TO-DAY.

No. 58.—SEPTEMBER, 1888.

In Town.

When shall I hearken once again
The long-drawn murmur of the main,
The nearing roll, the thundering roar,
The clashing pebbles of the shore,
The melancholy minstrelsy,
The music of the unfailing sea!

While in the city streets I go
And hear the din and see the show,
Oh, let my mind in secret turn
To seas that break and skies that burn,
Until I know, as ne'er before,
The barren beauty of the shore!

To me the sea, and sky, and shore,
So dear, so far, shall then be more
Than in that solitary hour
When first I learned their soothing power;
Deep in my soul abides with me
A cloudless sky, a boundless sea.

ADELINE SERGEANT.

Digitized by Google

Idols of the Sty.

(Special Pleas for the Status Quo.)

WHEN an animal has been trained and encouraged for generations in a certain habit, it will judge of the works of the universe that they are good or evil according as they minister to, or impede, the exercise of the habitual activity. When the activity encouraged by the special training is one which was originally pleasant, the moral standard will accord with the free exercise of the particular function. This much we may safely assert of the psychology of all conscious animals, beginning with civilised man.

Having learnt from St. Francis and Darwin to approach all our poor relations with due reverence and sympathy, we cease to judge of them as disgusting or ridiculous, or at any rate as more so than man; and it is accordingly in no spirit of levity that I present for sympathetic consideration the psychology of the Pig.

A certain colour of philosophy has been deliberately imputed to the pig, in contempt of his quality, both by Horace and Carlyle, by the former in genial satire on himself, by the latter, to point a sneer at thinkers more conscientious and coherent. They did but follow the careless popular verdict which has immemorially attached [to him a reputation for debased hedonism. No doubt the beast is much what man has made him. If we consider h[illegible]n his wild state, or in those youthful days which in the individual reflect the infancy of the race, we recognise a creature of Teutonic disposition, solid, active brave, sociable yet independent, of a rollicking and somewhat boisterous humour, affecting mysterious powers, of seeing the wind and the like, a hearty feeder, yet clean in his eating, home-loving, and domestic in his habits. Taken young, he can still be taught his rudiments, and shame the illiterate concourse at a fair, but man, having other uses for him, has rarely trained him further, or added anything to the godless education of the Board School. He has availed himself of the pig's domesticity and good appetite to convert him into

Digitized by Google

a stationary lard factory. Already, ere he is half grown, shades of the fatting shed begin to close around the growing intelligence of the porker; the sole enjoyment, the sole activity allowed him, is the consumption of hogwash. Thrown back upon himself, and on the primary self-regarding appetite of nutrition, the young pig, erudite perhaps, but not yet religious, will naturally acquire, in his solitary meditations, a narrow and egoistic philosophy, his theology will become introspective, he will find his god in his belly, and though he may feel no glory, he will come to feel no shame in his idleness, his dependence, his unnatural diet, and his ignoble surroundings.

Full grown, and living but to feed, conscious of scarcely anything outside the walls of his pen, he will judge the conditions of the universe good or evil according to the fulness of his trough and the softness of his bed, and as it is clear that the chief end of the pig is the cultivation of his tissues, and he has little reason, until he is led out to slaughter, to suppose that he but subscribes another's gain and is not himself the pinnacle and final cause of all creation, he will naturally make light of it if he learns that his own mode of existence is only rendered possible on the condition of other creatures working hard and feeding scantily, and it will be almost impossible to persuade him that any better adjustment could be imagined. So much will be admitted concerning the pig.

What Special Pleas for the *status quo* the pig would employ, if once his dormant intelligence were awakened to certain undeniable evils, inevitably entailed on others by his own method of life, we need not attempt to particularise. Our general conception of the swinish nature, the character which is produced by the manner of existence imposed upon the pig, would lead us to surmise that the whole of his arguments would be coloured by his desire to continue in that manner of living, and that his ultimate practical altitude, when argument was exhausted would rest upon an avowed determination to use all measures in his power for resisting a change.

I propose to consider some of the arguments with which Socialists continually find themselves encountered when they urge the abolition of that system of society which maintains a propertied class as distinguished from an earning class. The elements of Socialist theory I need not here discuss. A score of exponents have already made abundantly clear to* all who care to enquire what are the main practical objects of the Socialist movement at this time, and what are the reasonings which lead to the formulation of that object. They

(*) Such persons will find an unimpeachably impartial statement in the article on "Socialism" in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Brittannica*. See also article on "Political Economy."

Digitized by Google

have explained, and have, I can hardly doubt, convinced those who needed conviction, that the effect of private property in the instruments of production, in land, that is, and industrial capital, is to establish the proprietors of them as a parasitic class, supported entirely by the activity and energy of others, so far as they are dependent on their incomes received as Rent or Interest. They can point to a massive unanimity among the recognised exponents of Political Economy, in the verdict that the effect of the present property system, in combination with the developements of the modern methods of industrial production, must be to keep down the normal *wages* of the workers to such an amount as is sufficient to supply them with the bare necessaries of existence, while the whole of the surplus product of their work will go to the owners of the instruments of production.

We have then as one great aim of the Socialist movement, the distribution of Rent and Interest among the working community, or their application to public purposes in such manner as the workers shall decide, whereas their advantages are now assigned to non-effectives by the automatic action of competition. The other chief immediate aim, inseparable from the resumption of the instruments of production, is the organisation of industry, the urgent need for which, if it be in any way practicable, no one, I believe, who has given a week's attention to social problems will be inclined to dispute.

But the explanation and demonstration of the foregoing propositions, is, with middle-class disputants, far from sufficient. No sooner has the economic basis of Socialism been apprehended, and to some extent accepted, than we are confronted with what may properly be qualified as Special Pleas for the *status quo*. The class of arguments which I have in mind includes, indeed, several with which busy and commonplace persons, whose hearts escape the trouble of the riddle of the modern Sphinx, generally condemn and scout the mere notion of Socialism, without caring to follow its analysis or its deductions. But there are very many people, of all grades of intelligence, there are many of sympathetic, unselfish, and lovable dispositions, whom we should value as allies, and whose alliance, in spite of themselves, we are even now slowly winning, who, when the principles of Socialism are explained to them, shrink from acknowledging acquiescence in so disquieting a doctrine, and justify their shrinking by the first stale and superficial argument that comes to hand in the armouries of the Property Defence, or Primrose Leagues. We could mention well known names of men reputed as teachers in Morals and Economics, who admit the whole of our analysis, and who acknowledge that the

Digitized by Google

individualist competitive system allows of no such hope for the workers as is pretended by some who pad their consciences and those of their class by prating of the workman's standard of comfort and the promise of co-operative stores. But in spite of these admissions, they and many others who are convinced by the extremely simple process of demonstration required, refuse to assist us in working for the remedy, and justify their refusal, not by denying that Socialism would remedy conspicuous evils, but by asserting that it would destroy certain desirable elements of civilised society which owe their existence to the property system, and to the domination of a predatory class. And there are many, women especially, who may not follow, or may profess themselves unable to criticise, the analysis of the economic cause of our social disease, but who feel keenly the horrors of commercialism, who recognise the staring iniquities of ground landlordism in London, Clanricardism in Ireland, Bryant-and-May-ism and sweating throughout the country, a wholesome body of citizens to whom England owes much, but who seem genuinely unable to imagine how civilisation could continue without the county families, without munificent factory lords, without a rich spending class under no compulsion of useful activity. The indispensable social function performed by this rich class, and not to be performed without it, is conceived of variously by various minds, so that it may well be that not more than a fraction of any chance collection of persons would be disposed to put forward any particular argument against Socialism, while in a company interested in Socialism it is almost certain that a fair number will have freed themselves from the special error of apprehension which suggests any given one of the arguments commonly used against us.

It would, I assume, be a waste of time here to discuss some of the objections which are usually the first made by novices who suppose they are criticising Socialism, such, for instance, as that "if you divided up all the property equally to-morrow, you would have rich men and poor men again at the end of the year." And I am very much inclined equally to ignore the argument which commonly follows, namely the foreboding that "Socialism will reduce everything to a Dead Level." This, however, is, perhaps, an acquaintance too familiar to be cut, the *vis medicatrix* of unenlightened self-interest too incessantly revives it. If I touch upon it or on any of its fellows which may seem too hollow or discredited, I ask the indulgence of those who would never have appealed to it, but I shall only speak of arguments that are in fact, constantly brought against Socialism, by opponents, well or ill-disposed, of the education and intelligence, the traditions and habits of life

Digitized by Google

common to the upper and middle, or propertied classes.

For the fact is, that, though isolated arguments may be disclaimed, there is one enduring source which gives them all life, and revives them after repeated slaughter, there is one circumstance which makes it almost certain, which makes it absolutely unexceptional in my experience, that in any audience of the upper or middle classes certain familiar arguments will be in the minds of the critics of Socialism and will, on occasion, be expressed by some of them. It is perfectly natural that any member of the propertied class, who has never reflected on the origin and history and present significance of property, should oppose Socialism when he first comes across it, and it is a mere commonplace of psychology that the arguments he will use in defence of his position will be coloured by his own conditions and by his opinion of his own excellence as a product of the same. Lord Bacon would have said that he is under the influence of the Idola Tribus, the Superstitions of the Class, which Herbert Spencer illustrates in his racy chapter on "The Class Bias." That is inevitable, and every one sees the effect clearly enough in the case of any one but himself. Now this bias operates doubly in suggesting pleas for the *status quo* to the minds of the upper and middle class. It disposes them to defend it as men of business, on economic grounds, as an admirably efficient system of industrial production, and it also suggests to them to defend it as men of culture, on the ground that it is necessary that large volumes of our social wealth-product should be assigned to an employed class among whom the finer faculties and aspirations of humanity may be developed and ministered to, and by whom important social functions, needing the independence and power which unlimited wealth confers, may be opportunely fulfilled. Well, it is undeniable, that the competitive capitalist system of production, with the rights of private property elaborated and established to their fullest extent, would be, viewed from the business standpoint, a superbly efficient piece of mechanism. Its ideal has never, of course, been completely presented in tangible form. Industrial individualism in England has been crippled by factory acts and a dozen other expedients * of "foolish philanthropic tinkering." Still, the system as it exists is, it must be admitted, an impressive and even magnificent phenomenon. What the classes interested in property have succeeded in doing for themselves by merely directing the forces generated by the Industrial Revolution, by the age of competition and the

(*) See *The Progress of Socialism*, by Sidney Webb, W. Reeves. price 1d.

Digitized by Google

machine industry, in the channels which had been found suitable for a simpler system of society, the new form of property in the old forms of property law, is as though they had solved the problem of utilising for man the daily energy of the oceanic tides. In their mill of the capitalist system in England, through their legal ownership of land and stocks, there is ground out for them automatically every year, an unearned income of some five hundred million pounds. This were indeed a splendid feat of social engineering if it were the untroubled moon that did the work, but the force that moves this mill is the struggle of necessitous men and women, and it is a desperate human tide that in daily ebb and flow through its gloomy channels is churned by the floats of these ponderous wheels.

What, then, are the *social* functions which the shareholders in this mill, the recipients of rents and dividends, fulfil? And what is the manner of the application of this surplus which justify their defence of the institution. When, leaving out of consideration, as I do in this paper, the economic aspect of the question, we come to the special pleas put forward for the preservation of the private pension system, that is to say of the code of property law which guarantees a tribute from continuous industry to persons exercising no recognisable productive function, then we find that the class bias, which in the economic criticism produced the Manchester school, continually produces in the socialogic criticism arguments which it might be polite to say are influenced by the Idols of the Cave, but of which, after repeated experience of them, one is driven to pronounce frankly, that they smell of the sty. I hope that what I mean by this somewhat offensive phrase is already quite clear. If any person owning property were to defend the existing system on the ground that, at whatever expense to others, it ministered to his personal comfort and enjoyment and to that of all the people with whom he cared at all to associate, we should unanimously pronounce him swinish, and below the common level of contemporary humanity. Very few persons have the courage frankly to announce this view, though the system has produced a good many who hold it. Very much more in number in the propertied class are those who have high ideals of what that class ought to be, and who, when frightened by the apparition of Socialism, fly into confident assertion that such the owners of property are, or at least might, and will be, "under the guidance of a true religion." Every Socialist has acquaintances of this type, among whom, some, perhaps, make attempts to act up to their professed ideal. The residuum consists of people who appreciate the advantages of a dependent income, but don't trouble them-

Digitized by Google

selves by devising high ideals either on their own account or other people's, and who are the more reckless and unfettered in the fictions of their imagination, when they are called upon to specify the social advantages of the established parasitism. Now passing over the first mentioned section, who will probably some day attempt a *coup d'etat* against a Socialist Parliament, and may meet with the fate foretold for those who take the sword, I say, that it is my experience that a Socialist cannot talk for half-an-hour to opponents in the other two, without finding them affected with extraordinary distortions of mental and moral vision, due to their dependent habit of life. They use, in good faith, arguments so ridiculous, that the ordinary Radical and Social Democrat, when he hears them, cannot believe that they are anything but bits of deliberate cant and sophistry, and the result is that the propertied class, which knows itself to be a hotbed of virtue and intelligence, generally seems to the wage earning Socialist to be inspired in its opposition to his programme, simply by the desire of retaining its own privileges and luxuries, and to depend for its defence upon a cautiously progressive system of bribery, and transparently dishonest special pleas. Speaking then for a moment for the class in which I was born, rather than as a Socialist, I would urge that it is of immense importance that we, of the natural opposition to Socialism, we, the store pig of civilisation, the upper middle class, nurtured and maintained out of the fruits of the labour of others, should look to it at this time, that when we talk of culture, and intellect, and influence, and efficiency, we reflect how much of what is paid us goes to the production of those things, and how much merely to soft living and encumbrances, and be very sure, before we assert our indispensability, that we are absolutely emancipated from the Idols of the Sty.

The special pleas with which we are now concerned are based upon suppositions of the social, rather than the purely economic utility of the propertied class. Owing, however, to the delicate gradations which exist in the character of income-yielding property, there constantly appears some confusion in argument between utilities of those respective kinds. No one would say that a holder of consols performed, as such, any *productive* function, that by merely receiving and spending an income of a thousand a year out of the taxes, he benefits and enriches the nation. But a good many people would and do say, that other capitalists, and landlords, do perform an economic function. A little reflection will generally show them their error. No one, probably, who receives an income from railway shares, or other investments in joint stock

Digitized by Google

businesses, mortgages on land, or public securities, no lady drawing an income through trustees under a will or settlement, supposes that he or she contributes any assistance to the workers who are producing that income. If any lady who may read this supposes that her trustees do so, I venture on their behalf, to disclaim any useful activity whatsoever, and to assure her that the utmost duty of the trustee of capital or land is to apply the screw to the industrial world for her benefit, to raise a rent here, to improve an investment there, and that as the conscience of the good trustee is in the keeping of the Lord Chancellor, the beneficiary under a trust is about the purest expression of the idea of a capitalist that can be pointed out. Nevertheless, though no one talks of an insurance company, holding mortgages on land, as a landlord, or credits Baron Profumo with an inborn talent for agriculture, yet it is common enough to find people talking as though land owners, who, as mere receivers of rent, occupy a precisely similar position, were an institution necessary for the continued cultivation of this country. The test of whether the recipient of an income from property exercises any economic function for producing it, is of course this. Remove the beneficiary, would the income remain? In the case of incomes from capital and ground rents, the test is immediately conclusive; in the case of agricultural rents, the position is to many, not so clear. It would however be possible, in any given case, to estimate the contribution to agriculture of a particular landowner, by taking the profits earned by his management on the home farm, and deducting therefrom the losses caused by his game preserving, hunting, and miscellaneous interferences with his tenant farmer's husbandry. To the production of the rents which are paid to him by them, he obviously contributes nothing. But the fact that the economic utility of the bulk of the propertied class is infinitesmal compared with the income they receive—if indeed it be not a *minus* quantity, as may be seriously agued,—does not preclude the possibility of their exhaling social utilities so extensive as to be cheaply purchased by such a tribute, and it is this claim made on their behalf that has now to be considered. We may conveniently deal with it in two instalments, first in its vindication of the great national institution of the landed gentry, and secondly, in its imaginings of the functions of personal wealth in the civilisation of the town. And then we may glance at that general glorification of the institution of a leisured class, so familiar to all Socialists, and unveil the dreaded bugbear of the prophets of the "Dead Level."

"Venio nunc ad voluptates agricolarum quibus ego incredi-

Digitized by Google

biliter delector." I may claim some acquaintance with Arcadia both by experience and family tradition. But in spite of the orthodox principles by which I was early taught to judge of Church and State, and my opportunities for appreciation of the country gentleman and his function in rural England, I am conscious that I might under-value its utility, if I judged of it entirely by its effects in the society with which I have been in contact. The districts with which I am most familiar, may have been specially unfortunate. There the economic effects of landlordism on the farmer, and of capitalism on the labourer were manifest enough, and their effects were evil. The names of certain owners, moreover, were notorious for discreditable abuse of their position. But what might be the occult operation for good in this society of its chief beneficiaries it would not be easy to indicate. My less thorough acquaintance with districts which might claim to be more favoured by the system, forbids me to assume that I can do complete justice to the function of the landlords there. And so I have referred for a sympathetic statement to a lady who, if any one can must see all their uses and excellence, to the wife of one of the prophets of that young England whose transfigured landed aristocracy were to shine as chieftains of a loyal and contented peasantry, while their talented younger sons were to oust the Manchester Radicals from the command of the armies of industry.

Lady Janetta Manners, now Duchess of Rutland, in the *National Review* for February, 1888, enquires, "Are rich landowners idle?" and accumulates evidence to the contrary. I can but summarise the article, to which I urge a reference, but the following is a full and faithful catalogue of the kinds of work great landowners are said to do.* Says this great lady: "The state of the land, the condition of the tenants, the welfare of the labourers, the improvement of the woods, must all be attended to carefully. A large landed proprietor in these days, in order to fulfil his duties with satisfaction to himself and to those dependent on him, must possess much practical knowledge on a great variety of subjects." Quite so, and as it seems he generally does not, there are now, she says, "not infrequent instances of large proprietors sending their eldest sons to study farming, and afterwards to learn the management of estates under"—whom do you suppose?—other great landowners? No—"under experienced land agents." Well, in future, perhaps, we may let the experienced land agents continue to do the work which her ladyship thinks

(*) I omit, of course. the mention of the spending of money, for this is simply a special application of a part of the rent which would be available in its entirety for the workers, were the landowner abolished.

Digitized by Google

should be done by the owners, and we may let their pupils succeed them at suitable professional salaries.

"If the estates are in sporting counties, much serious attention must be paid by the master . . . or the excellence of the shooting and hunting will inevitably deteriorate." (We all know the serious attention which is paid to poachers at petty sessions.) "He must cultivate a habit of making himself pleasant all round," (indeed a cruel burden!) "it must become a second nature to him. His tenants must be conciliated, *if it is desired to enjoy fair sport*, and a feeling of good fellowship kept up." . . . "The amount of physical labour and mental exertion gone through by a master of hounds or a first-rate shot, during the course of a season is great; and it is to be doubted whether many of those who denounce the idleness of the upper classes could endure the exposure to the weather and the hard days that form the recreation of many a hard worked politician."

"The conscientious possessor of large estates is often a magistrate, and sometimes an assiduous attendant at the Board of Guardians. He nearly always exercises much hospitality"—poor fellow sufferer with the London Corporation!—"He must exercise political influence, and this alone demands much time and thought . . . and the mind must always be on the watch lest votes should be lost." Why the Socialists are the poor man's best friends—let us haste to emancipate him from the exactions of the Primrose League.

"The possessor of a large estate in the country must read endless newspapers. . . He ought to read the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood*" (surely this is a counsel of perfection) "the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and other reviews." Then he is assumed to be in the House of Commons, but that is a task of which we would relieve him, or if we required his services, we would pay him fairly for them.

Finally, unless he has an efficient secretary, he must answer begging letters!

That is all—all about the man—absolutely.

We fall back upon the duties of his wife. She, poor thing, has to manage a household of thirty or forty servants, beside those out doors—no light task—as the writer observes. Perhaps we could lighten it.

"When the wives of great landed proprietors are wisely and practically benevolent, it is extraordinary what blessings they confer on the labourers and poor on their husband's estates." I have a word to say anon as to my Lady Bountiful—here I will only refer, for illustration of the wise and practical benevolence, to the institution of the soup kitchen. I

Digitized by Google

examined last winter the amounts of two charitable soup kitchens. In one the soup had cost 2d. a pint, in the other, which was kept by the daughter of a worthy peer, and sister of an ex-Cabinet Minister, the soup had cost 3½d. a pint. Now good soup can be sold to pay expenses at the rate of ½d. a quart, so that in some cases it might be an economy to grant Lady Bountiful a retiring pension, and hand over the administration of the charities to the certificated teacher at the school.

Further, Lady Manners had looked with feelings of sympathy at the enormous lists which those who "receive" on a large scale have to prepare. But here Her Ladyship passes to the woes of the wealthy woman of fashion, and the duties of the Primrose Dame; and we quit all connection with the social strata from which the revenues we were dealing with are drawn.

One last lament, however, we must here record. "In order to obtain posts in any profession, those young men, who are popularly supposed to be born with silver spoons in their mouths, must pass examination after examination, often most severe; some break down altogether under the strain and anxiety involved in the competitions now considered necessary."

Now this article is not intended as a satire. Lady Janetta Manners has been, from the outset, one of the select preachers of the *National Review*. She is a native of a division of Great Britain where they do not appreciate jokes on dignified subjects, and the subject of the landed aristocracy is surely a sacred one for the House of Rutland. So that this must be taken seriously, and I present it to all serious persons, as an interesting specimen of the illusions of the Aeronaut. The woman is up in a balloon. These are not quite the services which we have in mind when we speak of useful and indispensable human beings. But the article is a relief. It lifts from our minds a weight which sometimes presses on them, the fear that we may after all be only purblind demagogues, and may find it impossible to supply, except at a cost exceeding the whole agricultural rental of the country, the functions now performed for that small consideration by our landowners. We now see, on Lady Manners' own showing, that a land agent, a reduced alderman, a Primrose Knight, and a robust university pass man to do the examinations, are all that is even now required for every two or three country parishes. The last two offices might even be combined. Well, the communes will have an easier administrative problem than we had hitherto anticipated.

So much for the positive side. As to the evil, other than economic, of the patriarchal and Lady Bountiful theory, I have not space to say a quarter of what it suggests. But

Digitized by Google

every one who has lived in country places must have become aware of the tragedy which is there perennially enacted, without any apparent shaking of the faith in that theory. That which has been ground out of the labourers by the farmers, and out of the farmers by the squire, the rent which their lifelong service produces, from this a few driblets are returned as the charitable benevolence of their masters. These driblets are administered either by the parson and his daughters, who exist to justify the ways of God to Man, and uphold the authority and majesty of those whom the former has placed in high station, or by the ladies of the squire's own household. Now the effect of lifelong patronage, of the proffer of condescension exacting respect as the fitting intercourse of human fellowship, of being granted as a charity the crumbs of the loaf which your own labour had produced, more especially when the donor rides aloft on the pyramid that is for ever pressing upon you, the effect of this on the raw material of rustic man is either to destroy all healthy vitality, or to embitter, estrange and debase him. He becomes either a passive fatalist, at one extreme, or the parish blackguard at the other. Every lad of independent character, goes, as he grows up, into opposition, and as the parson is generally a virtuous man, opposition in a country parish is usually combined with habits very properly offensive to the parson. The effect on the women is worse, for they will generally take the gentlefolk at their own price, and cleave to the loaves and fishes at the cost of any amount of hypocrisy and lying. The whole effect of the direct social action of the propertied class is to perpetuate social antagonisms, and the most blameless of parsons may labour for years, the most well-disposed of landowners may conscientiously perform what he believes his duties, they will never close that perpetual spring of sullen alienation which cuts them off from the confidence and fellowship of all who have the germs of higher qualities than those which humanity shares with dogs and cattle. The country parson has much to answer for, it is true, but I have great pity for the country parson. Often enough he is stupid and narrow-minded, a tutor of servility, and a prop of privilege,—these are, indeed, professional qualifications for his office, but in social ideals he is almost invariably in advance, at least, of the farmers of his parish. But he is set to an impossible task, and if he is intelligent he generally recognises the failure of the patronage system, and organises his labourers for their own emancipation through secular means, by higher education, by demands for allotments, and others of those stepping stones to Socialism which the landlord-class have so long discouraged, and the farmers so persistently opposed.

(*To be concluded.*)

Digitized by Google

Fitzthunder on Himself—A Defence.

ALTHOUGH destiny and my parents have furnished me with a big, swelling name I am a very humble individual, and if the Editor of *To-Day* accepts this brief article it will be the first lucubration of mine that has ever found its way into print. I say this at the outset, because I want to make it plain that I am quite as conscious as any of my readers are likely to be, of how great a disadvantage I am at in crossing swords with one so evidently skilled in literary fence as Mr. Redbarn Wash. I do not remember ever to have heard that gentleman's name before, although he calls himself a friend of mine, (*a*) and not being good at anagrams I shall not attempt even to guess who he may be; all I know is that where he is nimble I am likely to be heavy—where he scintillates I can but dully glow. But, let me tell my readers, the said glow is one of honest indignation against an unwarrantable attack—not upon myself, for that I do not care—but upon those great men of the Socialist party at whose feet I have sat ever since I joined the movement, and from whose eloquent lips I have learned the creed whose general adoption will make this England of ours happy and prosperous for generations yet unborn.

In the course of my reading of historic novels (Mr. Wash is right there—I do read such books, and they are almost the only literature besides *Justice* and the *Commonweal* which I have the patience to peruse) I have learned that when a man engages in a duel with an adversary immensely his superior in experience and skill, his one chance of success lies in his taking the offensive and going straight for his opponent. And therefore, although I have called this paper "A Defence," I can assure Mr. Wash that I have not the slightest intention of taking up a merely passive attitude, and contenting myself

(*a*) Mr. Wash implies that he is a Fabian, but the urbane secretary of that *fainéant* and middle-class society assures me that he has no such name on his list of members.

Digitized by Google

with rebutting his accusations. On the contrary, I meet his charges of shallowness, juvenility (alas that this in a Socialist should be a crime), ignorance, and personal vanity, with a counter charge of cowardice, and of disloyalty to our revered and esteemed leaders.

Let there be no mistake about it, and let us come to the point at once. I indict Mr. Wash with having, under pretence of inflicting a castigation upon me (he himself says that he has assassinated me, but I beg him to note that I never felt better in my life, having just come back from a day's outing with my comrades of the Socialist League in Petersham Park), held up to the scorn and ridicule of the common foe, our able and trusty comrades, Hyndman and Morris, and almost everybody else who has taken a leading part in the great international revolutionary-social-democratic-labour movement of the last five years.(*b*)

To the proofs—He charges me with opposing the Radicals and piecemeal Social Reformers.—Mark, he charges *me*, Fitzthunder. Why, friends and fellow-citizens, I glory in the fact; for am I not thereby merely following the direct lead of comrade Hyndman? Have I not over and over again heard that great economist and Cambridge scholar say that the proletariat must strike *one* great blow and shatter the middle-class machine to shivereens? "Quacks," "sciolists," "men-on-the-make" forsooth, why they are his very words. It is true I have sometimes questioned the wisdom of calling names, and for the life of me I don't know what "sciolist" means, but,

"Who am I, the worm, to argue with my Pope?"

as the bourgeois Browning says, and therefore, when I make an out-door speech in "sciolist" goes.

"Fitzthunder insists on revolution" does he? And what, may I ask, does Comrade Morris do? Let Mr. Wash read his *Commonweal*.

"Fitzthunder has a certain moral delicacy in meddling with Parliament." I should think he had, for Comrade Morris taught it him at the Fabian Conference ("The Fabian Advertisement" Comrade Hyndman called it, I remember) and also through the lips of his "stalwart" (I thank thee, Sparling, for that word) henchman at a Fabian meeting in Willis' Rooms last year. And as to "representation" if any one wants to know what our poet thinks of that middle-class

(*b*) If it is asked, in that case, why I have not left the great men to defend themselves, I reply, that it is extremely unlikely that they ever see *To-Day*. Indeed, to my certain knowledge, Comrade Hyndman quite recently told a German comrade who came to consult him on some legal question, that he had never so much as heard the name of Hubert Bland—and I believe him, though that sceptical Teuton did not.

Digitized by Google

humbug, let him read his very last book, *Signs of Change*, page 71.

Now I come to that statement of Mr. Wash's which proves that he has no personal knowledge of me at all; and that he has only used my name as a cock-shy excuse for heaving bricks at my leaders. He has the impudence to assert that my wife "dreams of herself serving a revolutionary cannon," &c., &c. I yelled with derision when I read that—Why, Mrs. F. is not a Socialist at all! I don't know why it is, but, somehow, I have never succeeded in converting any of the members of my own family, nor for the matter of that any of my more intimate acquaintances. Of course all the rest of his reported conversation with me is of a piece with this misstatement. Though I do believe that when the revolution comes off some of our women comrades will come out strong; and I often picture to myself one or other of them being carried along Cheapside to St. Paul's as was Mademoiselle Théroigne in the French Revolution.

I don't think I need say any more, I believe I have proved my point that it is not *me* (*c*) that Mr. Wash is getting at but much bigger men, and that if he is right they are wrong, and that if I am wrong they are not right, and that if "we" hold aloof from the League it is not because "we" "object to Fitzthunder," but because "we" do "mistrust Morris," and that if "we" hold aloof from the Federation it is not because "we" won't have Fitzthunder, but because "we" do "dislike Hyndman."

The simple fact is that I, Fitzthunder, when I talk of the "revolution" and the "people spontaneously organising themselves" and so on, am only saying what all Socialists used to say five years ago, and if it hadn't been for the "Skimpole Socialists" (again I thank thee, Sparling), of the Fabian Society, and of the Bloomsbury Branch of the League, what all Socialists would have been saying now. Why I remember hearing the Editor of this magazine—but there I had better not say anything about him, as if I do and he is like the other Socialist Editors as he won't insert this article.

Finally, friends and fellow citizens, I hurl back Mr. Wash's abuse, and shoulder to shoulder with my comrades of the League and the Federation I calmly await the coming of THE CRISIS.

ROBESPIERRE MARAT FITZTHUNDER.

(*c*) I am not sure that this is grammatical but I don't care—Hyndman says that a tinker, a peasant farmer, and an agricultural labourer wrote the purest English that ever was written.

Digitized by Google

Chips.

IT was a very strange world for Chips. He had made up his mind long ago that he, Chips, was a mistake in it. Chips' world was a very small one; it reached only from the cellar where he slept to the crossing that he swept, but he found no room in it for him, he was elbowed out of it. Had he known how big the world really is, he might have wandered away to find the place in it that he was intended to fill. But he would not have found it, for the grown men had not yet made up their mind about Chips's place, and until they could do so, Chips must live and die in any out-of-the-way corner. Chips had at one time thought it not unlikely that some one might make room for him, but he knew better now: clearly he was one too many in the world, for the people who had a right to the places in it paid a policeman to keep him away from them. He had his crossing, but he had had to fight for that, and now his broom was worn to the stick, and the weather was often dry for weeks together. When it was not he made a few more halfpence, but he got soaked through and this made him ill, and now he was very ill indeed with a deadly fever and could not go out at all. Another boy, as wretched as he, had stolen his broom and taken his crossing, so that Chips if he could have got out would have found still less room left for him. There was nothing for Chips but to stay where he was, and to this he was reconciled by the companionship of his friend, the frog.

His friend, the frog, had been brought out of the green lanes by the big boys who went out on Sunday mornings to snare birds, and finding its way into Chips' cellar it had become the only plaything of the sick boy.

"Froggie," thought Chips, "is as much out of place as I am." And he felt for the frog the same pity he had always felt for himself.

Chips and Froggie had exchanged confidences, and in the saddest fashion they came to know that for neither of them could there be any more a place in the world.

And one bright morning when the good sun was struggling

Digitized by Google

to send a broken ray down into the dim cellar to cheer the sick boy, Froggie who was lying panting painfully in the hot hand of Chips said on a sudden :—

" Dear little boy, I am very sorry to leave you all alone, but I feel as I did when I changed from a tadpole to a frog, and I know that I am going to leave my frog's body, and go away out into the bright air."

And then Froggie's legs went very shaky and all in a minute he turned over on his back and lay very quiet, and Chips knew he was dead.

Chips would have cried over the loss of his companion, but just at that moment he felt as it were an icy hand at his heart which made him shut his eyes in pain, and when he re-opened them he found that he held in his hand instead of the frog a quivering beam of light. And the hand itself was not the poor thin grimy hand he knew, but bright, transparent, and shapely, and all his body had undergone a similar change. The pain was all gone too and he could stand up, and he felt a strange desire to float or fly. Then he became aware of the presence of a beautiful boy, who glittered like a sunbeam and who held out his hand to him, and kissing him on the cheek led him out of the dim cellar. But instead of climbing the broken ladder they floated out into the sunny street, and instead of walking along on the hot pavement they went up high in the air above the heads of the people. But strangest of all, the air, so far as Chips could see, was peopled with a host of bright beings like himself, who came and went hither and thither, in and out of the houses, and hovered round the passengers in the streets.

Said Chips, " Pretty boy, I have lived ten years in the world and I never saw anything like this."

" How could you when you were alive ? " said the pretty boy, laughing a soft silvery laugh that was like a forest of silver bells ever so far away.

" Pretty boy," said Chips again, after he had thought for a minute or two, " am I dead ? "

At this the pretty boy laughed again, and still holding Chips's hand drew him swiftly back to the cellar door. And Chips looking in, saw himself looking very white and motionless, and understanding that he was dead, he said very solemnly :—

" Poor little boy ! he has got out of the way at last. There never was any room for him—And Froggie," he asked.

" It's spirit is in your hand," said the boy. " No life perishes, but when it quits its earthly being, it roams the wide universe as a tender thought of the great God. Let it go, to do its appointed work.

Digitized by Google

Chips loosed the spirit of the frog which rapidly sped away.

"What is God?" said Chips.

It had been nobody's business to teach him anything, and Chips in seeking that place in the world which he never could find, and in thinking what a mistake he must be altogether, had not got so far as to imagine Who had put him there. He knew what churches were, but of their purpose nothing. Hard-pressed for a night's lodging he had sometimes looked longingly at the deep-vaulted porches, but the iron rails kept him out. Churches were not for Chips. Of Book and Priest and what they wonderfully taught, he knew nothing. Ancient Record and adored Mystery, which were lights to the groping soul ofMan, had not penetrated the crowd that wedged in Chips, else might he have caught a faint glimmer of the truth that glows there, reflected in all distorted fashions by men's vain ancies.

"God is Love."

"And what is Love?" asked Chips.

Have you never heard men of soft lives with gracious women and sweet children round you, have you never heard the agonised cry of hundreds of thousands of yearning for the hand and voice and the kiss of love? The cry of these desolate, of poor women, of poor children! While you sit with your pockets buttoned polishing some rough poor law, content to be ruled by a demon called Expediency, these are wading through the sloughs of infamy and misery, fainting for a word of sympathy, lost for want of an outstretched hand. Are they nothing to you, these gloomy men and these hollow cheeked women, the sisters of despair, these white-faced children born into hell?

"What is Love?"

His glittering guide drew him gently downwards till they hovered only a few feet above a crowded thoroughfare.

"Why there's my crossing," cried Chips, and there—there's that Bob that stole my broom."

And stooping he kissed the dirty cheek of the wretched Bob.

"Ah!" said Bob, turning up a grateful face towards the sun his cheek flushed with Chips kiss, "we do get the sun for nothink."

That was Chips' first love-lesson in God's other world.

H. BELLINGHAM

Digitized by Google

The Pananglican Synod.

AMONG the innocent recreations of Churchmen that of convoking synods, congresses, and conferences at fitful intervals, is the only one which has some show of business and utility about it. The Canon and the rural dean are too stiff, in joints and dignity, to vie with the curates at tennis; the episcopal gaiter may not be seen twinkling in the dance without causing grave scandal among dissenters. We all know that "the pretty little ballets," in their lordships' dioceses, may not be looked upon by the chief shepherds without "grave moral dangers" to themselves; bowls and chess are all very well, but even they may grow tedious. So this game of colloquy has been invented. The imagination of Archbishop Benson, fired no doubt by the brilliant accounts given by Eusebius Pamphilius, Evagrius and Socrates Scholasticus of the ancient councils of the Church, has contrived to astonish us, by the sight of a Pananglican (*verbum dulce!*) Synod. The sight of 145 Anglican prelates charging in line, a very phalanx of gallant and right reverend gentlemen must impress even Mr. Spurgeon himself, yea, and Mrs. Besant, and Cardinal——(no! of course Cardinals see the thing done more effectively at home). Surely the grandeur of the antique Church is shining forth, once more! "Holy men of every nation under heaven, were knit together into one immortal garland; some renowed for sage and sober speech, some for gravity of life and patience in adversity, not a few honoured greatly for their ancient years, othersome in the flower of youth by sharpness of wit, giving a glistering shine." As the humbler Churchmen recalled such passages as these, their hopes grew. One of them had prepared a spirited poem in which the Archbishop was likened to the angel of the measuring reed and his 144 confrères to the measured cubits of new Jerusalem. The Anglican Church is now about to speak, *messieurs et mesdames*! Hark ye, my

Digitized by Google

masters! She will claim for herself the poor, whom S. Lawrence showed as the only treasures of the Church. She will bid men cease from bibliolatry, mammon worship, usury, cannibalism and the like, and adore the Christ they now crucify! Here the poem went off into a description of the glories of the new Jerusalem, which was to be hatched from the archiepiscopal egg, laid at Lambeth. How readily we spend our sixpences upon the S.P.C.K. report (the wisdom of twenty-four Bishops to the penny!) and drank, deep into the night, at the exhilarating cup!

Think of how London was black with Bishops, how our ears and eyes were filled with notices of their sermons, how they jostled one another in Pall Mall: how they swarmed off to our ancient Universities: were fêted and pulpited! What geographical notions we gained, Waiapu, Calgary, Moonsee, Minehaha, Thule, Sodor and Man, Nassau and the like became as familiar to our minds as Canterbury itself! The price of aprons rose visibly and black rosettes fetched high premiums.

Let us pass over the important subjects of Scandinavian orders, chaplains of emigrants; whether old catholics are schismatics, whether blacks, when garnered, should be immediately winnowed from their sable wives. These were all safely commented upon. What does the conference tell the Church or the world? "Drink water except in church, and harry publicans. Flee fornication; help abolish C.D. Acts, and let the clergy shout with their ideal Lady—the British Matron—in her art criticism. Restrict divorce: keep unchanged that priceless boon, the English Sunday: seek union with dissenters: conciliate (Greeks?) by kicking the *filioque* clause out of the Nicene Creed, generally tell people to be good (not good at anything in particular)." These recommendations are some good, and some new; and neither part overlaps the other. We are thankful it is no worse, and Anglican Councils, not only do not claim, but repudiate any authoritative inspiration for themselves.

It is the decisions with regard to Socialism which are just now the most important. This subject was discussed by the Bishops of Manchester, Carlisle, Wakefield, Derry, Rochester, Michigan, Mississipi, Pitsburgh, and Sidney. These right reverend signors call Socialism "any scheme of social reconstruction, which aims at uniting labour and the instruments of labour, whether by means of the State, or the help of the rich, or the voluntary co-operation of the poor." Experience, they go on to say, seems to show that this union will benefit materially, mentally, and morally, the condition of the people, but the means, they think, of effecting the union are open questions.

Digitized by Google

They then recommend the clergy to study social problems, and to attend Socialist meetings; and this is excellent advice.

We must not expect too much from a selection of prelates, chosen hereto apparently by lot, and we must submit to see Socialism narrowed from a theory of Man and morals, into a scheme of political organisation, based upon nothing in particular, except a sense of the absurd juxtaposition of wealth and poverty. As far as it goes, this is good. The Bishops next admit that (although they have in fact hitherto classed Socialists and infidels together) there is nothing opposed to the faith of Christ in this Socialism, which is a very mild way of sucking a conclusion out of what they have admitted.

They then proceed to strongly recommend a set of propositions, which are not only weak but many of them mischievous and radically inconsistent with "what experience has taught them" about the beneficial effects of Socialism.

"That labourers shall be encouraged in habits of thrift, in order that with the property thus acquired they may purchase land (!) or shares in societies (!) for co-operative production." The protective action of the Government may, the Committee think, be extended in several directions. "It may legalise the formation of Boards of Arbitration, to avert the disastrous effects of strikes. It may assist in the formation and maintenance of technical schools. It may see that powers, already existing, under Sanitary Acts, are more effectually exercised. It may facilitate the acquisition by Municipalities of town lands. The State may even encourage a wider distribution of property by the abolition of entail, where it exists; and it may be questioned whether the system of taxation might not be varied in a sense more favourable to the claims of labourers than that which now exists."

Bishops are elected by the representatives of the plutocracy; they are chosen out of the other clergy for the somniferous effects of their general teaching, and the wonder is they should have said anything at all right upon Socialism, and not that they should have produced a set of recommendations of which some are nauseous, anti-peristaltic, and emetical.

Yet let me plead with Socialists for these "strong recommenders." They are all men opposed to the cause of labour, by birth, rearing and education. They have sprung from the loins and tugged at the breasts of a plutocratic society. Socialists have shewn them no favour and little mercy. Yet they have opened considerably the floodgates to Socialism in the English Church. Bishops have never been so near to us, or said such good things for two centuries. It is the power of the despised old formulæ, the mechanical, fly-wheel force of the organisation which forces the unwilling prelate against himself towards Socialism. It is just the very things which it is the fashion to curse as illiberal and anti-modern, the creeds and catechisms, which have driven even Bishops Moorhouse, Goodwin, Thorold, and company along the road to emancipation.

Digitized by Google

Left to themselves they grovel in the sloughs of despair and atheism, these *animæ naturaliter ethnicæ*. "Self help is the best help," is the maxim which expresses their personal illumination. But bring their idols into the temple of theology and they are forced to forsake them. Is self-help, in the spiritual life, the best help? Shall we sinners be nobly independent of God, of the church, of bishops? Straightway they begin, like Adam, to be ashamed and to cover themselves with aprons. Does not this explain some of the ritualist belief in the "Church?"

Onward, then, ye hundred-and-forty-and-five right reverend and uninspired churchmen. It is better to discuss the union of labour and the "instruments of labour;" than to charge heavily upon unoffending barmaids, or upon the morals of the Salvation army. It is more exciting than bowls, and may in time evolve some social salves other than the watery ones which Bishop Temple and his teetotal societies delight to honour. Perhaps in time Bishops will cease to believe in regeneration by shares in building Societies and the like, and will come to preach the unadulterated gospel to the poor. Perhaps, then, even Lambeth conferences may be fired by the Holy Ghost.

CHARLES L. MARSON.

Digitized by Google

Capital:

A Criticism on Political Economy

By KARL MARX.

Translated from the Original German Work,

By JOHN BROADHOUSE.

(Continued from our last number.)

The report goes on to say, " It is impossible for any mind to realise the amount of work described in the following passages as being performed by boys of from 9 to 12 years of age . . . without coming irresistibly to the conclusion that such abuses of the power of parents and of employers can no longer be allowed to exist " (*e*).

" The practice of boys working at all by day and night turns either in the usual course of things, or at pressing times, seems inevitably to open the door to their not unfrequently working unduly long hours. These hours are, indeed, in some cases, not only cruelly but even incredibly long for children. Amongst a number of boys it will, of course, not unfrequently happen that one or more are from some cause absent. When this happens, their place is made up by one or more boys who work in the other turn. That this is a well-understood system is plain . . . from the answer of the manager of some large rolling-mills, who, when I asked him how the place of the boys absent from their turn was made up said, ' I daresay, sir, you know that as well as I do,' and admitted the fact " (*f*).

" At a rolling-mill where the proper hours were from 6 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., a boy worked about four nights every week till 8.30 p.m. at least . . . and this for six months. Another, at 9 years old, sometimes made three 12-hour shifts running,

(*e*) *l.c.*, Fourth Report (1865) 58 p. XII.

(*f*) *l.c.*

Digitized by Google

and when 10, has made two days and two nights running." A third, "now 10 . . . . worked from 6 a.m. to 12 p.m. three nights, and till 9 p.m. the other nights. Another, now 13, ... worked from 6 p.m. till 12 noon next day, for a week together, and sometimes for three shifts together, *e.g.*, from Monday morning till Tuesday night. Another, now 12, has worked in an iron foundry at Stavely from 6 a.m. till 12 p.m. for a fortnight on end, and could not do it any more. George Allinsworth, age 9, came here as cellar-boy last Friday; "next morning we had to begin at 3, so I stopped here all night. Live five miles off. Slept on the floor of the furnace, overhead, with an apron under me, and a bit of a jacket over me. The other two days I have been here at 6 a.m. Aye! it *is* hot in here. Before I came here I was nearly a year at the same work at some works in the country. Began there, too, at 3 on Saturday morning—always did—but was very near home and could sleep at home. Other days I began at 6 in the morning and gi'en over work at 6 or 7 in the evening," etc (*g*).

(*g*) *l.c.* page XIII. It is not to be wondered at that the culture of these "labour powers" is such as is exhibited in the following conversations between the boys and one of the Commissioners: Jeremiah Haynes, 12 years old—"Four times 4 is 8; 4 fours are 16. A King is him that has all the money and gold. We have a King, they call her the Princesses Alexandra. Told that she married the Queen's son. The Queen's son is the Princess Alexandra. A Princess is a man." William Turner, 12 years old: "Don't live in England. Think it *is* a country, but didn't know before." John Morris, 14 years old—"Have heard say that God made the world, and that all the people was drownded but one; heard say that one was a little bird." William Smithy, 15 years old—"God made man, man made woman." Edward Taylor, 15 years old—"Do not know of London." Henry Matthewman, 17 years old—"Have been to chapel, but missed a good many times lately. One name that they preached about was Jesus Christ, but I cannot say any others, and I cannot tell anything about him. He was not killed, but died like other people. He was not the same as other people in some ways, because he was religious in some ways, and others isn't" (*l.c.* page XV). "The devil is a good person. I don't know where he lives." "Christ was a wicked man." "This girl spelt God as dog, and did not know the name of the Queen" ("Ch. Employment Comm. V. Report, 1866," page 55, n. 278). A similar system is customary in the glass and paper works. In the latter, where the paper is machine made, all processes are carried on at night except rag-sorting. Frequently night work goes on throughout the week by shifts, generally from Sunday night till midnight the next Saturday. The day-work people make 5 days of 12 hours and 1 day of 18 hours, while the night work people do 5 nights of 12 hours and 1 of 6 hours, every week. Sometimes, again, each shift works 24 consecutive hours on alternate days, the one working 6 hours on Monday and 18 on Saturday to make up the 24 hours. Again, an intermediate system is sometimes used, by which all work 15 or 16 hours per day throughout the week. Commissioner Lord thinks that this system combines all the evils of the 12 hours' and 24 hours' relays. Children under 13, young persons under 18, and women, work under this night system. Sometimes on a 12 hours' shift those who should relieve them do not make an

Digitized by Google

But now let us see how the capitalists look upon this 24 hours' system. The cruelty and the abnormal extension of the working hours are passed over in silence. They only look at the system in its "normal" aspect.

Messrs. Naylor and Vickers, steel manufacturers, employ between 600 and 700 persons, of whom only 10 per cent are under 18 years old, and of those 10 per cent only 20 boys work night time. They say:—"The boys do not suffer from the heat. The temperature is about 86° to 90°. . . . . At the forges and in the rolling-mills the hands work night and day in relays, but all the other parts of the work are day work, *i.e.*, from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. In the forge the hours are from 12 to 12. Some of the hands always work in the night, without any alternation of night and day work . . . . We do not find any difference in the health of those who work regularly by night and those who work by day, and probably people can sleep better if they have the same period of rest than if it is changed. . . . . About 20 of the boys under the age of 18 work in the night sets. . . . . We could not well do without lads under 18 working by night. The objection would be the increase in the cost of production. . . . . Skilled hands and the heads in every department are difficult to get, but of lads we could get any number. . . . . But from the small proportion of boys that we employ the subject (*i.e.*, of restrictions on night work) is of little importance or interest to us" (*h*).

Mr. J. Ellis, of Messrs. John Brown and Co., iron and steel manufacturers, who employ 3,000 men and boys, and part of whose operations (heavy iron and steel work) goes on by relays day and night, says:—"In the heavier steel work one or two boys are employed to a score or two of men." This firm employs more than 500 boys under 18 years old, and of these about 170 are under 13. Mr. Ellis, on the proposal to make an alteration in the law, says: "I do not think it would be very objectionable to require that no person under the age of 18 should work more than 12 hours in 24. But I do not think that any line could be drawn over the age of 12 at which

appearance, and they have to work a double turn of 24 hours. The evidence shows clearly that children do a great deal of overtime work, which occasionally amounts to 24 or sometimes 36 hours of continuous labour. In the glazing process are girls of 12 years old, who work 14 hours a day for a whole month "without any regular relief or cessation beyond 2, or at most 3 breaks of half-an-hour each for meals." In some mills, however, the regular night-work has been discontinued, but overwork is done to an alarming extent," and that often in the dirtiest and hottest and most monotonous of the various processes" ("Ch. Employment Comm. Report IV., 1865" pp. 38 and 39).

(*h*) Fourth Report, 1865, 79, page 16.

Digitized by Google

boys could be dispensed with for night work. But we would sooner beprevented from employing boys under the age of 13, or even so high as 14, at all, than not be allowed to employ the boys that we do have at night. Those boys who work in the day sets must take their turn in the night sets also, because the men could not work in the night sets only; it would ruin their health . . . . We think, however, that night work in alternate weeks is no harm (but Messrs. Naylor and Vickers held the contrary opinion, and considered that recurring changes from night to day work would be more injurious than constant night-work). We find the men who do it do as well as the others who do other work only by day. . . . . Our objections to not allowing boys under 18 to work at night would be on account of the increase of expense, but this is the only reason. We think that the increase would be more than the trade, with due regard to its being successfully carried out, could fairly bear. Labour is scare here, and might fall short if there were such a regulation." (In other words, John Brown & Co. might be compelled to pay labour-power at its full value) (*i*).

Messrs. Cammell and Co's "Cyclops Steel and Iron Works" are on as large a scale as those of John Brown and Co. The managing director of the Cyclops Works had sent in his evidence in writing to the Commissioner, Mr. White. But when it was returned to him later on for revision he found it convenient to suppress it. But the Commissioner remembered that the evidence had stated that the compulsory discontinuance of night labour for children and young persons "would be impossible, and would be tantamount to stopping their works," although they employ only about 6% of boys under 18, and less than 1% under thirteen (*k*).

Mr. E. F. Sanderson, of Sanderson Bros. and Co., steel manufacturers, of Attercliffe, says, "Great difficulty would be caused by preventing boys under 18 from working at night. The chief would be the increase of cost in employing men instead of boys. I cannot say what this would be, but probably it would not be enough to enable manufacturers to raise the price of steel, and consequently it would fall on them, as of course the men would refuse to pay it." Mr. Sanderson cannot say how much the children are paid, but "perhaps the younger boys get from 4s. to 5s. a week. . . The boys' work is of a kind for which the strength of the boys is generally (but probably not always) quite sufficient, and consequently there would be no gain in the greater strength of the men to counterbalance the loss, or it would

(*i*) *l.c.* 80, p. 16.
(*k*) *l.c.* 82, page 17.

Digitized by Google

be only in the few cases in which the metal is heavy. The men would not like so well not to have boys under them, as men would be less obedient. Besides, boys must begin young to learn the trade. Leaving day work alone open to boys would not answer this purpose." But how is this? Why should not the boys learn the business in the daytime? What is the reason? "Owing to the men working days and nights in alternate weeks, the men would be separated half the time from their boys, and would lose half the profit which they make from them. The training which they give to an apprentice is considered as part of the return for the boys' labour, and thus enables the men to get it at a cheaper rate. Each man would want half of this profit." In other words, part of the men's wages would have to come out of Messrs. Sanderson, instead of out of the night work done by the boys. This would diminish somewhat the firm's profits, and this is the reason why the boys cannot learn the trade in the daytime (*l*). Besides, it would involve night work on those who replaced the boys, and this they could not endure. In fact, the difficulties would be so great that the result would probably be the giving up of night work, and Mr. Sanderson says, "As far as we are concerned, this would suit us very well." But Messrs. Sanderson do other work besides steel-making, which merely serves for surplus-value making.

(*l*) It would appear that in this present day of reasoning a man should be able to give a reason for everything, however wrong or absurd it be. Every wrong action that has ever been done has been done with a good reason (Hegel, *l.c.*, p. 249).

Digitized by Google