Well, in Boston it is selling at £160,000 an acre, and even in the small towns of Massachusetts it fetches from £300 to £400 an acre. Again, our land system is blamed (and rightly) for the way in which the homes of our people are crowded together, and for the absence of gardens and breathing spaces. But how little the pet remedies of our land reformers will do to alter this state of things may be judged from the fact that in the suburbs of Washington the houses are still more closely huddled together; two "villas" being built on a frontage 30ft. wide. "One of the most disagreeable features of American houses to Englishmen is that there are no gardens." Wholesale evictions go on as merrily in the land of 'Triumphant Democracy' as in Connaught—or Bethnal Green—and twenty million acres are held by non-resident landlords! Now we are firm believers in experimental legislation, and we hold that statecraft, like every other science, can only be mastered by careful experiment and patient observation—by much disappointment and many failures; but in this matter of Land Reform it seems to us that the experiments have been made for us, the favourite radical remedies have been tested and proved spurious, and nothing but political cowardice will cause the lesson to be lost upon us. We hope that this tract will find its way among the members of the Free Land League and that ilk.

As Dr. Wallace has demonstrated the failure of the current Radical nostrums to cure, or even much alleviate, the evils of Land Monopoly, so do Dr. and Mr. Aveling bear efficient testimony (*c*) to the futility of mere political reforms in curbing the baneful power of Capitalism. In the Radical Paradise—the land without an expensive Royalty, or State Church, or hereditary legislature, the Capitalist system, they tell us, "Thrusts on the notice of everyone the fact that in society to-day there are only two classes, and that these are enemies." This thrusting on our notice is, it seems to us, the one redeeming feature which Capitalism in the United States possesses. If a war is going on, it is desirable that its existence should be recognised by all parties concerned. And this is especially true in the case of the class struggle of to-day. The sooner our workers realize the true nature of the conflict, the more active and intelligent will be the part they bear therein, and the more readily and patiently will they submit to the discipline which is the *sine qua non* of victory. In America, this recognition by both sides seems to be already a *fait accompli*, and the result is that the fight is fiercer, more cruel—that less quarter is given and taken, and that the inevitable end, the abolition of classes in industrial peace, lies in a nearer future there than here. Into the sickening story of the war, as told by the authors, we have no inclination or intention to go here.

(*c*) "The Labour Movement in America. By Edward and Eleanor Marx veling.—Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London, 1888.

The Capitalist *qua* Capitalist is pretty much the same animal all the world over, but he is perhaps a trifle more ferocious, a trifle more remorseless, a trifle more of a tyrant and a swindler on the other side of the Atlantic where he sees his danger, than in the old world, where he still deceives himself with a false security. Chapter IV., which is practically little more than a series of excerpts from the Bureau of Labour Reports, is a picture of the American species of the beast, which proves him to be in every way worthy of the sympathy and support of his English relative; and how readily and with what overflowing measure that sympathy and support are meted out to him has recently been shewn in the comments of the English press on the late judicial murder of the Chicago Anarchists. The efforts which Dr. and Mrs. Aveling put forth over here on behalf of these victims of Capitalist fear and vengeance appear the more honourable to them when one reads the chapter which treats of Anarchism in the United States. In trying to bring public opinion in England to bear upon the Governor of Illinois, they were literally returning good for evil, for the bitterest attacks to which they were subjected during the time of which this little book is the record were made by the Anarchist writers and speakers, and Herr Most, *more suo*, proposed shooting them "on sight" before they landed. We commend the authors' remarks under the head of "Anarchists" to those of their colleagues in the Socialist League who have been bitten by the craze, and who are even now showing symptoms of the consequent hydrophobia. "Everywhere they (the Anarchists) have proved a hindrance to the real working-class movement; everywhere they have proved a danger, since the police have egged them on to premature and disastrous *emeutes*; and everywhere, happily, they disappear when once the movement obtains real power and meaning. Everywhere Anarchism (especially when police inspired) talks very big. . . . The fruit of Anarchism has invariably been reaction, a throwing back of the movement and a confusing of men's minds." All this strikes us as being very good sense, and for that reason it has probably gained for its authors a good deal of bitter and unscrupulous enmity. The book ends with some interesting pen-portraits of some of the American working-class leaders, and is altogether well worth the reading of English Socialists and Radicals.

Mr. Salt has republished, in a neat little volume (*d*), some of his literary essays and criticisms which have appeared during the last few years in the monthly magazines, and the book is worth buying to those who take pleasure in an occasional quarter of an hour spent in literary society. Mr. Salt is an appreciative but not a keen critic; he seldom sparkles but he never bores. He appears to prefer criticising the authors whom he loves and for whom he has some amount of enthusiasm, rather than those of whom he might be tempted to say hard things, and, with perhaps one exception, none of the essays before us are written from a hostile point of view. The exception, if it be one, is the article on *The Tennysonian Philosophy*, which appeared in the pages of this magazine in February, 1884, and even here Mr. Salt's attack is strictly on the Laureates' views, and not at all on the manner in which he expresses them; for the perfection of which he has nothing but the highest praise. While agreeing generally with Mr. Salt's estimate of Lord Tennyson's philosophy, we are not quite sure that he is altogether fair in finding fault with him for making the nurse in *The Children's Hospital* say that she could not serve in the wards if she did not believe in Christ. The ethical standpoint may not be the highest; but the fact remains that at the present moment many such women would give the same reason for their goodness and

(*d*) Literary Sketches by H. S. Salt. Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co London, 1888.

elf-devotion, and in that fact lies Lord Tennyson's justification. We iffer entirely from Mr. Matthew Arnold and, we presume, from Mr Salt, n regarding poetry as a *criticism* rather than as a *representation* of life. Besides, this poem is dramatic in form—it is, indeed, what Mr. Browning would call a "dramatic monologue" and, theretore, the views expressed by the characters must not necessarily be attributed to the poet. Few members of the Browning Society, we fancy, would care to see their master saddled with the opinions of Bishop Blougram. One of the most interesting and appreciative Essays is that on *The Works of James Thomson*—and we hope it will do something to make the poems of that writer more widely known; for although we cannot place him in the first rank of modern poets, he was a head and shoulders taller than any one in the second. The paper *On certain Lyric Poets, and their critics.* is an admirable and successful attempt to deal critically with that mysterious and elusive entity Lyricism—of which the author says, "We can scarcely hope to define it successfully, for it is well-nigh indefinable; we can only appeal to the intuitive perception of those who can bear witness what a reality it has been to them. It is the charm of expressing by language something far more than what is conveyed by the mere meaning or the mere sound: the power of evoking an echo from the spiritual world, such as music can often give us, or the clash of distant bells. It is the miracle of kindling by words that divine sympathy with the inarticulate voice of the elements, which we feel in the presence of the wind, the sea, the mountains." This is very wise and very just as is also Mr. Salt's contention that "prose has its lyrics as well as poetry" in support of which he quotes a supremely beautiful passage from *Vilette.* Someone has said of Mendelssohn that "he has not much to say but he says it like a gentleman." Paraphasing the quotation we may sum up our notice of Mr. Salt's volume by remarking that he has not much to say but he says it like a catholic and cultivated critic.