TO-DAY.

No. 52.—MARCH, 1888.

In the Shadow of the Cross.

Lift up the Cross!
Here, in the crowded street,
Here, in the hurry and heat,
The whirl and toss!

Who passeth by?—
The Rich, whose careless hand
Flaunts in a starving land
His luxury.

The Lord, whose whim
Strangles the herd he drives.
Great God! Who gave men lives
To hold from him?

Traders, whose greed
Taxes the scanty food
O' the starving multitude
In direst need.

The Priest tithe-paid:
But as the plunderer passed,
The Cross far from him cast
Its shivering shade.

And fell in the dust
Of an abode unclean,
Where lay dead Magdalene,
Toy of man's lust.

Who passeth by?—
Lo! An unheeded group
Of Toilers, from whose troop
Men drop and die.

These are who sow,
But reap not of the grain;
Who toil for others' gain
In want and woe.

Whom law deprives,
That rich men may amass;
Who in God's sunlight pass
Their sunless lives.

This too behold!
In life's first tender years,
A Child in rags, in tears,
Hungry and cold.

Oh, land up-piled
With wealth! Set on a height,
As apex of thy might,
This trembling child!

This child, to whom
No arms are stretched in love,
Save that wide Cross above,
Dim in the gloom.

The Cross alone!
Symbol of Him, who bade
The children come, and laid
His hand on one.

The child's light weight
Is on thee heavily pressed,
As on a dying breast
The hand of fate.

Thy Sun's eclipse,
The doom that thou shalt bear,
Is in the unanswered pray'r
On a child's lips.

Lift up the Cross!
Raise high the very Christ!—
Not him, whose myth the priest
Is hired to gloss.

He lives who died!
Though His mute symbol be
But this rough rotting tree
With arms stretched wide.

Its arms outstretch,
Whilst from His dead lips fall
Tidings of love to all,
Or rich, or wretch.

I too have prayed,
Though weak and wanting faith,
That Love may bloom beneath
The Cross's shade.

H. B. LINGHAM.

The Whip Hand.

A POLITICAL STORY—IN THREE PARTS.

By A. Gilbert Katte.

PART II.

WHEN Sir Reginald Hastie entered his drawing-room, half-an-hour before the usual dinner time, his first glance at his wife's face told him that the sooner he made known his good news the better. Lady Hastie was a beautiful woman, but never did a beautiful woman look less like being a pleasant *vis-à-vis* at a dinner table than did she at that moment. She was sitting in a rather stagey attitude with one arm thrown over the back of a sofa, and in her other hand she held on her lap a monthly magazine. Two or three novels lay on the sofa beside her. She had evidently found it difficult to read. She looked up at her husband as he entered, and then turned her dark eyes with an angry flash and a vicious drawing down of the corners of her fine, contemptuous lips. She had been at the point of speaking and restrained herself with a muscular effort. Sir Reginald missed the look but he saw the hardening of the muscles of the cheek which was turned towards him, and he knew that a storm was close. He usually kissed his wife when meeting her after an absence of hours, but he decided to omit the ceremony on this occasion. He walked up to the fire, rubbed his hands cheerfully, and said with a perfectly jovial and easy air.

"Now Ethel, guess where I've been this afternoon?"

"There is no need for me to guess, I *know*."

The words were delivered in such a well restrained *staccato* voice, and the passion beneath them was so well concealed that for a moment he really believed that someone had seen him in Curzon Street and had told his wife, who had jumped to true conclusions.

"The deuce you do," he said, "then you don't seem very well pleased at it; my dear."

His tone was so entirely genuine that Lady Hastie saw that

her shaft had somehow missed the mark. If he had anything interesting to tell he might as well tell it before she fired again, she thought.

"Where have you been"? she asked.

"Ah, I thought you didn't know—I've been to Branstock's—he sent for me."

This was unexpected—she rose from the sofa, adjusted the pink shade on a candle which stood upon the mantle-shelf and said, putting as little curiosity into her voice as possible,

"What does Branstock want with you? Are you to have something to hold your tongue?"

The slight sneer in her voice and on her lips was a mean one, as a good deal of Sir Reginald's obstructive criticism in the House had been made at his wife's instigation.

"No" he answered, still good humouredly, "on the contrary I'm to have something to use it."

"Well, what is it Reginald? Don't be childish, I think I have some right to know at once without all this mystery."

"My dear, you've every right to know and you would have known some minutes ago, only you more than suggested that you knew already—I'm to have the Exchequer."

Lady Hastie's eyes danced for a second and the black look on her face almost cleared away.

"The Exchequer" she repeated, "what, in the Cabinet?"

"Ah, your omniscience didn't run to that, did it, my Ethel? And there's more to follow, I'm to lead."

"To *lead*! When?—Oh, until Mr. Smeeth is better I suppose."

"Yes, dear, quite so—until then. And as poor Smeeth gave up the ghost some hours ago that is likely to be for some time to come. But really Ethel, it is time for me to inquire where *you* have been to-day, that you have not heard news which is all over London."

She walked slowly to the end of the room, her head bent low; as she turned again she said in a low voice.

"You're a lucky man, Reginald."

The adjective didn't please him. He stepped towards her. "Yes" he said "the stars in their courses, and so on, of course. But I think you must credit something to my own brains—to *our* brains at any rate. Come, let us kiss and congratulate, and then go down and drink to the coming premier—and his charming wife."

He was going to embrace her, and one hand had already touched her shoulder. As it did so she drew herself up suddenly. He dropped his arms and stepped half a pace back. "What on earth *is*—" he was beginning.

"How dare you touch me—?" she cried with an imperious

gesture of contempt. "How dare you come here at all? You have no right even to come near me."

This had been a day of startling events to Sir Reginald Hastie, but the very genuine look of surprise with which he greeted this outburst shewed that this was the most startling of them all.

"What *do* you mean, Ethel?" he asked rather feebly. Meeting with no answer but a vicious look he added in an angrier tone than any in which he had yet spoken. "Let us have an end of this. You've been damnably enigmatical altogether lately. What is there in the background. Has my news to-night entirely turned your brain, or *what* is it?"

"Let us have an *end* of it, by all means" she answered, drawing herself up to her full height, clenching her fists and holding her arms stiffly at her sides. "There *shall* be an end of it. You either give me up, and you know what else that means, or *her*!"

A good deal of Sir Reginald Hastie's success in politics was owing to the rapid, indeed, the almost instantaneous manner in which he grasped every side of an opponent's case at once. When older and more sophisticated politicians fenced and dodged and beat about the bush, pretending not to see the strong points in an argument, replying only to the weak ones, he always addressed himself at once to the real difficulties, and incontinently withdrew from really indefensible positions directly they were threatened. This faculty of taking in the situation at a glance failed him as little in domestic as in public difficulties. He now saw at once that his wife was not merely "bluffing," and assuming a knowledge which she didn't actually possess. He dropped the offensive and his face immediatelyassumed a business-like expression. He turned away from her, leaving her standing in the middle of the room in a dramatic pose, sat down, crossed his legs, and leaning forward, asked in the tone of one addressing a hostile solicitor's clerk.

"Well, and now what are your exact terms, Ethel"?

Although Lady Hastie had quite made up her mind to impose terms, and not very easy ones, she had by no means come to a decision as to their exact nature. Like most women she had hesitated to take a final position from which no retreat was possible. She had meant to have a "row," a great "row," and she had meant to come well out of it, for she felt she had the whip hand. But she had looked at the whole matter from the emotional and not at all from the business point of view. Her unreadiness showed itself in her face, and her husband felt he had scored the first point. He had, but it was a very small victory. His coolness and her own sense of being baffled acted upon her as would a smart blow from

a cane upon a man whose weapon was a sword—it only made her angrier and more determined to use her advantages unsparingly.

She dropped her tragedy queen manner and tried to imitate the tone and expression of her husband. She came and stood in front of him, he pointed to a chair but she took no notice of the gesture—

"Understand then," she said, much more quietly, although her voice trembled "that this woman must be given up. Given up!" Getting passionate again, "no, I'll take no promises—she must leave London, leave England altogether—and leave at once. Stop, let me finish," seeing him sit back in his chair and apparently about to interrupt. "Don't tell me you *can't* do it, you can have money, you know that, I can pay for it as I pay for everything else."

"That you want," he added as though to complete something she had left unsaid. "You are quite right, of course I can do it if I like. I am glad to note that your estimate of my power has risen. You once doubted my ever being in the Cabinet, you may remember. But what I *can* do is not to the point. Do sit down," glancing at his watch, "dinner will be ready almost directly. But now, what if I decline your terms, my dear Ethel? You have considered that possibility, of course. What are your alternatives? You won't leave the youthful statesman, surely?

"I shall write to my brother to-night," she said, "making as though to go towards the door, "and I shall see Mr. Dunlop to-morrow. I will have a separation, and every one shall know how I've been treated." The last words with a passionate sob.

He rose and stood between her and the door. "I see the point exactly," he said, rather excitedly, "a public scandal, as fools will call it, will drive me out of the Cabinet and the House, too, for that matter. Oh yes, I see it all, but remember if I am not a Cabinet Minister you won't be a Minister's wife. Stop, Ethel," he raised his hand seeing that she was about to interrupt. "Think what you're about, I'm not going to lie or pretend that you haven't got hold of the truth, but you're no worse off than any of the women you know. Even if people do get wind of this business, it doesn't matter to you, no one will think any the less of you. Isn't it worth while to be a Prime Minister's wife, even if I am like all other men?"

She made a few steps towards the door and he made a few steps back. "What do I know about 'other men' and 'other women,'" she cried with a shrill note in her voice. "I tell you *you* must give the woman up. *Other* women! other

women haven't made their husband's careers as I have made yours. Do you suppose I am going to have you coming from her to me, and going from me to her? No, I would rather go back to the States and leave England altogether, and let you fall back into the insignificance my money saved you from.

The injustice of the taunts as to making his career and saving him from insignificance irritated him even more than the vulgar shrillness of tone in which they were uttered, though that was bad enough. Lady Hastie's "money" was the accumulation of a Yankee hotel keeper (on a very large scale) and some traces of her early environment were apt to shew themselves in her voice when that voice grew angry. Those who have anything to hide in the way of social antecedents should learn to keep their tempers, especially if they happen to be women. The more delicate the material the sooner the spots show themselves.

He made a desperate effort to keep his own voice down to the conversational pitch and succeeded. The effort also suppressed to some extent his rising temper. Six years hard fighting in the House of Commons had taught him that even ten seconds consideration before retort is better than nothing.

"Well," he said, "if this is your ultimatum I suppose I must consider it. I suppose you must feel the matter keenly if you are ready to give up your own position as well as ruin mine. You shall have your answer to-morrow."

She was going to reply, but a voice from the door behind him stopped her.

"Dinner is served," it said.

He offered her his arm which she did not take, and they left the room side by side. The silence during that meal, Lady Hastie's want of appetite, and Sir Reginald's evident thirst caused some interested speculation below stairs.

A couple of hours later Sir Reginald was once more standing at the front door of No. 118A, Maida Vale, nervously pulling at his moustache, and with a worried, haggard look on his pale face.

Working-Class Usury.

I HAVE been invited to submit for consideration a point which may afford matter for reflection to the more sanguine section of the Socialist party. This point, I think, tends to establish the view that the "worst fault of the capitalist class —the exploitation of workers by usury or interest"—is by no means confined to that one class, but is exhibited in a sufficiently virulent form amongst the workers themselves. Socialists commonly divide Society into two distinct groups—the exploiters (capitalists) and exploited (labourers). Let us see if this arbitrary division is warranted by facts.

Everyone who has come into familiar contact with working men is aware that amongst the wage-slaves themselves there is a class of small money-lenders, who advance trifling sums to their mates, and exact a rate of interest which would make a West End usurer's hair stand on end. I knew one man, himself a wage-worker, who in this way lent several pounds to his fellows; and he charged interest at the rate of *one penny per shilling weekly*. It is some consolation to know that he was frequently obliged to bewail the loss of his *capital*.

Apart from individual cases—which are, perhaps, hardly a fair test—the existence of a very large number of working-class loan societies affords evidence of the exploiting tendency to which I have referred. These bodies usually assume some quasi-benevolent title, such as "Friendly Society," "Friends of Labour" and the like; but the name is generally the only friendly element in them. Their real object is to exploit the thoughtless and unthrifty element to the no small advantage of the cooler and craftier. I have before me the cards of two societies of this kind. The rules of the first (which, like the Prince of Darkness, shall be nameless) provides that "no member shall be allowed to borrow any money until he or the (his) surety shall have sufficient money in the funds to cover the amount and interest." "Interest to be charged at the rate of 1s. in the pound [until lately the charge was 2s. in the pound]. Any member who may neglect his loan repayment

shall be fined 1s. per week for those weeks he omits paying." This simple and charming arrangement provides that, when a member has contributed £1 to the funds, he can borrow that £1 on finding a surety, paying a high rate of interest, and rendering himself liable to fines if he fail in his weekly repayments of 1s. If any member do not borrow at least 10s. per share, he incurs a fine of 1s. per share.

The other society calls itself the "Friends of Labour," and is constructed on essentially the same lines as in the preceding case. It provides, in addition, "that sums of money from 1s. to £1 be granted in interest at the rate of one halfpenny in the 1s. *for the week* [italics mine,] but all money so borrowed must be repaid on the following Saturday." Again, every member is obliged to borrow, or suffer the consequences in the shape of a fine (1s.).

Now, what is the real object of these Societies? It is obvious that if all members borrowed to the same extent, paid the same rate of interest, and escaped fine-penalties, no one would be better or worse off at the end of any given term. The fact is, however, that some members borrow more largely than others, and thus one section profits at the expense of the other. The careful and comparatively well-to-do usually "take one loan on each share in the course of the year," or perhaps prefer to pay the fine instead of doing so. But what of the others? The intemperate man, who worships twice a week at the shrine of Bacchus, thereby losing wages, and perhaps his situation; the unhappy father of a large family, borrowing to buy boots or bread for his children; the unemployed in temporary distress; the needy, the sick, the disabled, without resources to meet an emergency—these, and others in similar plights, are the larger borrowers and interest-payers, the victims of working-class usury. A member in easy circumstances will find that the bread which he casts upon the waters of the "Friendly" society will return to him after many days, together with a substantial slice from the loaf of his poorer fellows.

It appears to me that no mere alteration in social institutions will extirpate this apparently universal tendency of the strong to take advantage of the weak. I cannot discover the *social impulse* to be generally diffused in *any* class; and of what avail are institutions which are not the embodiment of noble impulses? Bill Sikes would be Bill Sikes, were he never so faultlessly arrayed in masher garments; and proletarians who exploit the proletariate by "Friendly" societies differ only in degree from that *bête noir* of Socialists—the "capitalist" *per se*.

GEO. STANDRING.

Socialism and Foreign Trade.

THE discussion of administrative details for Utopia is a pastime from which sober-minded Socialists habitually abstain. The effect which is produced on the "practical-minded" individualist by this Puritanical attitude, is familiar to all Socialist lecturers, and the grunt with which, after firing off one of the seven stock questions, "How will *you* deal with, &c.," the Bradlaughite subsides, on the explanation that under Socialist conditions the problem which exercises him could not arise, will no doubt long continue among their recurrent experiences. But there are some questions of general policy the key to which remains the same, both for a Socialist and for an Individualist community, there are some topics of social economy,—currency, for instance, population, foreign trade, to name no others—which, so far as they are problems now, would continue just as puzzling to ill-educated persons under any conditions. Now on some of such topics Socialists are unfortunately not at present agreed. The sanguine epigrammatist who pronounced that truth differed from error in its capacity for being rediscovered would, probably, in a more bilious moment, have reversed his proposition, with equal applause from the venerators of epigrams, if not with equal wisdom. And when the Socialist lecturer gratuitously reverts to the opinions of Law on paper currency, and Henry George runs wild in visions of unlimited populations producing on limited areas ever-increasing averages of wealth per head, the grunt of the Bradlaughite and of the Radical politician does not leave unwrung the withers of the Socialist bystander. And as regards Foreign Trade, with which alone this paper is intended to deal at any length, is it not strange that we should find Socialists returning to-day to the "ancient provender" not of the Radicals, nor of any previous workmen's party,—fingering the foolish

rags of protection, the broken engine that was forged to augment the rents of country squires and the profits of unscrupulous capitalist employers, and which in the period of its activity in England effectually reduced the workers to rates of wages more truly at starvation level than they have ever been before or since?

It has been charged against Socialists, by the superficially critical, that they are generally infected with some other current "fad" in addition to the central insanity by which they class themselves. We are, and it is to be hoped shall remain, a tolerant generation, and we do not desire to bludgeon, or lock up, or even to brand as insane the ordinary individualist bourgeois, in spite of his latent bloodthirstiness, his bestial "proprieties," and his childish and degrading religions. Without, therefore, imputing any special perversity of inclination to middle-class Socialists, it may be admitted that they are frequently found among minorities in other opinions having no visible connection with the principles of Socialism. Our friend, Creighton, illustrates this in a notable manner. Creighton became known to me first as one of Mr. Ruskin's amateur road makers at Oxford. In the physical world that road led nowhere: it came to a stream, and stopped, and no man travels its indomitable macadam. In the intellectual world it led to Socialism, but this was hid from the wise and prudent, and the stone breakers were judged eccentric. Subsequently Creighton became conspicuous among the much ridiculed inaugurators of that revival of taste which has now pretty thoroughly revolutionised the decorative and textile arts, and I remember that for the venting of his superfluous energy he flamed fitfully for a time in the forehead of the anti-vaccination movement. Since then, while the work of the Socialist propaganda has absorbed him more and more, a notable collateral interest for him has been, among other good works, to promote by example and precept the weaning of European populations from their inveterate custom of maintaining vital heat by the use of animal fibre within the body and vegetable fibre without, a Pythagorian and Jaegerite crusade, aiming at nothing less than a kind of universal conversion of the breeches of Brian O'Lynn. This mission became clear to him, I believe, in the course of his agricultural experiences, when he set himself to put to shame the querulous British farmer, and to purge himself from the reproach of his middle-class antecedents, by producing his own food by manual labour on an unletable farm. The financial exigencies of the experiment enforced economy in outgoings for butcher's meat and laundry, the discipline of roots and rye porridge has permanently reduced his standard

of sapidity, whilst having once learnt to wash his clothes by walking in the rain, and dry them by wringing them out and going to bed in them, he retains no delusions as to the merits of leather boots and linen made rigid with paste. So far do his convictions carry him, that on my departure not long ago for a brief holiday in the South Downs, he thrust into my hand about a gross of round chemist's labels, stamped with the warning legend "For External Application Only," which he begged me to affix to the sheep which he had heard abounded in those parts, and to any other local wool-bearing fauna now treated as edible. I was in company with Creighton at the annual love-feast of the Brotherhood of the Passionate Pilgrims, and having fallen into conversation with a visitor, to whom he had introduced me as a friend, I was extolling his astonishing parts and his wide and versatile sympathies. Whereupon an incautious fellow-pilgrim struck in, regretting that Creighton should expose himself (and thereby the Brotherhood) to the imputation of crankishness, by his association with the Sciosophists. "Yes," replied the stranger, "well, ah, that's what we at the Sciosophical Society always think about his Socialism." I cannot suppose that the stranger knew us to be Socialists as well as Pilgrims, but the moral stands.

What has all this babble of Pilgrimage and green meat to do with "Foreign Trade?" This much. That openness of mind which causes middle-class Socialists, who have had some education in economics, to join with innovating minorities in many by-paths of social interest, occasionally leads men of the class who have become Socialists less from study and sentiment than from actual experience of the cruel pressure of the capitalist system, to accept, from mere lack of thought and attention, the specious fallacies as to the evils of "Foreign competition" and the benefits of "Protection," with which the Tory party are even now hoping to indoctrinate the English workers. Such Socialists generally see clearly enough that the Protection now advocated would only benefit a few of the owners of the means of production, leaving real wages lower than ever, but, if my own experience may be taken as typical, they are not indisposed to think that Free Trade is a capitalist policy and that the means of production once socialized, English industry would need protection against the competition of foreign products made by wage-paid labour in countries still suffering under a Capitalist system; while some Anarchists appear to regard (*a*) foreign trade as an unmixed evil, and as an invention devised for and conducive to the exclusive benefit of the capitalist exporter, and to look forward to a period when, all the present barbarous obstacles to

(*a*) See *Freedom* for December, 1887.

international commerce having vanished, the inhabitants of each commune shall contentedly forego its benefits, and confine their resources to those which the soil and climate of their own locality or country will supply. I probably misrepresent their views, but their language admits the interpretation. Now these are nonsensical errors into which there is no excuse for any one to discredit Socialism by falling. Sciosophy is an occult and elevating science, and is, at any rate, beyond the reach of vulgar criticism, but elementary economic blunders, in a movement mainly economic, are inexcusable and damning.

The fact that such opinions are found among Socialists may excuse the discussion, which would otherwise be premature and unprofitable, of the conditions of commerce between countries in which systems of collectivism should have been established, or between such countries and others in which the present property system should be still prevailing, and of the commercial policy which such circumstances would render appropriate. Those who do not look for the proximate solution of our industrial difficulties in the direction of any form of organised collectivism, National or International, will certainly judge such a discussion unprofitable, and it must proceed on the assumption, that the handling of the industrial problem on Socialist principles will not immediately, nor within any period of which we need take account, result in any considerable breaking-up of the great administrative areas into which the nations of the world have crystallised. We must assume that the names of nationalities, more or less extensive, will continue to coincide with such administrative areas, and that the Land and Capital of each national area will be considered the property of the people occupying it, and will be administered in the interest and according to the desires of that group of people. Such an assumption is no doubt open to many criticisms. The sentiment of nationality, as a divider of peoples, the old jealous patriotism, with its blind devotions and prejudices and passions, is for the humanity of our age, a barbarous and evanescent emotion. Its source and its justification, in modern times, is alien oppression, and that alone. For a people free and unthreatened, patriotism is felt to be ridiculous. The free class of our century, the class that has leisure to learn and means to travel, is cosmopolitan; it is the working man that is ticketed as "British." And yet, in spite of this—though "Love thou thy Land," is daily supplemented more and more by "Love thou thy fellow men"—though the development of Industrialism is destroying national barriers, we can scarcely look forward to any early introduction of international collectivism among all civilised people. This opinion is not affected by the consideration, which with many

is a conviction, that Socialism or Collectivism can only be established—in any or all of the countries of the Western world, by means of an international association of the proletariate. Such an association may be the indispensable means for bringing about the transfer of the instruments of production to the several communities which it represents, but the administration of those instruments must be left chiefly to the executive agents of the several social areas. And that if this be the case this administration will be carried on in the interest of each special community to as great an extent as is compatible with the maintenance of international concord, who can doubt? Is it not the fact that, among the strongest and most efficient national proletariates of the world, those of England and America, we see but little tendency to internationalism, rather a considerable amount of self-sufficiency? And do we not, conversely, see in those foremost industrial countries, and in other countries of Europe, considerable indications of an inclination towards *national* Collectivism, most clearly evidenced in the advance of the Land Nationisation movement, a movement having nothing of internationalism in it; in the organisation of the Knights of Labour, and in the various instalments of State Socialism attained in several countries? Surely we are much nearer to national Collectivism than to international, and surely the latter is more likely to follow than to precede the former, even in so superficial a form as that of a permanent international Committee of the workers. The reasons for this probability are pretty plain. The very arguments which at present induce towards National Collectivism act, in the mind of imperfectly Socialised man, to make such countries as America and England fight shy of International or cosmopolitan collectivism. When we propose the nationalisation of Rent and Interest, in England or the United States, we are proposing to distribute among the whole peoples of those countries certain special advantages of their soils and their accumulated Capital, to give the Kerry fisherman his share of the rent of Cornhill. But as Cornhill is to the coast of Kerry, so are the average advantages of America and England to those of Siberia and the Rann of Katch, and the American and English peoples, occupying fertile and wealthy lands, and administering those natural resources with consummate efficiency, are not so well prepared to distribute the rents of their inheritance and of their abilities among the denizens of the salt marsh and the steppe, as they are to apportion for their own advantage the tolls at present paid to non-effectives among their own countrymen.

I think it probable, in short, that national Socialism will develop itself long before International, on the brutal ground

that the most advanced nations will prefer to stick to, rather than to share, their special advantages. If any one questions this, let him reflect on the attitude of the working-classes of such countries towards the immigration of foreigners desirous of sharing those advantages. Other reasons might be specified, but the hypothesis made may perhaps be allowed to pass without further defence.

Assuming, then, systems of National Collectivism, more or less complete and satisfactory, to have been established in several countries, we are to consider whether any action should be taken by a community to penalise or to encourage any form of foreign trade in commodities or men, whether the advantages of Free Trade are only for Individualist Societies, and whether a Socialist state will encourage or fear foreign immigration.

One more paragraph by way of preface. There are two forms of Collectivism which it is necessary here to consider. First there is the form which may be called Trade Collectivism, under which the workers of each trade or profession should be collective owners of the instruments of production in that trade, and second, what may be called Social Collectivism, under which all instruments of production should be the collective property of the members of a certain society, having a common area of habitation. National Collectivism is of course of the latter form, and it is this form that we have to deal with. It is at any rate the form for which I think Socialists should look, the other being retrogressive. We do not want to see the land and farming capital of England the property of the agricultural class, nor the mines of England the property of the mining class, nor the railways the property of the railway officers, nor the roads the property of the road menders. Still less do we want to see what may be called Factory Collectivism, namely, the land of separate farms, or the water power of separate rivers, or the natural resources of separate mines, or the capital of separate factories, or the secrets of particular processes, the exclusive property of the small groups of workers there and therein employed. Our object as Socialists I hold to be Social Collectivism, whereby we should aim at effecting that the advantages of all the land and capital of the area occupied by our society, however, those instruments might be apportioned among the members for their use, should be shared among all the units of the social group, which social group we have assumed will at the outset, and for a long period under any system of collectivism, coincide for many purposes with the present national group, with its central and local administrative machinery. Under such a system that which benefits one trade cannot fail to benefit the

community, and each trade will share in advantages gained by the community as distinct from that trade.

The case for Free Trade under present conditions can be very shortly stated.

Foreign Trade is the means of internationalising the advantages of different countries in the production of wealth. It is an obvious benefit to each of two nations to exchange useful products peculiar to each, the most ardent Protectionist has long ceased to advocate a tax on cotton for the benefit of wool growers. It is equally obvious that there is an advantage in such an exchange as one of English coal for Indian wheat, when the labour required in England to bring to market three tons of coal is less than that required to produce a quarter of wheat, whereas in India the labour cost of wheat is much less than that of coal.

Assuming that the saving is sufficient to pay the cost of carriage, it is obviously of advantage that each country should devote its industry to the production of those forms of wealth which its natural resources of climate or soil, and the special efficiency and genius of its workers, enable it to produce with less expenditure of labour than they can be produced in other countries, or with comparatively less of such expenditure.

If Labour furnished a common measure of value, and three tons of coal were the equivalent of five days' labour in London and ten in Bombay, whereas a quarter of wheat represented six days labour here and four there, each country would save itself several days labour by an exchange.

If the advantage were only comparative, that is, supposing the labour cost of both corn and coal were less at Bombay than in London, each quantity instanced costing in Bombay four day's labour, it would still be of advantage to both that England should export coal for wheat if the coal could be produced here so much more cheaply than the wheat, say for five days' labour as compared with nine, that the product of that five days' labour here would bring in the Bombay market (as it would in the case suggested) corn which it would cost more than five days' labour to bring to market here.

Foreign Trade only comes into existence when there *is* mutual advantage of such a kind. When we establish a market by an annexation of territory, or exclude foreign competitors, we do it in order to secure to ourselves such an advantage of foreign trade, the advantages usually conferred on the other party to the intercourse being the satisfaction of artificial and deleterious tastes leading to the extermination of the savage races affected or to the destruction of their national life. When neither of these results is effected, we introduce the blessings of capitalist production.

The differences between various countries in power of wealth production, leading to profitable trade, are of endless variety, beginning with purely natural characteristics of soil, climate, &c., and passing up to such purely social characteristics as national genius and taste, and the contemporary level of science, invention, and efficiency. The importance of removing all impediments to the international adjustment of these local facilities for the satisfaction of universal wants, which is expressed in a Free Trade policy, is not questioned by Socialists.

Short-sighted Protectionists still assert that the importation of foreign products throws home labour out of employment. To this, for an Individualist, it is a sufficient reply that every importation of foreign produce must be paid for by an exportation of an equivalent amount of home produce, so that the actual diminution of employment of labour is limited to the difference between that which was required to produce—say—the corn whose place is now supplied by import, and the coal which is now produced to pay for the imported corn. It is plain that the country gets its supply of corn by the exercise of just so much less labour, and that this labour is available for the supply of other wants in other forms of industry. Some Protectionists affirm that this advantage is counterbalanced by the loss due to the disturbance of industry. This is demonstrably not the case, but even if it were the fact that the economy for the many were dearly purchased at the price of the injury of the few, the evils caused by the shifting of employment are just one of the things which it is the first object of Socialism to remedy and prevent. Out of the saving gained by any foreign trade that can be profitably established we could indemnify all the workers that are at present injured, and have some actual gain to spare, through the economy of the labour rendered available for other modes of wealth production.

Such incidental evils of Foreign Commerce as now attend its extension Socialism will remedy by the organisation of production. Advantages and disadvantages will be distributed equally. But Socialists see also in the development of certain kinds of Foreign Trade, as of all other industry, an evil which to Individualists may not seem one, and which certainly does not seem one to the protectionist manufacturer. They see that, when the extension of Foreign trade displaces one productive industry by the substitution of another, employing more fixed capital in proportion to labour, then the incidental evils which have been referred to are aggravated by the fact that the gain of the foreign trade goes to the capitalist and not to the working class. But this disadvantage also, they see that the transfer to the workers of the instruments of

industry will put an end to, leaving the advantage to be enjoyed in common by the nation.

There is a third consideration which influences Socialists in the direction of Protection, namely, that each country should be so far as possible self-contained and self-supporting. If this opinion is anything more than a relic of barbarism or a shred of insoluble stupidity, it can only apply to the present condition of the world, when military or tariff operations may suddenly cut off a commercial intercourse naturally advantageous. Assuming that it is recognised that foreign trade means economy of labour, and that we need not contemplate perpetual war among socialist communities, the question whether "self-sufficiency" is an end to be aimed at becomes mainly one of taste. It is evident that each country *cannot* produce all the kinds of wealth which it needs, or can utilize and enjoy, so that unless it is to deny itself the enjoyment of those which it cannot produce, it must abandom the ideal of independence, and when commodities can be obtained for a less expenditure of labour by purchasing them with home products than by producing them directly ourselves, the virtue and excellence of refusing this advantage is not apparent. I can see no gain to our national character in the growing of sugar-beet, and tobacco in England, so long as our whole supply of sugar and tobacco can be easier grown elsewhere, while in the case of such a commodity as corn where is the advantage of the extension of its cultivation on the worse soils, if our country is better suited for manufacturing industry, and our agricultural land and labour can be more profitably utilised for fruit, vegetable, meat and dairy produce?

The exclusion of foreign commodities from our home market would, under present conditions, serve in some cases as a rude expedient for preventing the sudden destruction of an industry, and the throwing out of employment of the wage workers therein. Protection against Continental bounty-fed sugar would have done this for the Sugar Refiners. It would have done it at the cost of sacrificing all the enormous increase in the consumption of sugar as food, the extension of sugar manufacturing industry in the jam and confectionery trades, the transfer to England of businesses of this kind formerly carried on in other countries, which have resulted from the recent cheapening of sugar. Out of our national gain by the Continental Sugar Bounties we could have indemnified a hundred times over the handful of English workers who have suffered by them. This much may be said for Protection, and only this much, that by its application we can temporarily shield one industry from displacement, by a tax on the whole nation, amounting to much more than the sum of relief given

to that industry, and that the result aimed at can be more cheaply attained by a direct subsidy to the persons whom it is desired to protect. Such a subsidy ought certainly, even now, to be given to the men whose means of living are absolutely extinguished by a foreign competition by which the nation profits. But both Protection and subsidy would be rendered unnecessary by the organisation of industry, and by the establishment of some machinery of social consciousness whereby the nation should be made aware of the vicissitudes of production, and quickened to provide against the waste and misery which they at present entail.

A few words as to the "competition of underpaid foreign labour." Having recognised that cheap imports are nothing but a gain to a nation if provision is made (as it can be) against the local and temporary hardships they may occasion, we are still confronted with the question whether by permitting these imports we are not profiting by the oppression of the workers in other lands. So far as the cheapness is due, not to superior efficiency in the producers but to the lowness of their pay, so far, no doubt, we are profiting by their necessities. In the case above referred to, we have profited by the taxation imposed on the nations of the continent for the benefit of the sugar growers and refiners, and, by refusing that profit, and discouraging the bounty-fed production of beet sugar, we should have diminished the robbery of the workers in the exporting nations and encouraged their industry to revert to forms of production more really appropriate. But when the cheapness of the import is due simply to the low standard of living of the producers, then we shall not in any way assist them by refusing to receive such imports, except in cases when the import in question is of a kind whose production is being introduced in the exporting country by the establishment of a new industry which gives a greater return to capital, and less employment to labour, than the old industries which it is superseding. In such a case, presuming that Capitalism is still dominant in the exporting country, our gain would mean loss to the workers there. If the conditions of industry remain the same, by refusing their cheap imports we shall be simply depriving them of the advantage of trade with us, and still further lowering their wages.

Though "competition in the home market" cannot hurt any intelligently organised state, yet, on the other hand, no devices except brute force can protect any nation from suffering from foreign competition in neutral markets. All commercial nations are now fighting to establish for themselves exclusive markets in various parts of the world, but where there is no exclusive market the nation which can best supply that

market will get the trade, and the other nations will have to do without the immediate advantages of trade with that market, and fall back upon their own resources. English exporters are crying out that this is coming upon us now, owing to the fact that other nations are riivalling us in the manufacturing efficiency whose earlier attainment by ourselves gave us the start in the markets of the world. And when America ceases to hamper herself for the profit of the manufacturing capitalists by her preposterous tariff, her splendid natural resources and the ingenuity and efficiency of her workers will undoubtedly put her at the head of the commerce of the world. Then, having no longer the special advantage of being the most efficient available manufacturers, we shall fall back into our proper place in the scale of the wealth of nations; we shall have to go back to growing more of our food at home, and to reconcile ourselves to the fact that England is a country poorer in natural resources than America and much more thickly populated. Then will be made clearer than they are at present the conditions of the last problem of international trade, namely, that of the trade in *men*.

At the present moment we are face to face with the problem of the immigration of a class of foreign workers, who, being content to live on bread and onions, are displacing London workers in the labour market. This immigration, under present conditions of industry, we are prepared to stop, from purely selfish motives as a nation. These people come here because they prefer life here; we are prepared to prohibit their gratification of this preference because it causes us inconvenience. But assuming that English industry had been reorganised on Socialist principles, would not the conditions be the same? Should we not be inclined, from purely selfish motives, to check the immigration which would infallibly set in from less fortunate countries, because such immigration, if it lowered (and it certainly would lower) the average of efficiency among our workers would diminish the share of the national wealth which would be available for each individual? If we go further, and assume that Socialism were established in all civilised nations, should we not then still have this opposition of national interest to foreign immigration in all countries where population and industry had adapted themselves in the most advantageous manner possible to the resources of the country? The most determined Anti-Malthusians will scarcely deny that a country rich in natural resources will carry a denser population than a poor, infertile country, or that additions to the population of America would now be of more advantage to the world than additions to that of England. If this is so, it seems clear that the establishment

of Socialism in all countries would leave the question of foreign immigration much where it is, and that the occupants of the countries richest in natural resources might be as jealous of admitting foreigners to a share of their advantages as the American and Australian democracies are already growing to be.

It should be noticed that the thorough-going Free Trader is even under present circumstances averse to the prohibition of foreign immigration. His argument is, briefly, this. If cheap imports are an economic advantage, it is equally advantageous to have the same commodities produced cheaply in the country. Protectionists reply that the economic advantage would in this case be accompanied by a social disadvantage, the infusion among our workers of foreigners of dirty habits and a degraded standard of living, which would add to and complicate the economic disadvantages which they assert must result from the competition of foreign goods in our home market. And to those who though not thorough-going Protectionists, would prohibit certain kinds of foreign immigration, they apply an argument, apparently exactly the converse of that of the Free Trader, namely—If the competition of low paid foreign labour in our own market is disastrous when the labour is employed here, is it not equally disastrous when the labour is employed in Belgium or France or Germany or Sweden? To this criticism we may reply—That the Free Trader, if he takes the Individualist view in economics, and is a believer in Capitalism and Laisser Faire as the consummate Social order, is consistent in his objection to interference with immigration, and holds, that, as the Protectionist charges, such immigration *is* as economically desirable as the free importation of cheap commodities. But that most modern Free Traders, looking at the question in its social rather than in its purely economic aspect, see clearly enough that pauper immigration has an immediate effect in lowering the standard of comfort of the workers which the importation of goods does not necessarily have, and that its disturbing effect on employment is more direct, though not different in kind. This, and the other social disadvantages indicated above induce them to draw the distinction which the Protectionist cavils at. *We* see, further, and as Socialists condemn, the fact that such immigration adds to the profits of the capitalist and middleman quite as much as to real cheapness of commodities. If this were not the fact, if the economic advantage of the new cheap labour went to the whole nation as consumers, the position would be that we as a nation were exploiting these workers as they are now exploited by the middlemen. We do get some advantage in this manner even now, but we believe the cheapening of slop clothes to be more

than countervailed by the evils of the immigration that has cheapened them. Now it is obvious that under no circumstances could a Collectivist nation exploit the labour of foreign immigrants for its own general profit. Therefore, if it accepts foreign immigrants at all to a share of the rent of its lands and the advantages of its accumulated social capital, it must be on condition that their advent does not diminish the average share available for the present members of the nation. At the present time the democracies of the new continents are inclining to decide what immigrants fulfil this condition by drawing a distinction between skilled and unskilled workers. In proportion as they gain possession of their lands and other instruments of production we may expect to see the question of the distinction to be observed become more and more important. The limits of this paper do not admit of any adequate speculations as to the probable manner of its solution.

To sum up—it appears that Free Trade in commodities can become an *unmixed* advantage to a country only under a Socialist system, and that the particular discomforts which, as all Free Traders admit, now accompany it, and which Protectionists exaggerate till they blind them to its vast balance of advantages, even under present conditions, can all be averted by the organisation of industry and the resumption of Rent and Interest by the working community; but that the question of immigration, difficult enough now, owing to the fact that its advantages and disadvantages depend entirely upon the particular circumstances of each country, and the particular capacities and character of each immigrant, concerned, will be but little simplified by the establishment of National Collectivism, if it is to be decided entirely by economic considerations.

It is, however, scarcely conceivable that the world can advance so far in Socialism as has been assumed in the suppositions made in this article, without the suppression of the purely economic by the social motive, to such an extent as very greatly to modify the conditions of the latter problem. When men co-operate for comfort instead of competing for riches, life can, by modern methods of production, be made tolerable enough in most countries to diminish very considerably the old world necessity of migration, while the reinstatement of the proletariate in the ownership of the instruments of production, and the raising of their standard of intellectual and material subsistence, will undoubtedly result in the slackening of that rate of increase of population which has been so notable a feature of the capitalist period of industry, and which has resulted in the great European emigrations of the last fifty years.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

The Gospel of Getting On.

(To Olive Schreiner.)

I SAW a mother teaching her little son. Two books lay on her knee open. The one was the Gospel of Christ, the other was the Gospel of Getting On.

She read from the Gospel of Christ the following lesson.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. This is the whole law and the prophets."

She closed that book and read from the Gospel of Getting On.

"Thou shalt get fame, and heap up riches. This is the law of the Nineteenth Century and the Political Economist."

I saw the boy leave home for school, carrying with him the two gospels.

"Be a good boy" his father said, "and get on."

"Don't forget to say your prayers," whispered his mother, "and get on."

* * * * * * * *

The boy came home for the holidays, bringing a prize with him. He had got on. And his friend, Lord Tom Noddy, was made much of by his father and mother; for Lord Tom Noddy could by-and-bye help him to get on. Smith and Jones, who had won no prizes, were quite forgotten; although they were poor, and had no homes to go to. But Lord Tom Noddy was introduced to everyone as "such a good friend for our son."

* * * * * * * *

I saw him at college, getting on. Sometimes he fell asleep in chapel, while a Don read "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; this is the whole law and the prophets." But out of chapel he carried everything before him; he got on.

One evening I saw him rowing on the Cam. He looked full of hope, young, handsome! And with him was one who could never get on; a little thing, weighted by ignorance, tethered by poverty, with just enough sense to love and worship.

She was singing a song, and this was the chorus.

"Oh talk not to me of a name great in story.
The days of our youth, are the days of our glory."

The waters rippled the music. The girl's voice had a sickening sound of pain in it. His face was full of eagerness. He rested on his oars; and I watched the boat—drifting.

* * * * * * * *

He left college, and entered his father's business. Every

morning he went to the office; and people said the junior partner was sure to get on. He gave donations to charities, money made by the long hours and low wages of men and women who worked on his premises. He read the lessons in Church, the Gospel according to Jesus of Nazareth.

Later on he married.

"My dear" his wife said, "you must be a Member of Parliament. I will start a new charity, with a Royal Princess as President. A charitable institution helps a man to get on."

* * * * * * * *

Then I lost sight of him.

But one night I saw him again.

He was standing by a grave near the Cam.

A voice asked, "Who murdered this woman?"

Answer came, "This man."

"Why did he do it?"

"To get on."

"Who taught him that doctrine?"

"His mother."

"Where did she find it?"

"In a spurious gospel."

"What is it called?"

"Getting On."

"How old is it?"

"One hundred and fifty years old."

"Who are its priests?"

"The Political Economists."

The voice said:

"Bring that gospel, and spread it out before me."

A roll fell from the man's hand. The pages were covered with black letters. The capitals were written in blood. The stops were curses. There was the trail of a dying crofter's finger upon it, and blots——the sweat of Irish peasants. Strong men weeping because they had no bread to give their children were drawn upon it, also pale-faced girls, and mothers groaning over their stunted babies.

It lay open on the grave by the Cam.

The voice asked, "are there none left that follow Jesus of Nazareth.?"

Answer came, "A few Socialists."

Then I saw a small group of men and women. They had crowns of thorns on their foreheads; and they pressed the thorns down into their flesh.

Saying,

"Love thy neighbour as thyself. This is the whole law, and the prophets."

JOHN LAW.

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy.

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

Section II.—The Hunger of Surplus-Labour.—Manufacturer and Bovard.

Surplus-labour is not the invention of capital. Wherever any portion of a community monopolises the means of production, the labourer, slave or otherwise, must necessarily add, to the labour-time requisite to produce his own means of subsistence, extra labour-time to produce the means of subsistence for those who possess the means of production (*a*) whether those possessors are the καλός κάγαθός of Athens, the Etruscan theocrat, the *civis Romanus* the Norman baron, the American slave owner, the Wallachian boyard, or the modern landlord or capitalist (*b*). It is at the same time, evident that in any given economic condition of society in which use-value and not exchange-value preponderates, surplus-labour must be limited by a given number of needs, greater or less it may be, but that the nature of the products themselves does not give rise to an inextinguishable thirst for surplus-labour. Thus it is that in ancient times over-work only seems horrible when its object was to get exchange-value in its independent specific form of money—when, that is, it was employed in the

(*a*) "Those who labour . . . . in reality feed both the pensioners . . . . (called the rich) and themselves" (Edmund Burke, *l c.*, p. 2).

(*b*) In his "Roman History" Nebuhr naïvely says:—"It is evident that such works as the Etruscan, the very ruins of which astound us, presuppose in small (!) states, lords and vassals." Sismondi speaks far more to the purpose when he says "Brussels lace" presupposes wage, lords and wage-slaves.

production of gold and silver. In this kind of labour the compulsory working to death of the labourer was the regular thing, as readers of Diodorus Siculus know for themselves (*c*). Still these are exceptional cases, even in antiquity. But so soon as communities whose forms of production still move within the lower sphere of slave labour, corvée labour, and so on, are sucked into the maelstrom of an international market, controlled by capitalist production, the sale of their products to go abroad becomes their leading interest, and the civilised evils of over-work become grafted on to the barbaric evils of slavery or serfdom. Thus negro labour in the slave states in America maintained some relics of a patriarchal character so long as production was devoted to producing what was required to satisfy its own needs and those of the immediate locality. But just in proportion as the vital interest of those states became bound up in exporting cotton, did the over-working of the negro (his life being sometimes worn out in seven years) become a factor in a calculated system. It was not now a matter of getting out of him a certain proportion of useful products, but a question of the production of surplus-labour. The same thing happened with the corvée in the Danubian Principalities,—now Roumania.

There is matter for special interest in comparing the greed for surplus-work in the Danubian Principalities with a similar greed in English factories, because in the corvée surplus-labour has an independent and substantial form.

We have supposed the working-day to be made up of 6 hours of necessary labour and 6 hours of surplus-labour, and on this footing the free workman presents the capitalist with 6×6 or 36 hours' surplus-labour every week. It is the same thing as if he worked three days a week for himself, and three days a week for the capitalist for nothing, though this does not appear at first sight, because necessary labour and surplus-labour run one into the other. We can therefore represent the same idea by saying that in each minute the labourer works 30 seconds for himself and 30 seconds for the capitalist. But this is not the case with the corvée, because the necessary labour which the Wallachian peasant does for his own support is marked off by a broad line from the surplus-labour which he does for the Boyard. This fact, however, makes no difference

(*c*) "One cannot look upon these unfortunate wretches [in the gold mines between Egypt, Ethiopia, and Arabia], who cannot even have clean bodies, or clothing for their nakedness, without pitying their deplorable lot. There is no indulgence or forbearance for the sick, the feeble, the aged, or even for the weakness of woman. Forced by blows, all are compelled to labour on till death puts a stop to their sufferings and their distress" (Diod. Sic., Bib. Hist., lib. 3, c. 13).

to the quantitative relation between necessary labour and surplus-labour. Whether called corvée-labour or wage-labour, three days' surplus-labour every week remain three days labour which yield no benefit to the workman himself. The capitalist's hunger for surplus-labour manifests itself in a striving after the unlimited lengthening of the working day, while the Boyard's hunger shows itself as a direct hunger for more days of corvée(*d*).

In the Danubian Principalities the corvée was combined with rents in kind and other incidents of bondage, but it was by far the most important tribute paid to the governing classes. Where this was the case serfdom very rarely gave rise to the corvée, but on the other hand the corvée was the origin of serfdom in many instances. What happened in the Roumanian provinces was this. The original mode of production was based on a community of the land, but not in the Slavonic or Indian shape. Part of the soil was cultivated in severalty, as being freehold, by the community; another portion—the *ager publicus*—was tilled by them in common. The products of the common labour were used in part as a reserve for bad harvests and so on, and another part as a public store to provide for the costs of war, religion, and other general expenses.

In course of time the authorities, military and ecclesiastical, grasped the labour spent on the land as well as the land itself, and what had been the labour of free peasants on the public land became corvée for the pillagers of that land. This corvée grew into a relationship of dependence, which existed *de facto*, though not *de jure*, until Russia, the world's liberator, made it lawful under the sham of abolishing serfdom. The code of the corvée, proclaimed in 1831 by the Russian General Kisseleff, was of course prompted by the nobles themselves, and by this *ruse* Russia gained at one stroke the rulers of the Danubian provinces as well as the plaudits of the liberal *crétins* all over Europe.

This code was called the "Réglement Organique," and by it every peasant in Wallachia is compelled to give every year to his self-styled "landlord," besides a great many payments in kind, the following:—

1. 12 days of labour.
2. 1 day of field labour.
3. 1 day of wood carrying,

In all, 14 days yearly. But the working day, with acute perception of political economy, is not the ordinary

(*d*) What follows refers to the Roumanian provinces before the change brought about by the Crimean War.

working day in its accepted sense, but the working time requisite to produce the average product of a working day, and that average is so cunningly reckoned that not even a Cyclops could do the work in 24 hours. In plain English, the "Réglement" declares, with genuine Russian irony, that 12 working hours=the product of the manual labour of 3 days. 1 day of field labour=3 days, and 1 day of wood-carrying also=3 days; that is, 42 corvée days in all. To this was tacked on what was called "jobagie," or the service due to the lord upon extraordinary events. Every village has to provide a definite annual proportion of this "jobagie," according to the number of its inhabitants. This extra corvée is reckoned at 14 days for each Wallachian peasant, so that the prescribed corvée mounts up to as much as 56 working days every year. But in Wallachia the agricultural year contains only 210 days, and 70 of these—40 for Sundays and holidays and an average of 30 for bad weather—are not taken into the reckoning; so that only 140 days are left. The ratio of the corvée to necessary labour ($\frac{56}{84}$, or $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.), shows a much smaller rate of surplus labour than that which prevails amongst English agricultural or factory labourers. But we must remember that this is only the corvée ordered by law. And the "Réglement Organique" is so framed as to allow of its own evasion to a far greater extent than the English Factory Acts. After it has turned 14 days into 56, the nominal day's work of each of the 56 is so contrived that part of it must fall on some other day. For instance, in one "day" a quantity of land must be weeded which cannot, especially on maize plantations, be done under double the time: and the legal "day" for some sorts of field labour is so interpreted that the "day" begins in May and ends in October. In Moldavia matters are much worse even than this, and a nobleman, drunk with victory, once exclaimed that "the 12 corvée days of the 'Réglement Organique' mount up to 365 days in every year!"(*e*)

The "Réglement Organique" of the Danubian Provinces was, in effect, a positive expression of the greediness for surplus-labour which was legalised in its every paragraph; and the English Factory Acts are the negative outcome of a similar greed. These Acts put the rein on the lust of capital for an endless sucking up of labour power, by forcibly narrowing down, by state authority, the limits of the working day, and this in a state controlled by capitalists and landlords. Not to speak

(*e*) For further details see E. Regnault's "Histoire politique et sociale des Principautés Danubiennes" (Paris, 1855).

of the movement among the lower classes, which day by day grew more and more ominous, the same necessity which suggested the spreading of guano over the exhausted fields gave rise also to the limiting the hours of factory labour. In the one case reckless greed for gain had exhausted the soil, and in the other it was plucking up by the roots the vital force of the country. Recurring epidemics spoke on this subject as clearly as did the diminishing military standard in France and Germany (*f*).

(To be continued.)

(*f*) "As a general rule, and within definite limits, animals which exceed the medium size of their race furnish proof of their prosperity. In the case of man, if his growth is interfered with, either by physical or social causes, his bodily stature is reduced. In every country in Europe in which the conscription prevails, the average height of men, and their general fitness for military service, has grown less since the conscription came into operation. Prior to the revolution in France (1788) the minimum height for the infantry was 165 centimetres; by the law of the 10th March, 1818, it was reduced to 157; by the law of 1852, to 156; and in France more than one half are rejected because of short stature or some bodily defect. In 1780 the military standard in Saxony was 178 centimetres; it is 155 at the present time; in Prussia it is 157. Dr. Mayer stated in the *Bavarian Gazette* for May 9th, 1862, that the result of a nine years' average in Prussia was, that 716 out of 1000 conscripts were rejected as unfit for military service—317 because of short stature, and 399 on account of physical defects . . . . Berlin could not, in the year 1856, furnish its *quantum* of military recruits, but was 156 short." (J. Von Liebig: "Chemistry in its relation to Agriculture and Physiology," 1863, 7th edition, vol. 1, pp. 117, 118).

Books of To-Day.

"The Redemption of Labour," is an imposing title (a) to a large octavo well printed volume, in a neat red cloth binding, bearing on the side a large gold cross with the usual motto underneath, *In hoc signo vinces*. This is the best that can be said of the book. It has apparently been written by a well-meaning Christian, who has been either unwilling or unable to acquire a rudimentary understanding of the elements of Political Economy. We do not, of course, assert that there is any gospel of Political Economy, irrefutable and infallible, but we do assert that a few points in the science of economics have been fairly well worked out, and that if these points are to be attacked they must be met with keener logic than that of Mr. Phipson.

To begin at the beginning, the definition of wealth. This is a question to which Professor Sidgwick—with needless refinement, perhaps—has devoted half of a big book. Mr. Phipson hastily jerks off the following dictum: "*Wealth* may be defined, in respect to the individual, as the possession of what is more than sufficient to satisfy his own desires; in respect to the community, as the possession of means for providing a more than average degree of comfort." The second part of the definition is hopelessly obscure. The first part is clear enough, but it gives to the word *wealth* a meaning which would not be recognised by the majority of people who daily use that word. When we speak of a wealthy man we do not mean an ethereal creature who, like a Hindoo joghi, is beyond all desires, but we mean a man who possesses plenty of the goods of this world, or else the means to buy them. Certainly in our more moral moods we sometimes say, that "true wealth is to be found in the extinction of desire,' but this is not the wealth that leads to complications between capital and labour, and disputes between landlord and tenant. If this were the only wealth worth seeking, Mr. Phipson would not have written a book in which he discusses at considerable length the question of private ownership of land and the undesirability of a metallic currency.

Having laid down this definition our author proceeds in the old Harriet Martineau style to describe an imaginary community of savages, and to deduce from their imaginary conduct, under imaginary circumstances, explanations of the real phenomena of modern social life. Mr. Phipson's savages, or "natives" as he calls them, are particularly interesting. A "native" is apparently a perfectly naked human being, having a strongly developed desire for food and for canoes, and for nothing else, but willing to go occasionally "on an expedition fixed by his priest for the next full moon." In the conduct of this individual is to be found the key to every economic problem of Western Europe in the 19th century. But even this poor creature has to be further whittled down in order to get a satisfactory argument out of him. So one of him is made to want nothing but food—he does not even rise to a full moon trip—but is willing to make canoes for those "natives" who want both canoes and food. Then arises the great problem how much food must be given for one canoe.

We will not follow the discussion of this weighty question, which is illuminated by occasional interpolations of eloquence such as the following:—"Were this right restored to him, liberty would again prevail, and the stranded bark of self-wrecked humanity, floated free for

(a) *The Redemption of Labour*, by Cecil Balfour Phipson. Sonnenschein, 1888.

another voyage, would be left to choose, as of old, between shaping its course by the shifting currents of ignorance and of pride, or humbly seeking guidance from the Day Star on high." In the course, however, of the argument about the relative rights of these two "natives," we get a glimpse of the great parting line which separates the sons of men into two classes, *food-workers* and *other-workers*. A *food-worker* is a man who produces food, an *other-worker* is a man who produces anything else, but primarily, of course, canoes. The redeemer of labour does not define explicitly who are food-workers. Apparently he decides that a carrier is not a food-worker, even though he carries food. But how about the waggoner who draws the corn from the field to the threshing floor? He is certainly a carrier, but without him food would rot on the field. Again, is it only the farmer who is a food-producer, or can the miller claim that honoured title? And where does the baker come in? While if these are both food-producers and happen to live a few yards apart, the carrier question comes up again. Further still, does the word food include drink? Is beer food, because if so farmers and labourers who grow hops are food-producers. But sometimes hops are used for dyeing cloth, so that a poor labourer who honestly thought while bending his back double planting hop-setts, that he was a *food-worker* becomes willy-nilly a mere *other-worker*.

This distinction between food and all other objects of desire is a pure fiction of the author's brain. As a matter of fact food is the thing least desired by naked savages because they generally live in a climate which makes food so plentiful that only a trifling effort is needed to secure it. It would be much nearer the truth to say that *ornament* is the object of universal desire. From cowrie shells to dress improvers we may trace this world-wide craving, and the savage who forgets to eat while the tattooer decorates his skin, is paralleled by the city clerk who stints his meals to purchase a top-hat.

We have been so long detained by Mr. Phipson's imaginary native, that little time remains to criticise the rest of the book. There are many able passages in it—especially the quotations from Henry George—and when the author can forget his native for a little while he describes very clearly some of the economic phenomena of modern times. For example he rightly draws a distinction between the wealth of an individuals and the wealth of a nation, and he explains the origin of profit accurately enough. "*Profit* therefore springs from *monopoly*, and its measure is determined by the duration of this latter in respect to the intensity of the demand." Some of the deductions, however, which he draws from this analysis are open to exception.

The remedy suggested for all the ills of the world, is that the tenant of land should be vested with all the freeholder's rights, subject to the continued payment of the rent originally agreed upon. He may sub-let the land, and his tenant may again sub-let, and so on *ad infinitum*, but as soon as a contract of tenancy is made the lessor ceases to have any power over the estate, which vests absolutely in the lessee subject to the payment of the quit rent. Besides this *remedy* there is a device for a paper currency based on wheat values. We regret that we have not had time to study this proposal in detail.

Those who wish to possess a collection of extracts from the writings of almost every modern author, from Hegel to Mr. Hyndman, would do well to buy Mr. George Lacy's volume on "Liberty and Law," (*b*) but to those who have no such desire the book will be valueless. The author to some extent disarms his critic by modestly stating in the first lines of

(*b*) "*Liberty and Law*," by George Lacy. Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey and Co., London, 1888.

his preface that "this is not a work written by a thinker, especially for thinkers," but when he goes on to attack the Ricardian law of rent, and to assert that "rent is the chief element in the cost of production," one feels that his diffident account of himself and his book is a trifle supererogatory. Mr. Lacy is such a well meaning person that we don't feel disposed to say hard things of him and for that reason we do not criticise his work at any length, for to do so would be to say some very hard things indeed. But we must protest against his calling himself a Socialist. No man should be allowed to name the name of Socialism who believes in a censorship of the press, and in compelling people *wille nille* (the spelling is Mr. Lacy's) to record their votes at elections. Socialists have to run counter to so many mistaken ideas of "Liberty" that they should be especially careful not even to appear to levy war upon the fair goddess herself, and no one in their ranks should be permitted to blaspheme her without prompt and vigorous protest and repudiation. We trust, for Mr. Lacy's own sake, that this, his first entrance into the arena of polemical literature will also be his last. If he is badly worried by the *scribendi cacoëthes* he should relieve himself by carefully copying and collating a series of quotations from great authors on Philosophy, Economics, Sociology, etc., and publishing them without comment. For such a task he is admirably fitted, and the little volume would be of much more use to the "youth of Great Britain and the colonies" (to whom "Liberty and Law" is addressed), than his present very puzzle-headed attempt to "discredit that set of doctrines known under the comprehensive name of Political Economy." Until Socialists learn that the orthodox economists so far from being our enemies are really, and in their own despite, our best friends and most useful allies, the Socialist movement will continue to "mark time."

When we read that prosy and pedantic production "Scientific Meliorism," we voted it the dullest piece of printed matter that we had ever worried through. But in her attempt at a novel(*c*) Miss Jane Hume Clapperton has beaten even her former very high record. It is a perfectly preposterous book. It contains the life-histories (told at considerable length) of no end of characters; but in none of them does the author manage to excite the very slightest interest; and as to the "Socialist Home"—well, rather than an hour spent within those terrible walls give us an eternity beside the "Capitalistic Hearth," even as sketched by the acrid pen of Mr. Belfort Bax. Fancy having to live in "unitary" relation with a young woman who talks like this: "I am keen, I am too impetuous. . . . I am introspective you know: you are not"! Another of the delights of Miss Clapperton's Yorkshire Utopia is the being put "under criticism." This is the sort of thing it is—A young man attracted by the intricacies of household drainage and water supply has signified his desire to begin life as a plumber; (is it not Mr. Walter Besant who says that it is impossible to think of a plumber without laughing?) whereupon a meeting of the community is called to discuss his character in his presence, and of him the heroine says—"His intellect is synthetic, rather than analytic, and the practical in him takes the form, at present, of planning his future, arranging, contriving, uniting his ideas into a symmetrical whole. His synthesis, built on plumbing, was imposing!" Now, of course, if there was much of this sort of thing in the book it would be as good reading as is Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Dynamiter," but there isn't; such flashes of humour are rare, and in spite of the synthetical would-be plumber, we caution our readers to fight very shy of "Margaret Dunmore."

(*c*) *Margaret Dunmore, or A Socialist Home*, by J. H. Clapperton. Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co., London, 1888.