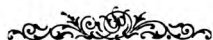


THE
SOCIAL - DEMOCRAT.

A
MONTHLY SOCIALIST REVIEW.



VOL. I.
JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1897.



London :
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY PRESS, LIMITED,
37A, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.

18. 08. 01. 2001

INDEX.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A GROUP OF VICTIMS ...	34
BLANQUI, AUGUSTE ...	258
COLENZO, HARRIETTE E. ...	66
DELEGATES TO THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE S.D.F. ...	226
GEORGE, HENRY ...	322
HARNEY, GEORGE JULIAN ...	2
LIEBKNECHT, HERR WILHELM ...	354
MARX, KARL ...	162
OWEN, ROBERT ...	290
PEROVSKAIA, SOPHIE ...	194
REX, THE CHARTIST ...	98
"THE MCKINLEY" ...	130

A Bad Quarter of an Hour, 47.
Abolition of Child Labour in Factories,
340.
Absurdity of War, 26.
A Colony of the Unemployed, 25.
After the Hamburg Strike, 92.
A Hostile View of the International
Congress, 27.
American Convict Labour, 81.
American Press on Trusts, 19.
An Extinct Volcano, 55.
An Indictment of Organised Charities,
183.
A Philanthropic Pawnshop, 123.
Armenian Question, Socialist Policy,
and the, 39.
Assurance Against Accidents in Austria,
53.
A Street Man-of-War, 152.

"Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death"
in the "Record Reign," 175.
"Bechuana Rebels," 355.
Bimetallism, 344.
Blanqui, Auguste, 259.
"Bloody Niggers," 104.
Bourgeois Radical Movement and
Socialism, 131.
Breakdown of the Forward Frontier
Policy in India, 316.
British Government's Compensation
Bill, 217.
British Monarchy and Modern Demo-
cracy, 184.
Buck-Jumping of Labour, 282.

Capitalism and Labour in Russia, 239.
Case for the Bechuana Rebels, 341.
Case for the Transvaal, 148.
Caste in the United States, 210.
Census Returns for 1891, 28.
Chartered Company in South Africa, 90.
City of the Future, The, 380.
"Collective Will" and Law, The, 368.
Collectivism, Communism, Social-Demo-
cracy, and Anarchism, 273.

Compulsory Arbitration in Labour
Disputes, 345.
"Conservative" Compensation Bill, 266.
Cretan Crisis, 86.
Cretan Policy of Lord Salisbury, 123.
Crime, 56,

Democracy and Socialism, 151.
Deep Cultivation, 136.
Do Foreign Annexations Injure British
Trade? 180.
Don't Marry a Non-Union Man, 74.
Depopulation of France, 245.

East and West, 1497-1897, 114.
Eastern Question, 149.
Egypt, 116.
"Enfants Assistés" of Paris, 155.
England and Her Colonies, 118.
England's Food Supply in Time of War,
218.
Enumeration of Professions in Germany,
84.
Essential Difference between Anarchism
and Social-Democracy, 297.

Facts and Figures, 18, 281, 347, 372.
Famine in India, Some Facts about the,
35.
Famine-Making in Matabeleland, 67.
Fate of Greece, 215.
Filibuster Cecil Rhodes and his Char-
tered Company, 267.
Forces of Socialism in the Various
Countries, 122.
Foreigner in the Farmyard, 119.
France and Russia in China, 85.
From Inside Johannesburg, 248.
FEUILLETONS:

A Case of Intimidation, 317.
A Merry Christmas, 381.
Another Man's Wife, 93.
Bread and Shows, 221.
"Evil that Good may Come," 156
In the Name of Religion, 349.
Isabel's Intention, 252, 283.

Nov 7-1923 LS 5498 8v.

HX 1
S67

(RECAP)

525684

FEUILLETONS (*continued*):

- Jim Carter's Last Day, 29.
- "Only—He was a Socialist," 61.
- "Temporary Insanity, 188.
- The Dynamiter, 124.

- George, Henry, 323.
- German Competition, 117.
- Great Britain's Opportunity, 314.
- Growth of German Cities, 219.

- Harney, George Julian: A Straggler of 1848, 3.

- Indian Railways and the Famine, 13.
- Individualists and Socialists, 57.
- Industrial and Reformatory Schools, 58
- Industrial Economics a Progressive Science, 378
- Industrial Revolution the Root of Depression, 211.
- Insurance against Labour Accidents in Belgium, 182
- International Congress, A Hostile View of the, 27.
- International Congress and the General Strike, 87.
- Introduction, 1.

- Joynes, James Leigh: Some Reminiscences, 232.

- Labour and Law in America, 121.
- Labour Party in Queensland, 169.
- Law and the Laundry, 60.
- Life in a French Commune, 153.

- Mann, Tom, on "Socialism in England," 178.
- Mansion House Fund, 60.
- Marx, Karl, 163.
- Mill, John Stuart, 89.
- Minnesota State School for Dependent Children, The, 371.
- Municipal Elections, 305.
- Municipalism, 187.
- Municipal Ownership in Theory and Practice, 311.

- Native Problem in South Africa, 24.
- North-West Frontier, 359.

- Out of Work Assurance, 60.
- Owen, Robert, 291.

- Perovskaia, Sophie, 195.
- Pity the Poor Landlords, 198.
- Plague and Climatic Conditions, 135.
- Plague, The, 59.
- POETRY:
 - A Parable from Paradise, 33.
 - Farewell of the *New Rheinisch Gazette*, 161.
 - In the Ale House, 353.
 - Press Censorship, 257.
 - Sophie Perovskaia, 193.
 - The Chances of the Game, 289.
 - The Song of Hate, 225.
 - The Weavers, 97.
 - To the Tame-Spirited, 321.

POETRY (*continued*):

- Utopia, 129.
- Workmen's Jubilee Ode, 65.
- Poor Law, Social-Democrats and the Administration of the, 14.
- Popular Technical Education, 302.
- Position of the Education Question, 346.
- Preventible Disease, 206.
- Progressing by Going Back, 278.
- Public Companies Problem, 332.

- Queen Victoria & the United States, 220.

- Rate-Paying and Rate-Saving, 71.
- Referendum in Australia and New Zealand, 251.
- Reform the House of Lords, 122.
- Religious Issue at the London School Board, 301.
- Rex, the Chartist, 99.
- Rise and Decline of Strikes in America, 83
- Russia and the Re-discovery of Europe, 120.

- School Children as Wage Earners, 250.
- Science and Life in the Nineteenth Century, 326, 360.
- Science by Cablegram, 9.
- Sentimentalism *v.* Economics, 251.
- Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Social-Democratic Federation, 244.
- Siamese Visit, 179.
- Social-Democracy in America, 376.
- Social-Democrat or Socialist? 227.
- Social-Democrats and the Administration of the Poor Law, 14.
- Socialism: A Defence of the Zurich Definition, 335.
- Socialism and Socialistic Doctrine, 365.
- Socialism in France, 280.
- Socialist Policy and the Armenian Question, 39.
- Social Question, The Way to Study the, 185.
- Social Questions in America, 197.
- Some Current Fallacies on the Woman Question, 201.
- Some Facts about the Famine in India, 35.
- South African Bubble, 216.
- Sovereignty of the People and the Modicum of Liberty, 174.

- Thessalian War of 1897, 181.
- Third Volume of "Marx's Capital," 142.
- Toryism and Toil, 247.
- Trusts, The American Press on, 19.
- Twenty Years of Trade, 249.

- Unrecognised Essence of Democracy, 279.

- Was it a Defeat or a Success? 110.
- Who is to be Blamed, 75.
- William the Cad, 213.
- Woman: Her Rights, Grievances and Encroachments, 115.
- Woman Suffrage in the West, 51.
- Women's Employment, 377.
- Working Girls' Club, 89.

INTRODUCTORY.

FOR some time we have had numerous representations from various quarters as to the need for a Social-Democratic Magazine. The experiences of the past, however, have hitherto deterred us from taking any step in this direction. Recent events have, in our opinion, made a venture of this kind more necessary, while the growth of the Socialist movement and the increasing demand for a monthly review of that movement has encouraged us to undertake it.

While the principles we shall set ourselves to serve and promulgate will be those of scientific revolutionary Social-Democracy as set forth in the writings of its best known writers, Marx, Engels, Hyndman, and others, we shall gladly welcome contributions from representatives of other schools of thought, not excluding those who are entirely opposed to Socialism in any form. Indeed, we hope to make polemical discussion on all phases of the social problem a special feature of our magazine. Under these circumstances it is scarcely necessary to add that the writers alone will be responsible for the views expressed in their contributions, we ourselves being responsible only for editorial articles.

The main object of our magazine, however, is to present to Socialists, most of whom have neither the time nor the opportunity of reading these for themselves, in a condensed form, the various articles and criticisms on Socialism which appear each month in different magazines, books, and newspapers. We hope to make the bulk of our magazine of these reviews, and to thus bring within the reach of all Socialists, matter and information from which they, by virtue of their circumstances, are largely excluded.

The low price at which our magazine is issued should ensure it a wide sale among all members of the Socialist party, and it rests with them to secure for it that success we will do our best to see that it merits.



GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY.

From a Photograph by Byrne and Co., Richmond, Surrey. By permission.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. I. JANUARY, 1897.

GEORGE JULIAN HARNEY: A STRAGGLER OF 1848.

ONE of the most effective characters in the répertoire of our great actor, Henry Irving, is that of Corporal Gregory Brewster. Everybody knows it as an extraordinarily finished portrait of a ninety-year-old Guardsman. In 1815, at the Battle of Waterloo, this same Brewster has driven through a narrow lane, the hedges aflame on both sides, a waggon carrying gunpowder for the Guards at Hougoumont. His predecessor in the attempt had been blown to pieces. Brewster wins through somehow, is greatly honoured of the regiment, and is here dying of old age and in something perilously near poverty. Among all the wonderful touches in that most pathetic portrait, there is one that always moves me more than any other—more even than the dying finish, "The Guards need powder, and by God they shall have it." That is where the old man, speaking to the young Colonel of his regiment that was, describes himself, with uncertain fingers straying over the table, as "a straggler—a straggler."

I was reminded of the little play, of Irving's beautiful impersonation when, the other day, I went down to Richmond to see George Julian Harney. Here is a straggler—a straggler of 1848. Here is a man that carried intellectual gunpowder to the Lifeguards of the Chartist movement. As he sits there in his lonely room, crippled by rheumatism, and nearly eighty years of age, it would be difficult to realise that this is the man of whom Ernest Jones said, "He was the boldest of the champions of the Chartist cause," if you did not look at his face.

When you try to get from Harney some reminiscences of that old time, you find the task not too easy. He tells you at the outset "One may live too long;" and indeed from the neglect by the English workers of this fighter in the van, he might not unnaturally conclude that he had worn out his welcome amongst them.

Harney was born on February 17, 1817, in Kent. That is as near as he will let you get to his birthplace. His schools were the inevitable Dame School of that time, and one or two private schools which he says were of no account. His university, from the age of eleven to fourteen, was the Royal Naval School, Greenwich. After all, his university, like that of the Shakespeare of his adoration, was the big world of thought and action. According to himself, he did not learn much at school, and was very often in poor health. He never had any trade, except that of seafaring, and

afterwards drifting generally into and along with the advanced movement of his time, until he reached the crest of the oncoming wave, and was at once leader and driven. For six months he was at sea, going to Lisbon and Brazil. After his return, just as some of us have a great fancy to be a railway guard or a circus master, Harney had a great desire to be a printer. But the fates were adverse, although, after all, he was to do more for printing than perhaps any compositor that ever lived.

From the age of sixteen to that of nineteen he was in the thick of the Unstamped Fight. Those were the years of stamped newspapers. The tax upon knowledge took the official form of a fourpenny stamp upon every newspaper; so the energetic spirits of the time declared roundly for unstamped newspapers. The movement was led by Hetherington, Watson, Collet, Moore, and others, and the fight centred especially around the *Poor Man's Guardian*. Under an Act of Queen Anne, Harney was clapped into prison twice for short terms in London, and then, as there was a vacancy in Derby, he went there in place of some unknown fighter, imprisoned. At Derby he sold the unstamped *Political Register*—not on any account to be confused with Cobbett's paper of the same name. At Derby he got six months, at the very revolutionary age of nineteen. But his imprisonment was a triumph; for whilst it was still going on, the Government gave way, and the fourpenny newspaper stamp was abolished. The victory for education had been won, even if one of the victors was laid by the heels in Derby Gaol. The three prisons that were honoured by the temporary residence of Harney were Coldbath Fields, the Borough Compter, and Derby Gaol. They have all gone the way of all bricks and mortar, been transformed or else vanished, as completely as the church at Luddington, two miles from Stratford-on-Avon, at which William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway were married.

The Unstamped men of 1836 became the Chartists of succeeding years. It is an interesting study in evolution—the Unstamped movement, the Chartist movement, the Freethought movement, which afforded, after the apparent downfall of Chartism, the only outlet for the energies of the advanced working men, until the next stage in evolution came, and the Socialist movement grew, more or less directly, out of those just named. It is very interesting to see in England how, at your Socialist meetings, you have especially the old and the young rather than the middle-aged. Some stragglers from the Chartist movement are still with us, and they are the youngest of us all. Their grandchildren, rather than their children, form the ever-increasing mass of the class-conscious workers. On the other hand, in many cases, but not in quite all, the children of the Chartists and the fathers of the present race of young workers are, as the inevitable result of their surroundings a few years back, often hide-bound in a hard-and-fast Radicalism diluted with Freethought. None of us will forget, although I have no time to work it out here, the stages of intellectual and political development precedent to the Unstamped movement—the Utopian Socialism of Robert Owen, and from him back through the centuries to the Lilburnes and the Kets.

Harney was a delegate to the first National Convention of the Chartists.

Its full name was the General Convention of the Industrial Classes. In his room there hangs, upon walls full of interesting pictures, a picture of that Convention as it met on Monday, February 4, 1839, at the British Coffee House in Cockspur Street. The British Coffee House has vanished, or undergone such transformation as to have practically vanished. After the second or third day, the Convention removed to the Doctor Johnson Hotel, Bolt Court, Fleet Street—which is now, says Harney, with a half-cynical humour so characteristic of him, “a sporting den.”

He was delegate to the Convention from Newcastle, and the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, owned by his faithful friend Joseph Cowen, still retains his services as a writer. Between the Derby prison time and the meeting of the Convention he had been, to use his own language, “padding the hoof, preaching the gospel of discontent.”

The year 1839 was memorable to him not only for the Convention. At the latter end of July in that year he was arrested again at Bedlington, about eleven miles from Newcastle. It will be observed how faithful he was to Newcastle. This arrest was for a speech made early in the same month at Birmingham. It took place at two o'clock in the morning, and he had to be got across country to Birmingham, handcuffed to a constable of that inspiring town, and hemmed in with Newcastle police. The journey was in a hackney coach to Newcastle; in a ferry across the Tyne to Gateshead; from Gateshead by rail to Carlisle; by stage coach right across Shap Fell, that highest point among the Westmoreland mountains, up to which the London and North Western engines so slowly climb; finally by rail from Preston, at that time the extreme north of the North Western Railway, to Birmingham.

As one heard of the handcuff business, one's eyes involuntarily strayed to the poor rheumatic and yet vigorous hands of nearly fifty-seven years after. At Birmingham there was a committal and a letting out on bail. “I never knew,” said the veteran, with a laugh, “how rich I was until then. I was worth one surety in £1,000 and two in £500. The trial did not come off in Warwick in April 1840. The Grand Jury, of which for the first time I began to understand the function, and for which for the first time I began to have some respect, declined to find a true bill.

“The next taking event was my arrest at Sheffield. I was one of fifty or sixty, all of whom were arrested, in 1842, all over England, for taking part in a Convention at Manchester. The real fact was that this convention was connected in point of time, but in no other way whatever, with a big trade union strike in Lancashire, with which were mixed up plug-drawing and other wicked devices of the workmen. We were to be tried at Liverpool before Lord Abinger, alias James Scarlett. He was Scarlett by name and scarlet by nature, and we know that he, like certain judges of to-day—at least so they tell me—had made up his mind to the verdict before a word of evidence was given. It was necessary to play the lawyers with their own cards, and so we “traversed,” that is, we contended for a beautiful legal fiction; that as forty days had not elapsed since the time of the arrest, we had not had enough time for the defence. So away to Lancaster—to the

Castle, I think—and the Monster Trial at March, 1843. The Judge was Rolfe, and the indictment was riddled through and through by the lawyers on our side. Some of our fellows were represented by Counsel. For those not represented, I “led.” Fergus O’Connor brought up the rear of the self defenders, and everybody knows that the big actor always likes to have the stage at the end of the play.” The chief Counsel for the prosecution was the Attorney-General, Sir Frederick Pollock, of whom Harney speaks with the greatest respect. “He was a prosecutor, not a persecutor.” Ultimately Harney and O’Connor were found guilty on one of the innumerable counts, and the others upon two. Goodness only knows now, and nobody whatever cares, what the counts were, as there was an arrest of judgment—which was turning the tables by the arrested with a vengeance—and a quashing of the whole business in the Court of Queen’s Bench, as far as Harney and the rest were concerned, on the ground that the indictment was bad.

“Tom” Cooper, as Harney calls him, was not so lucky. I have a dim memory of Cooper, when I was a very small youth, lecturing to me and a lot of other people, and more or less converting us from the error of our orthodox ways. Cooper had two years in Stafford Gaol, and took them out of humanity in general by writing “The Purgatory of Suicides.” He became converted in his later days to Christianity and general respectability.

In the summer of 1841 Harney went in for his first political contest. It was against Lord Morpeth, and the arena was the West Riding of Yorkshire. To get rid of the political contests once for all, there was another opened on July 30, 1847, against that arch-friend of Russia, Lord Palmerston. The Palmerston constituency was Tiverton, and Harney swears that for his fame (Harney’s not Palmerston’s) he “should have died thereafter.” When he went out to America later, even such a man as Horace Greeley knew him chiefly on the ground that he opposed Palmerston. Of course these more or less abortive runnings of candidates were chiefly with the intention of making propaganda by speech. For example, the opposition to Morpeth gave Harney the opportunity of speaking at such towns as Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, Dewsbury, Wakefield. There was never any serious intention of going to the poll.

The rest of this life of struggle and event is chiefly journalistic. Thus, in 1843, he joined the *Northern Star* at Leeds, and was first sub-editor and afterwards editor. This connection was ended by disagreement with Fergus O’Connor. The grounds of the disagreement were, according to Harney, that he made too much of the foreign refugees, whilst O’Connor made too much of the old political ideas, and was too much of a King, Lords and Commons man. One epigrammatic summary of O’Connor by Harney is worth preserving. “He was like William Cobbett, without his particular form of genius.”

The *Democratic Review*, 1849, the *Red Republican* and *Friend of the People* (June 1850 to July 1851) were his next journalistic and pugilistic ventures. From 1855 to 1862 he was in Jersey, looking after the *Jersey Independent*. He seems to have been attracted to the Channel Islands chiefly because Victor Hugo (whom he knew and loved well afterwards) had

been expelled from Jersey to Guernsey. "The first week I was in Jersey," says Harney, "I heard the Bailiff reading the Proclamation of Peace with Russia."

Since the Jersey time, there are the little interludes in such a life as this of a journey to and a sojourn in America, and a return to this country.

I do not think I can give any better idea of the intellectual, moral, and political characteristics of Harney than by telling the reader of the portraits and the like that crowd his walls. I take them just as I saw them, working round his room. Fergus O'Connor; Frost; Joseph Cowen; Oastler, the Factory King; "Knife and Fork" Stephens, the physical force man, who spent eighteen months in Chester Castle; W. J. Linton, engraver and Chartist; Harney himself (he is even now a delightful bit of a beau in his way, as scrupulously dressed and groomed as ever), as a Yankee, with a moustache only, instead of the present venerable beard; Lovett, who drew up the People's Charter; Frederick Engels and Karl Marx, very fitly side by side (Harney had the high honour of their friendship); "Ironsides" Adams, of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. All these are on the walls by his bed and the fireplace that runs to the window, looking south. Over the mantle-piece is a group that reminds some of us younger workers in the workers' movement that perhaps we hardly pay as much attention to pure literature as our political forefathers did—Byron, Scott, Burns, Shelley, Moore, Pope, Dryden, the grave of Fielding, and, high over all, Shakespeare. Between the windows looking south are Miss Eleanor Cobbett, now ninety-one years of age, a letter from Cobbett himself, and the People's Charter. Between the windows and the door, Magna Charta, Darwin, Ruskin, Sidney, Chaucer, Raleigh, De Stael, Mary Wollstonecroft, together with a bust of Shakespeare again. And, by the door, there is a picture of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

The words of Harney about Engels and Marx (I put them in the order in which he began to know them) will be of interest. "I knew Engels, he was my friend and occasional correspondent over half a century. It was in 1843 that he came over from Bradford to Leeds and enquired for me at the *Northern Star* office. A tall, handsome young man, with a countenance of almost boyish youthfulness, whose English, in spite of his German birth and education, was even then remarkable for its accuracy. He told me he was a constant reader of the *Northern Star* and took a keen interest in the Chartist movement. Thus began our friendship over fifty years ago. In later years he was the Nestor of International Socialism. Not more natural was it for Titus to succeed Vespasian than for Frederick Engels to take the place of his revered friend when Karl Marx had passed away. He was the trusted counsellor whose advice none dared to gainsay. Probably the private history of German Socialism could tell how much the party is indebted to his wise counsels in smoothing acerbities, preventing friction, mildly chastening ill-regulated ambition, and promoting the union of all for each and each for all. The author of 'Das Kapital' was supremely fortunate in having so devoted a friend. The friendship of Marx and Engels was something far from the common. If not positively unique we must go back to ancient

legends to find a parallel. Either would have emulated Pythias' offered sacrifice for Damon. In their public work as champions of their ideas they were like the 'Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome.' Engels' like, I believe, most short-sighted people, wrote a very 'small hand;' but his calligraphy was very neat and clear. His letters were marvels of information, and he wrote an immense number in spite of his long hours of original composition or translation. He attended most of the large Eight Hours Demonstrations in Hyde Park [all, except that of 1895, the year of his death, and was always on the International platform, of which I had the great honour to be chairman; E. A.]—but I doubt if sixteen hours covered his average day's work when he was at his best. With all his knowledge and all his influence, there was nothing of the 'stuck up' or 'stand-offishness' about him. He was just as modest and ready for self-effacement at the age of seventy-two as at the age of twenty-two when he called at the *Northern Star* office. Not only his intimate friends, but dependents, servants, children, all loved him. Although Karl Marx was his great friend his heart was large enough for other friendships and his kindness was unfailing. He was largely given to hospitality, but the principal charm at his hospitable board was his own 'table talk,' the 'good Rhine wine' of his felicitous conversation and genial wit. He was himself laughter-loving, and his laughter was contagious. A joy-inspirer, he made all around him share his happy mood of mind."

A letter from Harney to Marx just found by us among the papers of the latter is of great historical interest (look at the dates and names), and is here published for the first time.

"DEAR MARX,—I have been and am very unwell, so can only say that the propositions for holding a Democratic Congress in Brussels in September next have been unanimously adopted by the monthly meeting of the Fraternal Democrats, the German Workingmen's Association, the Metropolitan Chartist Committee, and the Chartist Executive.

"I will write again in the course of the first week of 1848.

"London, Dec. 18, 1847.

"G. J. H."

Turning back from this beautiful retrospect upon one of his own kin by Harney, calling to mind the many happy days when I met him at Engels' house, I am conscious that the two men, Engels and Harney, were cast in the same mould, soldiers in the same regiment.

And as I look in this darkening room at Richmond at this old warrior with his carefully brushed hair and beard, his strongly marked face, his clear eyes—as I listen to the clear voice that expresses his clear thought—my mind goes back to years before he was born, and forward to years after both he and I will be dead, and I see in this old man an unbreakable link between the years and the years. I know that long after the rest of us are forgotten the name of George Julian Harney will be remembered with thankfulness and with tears. A straggler of 1848. But a straggler who cried then, and who will cry with his latest breath that which shall be the motto helping us to remember him, "The people want powder, and by God they shall have it."

EDWARD AVELING.

SCIENCE BY CABLEGRAM.

THE world is to the pachydermatous. This proposition few will try to controvert. The man of letters toiling at his point of literature, the artist struggling in clay, bronze, oil, or tempera to express his thoughts, have had their day. The contemplative life is quite exploded. Honour to those who make space narrower, enable us to travel eighty instead of sixty miles an hour. Theirs is the future ; let them use it better than we used the past. Mankind must have an idol whom he idealises, as people without imagination, and therefore quite incapable of seeing the imaginative side of common things, are prone to do. And, therefore, they have chosen to invest a man of science with all the attributes that once attached to student and to artist. Far be it from me to say a word against the artificers of Eiffel Tower, Forth Bridge, of Motor Car, Pneumatic Tyre, of those who labour in their laboratories to ease the burden of the sick, and find the germs of all disease, now in a microbe or bacillus, and then fall down and worship what they have found, and in a year or two cast down their microbe and bacillus and find another God. Scientists are human like the rest of us, and, when their God jibs at his miracle, why let them tie him to a string, trail him about like sailors do their saint upon the Quay of Naples, jump on his storach, and then deny him with a phallic oath.

The world is full of Gods and of Bacilli. The solitary man of science, working at his idea, not for reward, but solely for the love of science, never discouraged, beaten back to-day, gaining an inch to-morrow, firmly convinced that human knowledge is illimitable, and resolute to add to it by the endeavour of his whole life, content to die unrecognised knowing his work will be continued and perfected by the men who follow him, is just as great as was Velasquez, Dante, Cervantes, or the poor French proletarian who answered, when they asked why he lay dying at the corner of a street, that he had fought for human solidarity. I see the man of science bit by bit surmounting difficulties, solving problems, working whilst others sleep, so that in future all may sleep sounder, disease controlled ; and still remaining in himself, apart from science, a mere child in knowledge of affairs, and thinking the Stock Exchange a noble institution to enable nations mutually to self-develop one another ; believing parliaments to be the assembled wisdom, purity, virtue, and patriotism of the land ; taking all women to be pure, all men brave, all editors to be men to whom is given in trust the direction of the public mind, and all imbued with the dignity of their position ; and taking ministers of all religions (though he believes in none) to be modest and unsectarian, and as far from war and strife as was the peasant priest in Chaucer, who guarded well his sheep and never ran to London for preferment.

There are such men of science, and the world is all the better for them ; as it is better for a Whistler, Crawhall, Hardy, Maupassant, Puvis de Chav-

annes, Degas, and others whom I do not mention for fear of fools and angels. How far removed from self-advertisement is the true man of science. If, in his laboratory, he chance to light on a discovery useful to mankind, he makes it public for the general good as soon as it is plain to demonstration; but not before. Science abhors a mystery, and the piffler who lights on anything, and, either from vanity or hope of gain, wraps it in mystery, falls into the category of the fencing master in the middle ages who had a secret thrust. Let him lead apes in hell, with bandbox makers, inventors of essences to curl the hair, with players on the jew's harp, with those who gain their daily bread by making stays for men, breeches for women, with Lesbian ladies, with androgynous young men who speak in squeaky voices, and with all the crew who form the scum that floats upon the backwaters of modern life. Honour to him who either by the adoption of other men's ideas, or by his own hard work, found out the phonograph, perfected telephones, and endowed mankind with never failing bliss by the discovery of the telephone. His great inventions save the legs of countless errand boys, enable men to rig the market with greater ease and accuracy than before, bottles up vapid speeches by foolish persons for expectant generations who will all be born with a consuming thirst to hear the sound of voices which in life acted like soporifics on their contemporaries. And how thoughtful in an age of never-ceasing noise, to make an instrument by means of which the motion of an imprisoned fly sounds louder than the stamping of a buffalo.

Honour the wise, but chiefly, as we are a business folk, honour them for all they do on our behalf. Honour them when they turn their brains to invent machines to lighten labour, and if in lightening labour their invention enables us to lighten wages too, honour, oh, honour them, and place their statues, bound in their iron hats and hosen, in our public places.

But let us pity men of science with injudicious friends. Especially those kind of friends who think a man of science and a trotting horse are to be telegraphed about each morning after their exercise. These sort of people most do flourish in lands where, by the uniformity of type or speech, a vast parochialism obtains, though even here, in England, they abound. When a man wires he has a chain charged with some kind of electricity, by means of which he hopes to blow the British fleet to atoms, in case of war, it makes men smile and think upon the "snug automata" in Jonson's "Staple of News" "which runs under water, has a movable tail made like an auger, and with which tail, between the costs of a ship, she wriggles and sinks it straight." That sort of folly is a kind of application of the microphonic principle to the brain and does no harm, but causes those who dabble in such matters to believe that the application of a dose of phosphorus pentoxide might absorb the water in the sender's brain. When friends of a man of science, or friends set on by man of science, proceed to cable that the man of mystery, by virtue of a semi-magic substance, known as Calcium Tungstate, will shortly, with the Rontgen rays, see through the human body, and that without photography, we laugh outright. Almost a year has passed since men in England looked into the body without photography, and that

without the aid of the most blessed Calcium Tungstate, but by the use of Barium platino cyanide. Again we are informed that before pitching on his Calcium Tungstate the great medicine man had brought beneath his observation some eighteen hundred substances. Why peril his eternal bliss for poor two hundred substances, why not say at once he had examined a round two thousand? In one's mind's eye one sees him bending over fulminates (of gold or mercury) lost in contemplation of the essential oils; contemplating prussic acid and the cyanides; turning his attention to shellac, ambergris, asafetida, bdellium, bio silicated alumina, copperas, verdigris; whilst not disdaining amadou and spermaceti; toiling up laboratory stairs under a monstrous mass of gallium; trifling with guano, nickel, and with antimony; trying his wit on plates of tourmaline, asbestos, emery powder, vulcanite and manganese; experimenting upon kaolin, red mercury, iron pyrites, mica, gneiss, leather, glue, or papier mache; then buying a bezoar stone, and a rock crystal ball; and, lastly, all the eighteen hundred substances duly weighed in the most accurately made scales that Philadelphia can produce, and then found wanting, in a fine frenzy, turning to his Calcium Tungstate and rushing to the cable. No one denies that by the Rontgen rays and with the use of Calcium Tungstate the interior of the human body can be seen without photography, but Rontgen in his laboratory (miles from a telegraph) had already done the experiment that was announced as possible with so much pomp by cable. Needless to say, in London and in Glasgow, by the time that Edison's cablegram arrived, the experiment had passed into the realms of ancient history. But fresh developments of the "new science" were still in store for the dessicated dwellers in worn-out Europe.

Ever since Rontgen noticed (by accident) the presence of a new light, during an experiment in fluorescing with a Crooke's tube, and lighted on the rays which since have borne his name, most men of science, at least in Europe, have been struck with the conclusion that to make a blind man see, nothing was necessary (so that the retina, or at least some portion of the optic nerve, remained intact) but to find out a means of focussing the Rontgen rays.

In every murky open conduit of a street in Glasgow or Liverpool, where a doctor lives, in London, Berlin, Paris and the other towns of Europe, the problem occupies the minds of men of science.

After the weary round of daily work, of walking hospitals, auscultating chests, looking at tongues and taking temperatures, listening to fools who think themselves about to die, though strong as dromedaries, wondering in the houses of the poor if any future life can make amends for present hell, the man of science in his laboratory with the Crooke's tubes, his fluorescent screen, and bull-dog resolution is at the problem. No miserable European or sensible American has been so cruel as to give a hint of what may some day be a possibility. Fancy a blind man in his night hearing the rumour and passing all his time in asking his friends, "Is it accomplished, shall I, too, see, and once again become as other men?" This seems to have struck all scientists in Europe; and all kept silence. Again, across the Atlantic came a cablegram to the effect that Edison believed within three years the blind, in many cases, might be made to see.

No one believes that Edison himself has done this thing, for there are limits even to self-advertisement. His friends, again, all anxious, like good "sound money" men, to chaw old Europe up, have, no doubt, once again rushed to the office with the laudable desire of beating the old record. However, with his keen, New Jersey brain, the great inventor saw this time that things had gone a little far. The innocuous interviewer calls at his house, and an authentic paragraph is wired across to the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

It appears that a "report" had come from California of the successful use of Rontgen rays on a blind patient in a hospital. Hearing of this occurrence, Edison tried experiments upon two patients, but had no success.* Then he indignantly denies having promised to make blind men see within three years, and the deputation straight withdrew, and took a cab down to the cable office.

In cases such as these, the first thing necessary is accuracy. Oh! be accurate. By want of accuracy fell the alchemists. What tortures of anticipation, of hope deferred, of longing night and day, of listening to conversations to catch a word of favourable report. What pent-up agonies, what tears, scalding dry eyes, might have been saved to the poor blind if Mr. Edison had fastened up his friends with one of his electric chains.

Lastly appears upon the scene (also by cablegram) a rich blind man, one Mr. Rouss. Perhaps a rich blind man is almost a greater subject for pity than a poor one, though, of course, all evils, having bread, are less. A rich blind Christian, trusting in the goodness of his God, must be indeed a living proof of faith sufficient to subvert the planetary system. Pictures and sculpture, horses and women, light, darkness, Spring, Winter, Summer, a tree just bursting into leaf, a flying fish darting before a ship, a swallow catching flies before a house, a bat fluttering like velvet through the evening air, a may-fly dipping in a pool, all without charm, and all unknown except by hearsay. His gorgeous house unseen, his children's faces as the face of all the world, his very signature upon a cheque, the only enduring joy the seeing rich man has, as vague to him as is the rubric of the Sultan on a Turkish stamp. With all his riches something touching and naïf about poor Mr. Rouss. One million dollars sound as if a man of science wanted a reward, or would work one iota harder for a million. Surely the poorest blind man in the world, even the man who sits at the street corner yelling condemnatory passages in the minor prophets from a raised-letter Bible, is an object of our pity. Still, Mr. Rouss, believing (as he says by cablegram) that Mr. Edison is a genius and a man of science, will run to bathe himself in any Abana or Pharpar that is shown to him, stay for a year within the great man's laboratory, and believes a cure is possible. He likewise offers his reward to any scientist in England or throughout the world. Did ever anyone, blind or long-sighted, miss his mark more absolutely? As well endeavour, with his million dollars, to find an architect to build another Parthenon, a painter to excel Carpaccio, a poet to write another "Tempest" or "Inferno," as find a man of science willing to work harder at such a problem than he is working.

All things are possible—the blind may see, the deaf may hear, the dead

may come to life again, the quality of reticence cross the Atlantic and the "New Science" cease to manifest itself piecemeal by cablegram. Till then, perhaps, it were well to recollect that science is not of the nature of a steeplechase, and that the man who labours patiently throughout his life has as much honour, even if his name is never known except to brother men of science as the discoverer who seeks the bubble reputation in the mouth of fools.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

INDIAN RAILWAYS AND THE FAMINE.

IN *India*, over the initials of "C. S. B.," there appears the account of an interview with Mr. James R. Bell, the experienced Indian engineer. The writer of the article asked why the provinces of Bundilcund and Oudh should suffer most from the present famine.

"Bundilcund," replied Mr. Bell, "is mountainous, and does not lend itself to irrigation on a considerable scale. Oudh refused Colonel Forbes' scheme of irrigation on account of the cost." He further said that famines in India appeared to come in cycles, eighteen years being the period, the famine lasting for about three years. Also, "The worst of the famine may be yet to come, but to my knowledge there has been great scarcity during '94-95 and '95-96, so that if the cycle theory be correct—it needs confirmation—we might be nearing the end."

"Irrigation," explains Mr. Bell, "must be maintained for eighteen years, only to be used for three." It would have to be compulsory, and any Government would hesitate before taking such a step. Furthermore, "Irrigation works make the land swampy. The death-rate and fever-rate increase in irrigated countries. . . . To counteract the water-logging, drainage schemes have been devised, but the cost and drawbacks of irrigation are both very patent."

As to railways, he says: "Two important connecting links are necessary in order to connect irrigated tracts with those that depend on the rainfall. One of these is now in hand, a section of the East Coast Railway, which links the irrigation system of the Krishna and the Godavery with Orissa, a province which suffered severely from famine in 1865, and through Orissa with Bengal and Calcutta. . . . The second link is that between Karachi and Jodhpore, Marwar, and Central India generally. . . . Scindia, one of the chief granaries of India, might be of great service to Central India, which is liable to fluctuations in the rainfall." Grain, under present circumstances, is exported to Europe from Karachi, while parts of India are in dire need of it. In Mr. Bell's opinion, the native princes themselves see the necessity for such developments. "But," he added, "one thing is highly necessary. Such works must be carried on by rupee capital."

"You mean —"

"That foreign capital must be lent as rupees, and not liable to the fluctuations of exchange. It is Lord Elgin's policy, and necessary under the existing circumstances."

SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE POOR LAW.

AMONG the more ardent spirits of the S.D.F. there are to be found those who continually express their regret that the movement to-day is hum-drum and commonplace, compared to the good old days of fourteen years ago, when to be a Social-Democrat was to be, in very deed, "an enemy of society," and when every day brought some new excitement, either in a police outrage or unemployed march. While it is quite true that the work is hum-drum and commonplace, compared with the days just mentioned, there can be no doubt that the movement to-day is more solid and enduring, and although it was necessary to start at the bottom it would never do to revert to the old tactics of mere angry propaganda against the existing order of things, and society has a right to ask us what we have to say to the needs of the present and what policy we have to offer in place of those we denounce as worn-out and useless.

After Parliament the most important question is that of administration, especially in regard to the Poor Law. No one would deny the work done by many excellent men and women on municipalities, school boards, and other local bodies, but the fact remains that no administrative authority comes so close to the people as do the Guardians of the Poor, and no local body in the country has so large powers either for good or evil as they. At the present moment, when Lord Penrhyn is engaged in the pleasant task of starving-out his slaves, the local Board of Guardians could turn his flank by paying outdoor relief to the discharged workmen, to such an amount as would make up the wages which are stopped, and, as his lordship is one of the biggest ratepayers, he would soon find it convenient to re-open his works. I only mention this in passing, as it is sometimes urged that time is wasted on such local bodies. It may be to some extent true, but in the main it is just that kind of work which, in times of stress, would most readily help workers.

But this is not all. Say what our Manchester politicians may to the contrary, it is a startling fact that pauperism, especially amongst the aged, is ever increasing, and that, although so-called charitable agencies are treble what they were a few years ago; and not only is pauperism increasing among the aged, but despite prison-like casual wards, where the tasks imposed are harder and the food given is even worse than in prison, tramps and casuals multiply year by year, until it is an acknowledged fact that there are thousands of men and women in England to-day who have never lived other than on the rates. Some of our labour leaders have lately been loud in their denunciation of such as these, but except for frothy denunciation of the individuals their talk leads nowhere. Then there are the children of widows and single women. It is admitted that the factory system has tended to

shorten men's lives and consequently to leave widows and orphans for society to care for, and the revelations of the House of Commons Committee prove how much need there is for reform in the treatment of these children. I propose to say a few words on each of the above sections and try to show what policy is the correct one for Social-Democrats to follow.

First, then, as to the aged. These at present are treated either in the workhouse or by out-door relief. For my part I do not know which is the worse, to be treated as a semi-criminal, with all my actions regulated by a set of officials, or to be starved on a miserable pittance called out-relief which is only just enough to keep life going. Both policies are bad, and the sooner we of the S.D.F. couple adequate maintenance in old age with free maintenance in youth the better for all concerned. Both should be a charge on the National Funds, the present ridiculous arrangement, by which each parish is made to bear the cost of the poor within its borders, is one which should be swept away, as its only effect is to press upon the shoulders of the poor the entire burden of supporting the worn-out worker, and in the place of out-door relief as now given, and the workhouse, Boards of Guardians should build cottage homes in country districts for their old people. I say should do so, because they have the power to do this if they will; there is no law to say where the people should be maintained, neither is there any law to say how much relief should be given. Although the Local Government Board is a big bugbear to some, there is no gainsaying the fact that where a Board of Guardians is in real earnest, they generally get their way. Cottage homes need be in no respect like a workhouse, either inside or outside, and instead of leave being regulated it should be free at any time, and if to each cottage were attached a little garden, many an old man and woman would be only too glad to while away the time by cultivating flowers, &c. It is often urged, and with some truth, that the old people get drunk when they go out. This is, I think, accounted for by the fact that they never taste beer or spirits from one leave day to the other, and therefore ever so little knocks them over. I would advocate a small allowance day by day, so as to obviate this, and we all know that at least the majority of men and women only want enough for their needs. As to those who are not able to live by themselves, but must be cared for in institutions of one kind or another, these institutions should *not* be workhouses, but hospitals in the country. These should be made as pleasant as possible, and arrangements should be made for taking the patients out for drives, &c., in fine weather. One objection urged to this is that the old people like to be near their friends, and one well-known labour leader is at the present moment doing his utmost against a scheme such as this for aged married couples at Poplar on the score that the old people would rather be in the workhouse. This is mere rubbish, as in the case of any friend not having the means to go and visit, the Guardians can supply the necessary funds, and everyone knows that for the few almshouses remaining in and around London there are hundreds of applicants if one happens to be vacant.

Now, as to tramps and casuals. I can conceive of no class of men and women so deserving of pity as these. Many of them men of education, and

many of them sunk so low that they have no wish to get into better surroundings. It is in vain that tasks and rules are made harder and harder each year, in vain that the ticket system is put into vogue. Driven from one county they flee to another and so in the aggregate ever grow a larger army. That they are, many of them, unfit for useful work no one will deny; that they propagate children to grow up as useless as themselves is equally true; but that prison tasks and the harshest of treatment will remedy the evil I for one entirely deny. Let us imagine all the thousands of tramps honest, decent, well-behaved men. Has society room for them? Are there employers wanting men and women? No; and therefore right behind the fact that these men and women in a commercial sense are valueless, lies the much bigger fact that society has no use for them; that they are pushed out; not because they are unfit, but because no one can make profit by them. What, then, should be our policy? First, we should take charge of the children and rigorously prohibit the carrying of children from one end of the country to the other; this should be done from infancy, and such children should be trained to occupations suited to their capacity. The men and women should be taken care of in settlements in country districts where work of a light character could be engaged in, and where they should be obliged to remain for a stated period not shorter than one year. The cost to the community would be much less than now, for all oakum-picking, stone-breaking, and similar tasks, are simply so much dead loss. Then there are the able-bodied unemployed. Some year or two ago I tried to induce the unemployed in East London to go into the workhouses. A few followed my advice, but the greater portion lacked the courage. Those who did go in, though they themselves benefited very little, so alarmed the Boards of Guardians that thousands of pounds were spent in relief work. It is as well that here, too, it should be clearly understood that Boards of Guardians can pay wages, and that such wages need not be in kind. In Poplar, wages were paid at the rate of 6½d. per hour, and half was paid in money and the other half by a card, which was an order on any tradesman for anything the recipient liked. While they can pay wages, they can also choose the task they will set, and it is to the eternal disgrace of the labour movement in London that long ago Boards of Guardians were not compelled to put men and women to useful work. In this connection it is well to point out that in many workhouses purely skilled work is done by the inmates, who do not receive a penny in wages for their work. In Poplar, the whole of the clothes and boots and shoes, beside innumerable other articles, are made by the inmates, with the aid of four paid men. The argument in favour of this is that these people must be set to work of some sort, and that this is better than oakum-picking and stone-breaking. True as this is, and taking as it proves before a ratepaying audience, it is still also true that such work is sweated work of the vilest description, and Social-Democrats should fight against it with all their might. We must ask that those who do really useful necessary work shall be paid the proper rate of wages. There is nothing illegal in this, as the fact that some are so paid proves. This would, however, only deal with a very few. There are

thousands of unskilled men and women for whom no useful work can be found, and among these are many who are as unfit as the tramps and casuals mentioned above. For these we should start farm colonies; and here, again, I say, Guardians have the power to do this, and I can think of no more useful work for Social-Democratic Guardians than that of devising schemes for the co-operative cultivation of land. It may be urged that this would only be a palliative. I agree that it is; and so is everything we do of a like character to-day; but it is a palliative in the right direction, and therefore merits our support.

And now as to the children. This is the biggest problem of all. Everyone has a new scheme, and the very latest is that of the Sheffield Guardians, who have put their pauper children out in all parts of the town in separate houses; but a month's trial has proved that this is no solution, and that the stamp of pauperism remains, even though the children never go near the workhouse. Our practical men and women will have to learn that until the whole of the children of the community are treated alike, by being maintained and educated at the cost of the community, all schemes for the regeneration of a section will remain dismal failures. Boarding-out (which has proved to be baby farming on a small scale), cottage homes, and barrack schools have all turned out wrong. In the meantime, though, it may be asked, what are we to do with our power as Guardians? I believe, in spite of the House of Commons Committee, that the barrack school is the best system, if properly carried out. The one school I know intimately is the notorious Forest Gate School, and, without hesitation, I affirm that, with a due regard to the feelings of the children, with proper food and decent recreation, and no half-time, that school could be made an efficient one for the proper training of children. But it is not only the schools that need attention; it is the start in life given the children which demands most consideration. At present domestic service for girls, army, navy and flunkys for the boys, is the height of the average Guardians' ambition for such children. Social-Democrats should see to it that this is changed, no matter what the child may wish. We should do with these children as we do with our own: choose for them till they are of age. None of us burn our child's fingers in the fire to teach it, we prevent it burning itself till it is of age to know that fire is hot; and those who send boys into the army and navy, because they ask to go, do so to get rid of their responsibility. We must urge that the same code under which the Board and other outside schools work shall be worked in the workhouse school; the same inspectors inspect; that teachers as well qualified as outsiders shall be employed; that in connection with each school shall be technical institutes and workshops for both boys and girls in which their capacities for work could be developed.

This paper has already gone into greater length than it should have done, and therefore, in conclusion, I will only just say that no Social-Democrat must allow the bugbear of the rates to frighten him or her. No doubt rates do press heavily in every poor district; and if we listened to the ratepayers' outcry we should do nothing at all. The right thing is to do our work as Guardians efficiently and well, caring nothing so long as we can show good

value for money. To many it may seem not very revolutionary or exciting to go in for the drudgery of Poor Law Administration. All the same, the more of us who do, the better for the movement and for ourselves. For if we can once let men and women understand that our proposals are practical, and in all ways better than those of our opponents, it will not be long before they will give up following party hacks and quack war cries and join with us in working, not to palliate, but to sweep away, commercialism with its workhouses and prisons.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

CAPITALIST development supplies the place of the skilled workman by hand work. That is what the returns of 1895 for the workers of Prussia show. On June 14 there were employed 2,132,489 "skilled" workers (whose work requires an apprenticeship) of whom 1,898,811 were men and 233,678 were women. There are 1,317,374 "un-skilled workers" (whose work requires no apprenticeship) of whom 1,087,139 were men and 230,235 women. This shows a proportion of 36.4 per cent. of the men, and 49.6 per cent. of the women to be without special technical skill, without professional instruction, replaceable at the will of the master. Out of 161 professions considered 92 have a majority of "skilled workers," and 68 a majority of "un-skilled," as far as the men are concerned. As for the women, the "skilled" are in the majority in 27 professions, in the minority in 49, and 85 professions employ only "un-skilled." What is revealed to us by the official statistics of Prussia is true of all countries. Mechanism under the capitalist régime deprives the working class of work and technical skill; it produces the unemployed, and reduces those whom it spares to the part of mere labourers.

The official returns for June 14, 1895, summed up by Handels "Museum," gives 193,979 unemployed, of whom 49,375 are women. According to this account 24,595 are youths between the ages of 14 and 20; and 11,433 are girls of the same age; 13,009 are workmen of more than 60 years; and 4,044 are women who have passed that age. By December 2 following, the number of unemployed had risen to 553,673, of whom 166,990 were women. There were 64,551 youths between 14 and 20; 37,608 girls; 80,654 men over 60 years; and 32,801 women over that age. That is to say the proportion of unemployed is 1.51 per cent. in summer, and 4.20 per cent. in winter of the total number of workmen. It is 0.62 per cent. in summer and 1.74 per cent. in winter of the whole population. Of the unemployed 30.84 per cent. are agricultural labourers, 47.37 per cent. industrial workers, 6.95 per cent. belong to commerce, 13.79 per cent. are domestic servants, and 1.05 per cent. belong to the liberal professions. The eighteen towns of Prussia, with over 100,000 inhabitants, having altogether a population of 4,473,440 in June, and 4,622,032 in December, furnish about one-third of the unemployed (39 per cent. in summer and 23 per cent. in winter.)—*Revue Scientifique*.

At Bargerhaut (Belgium) a manufacturer makes cigars with the Reuse machines. A woman can do with this machine nearly twenty times as much as a man working by hand. The men have thus been replaced by a smaller number of women. This machine is preparing a revolution in this trade, which still further proves the necessity of collectivism.—*Le Peuple*, Bruxelles, December 13.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ON TRUSTS.

THE New York *Literary Digest* says: By common consent it would appear that the daily press of the country finds nothing since the election that calls for more comment than the status of the trusts. They are defended and criticised with and without regard to political lines. The allegation that Mr. Cleveland's Administration will close with a show of attempting, before the courts of the State of New York, to prove the anti-trust law effective, meets the counter allegation that Protection has been the trust-producer. On economic grounds the trusts have strenuous defenders, as they have vigorous critics. Occasion for this remarkably general discussion has been offered by the trusts themselves of late. The collapse of the nail trusts (*Literary Digest*, December 5), a new agreement arranged by the pool of steel billet manufacturers, the dissolution of a peanut trust, the reported organisation of a print-paper trust, the dissolution of a pottery trust, the reorganisation of a window-glass trust, and the Supreme Court's decision that Chapman, a New York broker, must pay the penalty of refusing to answer inquiries by a Senate Committee during its investigation of the sugar trust, are of very recent record. Arguments have been made, within a few days, before the Supreme Court in New York State, to test anti-trust law, in the case of the American Tobacco Company. Attorney-General Harmon, it is said, will this month conduct the Government's case in the United States Supreme Court in the important hearing for an injunction against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, brought from the District Court of Kansas.

The new Secretary of the Interior, David R. Francis, of Missouri, has apparently given great impetus to press discussion by part of a letter read at a "sound-money" celebration of election results in St. Louis. Secretary Francis wrote:

"While I agree with the advocates of sound money in the fight recently made, there are many principles advocated by some of those who have been advocates of that cause to which I cannot subscribe. If some legislation is not enacted to check the growing influence of wealth and circumscribe the power of trusts and monopolies, there will be an uprising of the people before the century closes, which will endanger our institutions."

Whereupon the New York *Sun* characterises the utterances as "sentimental anarchy and irredeemable flubdub":

"This is the chatter of a fool. Mr. Francis happens to be a wealthy man himself, and presumably he is anxious to get wealthier. Does he think that his growing wealth and the influence of it will 'endanger our institutions?' Whose wealth and what wealth endangers those institutions? He cannot tell to save his life. He cannot come to particulars to save his life. He is fatuously and ignorantly repeating a silly lie which plenty of other fools have been taught to repeat by demagogues and Anarchists.

"So with the remark about legislation to circumscribe the trusts and monopolies. These again are the bugaboos of fools like Francis. Whom are the trusts and monopolies hurting? How are they endangering Republican-Democratic self-government? Francis could not say to save his poor little foolish head. He has heard trusts and monopolies denounced, and he believes that it is popular to denounce them. He might just as well say that partner-

ships and department-stores endanger free institutions as to say that trusts and monopolies do it. He can make no specifications and give no instances. He talks the wildest kind of nonsense, but it is dangerous nonsense, for it tends to inflame the ignorant and the shiftless with the belief that they are injured, somehow or other, by these fools' bogies of trusts and monopolies; and it tends to urge the vicious and discontented into disorder."

The *Chicago Journal*: "The New York *Sun* is now posing as the champion of trusts. Having been for years the organ of that political trust, Tammany Hall, it finds it an easy matter to defend the lawless organisations which shape all things to their ends by the use of money.

"There can be no trouble about them,' says the *Sun*, in defence of its newer master. 'And have some trusts put up prices? It is what every man is trying to do with his labour or other commodity. Is it wrong and against public policy for every Tom, Dick and Harry conjointly to do what either has the right to do severally?'"

"There is a federal law prohibiting trusts. The fact that it is a dead letter does not prove, that it is not a good law, nor that trusts are not a great danger to our Government. Let us take the sugar trust for example. Is there a man, woman, or child in all this land who can get a pound of sugar from any other source than the trust? If there is, we should like to see him, her, or it. Now, the trouble about this particular trust is that it not only monopolises every pound of sugar in the United States, but it so manipulates congresses, legislatures, and courts that it is able to over-ride the will of the people or prevent the will from finding expression at all. If there ever was a humiliating scene performed on this earth it was when King Havemeyer, of the sugar trust, informed the Senatorial committee that he gave thousands of dollars to the management of each political party for campaign purposes, with the understanding legislation favourable to the sugar trust should be made. And to rub it in he asked what the committee was going to do about it.

"Is there no trouble about the sugar trust? Is the *Sun* so lost to all sense of decency that it sees no trouble in the sugar trust's lobbyists compelling Congress to assess the American people \$50,000,000 annually for the trust's benefit?

"Is there no trouble about the Standard Oil trust, that has ground every competitor into dust? Is there no trouble about the wall-paper trust, or the whiskey trust, or different railway trusts, organised in every section of the country, or the coal trust that has shoved the price of coal up to the \$8 mark? Are there no troubles about these combines that exist, thrive, and wax fat off the people in direct violation of law?

"Yet, what have the trusts done?' inquires the *Sun*, with all the suavity of a police-court lawyer defending a porch-climber. They have 'done' the country, they have 'done' the people, they have 'done' the law, they have 'done' the courts, they have 'done' everything standing between themselves and their insatiable greed. And from all appearances they have 'done' the *Sun*, too."

The *Record* (Philadelphia): "The operations of the trusts were at the beginning carried on under cover. They represented a sort of organised trade burglary, which for the sake of decency and out of wholesome fear of public opinion it was deemed prudent to conceal. But success has emboldened the organisers of trust and bred in them contempt for authority. Their doings have become matters of ordinary news and notoriety. Take, for example, the following paragraph from the summary of the *Iron Age* last week relating to business in the iron and metal trades:

A good deal has been written about the billet pool which is wide of the truth. One newspaper went so far as to publish a list of the allotments. As a matter of fact, the percentages are not finally determined, being subject to verification of certain data. Billets for use in manufacturing for the export trade, which do not enter into the pool account, are being offered at \$2 less than the combination price.

Any statements to the contrary notwithstanding, the steel rail manufacturers have not established prices for next year as yet. It is held by some that this point must be settled before it will do to take any decisive steps in developing plans connected with the steel trade generally.

The beam manufacturers are still working at the organization of their association. Thus far the momentous question of allotting percentages is far from settlement. It is a difficult problem to make 100 per cent. go around when the demands aggregate nearer 150 per cent.

"Observe the candid statement that billets to be sold for export are offered at \$2 less than the combination price! Also, that business is distributed by allotment! The steel-rail combine, which is one of the oldest and most daring of all the trusts, has not yet determined the measure of plunder it will enforce for the coming year! The beam trust is also dubitating about percentages and prices!

"All of these billet and beam and rail combinations and conspiracies are managed in defiance of the laws of trade and in contempt of the public welfare. Billets, beams, and rails are heavily protected by tariff duties, though they can be as cheaply made in this country as in any other. Is it not time that the legal shelter which we have erected, under which the trusts may gambol and disport themselves and enjoy the undisturbed proceeds of their rapine, should be pulled down?"

The *Tribune* (Detroit): "While trusts have few friends outside of the interested capitalists, something is to be said in favour of the iron and steel trust. By combinations of vast wealth and bold investment this trust has effected one grand achievement, for it has made the United States the leading producer of Bessemer steel in the world. In the year 1892 the world's production of this product was 10,500,000 tons, but last year the United States alone produced 9,500,000 tons. Production of mild steel in immense quantities and by improved processes has practically driven the old-fashioned wrought iron from the market, and the demand seems to keep pace with the production. The development of this industry must presently make this country the iron and steel market of the world. The recent heavy purchases by the Chinese Government are an indication that the American furnaces and mills are able to compete with those of other nations, and when that fact is fully proved the necessity for tariff protection for this particular industry will no longer be apparent."

The *News* (Indianapolis): "There are laws against trusts, and now and then some feature of them has been enforced, as against the sugar trust. But the trust still stands, if not in name, still in fact. The Standard Oil monster, with its unholy methods of crushing out competition, is still monarch of all it surveys; its activity and control are almost world-wide. There are combinations and trusts that can be reached to a certain extent by our tariff legislation. If all 'protection' were removed from refined sugar the sugar trust could not control the American market; if the tariff were removed from steel and other articles where trusts control, the trusts would, to a certain extent at least, be weakened. But there are other trusts, like the school-book trust, which flourish regardless of the tariff. It is a very large and a very important problem. Just how the present tendency to increasingly vast aggregations of capital to control industries is to be ended or mended, we confess we do not see. But ended or mended it must be, if civilization is to go on."

The *Transcript* (Boston): "We have had anti-trust laws upon our statute-books for some time. That passed by Congress in 1890 was expected to be effective, but we know it has not been. This failure to accomplish the purpose for which it was enacted has been charged as indifference or negligence against the Law Department during the administrations of both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. But it is by no means certain that the blame lies there. Mr. Miller, Attorney-General under President Harrison, writes to the *Indianapolis Journal* to vindicate his successor from the charge of not trying to enforce this law. The proceedings instituted by Mr. Miller against the sugar trust, he says, were pushed with zeal and energy after the Cleveland Administration came in; but in his judgment the failure of the attempt was due 'to the inadequacy of the statute to meet the case.' The law is derived from that cause of the Constitution which gives Congress power to regulate commerce among the several States, and he is of the opinion that the head of the Department of Justice ought not to be subjected to censure for failing by proceeding in the United States courts to suppress trusts which the supreme Court holds to be legal in their character and not amenable to the statutes of the United States.

The *American Grocer* (New York): "Shortsightedness on the part of the managers (of the nail trust), coupled with greediness, have caused its ruin and relegated wire-nail making to the list of unprofitable enterprises.

"This policy is in marked contrast to that adopted by the Standard Oil trust, the sugar trust, and other combinations, which seek to keep prices as low as is consistent with a fair return upon invested capital. And notwithstanding oil and sugar are sold at very low prices, and both are of better quality than in years gone by, the trusts have not avoided competition. Russian oil interests have forced the Standard Oil Company to a division of territory in foreign lands. Foreign sugar refiners and private domestic enterprises are active competitors for the sugar trade. The American Tobacco Company has its formidable competitors.

"Trusts cannot escape competition any more than can the individual trader. The moment they use their power unfairly they invite disaster. The history of the nail trust is a powerful illustration of the good and evil in trusts, and proof that the true issue is the regulation of trusts by law, rather than their extinction."

The *News* (Newark, N.J.): "According to careful computations by recognised authorities on industrial combinations and monopolies, there have been organised and established in this country about six hundred distinct combinations designed to control the production and output of commodities in constant use and demand. If it could be demonstrated with any degree of certainty that these new agencies of industrial absorption and control were in constant danger of destruction, through the operation of natural laws, the quality of individual effort and the energy of private enterprise might be greatly enhanced. It has not been a matter of general observation, however, that any considerable number of the trusts have disintegrated. Their failure at times to accomplish the ends designed may be explained usually, as in the case of the nail combination, on simple and reasonable grounds which bear no essential relation to any inherent principle of decay.

"As a matter of plain industrial fact and recognised commercial practices, the multitudinous associations, agreements, and consolidations, by which branches of industry have been monopolised in this and other countries, were never so numerous, so strong, nor so much in evidence in the world's markets as at the present time. The rapid advances of the trust idea towards full possession of all the channels of commercial and industrial enterprise is one

of the most marvellous and most significant features of material development in the last quarter of the century. It is barely twenty years since the first trust was organised in this country; yet within two decades the principle underlying this form of monopoly has been tacitly recognised and accepted as substantially permanent in every sphere of human effort. Even now the tendency is towards still more compact consolidation, and the further enlargement of the areas dominated by various forms of monopoly. The mistaken and mischievous notion that these combinations contain within themselves the seeds of self-destruction could only be put forward in disregard of all industrial and economic experience during two-score years past."

The *Journal of Commerce* (New York): "It happens that no Congress and no Administration, however well disposed, can do by the exercise of the commercial power of the general Government what belongs to the police power of the States. But there being, outside of the special pleaders for the trusts, so general an agreement that something ought to be done to check the growth of monopolies in restraint of trade, it ought to be possible to find some means to put the law in execution against them. So far as this State is concerned the law is entirely adequate. To say that the difficulty is with its enforcement is to express only half the truth. To find evidence, for example, sufficient to convict the directors of the sugar trust of offences against the conspiracy and anti-monopoly laws of New York would be a process involving such an expenditure of time, labour, and money as is not provided for in the equipment of either the law department of the State or of the offices of the district-attorneys of its various counties. So far the most effective trust prosecution has been at the instance of rivals who found their way barred by monopolistic tactics, but the public do not readily grow enthusiastic over a vindication of the law at the promptings of self-interest. When there is fairly lodged in the public mind a conviction of the dangers to be apprehended from trusts as profound and earnest as that of the President and his Secretary of the Interior, probably the difficulties in the way of punishing the monopolists' contempt for law will disappear, but hardly before that time. Meanwhile it is some consolation to reflect that the most ingeniously contrived and skilfully protected monopoly is not exempt from the operation of the inexorable laws of trade."

The *Times Herald* (Chicago): "The rising of trusts in the last eight years has been a great menace to our public peace. While some defence for trusts can be made on economic grounds, the impersonality of these great corporations, the lightness of the individual responsibility placed upon the members, makes it questionable whether they should be permitted to go uncurbed much longer. It is freely charged that they control legislation and invade the courts. We know quite well that they crush out free competition, and in their extremes of rapacity are merciless in seeking out for destruction the poorest shopkeeper in the smallest country town. The fifty-fifth Congress will have to meet and fight them, and it will require great patience and patriotism to conduct the battle so that the rights of property and the rights of the individual shall be properly conserved. . . .

"We have unquestionably come upon a serious crisis in our affairs. The voice of discontent has been silenced, but discontent has not been crushed. It has ever been part of conservative statesmanship to accept the issue presented by radicals and revolutionaries, and to cut the ground from under their feet by destroying the causes which give them a following. This has been the history of the Republican Party. The Popocrats planned the work for themselves, but it will be done according to better and more prudent patterns."

THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WHILE there are many questions to be decided in South Africa, W. F. Bailey says there are "two which overshadow all others at the present time. That of perhaps most pressing importance is the relationship of the various white communities to each other; but the second question—that of the future relations of the white and the black—must in time outgrow all others, and is even now the most difficult to see one's way out of." In America the negro is only one-eighth of the entire population, but in South Africa the coloured population is far more numerous than the whites. In Africa, South of the Equator, there are not so many white persons as there are in Essex. The native in South Africa is regarded as an inferior being, and yet to a great extent necessary; as a labourer. Now, says W. F. Bailey, "Were the country cleared of its native population it would, doubtless, afford a much more important outlet for surplus European labour than it does at present. We must at the same time remember that, so far as we can estimate, both the agricultural and mineral wealth of the country are not of a sufficiently high-class character, or so favourably circumstanced, as to enable them to be profitably exploited, except at a low cost of production." An attempt is being made, he tells us, to reduce the wages of the Kafirs. "The trouble," he continues, "is that the native wants—or rather some white men want for him—similarity of treatment with other human beings, with the result that full use cannot be made of him as an agent in the production of wealth." Naturally the capitalist, whether English or Dutch, views this with "unconcealed dislike, not to say aversion." The wants of the native being few, and easily procured (the only expensive article being a wife; fortunately for the mine-owners he is not satisfied with one or two—and providing himself with another wife requires money, for which he makes another journey to the mines, where he serves for another period), he is not always inclined to work. The difference in treatment of whites and natives, is most marked, and it is almost universally agreed by the most thoughtful that it would be "disastrous to give them equal rights." The native is "idle," "cheeky," "nearer to baboons than they are to white men," "not human," "black things," &c., &c. One Africander said: "The natives are increasing so fast that there are only two courses open—to amalgamate with them, or shoot them down. White men will not amalgamate with them." (Werburn says, they must be "shot down.") Three methods, says Mr. Bailey, have been advocated to deal with this question: (1) Amalgamation; (2) Drive the native back to parts where he can live and the white man cannot; (3) Treat him as a helot, a hewer of wood, a drawer of water. This last has the recommendation of having been adopted by Mr. Rhodes. "The native races in South Africa exhibit, on the whole, a strong disinclination to die out. Undoubtedly the Hottentot has greatly decreased in numbers, and the Bushman has almost become extinct to the south of the Orange River . . . but the Kafir or Bantu races have rapidly increased. . . . The Hottentot was tractable and servile . . . the Bushman savage, cunning, and intractable . . . The Kafir, in comparison, capable of great things. His race has produced men of immense and dominating ability . . . they show themselves capable of acquiring the arts and knowledge, they excel in competitive examinations, they produce an ably edited newspaper of their own. The Zulus have shown much military quality. . . . Their language is rich, and quite capable of expressing abstract ideas." Clearly, therefore, as Bailey

points out, the native cannot be ignored. "The thin end of the wedge has been inserted. Education is proceeding apace, and the struggle to preserve the dominance of the 'Circassian' is every day becoming more difficult."

Should a war break out between British and Dutch in South Africa, the Basutos and Zulus would be allies of Great Britain. From all the points he has considered, Bailey says, South Africa "will never be a white man's country in the same sense as are the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, or New Zealand . . . the country will afford no outlet for the teeming labouring populations of England or the Continent." . . . It will rather resemble India and Ceylon, than Australia and New Zealand. . . . Were South Africa without its native races it might have a career like unto that of Victoria or New South Wales . . . but its destiny is controlled by racial conditions from which there is no escape."—W. F. BAILEY, *National Review*.

A COLONY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

IN this article Josiah Flynt gives an account of a visit he paid in the guise of a tramp to a colony for the unemployed, at Tegal, near Berlin.

He tells us that some years ago, when Germany was overrun by tramps, Von Bodelechwingh conceived the idea of establishing labour-colonies for those men who were out of work, and there are now 27 of these colonies in Germany. They are not entirely self-supporting, but are assisted by private charity, and in some cases the public funds are requisitioned. The men are admitted on presenting tickets from subscribers. Josiah Flynt found the workers on the colony to consist of all classes of society: army officers, civil service officials, university students, and even noblemen; but they were mostly mechanics and common labourers.

After giving details of the daily life on the colony, he relates conversations that he had with the men, endeavouring to find out their views on the labour question and politics generally.

"There were four institutions which they particularly disliked—the Church, the Monarchy, the Army, and the Police. Nearly everything they said in criticism bore directly or indirectly on these." . . . 'If we never had a monarchy,' said one of the old men, 'we should never have had the army. It is for something more than fighting the French. They have it so that they can keep us poor people down if we ever try to revolt. . . . I know these emperors and kings! What did they do in 1849? Crowded us into corners, and then jabbed at us with bayonets. Our time will come, though; just wait. "Some day we'll do the jabbing."

Flynt says they suggested three remedies. Firstly, a Republican form of government—"Eine Republik wür de alles ändern." Secondly, Socialism. The middle-aged colonists were nearly all members of the Social-Democratic Party. These demanded "a complete reconstruction of society;" "the whole thing must be changed; and until it is, the poor man will be kept down." Here he waxes sarcastic, opining that these workers on the colony would have been failures in any circumstances, and living under any economic and social conditions. The third remedy mentioned was a "great war."

His interview with one of the old men is infinitely pathetic. "When I ask for work, people say, 'Why, father, what can you do?' . . . All that an old man can do is to lie down and die."—JOSIAH FLYNT in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE ABSURDITY OF WAR.

MR. GODKIN, in the *Century Magazine*, begins by saying that "War is the last remnant of man's mode of deciding disputes in the animal or savage state," and points out that while individuals resorted originally to single combat, and duelling, but have now in the majority of countries agreed to employ arguments, and to abide by the decision of judges, nations still have recourse to the ancient and barbarous plan of settling the dispute by getting at each other's bodies with a weapon. Godkin argues that war is far more atrocious than duelling, for at any rate, in the one case, the actual enemies, the real persons interested in the question at issue, and who know as much about it as anyone could do, met face to face, and did the fighting themselves. But in war the combatants know little or nothing about the quarrel, are not interested in it, and go on fighting perhaps for years. War, moreover, does harm to private property, is costly, and causes immense loss of life. It has had only a demoralising effect, has never made men more sober, or law-abiding, or humane. He gives a short history of the wars of Napoleon, the Belgian Revolution, the Crimean War, the war for the liberation of Italy, the Prusso-Austrian and the Franco-Prussian war. They were all destructive and expensive, and some were failures. He comments favourably on the fact that at the present day the increase of standing armies is not ascribed to love of war or aggression; every nation says it is arming in the interests of peace, and that it loathes war. This Godkin considers an advance.

The following extracts, better than any remarks, will show the general tenor of this very clever and lively article.

"When two men differed about anything they tore or mutilated each other's bodies, and it was tacitly agreed that he who was most mutilated, if not killed, should give way. But he abode by the decision of courts very reluctantly. He always preferred some kind of mutilation of his adversary's body, and, in order to give a certain dignity to this mode of settling quarrels, he got up the theory that God presided over it, and always gave the victory to the man who was in the right. . . . It was held that the Deity was on the side of the man who gave most cuts and stabs."

"They established the rule that all offences against what they called their 'honour' must be avenged by cutting, stabbing, or shooting, and that each must decide when such cutting, stabbing or shooting, was necessary. There was even a better device than this, for it was arranged that the man who, you said, had injured your honour, could not deny it, or apologise without disgrace. He was held bound, no matter how trifling the injury, to give you a chance to cut him or stab him, and to do his best to cut or stab you. In what way this mended your honour was never explained."

"There still lingers the belief that God is on the side of the one who does most injury. During war He is prayed to see that the number of killed and wounded on the other side may be the larger, and after a 'victory' people hurry to church and sing hymns of thanks. This belief is still very strong in our day, and the enemy's dead are counted joyfully."

"Civilisation has done a very curious thing. It has raised the business of killing enemies and destroying their property into a very honourable profession."

"What is noticeable in all these (the wars above mentioned) is that they were about matters capable of the submission of proofs, arguments by counsel, and judicial decisions. . . . Nearly everything in the dispute was plain, except which of the disputants had most power of destruction. In other words the war was totally unnecessary. . . . Men who were killed or maimed would have continued to labour and enrich their countries. . . . If cats fought in armies, the only question they could settle, which could not be settled in any other way, would be which set could do most biting and scratching. Any other question between them, such as which was entitled to most food, which made most noise at night, which was the best climber of back yard fences, which had the best fur, could be settled judicially by testimony and argument."

A HOSTILE VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

MR. MALTMAN BARRY contributes an article to the *New Century Review* on the International Congress of last year, which he describes as an "absolute and ghastly failure." Without in any way admitting the correctness of his conclusion, there is a good deal to be said for his view with regard to the Anarchist difficulty, and we commend it to those who protested against the intolerance of the Congress, and who were mainly responsible for that difficulty. He says:—

"It is idle to put the blame on the Anarchists; as idle as to blame a dog for barking. These gentlemen had broken up Congresses before, and afterwards boasted publicly of their exploits. And if they did not openly avow, in advance, that their sole object in forcing themselves into this one was to break it up also, that was only because the fact was already quite understood. Yet the organisers of the Congress took no effective steps to exclude them, but awaited helplessly their onslaught! The exclusion of the Anarchists would have been the simplest thing in the world. They were all well known personally to the heads of the organising committee: from Nieuwenhuis to Tortellier, and from Cornellissen to Malatesta. Long before the date of Congress intimation should have been made in the Socialist journals of the different countries that the organising committee, appointed by the previous Congress at Zürich, reserved to itself the power of excluding any individual, whatever his credential, whose presence in Congress would, in its opinion, be destructive of order and the progress of business. Then, when Congress met, only those delegates passed by the organising committee should have been permitted to cross its threshold. The thing is simplicity itself. No doubt the excluded Anarchists would have protested loudly against this treatment, and possibly they would have created a disturbance outside the Congress hall. But their protestations outside would not have sufficed to prevent the delegates who were inside from proceeding with their business; and, as to any disturbance in the street, that would, no doubt, have received the prompt and adequate attention of one or two gentlemen in blue who may be seen occasionally in London thoroughfares. All this seems so obvious that one is puzzled to imagine why these steps were not taken, and can only conclude that these eminent persons, who are going to show us how the world ought to be governed, have not even the capacity to manage their own affairs."

The public maintenance of school children does not commend itself to Mr. Barry. Here his Conservatism gets the better of him, and he clings to the old idea that this would pauperise the children. Referring to the resolution of the Congress on Education, he says :—

“In supporting his report Mr. Webb protested, in anticipation, against a threatened amendment from Mr. Keir Hardie to the above clause, an amendment which proposed to extend ‘Free Public Maintenance,’ independent of scholarships, to all students up to the age of twenty-one. This, Mr. Webb said, ‘would cost England a million sterling annually.’ To Mr. Webb’s pained surprise the working men, on whose behalf he had exercised his valuable intellect, would have none of his differentiations, and adopted the obnoxious amendment by an overwhelming majority. Such is popular ingratitude, and thus are the services of great men shamefully required ! But, speaking seriously, how is it that a Congress of Socialists cannot see that all this eleemosynary business is as unnecessary as it is degrading ? That, given the full value of his labour, the workman will be able to pay for the education and maintenance of his children without the help of the State or anybody else ? When one comes across such colossal stupidity—there is really no other word for it—as is embodied in both the report and the amendment above quoted, it would almost appear as if Marx had lived in vain.”

CENSUS RETURNS FOR 1891.

Total Population of England and Wales at the Census of 1891 over 15 years of age ...	18,266,453
Population engaged in	
Agriculture and Fishing ...	1,336,945
Industrial	7,336,344
	8,673,289
Commercial	1,399,735
	10,073,024
Professional Classes	926,132
Domestic	1,900,328
No occupation	5,366,969
	8,193,420
Total population over 15 years old ...	18,266,453

In the *Fortnightly Review*, the Bishop of Ripon, in an article on the “Efficiency of Voluntary Schools,” writes :—“1. There is a growing disposition on the part of the people to seek free education. In School Board areas the fact that Board schools are free attracts children from the Voluntary schools where small fees are paid. In other than Board School areas the demand for free places increases, and tends to cripple the Voluntary Schools. 2. The uncertainty respecting the requirements which the Education Department, in their wish for progressive improvement, make upon schools, casts no strain or anxiety upon the managers of Board Schools, but is a constant source of strain upon the managers of Voluntary Schools. 3. An additional grant of 4s. per child would, in some cases, be wholly inadequate ; and in most cases would be absorbed by fresh demands ; so that the intolerable strain would not be felt by the Voluntary Schools.”

JIM CARTER'S LAST DAY.

"Have you called Sam?"

"Yes, but I don't hear him getting up yet," said Mrs. Wilson, replying to her husband, as she left the little room in which they were having their breakfast and went to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "Sam! Sam! It's time to get up."

"All right, mother," came a voice from above, followed by a fit of coughing.

"What a terrible cough that boy has got," said his mother, returning to the room.

"Yes, and no wonder," replied her husband. "He's been getting wet so much lately, and his boots let water. We ought to try and get him a pair to-day."

"Sam aint the only one as wants boots," replied the woman, glancing significantly at the broken soles of the well-polished "bluchers" her husband was fastening on. "And there's Jimmy and Sally wants boots as well; and Sally wants a new frock. The poor child is almost in rags. I have mended what she has got till it wont bear mending any more, and I am sure it makes my heart ache to send her to school, going out shivering with the cold as she does for the want of proper things to wear. I am sure I don't know what to do. By the time I have bought food and firing, and paid the rent, there's nothing left for clothes or boots, or anything else."

Wilson sighed, but said nothing. It was the same old wearisome story which had become part of his life. Perennial poverty. Constant work and a never-ending and ineffectual struggle to make both ends meet. He got up, walked across the room as if to go out; then he turned round and faced his wife as though he had something to say to her, but he turned away without speaking, walked to the fireplace, leant his arms on the mantle, and having his forehead on his hands stared gloomily into the fire.

"What's the matter, Jim? You seem precious dummel this morning," said Mrs. Wilson.

The man made no reply, but as a youth of about sixteen years old entered the room turned to him with:

"Now then, Sam, hurry up; it's nearly seven o'clock, and we shall have to be going."

Sam hastily swallowed a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter which his mother set before him: then he pulled on his cap, and the two set out.

It was a cold, dark, foggy morning; the air was laden with damp smoke, which seemed to settle down upon them and chill them through with its icy, stifling claminess; the pavement of the streets through which they passed was covered with a greasy filth which made walking unpleasant and difficult. For a time they walked on, as rapidly as possible, in silence broken only by an occasional fit of coughing by the lad as the fog got down his throat and seemed to choke him.

"You ain't said nothing at home about it, have you?" asked the man, at length.

"No. I s'pose you ain't heard of nothin'?"

"No."

And they both trudged on in silence as before.

Jim Carter's heart was heavy and his thoughts gloomy as he trudged along by the side of his son through the outlying district of South London, in which they lived, along past the Elephant and Castle and the Blackfriars Road, in the mighty throng of toilers pouring in a continuous stream through the cold grey dawn of this December morning. He had reason to be gloomy; this was his last day at Ellis and Spriggs. He had worked there, man and boy, for some five-and-thirty years, and now they evidently thought he was getting too old for their work. About a month ago he had been told that he had better look out for another job; they did not require his services any longer, but, out of consideration for the long time he had been in their employment, they did not wish to turn him off without giving him an opportunity of finding another situation. For this consideration Jim was duly grateful. He knew that few employers would have shown as much. As to the value of the opportunity, that was another matter. Day by day, week by week, he sought for other employment. He enquired of his acquaintances; he advertised in the papers, and replied to advertisements. It was all in vain. For every situation for which he applied there were hundreds of younger applicants. The very length of his employment at Ellis and Spriggs told against him. Ellis and Spriggs were not the ones to discharge a steady, honest, and experienced workman while he was of any service to them. So the month had slipped away, and on the Friday the foreman had informed him that the following day was to be his last at Ellis and Spriggs. It was like the turnkey informing him that the morrow was the day of his execution.

He had known old Ellis—as the head of the firm was now called—about as long as he could remember. There had been some queer stories told as to how Jack Ellis had raised the money to “start for himself,” but when he did leave the place at which he was employed, to set up in business for himself, he was smart enough to discern the good qualities of young Jim Carter and induce him to go with him by the offer of a shilling a week extra wages. That was nearly thirty six years ago now, and there had been many changes since then. Who would have thought that the mean little shop started by Jack Ellis, in which Jim Carter was his only helper, would have developed into the world-renowned establishment of Ellis and Spriggs of St. Paul's Churchyard.

Yes, the world had gone well with Jack Ellis; he was a successful, self-made man. Yet he was neither clever nor good. Vulgar, stupid, lazy and ignorant, all who knew him predicted speedy failure for him when he first commenced business; but he had a certain business aptitude which made him a good judge of the tools he required for his success. He was not too lazy to see that those whom he employed fully earned their wages. That was how he came to select Jim Carter.

With Carter, on the contrary, the world had not been so kind. Honest, steady, industrious, and conscientious, Jack Ellis had in him a useful faithful servant, and he knew it. That was why Carter, amid all the changes that had taken place, remained a warehouseman. The best men do not make the best foremen, and so Carter had never been promoted. He had gone steadily working on, doing what he conceived to be his duty in the position in which Providence had been pleased to place him. He never felt any resentment towards Ellis, why should he? Even now he had “got the sack” he did not consider that he had been treated unjustly. They had kept him on as long as he could expect. It was just sheer luck that fortune had been more favourable to Ellis than to him. He might grumble a bit, but he would as

soon think of trying to prevent the London fogs he found so disagreeable, or the rain which made the sidewalk a mass of mud which soaked into his boots, as think of ascribing to any other cause than chance the fact that Jack Ellis had become a millionaire, and Lord Mayor of London to boot, while he had remained a five-and-twenty-bob-a-week warehouseman.

Still, it had been hard luck with him. Over and over again he had hoped that his luck would turn. He looked for the opportunity that is said to come to every man once in his lifetime, till his eyes were strained with looking; but his chance never came. He had been careful, too. Convinced of the improvidence of early marriage, he remained single till he was thirty-five, and only got married then because, having no relatives with whom to lodge, he thought a wife would be perhaps somewhat less expensive than a landlady. Now he was an old man—over fifty years old; out of work, with no chance of getting any employment, and with a wife and three children, the eldest of whom had just commenced work.

His had been a hard life, and he was well-nigh tired of it. He had found little fun or pleasure in it. He had worked steadily on, but the work only brought barely enough to pay the landlord, the grocer, the butcher, and the baker. Week by week the wages were mortgaged before they were earned. Every Saturday night found something wanting, which could only be purchased by leaving some debt unpaid, getting the landlord to wait a week for the rent, or by taking some article of furniture or of clothing to the pawnshop. With the children came fresh troubles. More rent had to be paid, and they had to move further out. This meant travelling expenses, or a weary hour's trudge night and morning to and from work.

It was a ceaseless, wearying struggle with the wolf, whose hungry eyes were always glaring in at the door. No wonder his wife looked old and faded, though she was ten years younger than himself. Sometimes he thought she did not have enough food, and hinted as much; but she did not complain, and he never pressed the question. He was often hungry himself; but there was no more food, and no more money to buy any, so it was no use to complain. The children, too, were hungry sometimes; but when they had eaten all there was, they must needs go without. Besides, he had heard that it was a bad thing to eat too much. Sometimes he thought it was a pity they had any children—it was a pity he had ever married at all. But, then, come to that, it was a pity he was alive, and there were others quite as badly off. Indeed, there were many worse off. There were those who were frequently out of work. How they lived he did not know. This was the one one thing he had always dreaded—the nightmare ever present to his imagination—to be out of work. The mere contemplation would cause a sweat to break out on him—his heart to stand still. Now the reality had come—this was his last day at Ellis and Spriggs.

Work commenced at eight and ceased—on Saturdays—at two. The morning soon passed away; the hands were paid, and sauntered off in twos and threes in different directions. Carter, with his boy and several others, walked down Ludgate Hill.

"Come and have a drink," said one, as they stood at the Circus for a moment before parting. "It may be a long time before we see you again, Jim. Better have a parting glass together."

"You'd better get on home, Sam," said Carter, turning to the boy. "Here, take this with you," he added, handing him some money; "then your mother need not wait for me; but I don't suppose I shall be long."

The parting glass did not occupy a very long time, and it was but three o'clock when they stood again at the corner and bade each other good-bye.

"I hope you'll soon have luck, Jim ; and you must come and see us and let us know how you're going on," said each as he turned away and left Carter standing there alone. For a few moments he stood there irresolute. A strong feeling of loneliness and hopelessness came over him. For the first time since he left school he was out of work. He had nothing to do ; he was not wanted—he was practically out of the world. He turned and walked towards the bridge.

It was already growing dark, and the fog was settling down thicker than ever. He leant against the parapet of the bridge and looked down into the dark, swift-flowing river, which occasionally gleamed through the mist in the light of a lamp on the embankment. For a time he stood there, the cold fast numbing his limbs. What was the use of going home, he thought ; it was miserable enough at all times—but now ! He could not face his wife with the evil tidings that he was out of work. With this thought growing upon him and overpowering all others, as the cold numbed his limbs, he stared down into the water. It seemed to have a curious fascination for him, this dark silent river. At last he turned as if to go away, but the influence was too strong ; he turned back and walked slowly, with head bowed down, to the embankment. Slowly he walked along, keeping close to the embankment wall, towards Westminster. Occasionally he would stop irresolute, and look into the water. There were few passers by, it was quite dark, the fog grew thicker.

Occasionally he heard the firm, heavy tramp of a policeman, then he walked more quickly ; but as soon as the officer had passed him he fell to loitering again. He was far away from the bridge now, all around was still and silent, though in the distance he could hear the muffled sound of the traffic. He peered over the parapet, but the fog was too thick, he could no longer see the water. He was alone, isolated. All round him was the heavy fog, pressing on him with chilling fingers ; over there, too, was the fog and the river ; darkness, oblivion. He climbed upon the parapet. Ha ! he must hurry, there was a policeman coming again. He was on his hands and knees on the parapet. Then he dropped over. The approaching policeman thought he heard a splash and turned on his lantern. But the fog was thick, he could see nothing.

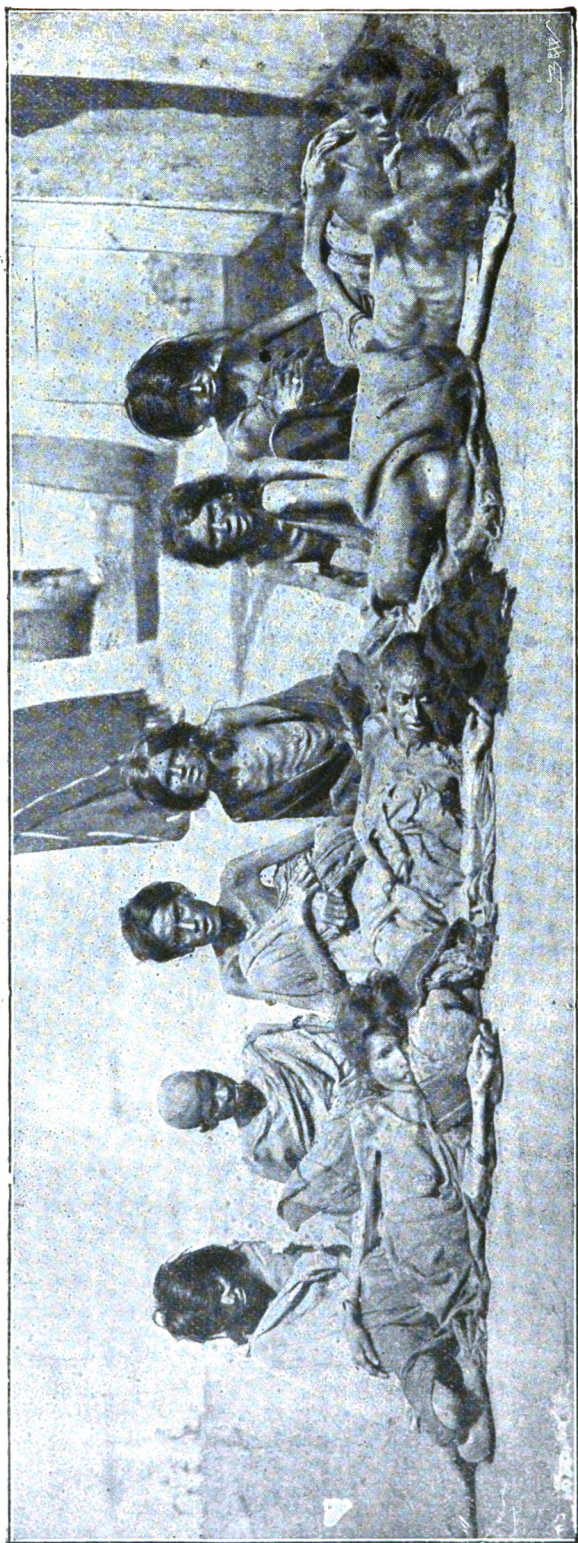


A PARABLE FROM PARADISE.

Since when the Mother of Men, beautiful Eva in Eden,
Did first foregather with our great-grandfather Adam,
Many have lived and loved, in spite of that first Eviction,
In a better Paradise than ever that garden offered :
And the tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil bears fruit for ever,
Knitting closer than kin the hearts of us all, united
In bonds of helpful endeavour ; still hoping, trusting, enduring,
Working on, one and all, till the Serpent of Selfishness ceases,
And the knowledge of Good shall be good, where no knowledge of Evil
shall be !

G. W. S.





FROM BLACK AND WHITE, Jan. 30th, 1907.]

A GROUP OF VICTIMS.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1897.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

STRONG exception has been taken in some quarters to the description in the Social-Democratic manifesto of the present famine in India as an "English-made" famine. To these patriotic optimists British rule is essentially a beneficent institution, and any calamities which may occur under its benign sway are caused by some malignant forces operating in spite of its gentle influence. If there is want in India, it must be on account of the wastefulness or slothfulness of the people, or the poor soil, or the climate, or the act of God, or some other cause quite outside the control of the administration. The present scarcity, it is pointed out, is due to the failure of crops owing to the absence of the monsoon rains; and no Government, however powerful, could compel the rain. This, of course, is perfectly true; but it has not been unknown before for rains to fail, and such failure has been regarded as likely to recur periodically. It was not impossible, therefore, to take some precautionary measures. Such precautionary measures were taken when, some nineteen years ago, additional taxes were imposed upon the Indian people, already impoverished by excessive taxation and famine, to form a fund for insurance against famine in the future. The imposition of this taxation, under all the circumstances, was a gross scandal; its administration has been nothing short of a crime. For the first three years of its being raised this tax was diverted to military purposes, and never for more than four years in the whole eighteen during which the tax has been raised, has the whole amount been devoted to the purpose for which it was imposed! The impost of Rx. 1,500,000—roughly £1,500,000—realised in the eighteen years 1878-9—1895-6, Rx. 27,000,000. Of this sum only Rx. 765,309 was spent on actual relief, Rx. 1,815,724 on the construction of irrigation works, Rx. 6,555,864 on the construction of protective railways, and Rx. 5,327,299 on the reduction of debt, making a total of Rx. 14,464,196, or little more than half the amount of the tax spent on famine purposes of any kind, and leaving a deficit of Rx. 12,536,804 diverted to other ends from a fund which, it was pledged, should only be used for the relief, or prevention, of famine, and the raising of which could not possibly be justified on any other ground.

Even if this fact stood alone it would be quite sufficient to justify the description of the famine as being English-made. It is impossible to conceive of anything more outrageous than this deliberate despoiling and impoverishment of the people under pretence of safeguarding them from the effects of previous spoliation and impoverishment. For the starvation of

the people by the million in this famine will be due, let it be understood, not to the failure of a single crop, but to the sheer poverty of the people, which makes it impossible for them to buy food, and condemns them to starvation as soon as their crop fails. There is plenty of grain to be had for the buying—else would it be obviously an absurd mockery to raise a famine relief fund—but the people, ruined by the steady drain of produce to pay the British tribute, have nothing to buy with. This tribute is estimated at no less than £30,000,000 sterling, or one-sixth of the total produce of British India, sent out of the country every year to pay the various home charges, in addition to 200,000,000 rupees expended on European salaries in India itself. Is it any wonder that under such conditions the people are perishing of famine as soon as a crop fails? The wonder would be if they were not, many of them, enduring chronic famine all their lives—a famine created by this crushing taxation. In all this there is nothing to be astonished at. The evils and their consequences were pointed out years ago by H. M. Hyndman.

But, after having made famine inevitable by its extortions, and having wasted the means of relief raised by additional taxation imposed upon an impoverished people, what is the action of the British Government and its representatives at home and in India when the inevitable arrives? The most astounding lack of appreciation of the gravity of the situation, and criminal procrastination and delay. While a famine fund was being raised in Russia, and grain was being sent out of that country, free, to India, we in England were constantly being assured that there was no need for alarm; there was no need to raise any funds; if the autumn rains did not come—later the reference was to the winter rains—serious distress would result; but there was no need to do anything at present. To read the dispatches from the Viceroy from the beginning of October to the end of the year, contained in the Blue Book recently issued on this subject, one is forcibly reminded of the Highlander who, trudging along through a steady downpour, remarked to his companion, "I shudna' wonder if it wad rain before the day's oot!" For, what do we find, while the Viceroy is saying, "If no rain falls for autumn sowings, severe distress anticipated over considerable portion of North-West Provinces, Punjab, and small part of Burma?" The telegram quoted is dated October 2, 1896, and it was more than three months later before it was admitted that the situation was so serious as to justify the starting of a famine fund here. Yet we find that as early as September the death rate had practically trebled in several districts in the central provinces; famine relief works had already opened; and from that time forward there has been a steady increase in the numbers on relief works. According to a letter published in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 19, from Mr. J. P. Goodridge, late Bengal Civil Service and Divisional Judge of Jubbulpore, while in 1895, described as an "abnormally unhealthy year," the death rate was 36.75 *per mille*; "in September, 1896 (the last month for which we have complete statistics), the death rate had risen in Jubbulpore to 97.38; in Saugor to 98.68, in Damoh to 138.07, in Seoni to 70.72, in Mandla to 108.28, and in Murwara (a Tehsil of Jubbulpore) to 103.24. In some of the towns the figures are even more appalling, though epidemic disease did not

contribute to the ghastly result. The death rates *per mille* were—Jubbulpore City, 110·02; Murwara Town, 182·66; Sihora Town, 225·59. We have not later figures, but the distress has since grown more acute.”

“The present grave situation,” says Mr. Goodridge, “is no new and unexpected thing here. It is the growth of months; and I find prevailing among all classes, Europeans and Indians, official and unofficial, the general belief that the authorities have delayed too long to make adequate provision for the large number of people who have been for months without employment, and, therefore, without the means of purchasing food. And . . . there can be no question that the authorities, in the hope that the autumn rains would set things right, have neglected to make adequate arrangements for the people in the event of their failure.” That this widespread belief was fully justified is amply proved by the official statements. Thus, H. M. Hyndman, in the “Bankruptcy of India,” says: “I find, on turning to the famine reports for 1876 and 1877, that when wheat—the dearest grain commonly eaten—rose in price from 19 seers to 16 seers for the rupee, that is to say when 16 lbs., not 10 lbs., could be purchased for a shilling, Mr. Edwards, the Commissioner, writes of Budaou, and other districts of the North-West Provinces: ‘Prospects very gloomy. Agricultural labourers already in great straits.’ It was the opinion of many of the district officials that relief works ought to be started immediately.” Yet we find in the report from the North-West Provinces and Oudh, dated September 30, 1896, that wheat in that month stood, in ten districts, at from 10 9-32 to 8 7-8 seers per rupee, as against 12 1-8 to 16½ seers per rupee in September, 1892, described as a normal year—or an average of 9·9 seers per rupee against 13·5 seers—and the same tremendous advance in price, in itself evidence of famine, is shown in other food grains. The prices for the fortnight ending October 31, 1896, in nine divisions of these provinces show an average of 7·15 seers of wheat per rupee, as against 13 9 seers for the same fortnight in 1892; in other words, the average price of wheat had almost doubled at the end of October, and still the Government was talking of what *might* happen if there were no rains! The average price of other grains in these districts is given for the same time as follows:—1892, barley, per rupee, 19s. 7c.; gram, 19s. 11c.; arhar, 19s. 9c.; juar, 20s. 11c.; maize, 22s. 11c.; common rice, 12s. 9c. 1896, barley, 9s. 6c. per rupee; grain, 9s. 6c.; arhar, 8s. 9c.; juar, 10s. 12c.; maize, 10s. 13c.; and rice, 8s. 0c. Thus, taken together, the price of these staple food grains was, in October, 1896, more than double the price of October, 1892. In the Patna division of Bengal, again, the price of grain is put as 18½ seers of common rice per rupee in October, 1895, and 9 seers in October, 1896; wheat at 18½ seers in 1895 and 8 seers in 1896; barley, 23 seers in 1895 and 11 seers in 1896; gram, 21 seers, against 11 seers for last October; and arhar 20 seers in 1895 and 11½ seers in 1896. J. A. Bourdillon, Officiating Commissioner of the Patna Division, in the report which contains these figures, says:—“After full consideration, I have decided that the time has come for declaring scarcity to be prevalent, and for submitting this report, because, although there are so far no signs of distress among the mass of the

population, yet grain is already at famine prices almost everywhere, and it follows that all those who have to purchase grain for their daily consumption must already be greatly straitened." Whether there were signs of distress or no, it is obvious that with the price of food doubled there must have been terrible distress, even early in the autumn, among a people so poor as to be utterly unable to make any provision against hard times, and thousands of whom, we are informed, never know what it is to satisfy their hunger.

In his dispatch to the Viceroy, dated January 15, 1897, in which he recapitulates the development of the famine, Lord George Hamilton says: "During October, the commoner food grains became dearer over a great part of India than had ever been known before at that time of year, and over so great an area. In 74 districts the cheaper kinds of grain were dearer than ten seers per rupee." In a dispatch from the Government of India to the Secretary of State, dated December 23, 1896, in reference to the raising of charitable funds in this country, it is stated: "In the correspondence to which we have already alluded, it was laid down that before an appeal was made to the charity of an English public, the Governor-General in Council should, in the first instance, define the objects to which (as distinct from the obligation devolving on the Government) such charity should be devoted. We enclose a concise statement of those objects as we understand them, which may be of use should any public action be taken in the matter. As we have said, *we accept as our own the responsibility of saving life.*" Thus the Indian Secretary insists upon the responsibility which the Government accepts for saving life. What is the value of this responsibility? Seeing that months ago we were told "there are more than 1,700 persons in Jubbulpore Poor House in the last stage of exhaustion and collapse, and the medical officer in charge tells me that but few of them have any chance of recovering. Visitors to the surrounding villages report that the state of things in the interior of the other districts composing the division is quite as bad as it is here, and that every respectable stranger is surrounded by crowds of starving people clamouring for food," and that there was nothing to surpass the scenes then to be witnessed in this district during the worst period of the 1877-78 famine! With all these facts before him, with famine prices ruling, with poor-houses crammed with helpless, emaciated, famine-stricken creatures, with people crowding on to the relief works in ever increasing numbers—on December 25 they amounted to 531,000—it is curious to have the Secretary of State for India asking, on January 15, to be supplied with the "earliest possible information of any considerable rise of the death rate above normal, and also a periodical report of continued mortality of an unusually high rate in any province."

We have been only able to give a few of the facts relating to the terrible catastrophe in India, but sufficient is, we think, here set forth to justify the Social-Democratic indictment of British rule, and to show the absolute ruin to which it has brought "our Empire in the East."

SOCIALIST POLICY AND THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

To the Social-Democratic Party of all countries undeniably belongs the credit of having, from the very first, indicated what should be the policy of all friends of freedom and all partisans of progress when dealing with the Eastern Question. Some years ago an active movement was started in England in favour of the Armenians under Turkish rule. The Socialists at once inquired what it was proposed to do for the Armenians under Russian rule. In the autumn of 1894 we first heard of Armenian massacres, and then followed a great agitation in England, which had a double aspect, and it is difficult to say which of the two aspects is the most dangerous. First, we have the religious or crusading character given to the agitation; and, secondly, the tendency to call Russia in as the only possible saviour of the situation. If the agitation had simply consisted in a humanitarian protest against the committal of atrocities, there is no Social-Democrat who would not have joined heart and soul in the movement. Unfortunately, it was manifest, from the very first, that the committal of atrocities was but the pretext for a pro-Christian and pro-Russian propaganda. Naturally, I do not use the word Christian in an ethical sense, but in its dogmatic, sacerdotal, and political sense. If ethics, whether Christian or materialistic, alone had animated the agitators, and their only purpose had been the prevention of atrocities, there would have been other atrocities noticed besides those committed in Armenia. It is not, I think, quite to the point to say that the capitalist system under which we now live is the cause of a much larger and preventible loss of life in England than any which has occurred in Armenia, because the agitators in question are not Socialists, and would not recognise this fact. We cannot, therefore, expect them to agitate against the atrocities of the capitalist system; for such a purpose they must first be converted to Socialism. But if they are logical, and if the prevention of bloodthirsty atrocities is their only object, why are they silent about the atrocities committed in Russia and by the troops of the regular British army in Matabeleland? It seems, however, that the massacre of unarmed men, women, and children is quite justifiable when it is the work of so-called Christian troops, whether Russian or English; but it is a most barbarous and heinous offence when the authors of the massacre happen to hold the Mahomedan faith. Against this unjust partiality, Miss Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop of Natal, is almost alone in her protests. The *Daily Chronicle*, of November 10, 1896, published a remarkable letter from her, which was reproduced in *JUSTICE*. Miss Colenso points out that Her Majesty the Queen wrote to the Matabele chief (C., 5,918, p. 233) that the representatives of the Chartered Company "may be trusted to carry out the working for gold in the chief's country without molesting his people, or in any way interfering with their kraals, gardens, or cattle." Within four years of this promise, made by the Queen of England, this

self-same chief and his people were massacred by the British forces. When the Sultan of Turkey fails to keep his promises, he is compared to a gangrene, and other similar polite and complimentary terms are employed; but, then, he is only the chief—the Pope of the Mahommedan religion—so, of course, he ought to keep his word. With the Queen it is quite different, for she is the chief—the Pope of the Christian Church of England—and it would be most disloyal and blasphemous to employ rude language because she failed to keep her written pledge.

Miss Colenso quotes various papers to the effect that the machine-guns in Matabeleland produced “a mere jujube of black humanity,” that the natives “went down like grass before a scythe,” and that Captain Selous said, “If the Matabele had been allowed to retain their cattle there would have been no room for white men.” Anyone who has studied the economic conditions of Turkey will know that the competition of the Armenians in trade and commerce hardly leaves any room for the Turk. But then every good churchman and every pious chapel-goer will recognise that the Turk must not massacre the Armenian blackleg because the Turk is a Mahommedan and the blackleg is a Christian. It logically follows that the Britisher may massacre as many Matabele as he chooses because he is a Christian, while the blackman is only a fetish worshipper. It is true that students of the history of religions, enlightened by the stone temple and other temples recently discovered in South Africa and the ceremonies performed when rendering homage to M’limo, might argue that this fetish worship had much the same esoteric meaning as Christianity; but what has the pious and practical Britisher got to do with the esoteric meaning of any religion? In all such matters, a sensible and properly conducted person shuts his eyes, opens his mouth, and awaits what that benign providence, which always proves the Britisher to be in the right, may think fit to bestow upon him. So we have read in England with smug satisfaction how our troops have burned and plundered village after village and destroyed great stores of grain. It is only when such things are done in Armenia that we rise with pious wrath. In Armenia, fugitives in a church are said to have been massacred by the Turks, and the blood flowed out from under the church doors. Our indignation knows no bounds. It is true the Blue Book reports subsequently showed that this story was false, but that does not matter. In Matabeleland men, women and children seek refuge not in churches but in caves. Reuter’s telegram, October 20, says: “The rebels were driven into caves. Captain Pease is now endeavouring to blow up the caves with dynamite.” No Blue Book has proved that this is false. It followed upon a so-called “sharp” engagement, in which one British trooper lost his life and one was wounded. Yet we express our surprise that so few Turks are killed. Our military operations in South Africa have terminated in the blowing up of several caves with dynamite. As Miss Colenso says: “The horrors in such cases are not the less because the crushed and mangled people are buried, alive or dead, uncounted, among the fallen rocks.” It would indeed be difficult to differentiate between what we call military operations in South Africa, and atrocities in Armenia.

It will be said, however, that the Matabele were in a state of rebellion against the English, and had murdered some white men. Why a man, because he has a dark skin and is not a Christian by faith, should be called a rebel when he defends his native land against foreign invaders, is one of those ethical points which the pious partisans of Armenia might be asked to explain. They do not call the Armenians rebels, yet the Armenians committed murders just like the Matabele. Considering that the Armenians have been under Turkish dominion five hundred years, and constitute but a minority of the population in Anatolia, their attempt to throw off, by physical force, the domination of the majority of the inhabitants of that country is scarcely as justifiable as the Matabele rising. Five hundred years ago South Africa was undiscovered to the Christian world, and five years ago Matabeleland was an independent country. Now a mere handful of Europeans imagine they have a heaven bestowed right to dominate that country; and when the immense majority of the population seek to resist, they are called rebels. There is some question of erecting in London, a magnificent monument representing the British Queen Boadicea bravely fighting against the Roman invaders of England. I wonder whether the inscription on the pedestal of the monument will qualify this gallant monarch as a notorious rebel. I wonder, also, whether Julius Cæsar would have sought to blow her up with dynamite if he had possessed any of this useful chemical compound. I suppose I must humbly confess to a lack of moral sense, for I cannot help thinking that if an Armenian is justified in murdering supporters and agents of the Turkish government, a Matabele is equally justified in murdering some of his British oppressors.

The consequences, however, are very different. It was on June 15, 1890, that, at the Armenian Cathedral of Koum-Kapow, a district of Constantinople, the revolutionary Armenians first resorted to physical force, and one particularly powerful Armenian then succeeded in killing three Turkish soldiers. After that Turkish spies, informers and officials were systematically condemned to death, and then "executed" by the Armenian revolutionists. It was only four years later, and after four years of provocation, that the Turks retaliated, and the massacres of Armenians commenced. But, then, the Turks are Mahommedans, whereas the British are Christians. Now, a Christian is taught to return good for evil, and when struck on one cheek to offer the other cheek to the smiter. Therefore, when in Matabeleland one or two Englishmen had been murdered, the British colonists promptly organised a general *battue*, called in the regular army to their assistance, and with the aid of Maxims and dynamite soon achieved wholesale slaughter and triumphantly reduced the native owners of the soil to a condition of pulp graphically described as "a mere jujube of black humanity." After this, of course, every good Christian will join in a crusade against the "unspeakable Turk."

As soon as the Armenian massacres began, the Socialist Party pointed to the hand of Russia as having caused the trouble. Far be it from me to throw a stone against the Armenian revolutionists, but I cannot help thinking that some of them were the dupes of Russian provoking agents.

It is strange that not only are many of the most active and the bravest Armenian revolutionists Russian subjects, educated in Russian Universities, but they have been allowed to pass backwards and forwards across the Russian frontier, whereas a Russian born, holding the same views, would at once be arrested. Nor should it be forgotten that the leader in the attack on the Ottoman Bank is a Russian subject. In a word, the Russian authorities seem to have winked at Nihilists of Armenian blood, while they have ever been merciless in their treatment of Nihilists of Russian blood. Socialists naturally do not approve of government by massacre, but they were informed as to the true state of affairs, which is more than can be said for the Christian atrocity-mongers. The Socialists pointed out that the Turks were committing atrocities only after long and severe provocation, which Russia encouraged. All facts tending to prove this assertion were carefully withheld from the British public, and we were invited to believe that the Armenians were meek and mild folks, possessed of all the Christian virtues, led like sheep to the slaughter by the ruthless, pagan Turk. Now, at last, the publication of the Blue Books on Turkey show that the Socialists, and not the atrocity-mongers, were right. In the Blue Book (Turkey, No. 1, 1895, Part I., page 43) will be found a dispatch from the British Consul at Tabreez to Lord Salisbury, setting forth the dangerous character of the Armenian revolutionary movement, and this dispatch is dated September, 1890—that is, four years before the massacres began. Again I ask why the Mahommedans waited four years before they began wholesale massacres in Armenia, while the Christians in Matabeleland did not wait four weeks. Other dispatches deal with the dangerous character of the Armenian revolutionary movement, notably those of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, British Consul at Erzeroum, ditto page 99; Consul Peacock, at Batoum, ditto No. 3, 1896, page 40; and Sir Philip Currie, March, 1894.

The fact that all the religious elements have taken up the Armenian atrocities cry, and have at the same time sought to favour the designs of Russia upon the Turkish Empire, demonstrates that the agitation was fomented for religious purposes. The Socialists, on the other hand, while willing and anxious to act against every form of atrocity, have striven to warn the public that the appeal to Russia simply constituted a leap from the frying-pan into the fire. They have also, and from the very first, urged that the chief stumbling-block to reform in Turkey was Russia, and that the Armenian question had to be settled, not at Constantinople, but at St. Petersburg. It has ever been the fixed policy of Russia to maintain disorder in Turkey, and to prevent good government in that country. Did not Russia wage war against Turkey in 1828 because that country was then governed by Mamoud, whose progressive measures won him the surname of the Reformer? The fact was in no wise concealed. The Ambassador of the Russian Emperor, Nicholas I., accredited to the Court of France, wrote on the subject, and these are the words of Pozzo de Borgo, the celebrated diplomatist in question :—

“The Emperor (Nicholas I.) has put the Turkish system to the proof, and His Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and

moral organisation which hitherto it had not. If the Sultan was able to offer us a most formidable and regular resistance when he had scarcely yet assembled together the elements of his new plan of reforms and ameliorations, how formidable should we have found him had he had time to give it more solidity, and to make that barrier impenetrable which we found so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist nature. Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them before they became dangerous for us; for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles than those we met with."

But it is not in Turkey alone that Russia has proved herself the enemy of progress; she has ever been the ally and active supporter of every form of despotism. *Free Russia*, for December last, thus summarises this policy:—

"Study the history of Russian imperialism and you will be convinced that Russian autocracy has always most keenly understood the dependence of its stability on the weakness of Liberal principles abroad. Nicholas I.'s Chancellor, Nesselrode, put it most clearly in a communication to the Russian Ambassador in London in 1833:—'The principle on which our policy is based,' he wrote, 'urges us to make every effort towards maintaining authority everywhere, wherever it exists, to strengthen it where it is weakened, and finally to defend it wherever it is attacked! In the time of Nicholas I., this policy was enforced literally. Nicholas defended the Sultan against his rebellious Egyptian vassal, he refused for a long time to acknowledge Leopold, the King of the Belgians, because the latter responded to the invitation made to him by a rebellious nation, he nearly went to war with Louis Philippe for the same reason, he pressed the King of Prussia to make censorship in that country more stringent, and he put down the Hungarian rising to the greatest disadvantage of the Russian nation. As time went on, Russian autocracy began to understand that there is another way than the use of main force of disarming antagonistic Liberal principles abroad, namely by putting on their necks the millstone of autocratic friendship."

The latter course is now followed by Russia towards the French Republic, and we have already many proofs of its disastrous results. To oblige the *protégé* of Russia, the French Government has recently persecuted not only Russian revolutionary refugees but even Turkish reformers who sought asylum in France. Whether by friendly alliance or by armed intervention, the Russian Government always makes for reaction. Nothing could have more effectively checked the development of revolutionary ideas in France than the Russian alliance. As the January issue of the *Official Bulletin of the Polish Socialist Party* very aptly puts it: "Every ally of the Czar is an enemy of the people, and every friend of the people will be pursued by all the vengeance of the Czar." Let us be careful that England does not also become the ally of the Czar, unless we wish to see the liberties we enjoy very materially curtailed. Nevertheless, English Liberals and Radicals do advocate alliance with the Czar. They urge that we should revoke the traditional British policy of hostility to Russia. The inconsistency of such a course will be clearly proved by a further study of the action of Russia. We have already seen that country fighting against progress in Turkey by waging war

against Mamoud the Reformer, and against progress on the Nile by helping the Sultan to suppress his rebellious Egyptian subjects.

Now, in 1876, there was a *Sofia* rising in Constantinople, which proves that even Mahommedan theological students are not opposed to reform. This disturbance forced on the acceptance of the Midhat Pasha Constitution and the convocation of the Turkish Assembly, which met in December of that year. On the following June 2nd Mr. Layard, at that time the British Ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to the Earl of Derby, then Foreign Secretary, describing a visit he had made to the Turkish Parliament. He states that more toleration was shown to the members than would be allowed in the English House of Commons, and that, nevertheless, greater order prevailed. "No public assembly of the kind could, perhaps, show a more respectable, intelligent, and dignified body of men than the present Turkish Parliament. Christians and Mussulmans from all parts of the empire, even an Arab with his half-Bedouin dress, are seated without distinction together. Among the Mahommedans there are many Mollahs, or teachers of the Koran, in their white turbans. The Christian speakers, who predominated the day I was present, were listened to without any sign of impatience. They spoke with the most complete freedom, and without any restraint." But in a previous dispatch, dated May 30, Mr. Layard had made the following very significant remarks: "A Russian gentleman observed to me, 'Russia looks upon the establishment of a constitution and a parliament by the Turkish Government as an insult and a defiance to her. Their existence would alone furnish us with a sufficient reason to make war upon Turkey. We will never consent to be the only Power left in Europe without constitutional institutions, and as we are not yet prepared for them we cannot, it is evident, allow Turkey to have them.'"

Accordingly, a few months later, Russia did wage war against Turkey. The Turkish Parliament was then prorogued, but the decree of prorogation stated that it "would be convoked anew after the conclusion of the war." It is not surprising that the Sultan failed to keep this promise. Doubtless he was not over anxious to curtail his own power by convoking Parliament, and thus also excite renewed hostility on the part of Russia.

The policy of Russia is very clear. It simply consists of keeping Turkey in such a condition of seething discontent as to supply, at any moment, a pretext for intervention. But Russia will not intervene till such complications arise in Europe as to make it impossible to resist her determination to annex the whole, or the greater part of the Turkish Empire. When, therefore, the troubles broke out in Armenia, and there was great talk of making the Sultan accept a wonderful scheme of reforms, we pointed out that it was Russian diplomacy that stood in need of reformation. Turkish laws are good enough if Russian intrigues did not prevent their honest application. Our words, however, were held in suspicion, and our antagonism to Russia was attributed to our sympathies for the Russian Nihilists. So all the religious elements, strengthened by sentimental, illogical, and ignorant Radicals, went on abusing the Turks, and especially the Sultan, while they likewise abused the

British Government for not being more friendly to Russia. As a matter of fact, the real danger rests in the possibility of the British Government becoming too friendly to Russia.

When the Blue Books appeared, they clearly showed that Russia was the chief stumbling-block. In May, 1895, the Russian Ambassador in London, speaking of coercion, told Lord Kimberley "that in no case would the Russian Government associate itself with such measures." (Turkey Blue Book, page 71.) M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, received orders to take no further steps in regard to the project of reforms, and Prince Lobanoff told Sir F. Lascelles that "in no circumstance will the Russian Government consent to the creation in Asia Minor of a district in which the Armenians should have exceptional privileges, and which would constitute the nucleus of an independent kingdom of Armenia." (Ditto, page 73.) According to the latest documents, published at the opening of this session of the British Parliament, Russia preserved the same attitude up to the month of November, 1896. In answer to Lord Salisbury's lengthy and now celebrated appeal of October 20, M. Chishkine, then acting as the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that "the idea of having to resort to coercive measures against the Sultan was extremely repugnant to his Majesty the Emperor." We must here carefully note what followed. Lord Salisbury, after receiving this dispatch, declared at the Guildhall banquet it was "the superstition of an antiquated diplomacy that there was any necessary antagonism between Russia and Great Britain." Thereupon we are informed, on November 11, that the Czar had read Lord Salisbury's speech, "with the greatest pleasure," and there could be "no longer any doubt but that England desired to act in concert with Russia and the other Powers at Constantinople." Finally, we are now encouraged in the hope that Russia has relented and changed her policy of obstruction. This hope is based on the Russian official dispatch in reply to Lord Salisbury, which says that "the Imperial Government would not refuse to take into consideration your Lordship's proposal for the application of coercive measures, provided that there was unanimity among the Powers."

Does this simply mean that Russia thinks disorder has gone far enough in Turkey, and that its continuance would involve the break-up of that Empire before Russia is in a position to annex the largest and most valuable part? Or, else, does it mean that England has made some great concession to the Czar in respect to Russia's prospective share of Turkey? Again, it may mean that Russia thinks a sufficient number of Armenians have been killed for her purpose. Russia is not more partial to blacklegs than Turkey. It must be borne in mind that the Armenians are the Jews of Turkey, and there was no more popular measure initiated by the Russian Government than that of the massacre of the Russian-Polish Jews. In business matters the Jews of Russia invariably get the best of the Russians, and the same may be said of the Armenians with regard to the Turks. Thus, though Russia is anxious to annex Turkey, she is not at all anxious to annex the Armenians; so that the massacres perpetrated by the Turks have very advantageously prepared the ground for the Russian invasion.

In respect to this economic phase of the question there is a very interesting article in the December number of the *Fortnightly*, by Miss Constance Sutcliffe. The Turk, we are told, demands that the Armenian should respect his life as a citizen, and not break down the living wage established by his trade guild. If the Armenian blackleg will twirl Rahat-Lakoum round the traditional stick, and sell Turkish sweets cheaper than the Turks, he must expect what he gets. When the goodwill of a shop or business is put up to auction, it is an Armenian who outbids the Turk; then, having secured the business, he undersells his Turkish competitors. The Armenian is also the usurer and the money-lender; and, being himself exempt from military service—an honour reserved only for the true believers—he takes care to lend money to Turks before they join the army, and claims payment when they are away on service, and are not there to defend their interests. If the Armenian gets more than his due, the Turk may die when with the regiment, and never come back to make any reclamations; but his impoverished orphan children grow up to hate the Armenian. To make matters worse, the Armenian adds insult to injury, for though but “a dog of a Christian,” he has the audacity to wear the same clothes as the believers in the true Prophet. The greatest grievance, however, rests in the fact that the Armenian is essentially a blackleg. According to the *Fortnightly*, this is how the Turk puts the matter:—

“I and my son are bakers and barbers, you and your son are lapidaries and gardeners; but if you bid one of your sons be a barber, a second baker, the third lapidary, and a fourth gardener, all is confusion, and how can good come of it? Furthermore, he is no barber nor baker who does not belong to the Guild of the Barbers and the Guild of the Bakers. If your son go not to the Peshkadim, and rank himself among the apprentices; next to the Tchaoosh, to bid him inscribe his name on the rolls; then to the Kihayn, to pay him toll; how should he be a member of the Guild? Ask the Scheikh if I have not spoken well.”

From this it would appear that it is as a usurer and a blackleg, rather than as a Christian, that the Armenian is massacred. I rather fancy that, under similar circumstances, the police and the Government aiding, it would not be impossible to organise a massacre even in London.

The policy of Socialists is very simple and very clear. While recognising that constitutional or republican governments are still very far removed from Socialism, freedom to write, to speak, to combine, are the indispensable tools for the building of Socialism. Therefore, our natural allies are the governments that grant, and the peoples who strive to obtain, freedom. The greatest opponents to such freedom are the autocracy of Russia, the militarism of Prussia. Even the Turkey of the Sultans has shown itself more tolerant and liberal than the Russia of the Czars. The Balkan States are still more advanced, enjoy constitutions, and a large measure of freedom. We must see that Russian aggression does not crush out the germs of freedom that are growing rapidly in South-Eastern Europe. We must remember that every success of Russian arms or diplomacy means the heading back of progress throughout the civilised world.

A. S. HEADINGLEY.

A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

[TRANSLATED BY ELEANOR MARX AVELING.]

Who does not know Rabelais' *mauvais quart d'heure*—the quarter of an hour during which the reckoning has to be paid, or worse may be in store for you? And who has not had his bad quarters of an hour? I've had several. Before an examination; before the first speech; the first time of standing in front of a prison door, requested by the warders to hand over braces and necktie, so that, as they frankly replied to my astonished question, I might not attempt escaping the court-martial by committing suicide; these and many another besides were assuredly bad quarters of an hour. But, compared with the quarter of an hour I am going to tell you about, they were pleasant. It was not even a quarter of an hour. Perhaps only five minutes. I did not measure the time. I had no time to. And if I had had the time, I had no watch. A refugee and a watch! I only know that it was an eternity to me.

It was on November 18, 1852, and in London.

The "Iron Duke," "the victor of a hundred fights," whom the English people, however, had made mild and pliable enough during the Reform movement—the Duke of Wellington had died in his castle of Walmer on September 14, and on November 18 the "national hero" was to receive a "national funeral," and be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with national pomp, alongside of other national heroes. Since the day of his death—almost two months—all England, and especially all London, had been agog about the ceremony, which for pomp and circumstance was to eclipse all former national ceremonies of the same kind, just as the man himself, in whose honour it was to be held, was in English opinion greater than any earlier hero. And this was the day. All England was in movement. All London was afoot. Hundreds of thousands had rushed hither from the provinces, thousands upon thousands from abroad.

I loathe such spectacles, and I have always had a horror of great human crowds, and, like my fellow refugees, I had intended stopping at home, or going to St. James's Park. But two lady friends had scattered my Cato-resolution to the winds. *Ce que femme veut Dieu veut*—what woman wants has to be done—even though she be only six or seven years old, like my two little friends were. Ah! we were such friends! Black-eyed, black curly-haired Jenny Marx, the very picture of her father "Mohr" (Moor), and pretty, fair-haired Laura, with the roguish eyes, the merry image of her glorious mother, who, in spite of the bitterness of exile, could still at times smile just as roguishly as the ever gay "Lörchen" (Laura). As I have said, we were such good friends, the two little maids and I. Our friendship began a few days after I had come, in the summer of 1850, from Switzerland to London—and a

prisoner in "free Switzerland" at that!—passing with a compulsory passport through France. I met the Marx family at the summer outing of the Communist Club, somewhere near London, I do not remember if it was Greenwich or Hampton Court.

"Père Marx," whom I saw for the first time, subjected me to a severe examination, looked me steadily in the eyes, and noted my head very carefully—an operation to which my friend Gnstave Struve had accustomed me, because he obstinately refused to believe in my "moral earnestness," and so took special delight in making me a victim of his phrenological studies. However, the examination passed off satisfactorily; I bore the look of the leonine head, with its coal black lion mane; the examination became lively, cheerful talk, and we were soon in the thick of merry-making—Marx the merriest of us all. At the same time I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Marx and of "Lenchen" (Helene Demuth), their faithful house-friend from childhood, and of the children. On some other occasion, when I have more time, I shall describe the Marx family; that is a debt of gratitude I still have to pay, and, moreover, it is a duty to my comrades, who have the right to demand that anyone who can help to complete the picture of their one and only Karl Marx and his surroundings should do so to the best of his ability. Enough! From that day forth I was at home at Marx's, and every day saw me visiting the family, who then lived in Dean Street, a small street off Oxford Street, while I found quarters in the neighbouring Church Street. Here I shall not speak of Marx. His wife had perhaps as strong an influence upon my development as he himself had. My mother died when I was three years old, and I had a somewhat hard up-bringing. I was not accustomed to any serious relations with women. And now I found here a beautiful, high-minded intellectual woman, who gave the friendless volunteer, stranded on the shores of the Thames, a half-motherly, half-sisterly kindness. My intercourse with this family, I firmly believe, saved me from being wrecked by the miseries of exile. And the two little daughters who took so kindly to me, and who always took possession of me the moment they caught sight of me, did not a little towards keeping up that lightness of heart during the years of London exile to which I owe my life. Nothing cheers and strengthens more in critical times than communion with children. How often, when I did not know where to turn or what to do, I fled to my little friends, and strolled with them through the streets and the parks! Then sad thoughts would soon be dispelled, and with new courage came again the joyous strength to go on fighting for existence. Generally, I had to tell tales; and after a few days I was installed as "the story-teller," who was always greeted with delight. Fortunately, I knew a great many tales, and when my stock was exhausted I had to piece stories together—which certainly did not succeed long, for the quick-witted little maids soon noticed when I served up bits of old tales in a ragout—and finally I had to invent stories myself. So, from necessity, I became, truly not a great poet, but a maker of stories—until the story followed the stories. And never had anyone a more grateful or more appreciative audience. But whither have I wandered? Why, I was going to describe my worst quarter of an hour!

"Take great care of the children! Don't get into the crowd!" Mrs. Marx said, bidding us good-bye, as with the two dancing, impatient children I set out for the "show." And downstairs, on the ground floor, Lenchen, who had run after us, anxiously added: "Be very careful, dear Library!" (the enigmatical name bestowed upon me by the children). Mohr, who rose late, was not yet visible.

I had made my plan. We had no money to hire seats at a window, or on a stand. The funeral procession was to pass along the Strand, parallel with the Thames. We must get into one of the streets entering the Strand from the north, and running towards the river.

Holding one little girl by each hand, our pockets filled with provender, I steered towards the coign of vantage which I had chosen, just by Temple Bar—the old City gates that divided Westminster from the City. The streets from earliest morning had been unusually animated, and were thronged with people. The procession, however, having to pass through many quarters of the giant town the millions of sight-seers divided up, and without any crush we reached the chosen place. It was just what we wanted. I stood on some steps, the two little ones clasping one another, and each holding me by the hand, stood on a higher step. Hush! A movement in the sea of people; a distant, growing roar, like the roaring of the ocean, drawing nearer and nearer! An "Ah!" from thousands upon thousands of throats! The procession is there, and, from our position, we can see it as beautifully as if we were at the theatre. The children are delighted. No crush. All my fears are gone.

A long, long time. The golden procession wends its way with the gorgeous catafalque that is taking the "Conqueror of Napoleon" to his tomb. One new sight after the other until nothing more came. The last gold-laced rider has gone.

And now suddenly a rush—a rush forward of the mass piled up behind us. Everyone wants to follow the "procession." I struggle with all my might to protect the children so that the stream may pass without hurting them. In vain. Against the elemental force of the masses no single human force can stand. It were as easy for a small fragile boat, after a hard winter, to resist an ice-floe. I must give way, and, pressing the children tightly to me, I try to get out of the main street. I seem to be succeeding, and I breathe again, when suddenly from the right a new and more mighty wave of people bears in upon us; we are thrown into the Strand, the thousands and hundreds of thousands who have gathered into this street-artery want to hurry after the procession in order to see the sight once again. I set my teeth, try to lift the children on to my shoulders, but am too hemmed in. I convulsively seize the children's arms; the vortex carries us away, and I suddenly feel a force pressing between me and the children. I grasp their wrists in either hand, but the force that has pushed its way between me and the children still presses forward like a wedge—the children are torn from me, resistance is hopeless. I must let them go, or I shall break their arms. It was a hideous moment.

What to do? In front of me rises the gate of Temple Bar with its three openings, the middle one for horses and carriages; the side ones for foot passengers. Against the walls of this gate the mass of human beings had been stemmed like the waters against the arches of a bridge. I must get through! If the children—and the terrified shrieks of those about me showed the danger—were not trampled under foot, I hoped to find them on the other side, where the crush might cease. Hoped! I struggled with chest and elbows like a madman. But in such a crowd the individual is like a straw swimming in a whirlpool. I fought and fought—a dozen times I thought I had got through, only to be thrown back again. At last a rush, a frightful crush—and in a moment I am on the other side, and beyond the worst of the throng. I rushed hither and thither seeking. Nothing! My heart stood still! Then two clear children's voices, "Library!" I thought I was dreaming. It was angel's music. And in front of me, laughing, unharmed, stood the two little maids. I kissed them, pressed them to me. For a moment I was speechless. And then they told me their story.

The wave of men that had dragged them from me had carried them safely through the gate, and then thrown them aside under the protection of the very walls which, on the other side of the gate, had caused the crush. There they had taken up their position by a projecting wall, remembering my old direction, that if ever on our walks they should lose me, they were to stand still where they had lost me, or as near that place as possible.

We returned home in triumph. Mrs. Marx, Mohr, and Lenchen received us with rejoicing, for they had been in sore anxiety; they had heard there had been an enormous crowd, and that many persons had been crushed to death or injured.

The children had no idea of the danger in which they had been. They had enjoyed themselves immensely. And that evening I also said nothing about it.

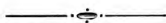
At the same place where they were torn from me several women had been killed, and the awful scenes of that afternoon were largely instrumental in causing Temple Bar, that terrible hindrance to traffic, to be pulled down.

But that quarter of an hour lives in my memory as if it had been yesterday.

And since this time I have never taken children where a crowd might be expected. And I never shall.

WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

March, 1895.



WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE WEST.

It appears that besides securing a grant of full suffrage through the adoption of a constitutional amendment in Idaho, women were successful candidates for offices in three States at the recent election. The elevation of Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon to the State Senate in Utah has attracted most attention. Her husband was the Republican candidate, but Mrs. Cannon on the opposition ticket defeated him by about 2,600 votes. No woman, we believe, has reached a higher political office in the United States.

Women were elected members of the lower branch of the State Legislature in Colorado a few years ago; the recent election sends three women to the Assembly: Mrs. Evangeline Hartz, Mrs. Olive C. Butler, and Mrs. M. A. B. Conine. The election in Colorado also makes Grace Espey Patton State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Election reports from Illinois show that Estelle M. Davison was the successful candidate for county attorney of Brown county.

Offsetting these gains to some extent, a constitutional amendment granting equal suffrage to women in California was defeated at the November election.

These facts renew press discussion of woman suffrage in theory and practice. Numerous "sound-money" journals have held up the far-Western women politicians as horrible examples of Bryanism. On the other hand, some Eastern journals have been informed that Colorado women are sick of politics, and others have actually figured out that the women of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah were in fact conservatively arrayed on McKinley's side. Colorado papers point out the absurdity of arguing from a prejudiced standpoint on the justice of a general principle, by referring to the fact that when McIntire, Republican, was elected Governor of the State to succeed Waite, the present critics praised Colorado women for redeeming the State. The *Denver Republican* considers the large liberty given to women as a mark of high civilisation:—

"Follow the path which leads from England towards the West, and it will be found that it is an ascent towards higher ideas of women and a larger liberty for them, both personally, and in respect of their property rights. Thus we see that in these particulars the United States, as a whole, stands on a higher plane than Great Britain. But the path does not cease to ascend when it strikes the American shore. Its course is still upward as well as westward. In the middle West there is, in respect of property rights, greater liberty for women than in the Atlantic States. In Colorado a married woman has absolute control of her own property, if not of her husband's also. Women can ask no more of the law of Colorado than they received, for there is nothing more to give if equality is to be maintained."

The *Denver News* says:—

"As a matter of fact, women will never vote unanimously upon one side of any question, any more than men will. They will be divided in opinion, like any other class of citizens. They will be affected by all the causes that affect the opinions of any voter. They must secure their information on economic and political questions through the same sources, the rostrum and the press. The marked benefit of equal suffrage is that women are incited to secure this information. There is no political meeting in Colorado in which at least half the audience, and sometimes more, is not composed of women. Women have discussed the issues of the past campaign with as much intelligence as the older voters. Some great political leaders there

are in Colorado who have made the financial question the study of a lifetime, who are better informed upon it than any others. But, considering the average voters, the women will be found as well-informed as the men. The same is true of local questions. Women are as much interested in the Denver charter, and in every species of beneficial legislation in the State, as the men—perhaps more so on an average. An increasing influence goes out from the women in their clubs and their homes, calling for good legislation and good government. The increase in the intelligence of the women of the State in regard to all these subjects, since they received the ballot, has been simply astonishing. . . .

“Sufrage in Colorado has come to stay. The women of the State cast a fuller vote on last election day than on any previous one. There has never been any question in Colorado as to the fact that the women voted in as large proportion as the men, and sometimes larger. There doubtless are some women who do not value the ballot, or use it, just as there are some men. But the great body of women in the State value the right of suffrage, and would resent any attempt to take it away from them sufficient to warn any unlucky politician from the experiment. There is no doubt that some women have become discouraged in their attempts to secure reforms, and have said that equal suffrage could achieve nothing. They did not realise what they had attempted when they began. That is a common feeling at times with every one who engages in reform work. There are not wanting those who say that representative government itself is a failure. And there were not wanting threats in New York during the last campaign that if the election went against the desire of that section of the country, representative government, as typified in that election, would be overthrown. But there are no arguments against equal suffrage which do not obtain with equal force against any suffrage at all.”

The *Herald*, Salt Lake City, Utah, says:—

“The great objection to woman suffrage is prejudice, and nothing else. In half of the families of the land it is the wife who really administers the income of the family and makes it go much farther than the husband possibly could. Few married men take any important step without consulting their wives and getting their opinion and judgment. Why shouldn't their opinion and judgment be sought on public matters? It would be absolutely impossible for women to be greater failures in office than many men are. It would also be an impossibility for women to follow political leaders more blindly than men do. Herein they will perhaps always be the superiors of the men.”

We also quote the *San Francisco Post* on the result of the amendment campaign in California:—

“The only conspicuous paper in the State which opposed the adoption of the amendment was the *Chronicle*, and that journal's opposition was so mild as to scarcely attract attention. The truth about this matter probably is, that the women of California defeated the amendment themselves. There is little question that the men submitted the proposition to their wives, mothers, and sweethearts. We know for a fact that that was generally done in this city. We know, also, that hereabouts the ladies told their male friends that if given the franchise they would not vote. In our judgment it is not the men of California upon whom the woman-suffragists should concentrate their efforts. They should educate their own sex to demand the ballot. When that is done, the rest will be easy. With the women all on one side the men will not be long in capitulating.”

ASSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENTS IN AUSTRIA.

IN December, 1887, a law was passed in Austria dealing with accident assurance.

This law applies to all those who are employed in factories, mines, foundries, warehouses, dockyards, manufactories of explosives, transport establishments, &c., and in all establishments, even in agriculture, where the employment of machinery obtains.

Obligatory assurance against accidents existed before the promulgation of this law in the mining industry, and among the railway workers. The miners have always preserved their own institutions of solidarity (*Bruderladen*). Those not regularly employed do not come under the *régime* of the *Bruderladen*, but under the law of 1887.

The same applies to the railway employés, and to persons occupied in the different branches of the transport service, and the service of the international communications. The indemnity paid either for death or for injury varies according to the wages paid, but the wages considered do not exceed £100 per annum.

In case of complete incapacity, 60 per cent. of the wage is allowed; when the incapacity is not total, the allowance varies from 50 per cent. downwards, according to the degree of incapacity.

When a worker is killed by an accident his heirs receive an indemnity for funeral expenses not exceeding £2 2s.. A widow, and sometimes a widower, a parent or a grandparent, receive an annual sum reaching to 20 per cent. of the annual wage of the deceased worker, whilst the children receive an annuity of from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. of this salary until they reach the age of fifteen years.

The assurance in Austria is organised on a different basis from that established in Germany, in the sense that it is organised in districts; there exists, in fact, seven provincial regions, having each in the chief place its assurance office, and including the whole of the workers of the province. The committees placed over these offices are composed of eighteen members, six nominated by the employers, six by the assured, and six by the Minister of the Interior.

The assurance funds are maintained by the employers, who pay nine-tenths, and by the workers, who furnish one-tenth, of the total.

The contribution exacted from each establishment falling under the law of 1887 is in proportion to the total sum paid in wages, and to the more or less dangerous nature of the work.

The Minister of the Interior has issued a report on the work of this assurance extending over a period of five complete years, the essential statistics of which we have reproduced.

Here is, in the first place, an interesting table in reference to the number of establishments affiliated to the fund, and the number of workers assured:—

Year.	No. of Establishments.			No. of Workers.	
1890	131,326	1,231,848
1891	145,309	1,369,763
1892	150,233	1,380,881
			(1,033,000 industrial, 378,000 agricultural)		
1893	160,357	1,466,270
			(1,070,428 industrial, 395,842 agricultural)		
1894	192,026	1,598,404
			(1,124,675 industrial, 473,729 agricultural)		

These figures include neither the mining establishments nor their workers. Below is given, year by year, a table of accidents which occurred :

<i>Number of accidents followed by death.</i>					<i>Proportion per 10,000 assured.</i>				
1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
548	565	574	649	670	6.7	6.6	6.4	6.9	6.8
<i>Number of accidents followed by permanent incapacity.</i>					<i>Proportion per 10,000 assured.</i>				
1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
1,593	2,151	2,530	3,244	3,701	19.3	25.1	28.3	31.5	37.4
<i>Number of accidents followed by temporary incapacity of more than four weeks.</i>					<i>Proportion per 10,000 assured.</i>				
1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
4,600	6,068	6,318	7,008	8,181	55.9	79.8	70.7	74.5	82.6
<i>Number of accidents for which indemnity was paid.</i>					<i>Proportion per 10,000 assured.</i>				
1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
6,741	8,784	9,422	10,901	12,552	81.9	102.5	105.4	115.9	126.8
<i>Number of accidents causing less than four weeks illness, for which no indemnity was paid.</i>					<i>Proportion per 10,000.</i>				
1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.	1894.
9,301	12,532	16,876	22,016	27,707	113.0	146.2	188.8	234.0	279.9

A comparison between the yearly number of accidents from 1890 until 1894 shows a continuous augmentation. The frequency of accidents in general has thus risen 100 per cent., and accidents for which indemnity was paid 50 per cent. In respect to the latter, the rise is exclusively due to the cases of temporary incapacity, which have augmented 42 per cent.

The number of grave accidents has, on the contrary, been remarkably constant. Those causing death have not deviated more than 3 per cent. from the mean, which is 0.57 per 1,000 assured, whilst that of the cases of permanent disablement is maintained at an average of 0.10 per 1,000 assured. The increasing number of slight accidents is found also in Germany, but is less in Austria.

At the end of 1894 there were 12,267 persons who received an annual indemnity. The amount paid in the year was 2,001,650 francs, or an average of 1/5 francs each. In the preceding year 8,886 persons drew indemnities, the amount being 1,377,075 francs, or an average of 154 francs each.

The report adds that as a result of the increase in the number of accidents, several of the departments are in favour of increasing the amount of the contributions.

The continually increasing deficit is shown in the table below :—

RECEIPTS.				
	1892.	1893.	1894.	
	FRANCS.	FRANCS.	FRANCS.	
Contributions ...	8,895,950	9,499,625	9,980,300	
Interest ...	513,150	768,100	1,010,900	
Other receipts ...	730,350	694,325	922,525	
Total receipts ...	10,139,450	10,962,050	11,913,725	

EXPENDITURE.			
	1892. Francs.	1893. Francs.	1894 Francs.
Indemnities paid	1,849,075	2,600,550	3,523,325
Inquiries and administration	1,055,250	1,211,010	1,414,350
Other expenses	630,550	475,250	672,775
Constitution of reserve fund	6,755,275	7,808,925	8,345,025
Total expenses	10,290,150	12,095,735	13,955,475
„ receipts	10,139,450	10,962,050	11,414,225
Deficit	150,700	1,133,685	2,541,250

The average charge per assuree was 5.30 francs in 1890, 5.20 francs in 1891, 5.90 francs in 1892, 6.40 in 1893, and 6.30 francs in 1894. The average amount of the pension paid to the victims or to their heirs was :—

	1892. Francs.	1893. Francs.	1894 Francs.
To a worker totally disabled	160	400	430
To a worker temporary disabled	100	160	145
To a widow	130	147	142
To an orphan	87	95	90
To a relation	109	110	100

—From *L'Avenir Sociale*.

AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.

“ONE man in his time plays many parts !” I very much doubt if there is any quotation from Shakespeare more hackneyed than this ; yet, it has a peculiar significance when applied to Mr. C. A. V. Conybeare, who has the honour of sitting on the board of the following companies :—Bangwaketsi Concession, Limited, Beira Junction Railway, Mozambique, North Charterland Exploration, the Oceana, Oceana Development, and Silati Gold Mining. In “his time” Mr. Conybeare has indeed played many parts, and now that he is married, is no longer “the Curse of Camborne,” having lost his seat in Parliament, and seems to have fairly settled down as a Board Room Monarch, he may possibly regard his achievements with gratification, if not amazement. There is a certain novelty in finding in one and the same person a fiery Radical advocate, a shining light of an Ethical Society, and a director of such a concern as the Silati Gold Mining Company. A well-known Socialist journalist, writing to me a few weeks ago concerning one of the phases of Mr. Conybeare’s career, said in his letter :—“I met him some years ago, and we used then to regard him as a rising hope in the advanced Radical party—a second Cunninghame Graham, in fact. . . . I know he used to come to public meetings—open-air meetings—when it was always a case of getting either Graham or Conybeare, or both, and he was always very democratic and outspoken in his speeches.” All this seems to have been true of Mr. Conybeare in the eighties. He has since been to South Africa, and of late his democratic opinions seem to have deserted him, and, like Archibald Grove, he has devoted himself chiefly to the wiles of City finance.

In 1888, Mr. Conybeare poured out the vials of his Parliamentary wrath upon a political opponent for hypocrisy in relation to the hard lot of the nail and chainmakers of Cradley Heath, in these terms :—“The hon. gentleman opposite poses in this House as the representative of these poor people ;

but yet he has never referred to their case before. He has never shown any sympathy with them previously to this, but now he gets up in this House with a view to dragging this scandalous state of things before the attention of the country, and, at the same time, he sneers at the hon. members who have moved in the matter before him." It strikes me that these words may well be paraphrased for the benefit of the shareholders of the Silati Gold Mining Company, over whose affairs Mr. Conybeare in 1897 presides. He "poses as the representative of these poor people;" yet, at a meeting held last July, the shareholders had so little confidence in their representatives, that they appointed a committee to inquire into the position of the company. Since then I have heard nothing of the company; the committee may have issued a report, but if they have, it has not yet reached me.

Mr. Conybeare possesses the unusual faculty of drawing a sharp distinction between the different spheres of human endeavour in which he labours. One of his companies, the Oceana Development, floated off the Oceana Minerals and the Oceana Coals companies; and in May last a curious shareholder wanted to know the connection between the three. Mr. Pasteur, a friend of Mr. Conybeare, took the gentleman in hand, and told him that "each company worked in a totally different groove." So it would seem to be with Mr. Conybeare's mental machinery; the Socialist-Radical, the Philosophic Theist, and the Board Room Monarch, work in totally different grooves; and, if I interpret Mr. Conybeare aright, he would be the last man in the world either to allow them to clash, or to be troubled by any qualms of conscience. As I have already mentioned, Mr. Conybeare has been to South Africa; and this fact may account for a good deal. Anyway, I shall watch the future development of his eccentric genius with much interest.—*The African Critic.*

CRIME.

At the Congress of Anthropology, held some time since at Geneva, Monsieur Tarde has given the following figures as representing the proportions of criminality in the various classes of society. The proportion is per 100,000 persons :—

Agricultural section	8.4
Industrial	13.2
Commercial	10.0
Liberal professions	23.9

Let us take the various proportions in the liberal professions :—

Clergy	7.1
Professors and schoolmasters	15.8
Doctors	18.6
Apothecaries	37.9
Midwives	86.0
Men of letters, savants	44.9
Artists	40.2
Officials: advocates, notaries and bailiffs	281.33

From this statement it seems that it is the bourgeoisie who, in the opinion of one of its members, furnishes the very greatest proportion of criminals; and it can be claimed as the cause of the other crimes, without counting those which flow directly from its exploitation of the workers.—*From l'Avenir Sociale.*

INDIVIDUALISTS AND SOCIALISTS.

THE DEAN OF RIPON, in the February issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, treats of man as "*an individual*" and also as "*a social being*." He opens by saying that "the minds of men are set, as they never were before, on social progress. . . . Even artists like Ruskin and William Morris have thrown themselves energetically into the current, and have increased its volume." Such being the case, how is this progress to be conducted? The Dean urges very strongly that, "whether we look at the goal of our progress or the steps which lead to it, neither the individualist nor the social principle can suffice, but both must be recognised at every stage." The two principles, the social and individual, are co-existent, and interact in nature, in human life, and in social progress.

Seeing that "the working classes have been partly emancipated by their combinations, which represent, not their individual interests, but the interests of their class . . . men have come to ask whether much more may not be done by combination than by individualism . . . and whether the nation itself ought not to be one great union, which will take care that every man gets his due, and prescribes all the conditions of labour. And this leads on to the idea of a complete State Socialism, under which the nation would be the possessor of all the land and all the appliances of industry, and would give to every man according to his needs, and receive from each according to his capacity."

After referring to the individualist views of Herbert Spencer, he touches on the "Social Evolution" of Benjamin Kidd, and the arguments of Henry Drummond, and contends "that we should turn the whole force of government to the amelioration of the lot of the weaker classes, and undertake in common those parts of our life which we cannot take care of by ourselves." Further on he quotes that "very sober observer, Bishop Westcott," where he says:—"Wage-labour, though it appears to be an inevitable step in the evolution of Society, is as little fitted to represent finally or adequately the connection of man with man in the production of wealth as the slavery or serfdom of earlier times." The Dean points out how hurtful competition is "to the individuals themselves and to the system in which they work," and adduces the cases of the New York pilots some years ago, who, vying with each other for employment, at last went out 250 miles to meet vessels. He comments on the fact that the State conducts ports and telegraphs entirely, banking and insurance partially, and in some countries, the railways also. "If State Socialism, even carried to the extreme extent, be really beneficial, there will be no barrier to prevent its adoption;" but he counsels patience, full examination, and experiment. He also fears that, if too much is done to assist, "we may run the risk of robbing men of their manhood and pulling down the whole level of enterprise and industry. . . . Even in the scheme of Old Age Pensions we must take care that what is done shall not injure prudent enterprise, such as the great benefit and building societies, and shall not prevent the expansion of England by emigration." He concludes by putting four general statements, which may be summarised thus: "Let the nation, or the municipality or parish, do whatever it can do better than the individual, and the individual whatever he can do better than the nation or the municipality." "Let individuals take the initiative freely in such matters as education or philanthropy; but in primary instruction, establishing libraries, or raising the submerged, let the community step in."

INDUSTRIAL AND REFORMATORY SCHOOLS.

LORD MONKSWELL, having been for several years a manager, and sometime chairman, of both Feltham and Mayford, may certainly be regarded as an authority on Industrial and Reformatory Schools, concerning which he has contributed an article to the *Fortnightly*. His paper is a criticism on the Report of the Departmental Committee, and the report, which he characterises as "prosy, prolix, and platitudinous," is, he considers, disappointing. "The principal Acts," he says, "setting up Industrial and Reformatory Schools, were passed in 1866 . . . and have stood the racket of thirty years, and of a Royal Commission. . . . But in thirty years a great deal has happened. The working of these Acts has been keenly watched by hundreds of experts." The system of inquiry, inspection, and visitation pursued by committees and individuals has been steady and searching. Under these circumstances it was natural the Acts should be found imperfect. In 1883 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, and in 1889 "Lord Brownlow introduced in the House of Lords consolidating and amending Bills, which were subjected to considerable discussion, and in the end every one was withdrawn. That great apostle of social legislation, Mr. Chamberlain, did not intervene to save measures vitally affecting, directly and indirectly, the well-being of hundreds of thousands of the poorer classes. . . . The House of Commons, for the space of a generation, has never attempted to grapple with the law affecting these schools as a whole. A point here and there has been dealt with piecemeal."

To return to the Report, we are told that they met seventy-seven times, took evidence at fifty-three meetings, and visited over two hundred schools. As to whether the schools have effected the purpose for which they were instituted, the Committee is divided. Sir Godfrey Lushington (chairman), Mr. Hugh Hoare, Miss Cons, and Miss Eve, on the one side; Sir J. Dorington, Mr. Bill, with the Revs. B. Lambert and W. Richards, on the other. The former think the schools have failed. "Reasons are given why the present system was doomed to be a failure, and then the facts are ingeniously presented in such a way as to make them fit the theory, the clear inference being that if the facts could be made to fit the theory, so much the worse for the facts. . . . A bad boy has to be made good, but the process adopted is to place him to live with other bad boys." The clergymen and their two colleagues, who take the other view of the question, think there is "ample proof" that the schools have done good. "The general statistics of crime, particularly of juvenile crime, have shown a vast and a progressive improvement," and, although the schools may not be responsible for all this, they have undoubtedly done a great deal towards it. The "old boy" returns are eminently satisfactory. One person who gave evidence said, "It is the rarest possible case that we get an industrial school boy who is dishonest."

Part of the Committee are in favour of the "boarding-out" system, but Lord Monkswell draws attention to the fact that some children are not fit subjects for this "boarding-out." The discipline of school life will soon break-in troublesome boys who would derive no benefit from being sent to live in a family. The section of the Committee who are in favour of "boarding-out" base their arguments on Dr. Barnardo's evidence. He holds that two or three children of *good character* might be advantageously boarded out in a labourer's family up to the age of fourteen. But surely no

one will deny that a system excellent for little good boys would not do at all in that of bad big boys. The Committee are in favour of a great extension of letting boys go out to work before their term of detention is expired. But, as Lord Monkswell shows, farmers and smack-owners are now glad to take boys from the Feltham School, and it would be "folly to risk the continuance of their favour by supplying a bad article," and that, therefore, restrictions are necessary.

There are from 700 to 800 boys at Feltham, and as, by a local Act, boys can go there who have qualified for a reformatory, Lord Monkswell has experience of really bad youths. He recommends 200 as the number for one school, instead of 150, which the Committee advise. He also advises that the educational inspection be transferred to the Education Department, and that a summary and efficient process of extracting payments from unwilling parents be adopted.

He concludes thus:—"Let the Government take to heart the advice lately tendered by Lord Rathmore, and, turning aside from the seductive allurements of a sensational programme, direct their attention to the best method of dealing with vicious or neglected children, who will assuredly, in the not distant future, make their influence felt for good or for evil throughout the length and breadth of the land. The House of Commons must sometimes submit to be bored in the interest of the whole community."

THE PLAGUE.

AN article by Dr. Montague Lubbock, in the February issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, contains much interesting information concerning plague. Apart from the various epidemics, such as small-pox, typhus, &c., which were looked on as plagues, the first historical and reliable allusion to true plague "was made by Rufus the Physician, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Trojan (A.D. 78-117). He states that pestilential glandular swellings are mentioned by Dionysius, who lived at the beginning of the third century B.C." The Roman Empire was devastated by the plague in the sixth century.

In 1347 the "Black Death" appeared in Europe, and probably one-fourth of the entire population died. "Its immediate effect," says Dr. Lubbock, "seems to have been to double the wages of labour, and there was a scarcity of hands for the next twenty years."

From 1400 to 1664 the plague was constantly appearing in London. In the month of September, 1665, 30,000 deaths occurred in that city. Since 1679 no case has been known in this country, but it has appeared in parts of Central and Southern Europe. France has been exempt, except in 1720.

In China the plague raged from 1892 to 1896, and it is supposed to have been carried in bales of cotton to Bombay. "Neither geological character of the soil," we are told, "nor elevation of the ground has any influence on the occurrence of plague." A very high or very low temperature may prevent its appearance. Unsanitary conditions, poverty, bad food, are predisposing causes. Plague can be conveyed by clothes, merchandise, and it is even thought by flies and ants.

"It is generally believed that the earth is the habitat of the poisonous bacillus. It has certainly a parasitic origin, and the plague bacillus, or micro-organism, has been discovered by a Japanese physician, Dr. Kitasato." Prompt isolation of the patient is essential, and disinfecting of dwellings. Dr. Lubbock is of opinion that we need not fear the disease in England.

LAW AND THE LAUNDRY.

UNDER this title, the *Nineteenth Century* has an article in two parts, "Commercial Laundries," and "Laundries in Religious Houses." The former is dealt with by Mrs. B. Bosanquet, Mrs. Creighton, and Mrs. Sidney Webb. After pointing out how it was that the industry of washing clothes was left out of the 1867 Act, these ladies show how futile the present measure is to bind the laundry owner in any way. So far from improving the state of things in badly-conducted laundries, "there is serious danger of the good ones being forced to a lower standard; at any rate, good employers are encouraged to *extend* their hours to those fixed by the Act!" "Under the present law, if two hours are allowed for meals, it is permissible to keep women at work from 8 a.m. to midnight, two days in every week in the year; on two other days from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.; on Mondays from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.; and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., and this without making any use of the permitted 'overtime.'" Further, there is "*absolutely no mention of Sundays.*"

As regards "Laundries in Religious Houses," Lady Frederick Cavendish says it has been urged that as "the women in them do not sell to one employer part of their strength and time," they might be exempted from State inspection; that "there is always a proportion of inefficient hands;" and so some elasticity in the matter of hours should be allowed to prevent over-pressure on heavy days; that "inspectors' visits would cause undesirable excitement among the inmates;" and that there is already sufficient "outside" supervision. But Lady Frederick is in favour of inspection. "Exemptions," she says, "are always looked on with suspicion." Let the inspector be a woman, her official position unknown to the girls, and her visits unexpected. As regards time of working, the *forty-eight and a-half hours per week*, which is about the average in religious houses, is "moderation itself compared with the twelve hours a day sanctioned by the new Act."

"It is certain that the Mansion House Famine Fund, whatever its amount, will be a mere drop in the bucket, and will have no appreciable effect. The *Spectator* calls for a Parliamentary grant of £10,000,000. As long as England drained India of its wealth, our workmen-electors paid no attention to the relations of the two countries, not much of the plunder coming their way. But now, when the drain sets in the reverse direction, their interest will be awakened. They will notice that when Mr. Hyndman, at the Mansion House meeting, complained that the Indian Famine Relief Fund, raised by special taxation, had been perverted to cover the expense of frontier expeditions, he was not answered, but was turned out of the hall." —FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Positivist Review*.

OUT of work assurance is an accomplished fact at Cologne, in Germany. Workers who have lived in the district more than two years and are over eighteen years old can join the assurance fund by paying a weekly subscription of 30 centimes (3d.)

In case of unemployment the members receive 2s. a day if married, and 1s. 8d. if single. The insurance fund was constituted as follows: The municipality voted a sum of £1,200, to which has lately been added a sum of £2,500 collected among the employers.—From *l'Avenir Sociale*.

"ONLY—HE WAS A SOCIALIST."

YES, Bill Stevens was not a bad sort of a fellow, only he was a Socialist. Bill was one of a gang that used to work the Brussels boats. They used to lie off — Wharf. He was a funny sort of chap was Bill, but, as I have said, not a bad sort, as you might say, only he was a Socialist. Most of our chaps was "barks" and holy Romans, and they couldn't stand Bill's Socialism at all. Not as he used to jaw about it much at work. He was always very quiet and didn't often have much to say, but sometimes some of the others would get on at him about it—and then it used to come out. Bill could talk a bit when he liked, I can tell you. He was a bit of a spouter too, and used to go to meetings that the Socialists held. Some of the fellows wondered that he managed to keep his work, when the bloke got to know about his going to these meetings; where they used to run down the bosses something cruel; saying capitalists was thieves, and I don't know what. But Bill was a good steady workman; a big strong fellow, too, he was, and he could pretty well always get a job.

There was a bit of a rumpus, however, at the School Board election. The Socialists had put up a candidate, and that riled the Irish Catholics, who had a candidate of their own, Father Doolan. Father Doolan was already a member of the board, and, besides, there was in all four members to be elected, so there was little doubt that the priest would be elected again, and the Paddies need not have been so sore about it, but they were real mad. They were very sweet on Father Doolan, because, as they said, he was "one of their own," and they swore that the Socialists were putting up their man out of hatred to the holy father and that it was all Bill Stevens' doing. Bill went to the Socialist candidate's meetings and spoke at them once or twice. But the lads made it pretty hot for him. Several times they broke up the meetings; and they used to give poor Bill a rare doing when he was at work. One of the worst was Jim Scanlan—Punch Scanlan, we used to call him. He was a hot un. He had the reputation of being a bit of a bruiser and I think he used to fairly frighten the others. He was an awful fellow to booze, too. When he'd break out there was no holding him. He would start on to Bill the first thing in the morning and set the others on to him.

"A Socialist," Punch would say, "You call yerself a Socialist! Ye're a dirty dog of a soulless atheist, that's what you are. It's a sin that honest, God-fearing Christian men should be punished by having to work with the likes of you, you dirty dog."

"Well you're a credit to Christianity anyway," said Bill quietly.

"Don't you be after sayin' a word agin Christianity, now," retorted Punch. "What do you think the likes of you would be knowing about Christianity wid niver a spark of a sowl in yer dirty carcass."

"I didn't say anything about Christianity, except that you were a bright representative of it," replied Bill.

"And wasn't that speakin' against it, I'd like to know? Warn't you sneering at me; and aint I a Christian; not a dirty Atheist like you? If you run me down you must be runnin' down Christianity."

"Who said I was an Atheist?" asked Bill.

"Ye know ye are; and we all know it. All Socialists are Atheists; and you want to have the children all brought up to believe in nothing; but to be like the brutes; that's why you're goin' agin Father Doolan."

"We don't want them to be brought up to be such brutes as you. If you're a specimen of the work of the Church and the priests, the less we have of it the better."

So they would go on, one against the other. Once or twice it almost came to a fight; only when Bill showed fight, Scanlan used to sing small. But the two did not have it all to themselves. The others would chime in, and all against Bill. Then they used to throw things at him, hide his hook and his food, upset his beer, and altogether he had a pretty rough time for a while. After the election, as the priest was successful and the Socialist chap nowhere, matters quieted down a bit; but I don't think they ever quite got over it.

Still, matters were pretty much as they were before the election. An occasional snack at Bill's Socialism used to be thrown out, but generally all agreed that he was not half a bad sort, or wouldn't be, only he was a Socialist.

Then there came the strike. The dockers turned out for to get another penny an hour, and we all turned out in sympathy. There was plenty of public sympathy with the strike at that time, but there was a good deal of hardship among us all the same. Bill Stevens acted like a brick. As I have said, Bill was a steady workman, never hardly out of a job, and he had managed to save a pound or two. Some of 'em used to chaff him about his savings. "Call yerself a Socialist," they used to say, "and put money in the bank. Why don't you act up to your principles, and share it out?"

I think he went in for a good bit of sharing out during the strike—more than he could afford, and more that he ought to ha' done. There was many that had a meal during that time that wouldn't have had one but for Bill Stevens. Punch Scanlan, I think, used to sponge on him a bit. "Ah, now, this is something like Socialism," I heard him say one day, when Stevens had treated him to bread and cheese and beer. "I think you could soon convert me to Socialism this way."

Bill tried to explain to him that Socialism didn't mean giving away bread and cheese and beer, or sharing out, in the manner he thought; but I don't think it made much difference to Punch.

But Stevens was very busy during that time. He seemed to think it was the beginning of the Social Revolution he had been longing for, and never lost a chance of hammering away at Socialism to those he could get to listen to him. But the leaders rather cold-shouldered him, and wouldn't let him spout Socialism at the meetings.

"What's the good of striking? What's the good of making all this fuss just to get a tanner an hour for the dockers?" he used to say, "Might just as well go for the whole thing, and strike to get rid of landlords and capitalists altogether." But nobody took much notice of this; all were too practical for any such nonsense, as they said; but, still, Stevens was a good sort of fellow, only he was a Socialist.

Well, as you know, the strike did not last very long; the men gained their victory and we all got back to our work. We all thought we had done something grand, and for a time we swaggered about as if we really had won something to be proud of. Every little grievance that we had or thought we had was good enough to threaten to strike about. All the time the masters were taking their measures, and little by little the main advantages which had been gained by the strike were nibbled away. This did not make much difference to us at the time for we were able to fairly hold our own; but some months later, about March, there was a strike on the wharf through some alteration that had been made there. This stopped the work for a bit,

and then they got in a lot of blacklegs on the wharf, and we wasn't going to work with blacklegs, so we came out.

Of course, their dispute with the wharf hands was nothing to do with us; we were getting our wages all right, but we made up our minds we wouldn't work with blacklegs. When we was asked if we would knock off by some of the pickets, the police hustled 'em about and talked about charging 'em with intimidation; but it would have required some intimidation to have kept us in, I reckon; it didn't need any to fetch us out. We hadn't yet got over the strike fever, and we were much more ready to strike than to knuckle down to anything. It always amuses me when I hear about men being led by the nose and persuaded to strike by agitators. In most cases the agitators find it all their work to do to prevent a strike, and then, when a strike does take place, they have to take all the blame of it, and have enough to do to encourage the men so as to prevent 'em going back on themselves.

But we was a bit doubtful about Bill Stevens coming out, for he had been carrying on a good bit about the uselessness of strikes. "When you were out," said he, "You didn't do anything worth striking for. You got another penny an hour, and that's all you did get, and some have already had that knocked off in one way or the other. I don't see that strikes are any good at all. You generally play into the employers' hands, and they come off best in the end. It seems to me that we get the worst of it in the long run anyhow."

He was so disgusted with the compromise of the great strike, as he called it, that, as I say, we thought it was doubtful if he'd take part in a strike again. I got at him about it. "Suppose they wanted to cut our wages down again," I asked. "Wouldn't you strike?" "Of course I should," he answered, if the rest were willing. But there's not much fear of a strike on that racket unless the employers want one. When they want a stop they'll take steps to get it fast enough. They have got us under their thumb anyhow. If we accept a reduction without a strike that's to their gain, and if we go out on strike against it, that's their gain too very often."

Some of the fellows got on at him and said that he was nothing better than a blackleg himself. "Fact is," they said, "you reckon you've got a decent job, now, and you don't care a curse for anybody else." But Bill went on, never minding, only telling them they were a parcel of fools not to have settled the job when they were out. So, as I say, we were rather dubious about getting him to turn out again.

However, when we turned out against the blacklegs on the wharf, there was no hanging back on the part of Bill Stevens. He came out like a man with the rest. It was a bad job, though, that strike. Trade was slack, there was any number of men out of work, and blacklegs were as plentiful as weevils in ship's biscuit. We had left a boat half stowed, but they had got three gangs working aboard her the second day after we came out. They was a pretty rough lot, too, but they managed to get the cargo into her somehow. What upset us most of all, however, was that they had got one of our own chaps, Jim Scanlan, in charge of one of the gangs. How the fellows did curse him, to be sure! Two or three of them would stand at the stairs by the side of the wharf and call him all the names they could lay their tongues to, as he stood at the gangway, until the police shifted them. They are a roughish set, I tell you, and it would have gone hard with Punch, in spite of his reputation as a fighting man, if any of them had got hold of him. But they say the devil looks after his own, and it always seems so, for these fellows generally manage to keep out of harm's way.

Well, the strike lasted for weeks, and we had a precious rough time. The Union money don't go far when you have got nothing but that, and some of us fared rather badly. It was only a petty little strike, one of a number which broke out about then. There was no public sympathy; people had got about sick of strikes, so we got no help from outside. Work was going on at the wharf, too, all the time, and the boats were going and coming much as usual. The men they had got in were not first rate, but I suppose they struggled through the work somehow. There was scarcely a day but what an accident of some sort happened. We always got to hear of it one way or another, and I know we used to chuckle over every mishap. Whenever anybody got hurt we were all eager to know who it was. I believe we should have danced for joy to have known it was Jim Scanlan. But no fear! No harm came to him.

At last we gave in. We saw it was no good holding out any longer, so we just swallowed our pride and made terms to get back. They would have nothing to say to us at first, and we had to eat a tidy bit of humble pie before we could get back to work. The worst of it was that although they were glad to get rid of the bulk of the roughs they had got in, they would not promise to get rid of them all, and we had to undertake to work with them on friendly terms. That was a bitter pill; but we had to swallow it. We couldn't help looking upon these men as our deadly enemies, who had grabbed the bread out of our mouths, and it went sorely against the grain to have to work with them. But it had to be done and we had to make the best of it.

There was one man we all had a special grudge against—that was Jim Scanlan. I think we all made up our minds to pay him out the first chance we got, but, of course, we could say nothing about it. He, you may be sure, was very cocky, and didn't he just chip us when we got back to work! "Like a lot of whipped puppies," he said.

It was about a week after we had started, and things was settling down a bit. Most of the blacklegs had been cleared out, simply because it didn't pay to keep them on. I was working down in the main hold, and Punch Scanlan and Bill Stevens were both in the gang. We were getting out a cargo of iron rails, and had got pretty low down. Scanlan and Stevens were working just under the hatch, and had just sent up a sett. Scanlan turned round to speak to one of the others, and stepped back plumb under the hatchway. Just as he did so I heard Stevens, who had been following the sett with his eye, cry out, and saw him spring forward, and give Punch a shove in the back which sent him flying across the hold. At the same instant there was a terrific crash, as the rails just slung came thundering down, crushing poor Stevens beneath them as they fell. We got the rails off him as quickly as we could, and got him out; but he was done for. The sight of him nearly made me sick. He had given his life for the man who had always been his enemy, and who had sold the whole lot of us. Only that push he gave Scanlan, and which cost him his life, saved Punch from being killed. I don't think any of us thought any the better of Scanlan for it—indeed, I believe we all wished Bill had not pushed him out of the way; but poor Bill—well, we all said he was a good sort, and so he was, even if he was a Socialist.

LUMPER.

WORKMEN'S JUBILEE ODE.

Ave, Victoria imperatrix; morituri te salutamus!

HAIL, Empress-Queen, since thus thy poets fable;
Though, sooth, a sorry realm is thine indeed;
To reign o'er groaning lands and hearts unstable,
And homes made homeless by commercial greed;
Empress of strife and misery and privation,
Queen of despair and hate and envy pale—
If such domain be cause for jubilation,
On this thy jubilee we bid thee hail?

Hail, fiftieth year of sanctimonious robbery,
Imperial brigandage, and licensed crime;
Religion mealy-mouthed, and polished snobbery,
And soulless art, and priggishness sublime!
Hail, great Victorian age of cant and charity,
When all are free, yet money-bags prevail;
Huge Juggernaut of civilised barbarity,
Lo! we, thy victims, bid thee hail, all hail!

Lo! we, thy slaves, in field and town and city,
Who month by month and year by year must toil,
Wronged, robbed, exploited, ruined without pity,
While selfish Mammon heaps his stolen spoil,—
We curse thy creed of comfortable cheating;
“Live those that prosper; perish those that fail”;
Yea, ere we die, we send thee bitter greeting,
A famished people to its Empress, hail!

Empress, indeed—of dearth and desolation!
Ireland, on this thy jubilee of fame,
Stabbed, injured, maimed, yet still a deathless nation,
Brands on thy brow eternity of shame.
“Witness,” she cries, “these wrongs beyond redressing!
Witness thy gifts—the gibbet and the jail!
Shall these foul curses bring thee back a blessing?
Shall trampled Ireland bid her torturer hail?”

Nay—though thine armies win thee trophies glorious,
Yet is thy glory but a worthless gaud!
Though o'er the seas thy navies ride victorious,
Yet is thine empire built on guile and fraud.
Lo! all the lands thou holdest in possession
Send thee for triumph-song the self-same tale;
Falsehood, corruption, selfishness, oppression—
These are the satellites that bid thee hail!

Hail, then, by these our tears and bitter anguish
Hail, by our loss of all that life holds dear!
Hail, by the want wherein thy workmen languish,
That thy rich lords may boast their bounteous cheer!
Hail, by the iron rule of retribution,
’Gainst which nor wealth nor sceptre can avail!
Yea, by the kindling fire of revolution,
Great Empress-Queen, we bid thee hail, all hail!



yours faithfully
Harristte E. Colenso.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 3. MARCH, 1897.

FAMINE-MAKING IN MATABELELAND.

SOME remarks appearing in JUSTICE on a lecture of mine have led the *African Critic* to ask the following question :—"What authority or evidence has Miss Colenso for stating that the British are preparing the way for famine in South Africa as in India?" The question requires an answer, and as I imagine that the public of THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT and that of the *Critic* are different, I venture to send the answer to both, as follows :—

Permit me first to correct two points on which the question does not represent my views—viz. :—

1st. I have not made any statement as to the causes of famine in India, because I consider my knowledge on that subject insufficient to justify my doing so.

2nd. For "famine in South Africa" please to read, "famine among the Matabele."

It is perfectly true that South Africa generally is in a state of dearth—in some parts, of actual famine; but that is through a threefold visitation of drought, locusts, and cattle plague. On the coast, and where there is a railway, it is possible to supply imported food; and on several occasions lately I have gladly borne witness that in Natal, and in British Zululand, efforts, apparently successful, were being made to cope with this distress; and that in the Transvaal President Kruger has been sending up what grain he could by mule train to the northern districts, where, as he is reported to have stated, after a tour of inspection, "the distress and starvation amongst the natives is indescribable. Many thousands are living on roots and berries" (*Daily Telegraph* Correspondent, October 30, 1896).

I now append some examples of the "authority or evidence" which exists for the statement for which I accept responsibility—viz., that the British have prepared the way for famine among the Matabele.

Mr. Selous, dating "Buluwayo, August 26, 1896," thus describes the condition of the natives "to the west, north-west, north, north-east, and east" :—

"From all the information one can gather, the vast majority of these people are already suffering from want of food, as their cattle are all, or

nearly, dead from rinderpest, and a large proportion of their year's supply of grain has been taken possession of or destroyed by the white men" ("Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia," p. 251).

The Times of July 20, 1896, has the following:—

"Native Commissioner Thomas returned yesterday (July 17) from Inyama Endhlovu, thirty miles north-west of Buluwayo, having been on a grain-collecting expedition. . . . His escort . . . consisted of ninety of Colenbrander's 'boys,' but they had with them only five horses and four waggons. Mr. Thomas collected about 1,300 bags of grain. . . . He sent 280 bags of grain into Buluwayo in the waggons, but, in obedience to strict orders, destroyed the remainder, the value of which, at current prices, would have been £12,500. . . . Owing to the destruction of the grain, famine is imminent, and if the rebels come in it will be utterly impossible to feed them for one day."—*Reuter's Special Service*, Buluwayo, July 18.

A glimpse of what has followed may be gained from the "interview with Mr. Colenbrander," published in the *Globe* of November 23, 1896. Mr. Colenbrander appears to hold a high official position:—"Now that Mr. Rhodes has taken his departure, I remain in sole charge of the Matoppos. . . . I have appointed my brother and two brothers-in-law . . . acting Native Commissioners." And this is his account, according to the interviewer, dating Buluwayo, October 19:—"Many will have a hard struggle for life to survive the rainy season. . . . This morning, near the Brewery here, you could have witnessed a horrid spectacle. There were about 200 women and children digging up the dead cattle which the Municipality had buried near there, for food; they were going to boil down the rinderpest hides and bones. Many will die from eating such stuff. Very few have any idea how great the starvation is in the country already, and it will be worse for a good number next year—those who are now wandering about and not cultivating their gardens. Many are living on dried roots now, and in the rains will have to exist on a sort of spinach."

This "horrid spectacle" took place at Buluwayo itself, the seat of government and of the food supply. And Mr. Colenbrander, who is also "general manager to the company which bears his name in Rhodesia," was found at "Colenbrander and Company's office . . . paying off most of my boys; I have plenty of work to do, but I cannot afford to keep them on with meal at £13 a bag, so I am obliged to dismiss them." To what fate were they dismissed? It may, however, be urged that, granting the country to be now famine-stricken, the destruction of grain was unavoidable, one of the "ordinary operations of warfare" for which the natives share the responsibility; and also that here, too, efforts to cope with the distress are now being made successfully. I will deal first with the second point.

Three days before the date of the "horrid spectacle," Earl Grey reports as follows, in his letter of October 16, published in *The Times*, November 28, 1896:—"Now . . . [in Matabeleland] the only enemy we have to fight is hunger. . . . The reports that are coming in to Buluwayo show that the destitution among the natives is already very great and likely to become very severe before the end of the year. I am advised that after January 1 the natives will be able to pick up a living by feeding on the early fruits

[? spinach] which grow after the first rains." [It will be *worse* for a good number next year, says Mr. Colenbrander, as reported]. Earl Grey then describes the state of the official food supply, and concludes on this point, "we have enough food ['on the road'] to feed nearly 40,000 natives for three months . . . at 1 lb. a day." In the company's report for 1894-5, p. 77, the "native population of Matabeleland is estimated at 160,000." "In a fortnight's time," or "about three weeks," Earl Grey "expected to receive the advance portion of this food." But how many people must die while it crept slowly over "the immense tract of barren wilderness which," says Mr. Selous, "yet lies between Matabeleland and the nearest railway station"? And the calculation includes the "million pounds of mealies" sanctioned by Mr. Rhodes, which, after all, is only a sixth part of what Mr. Chamberlain thought it necessary to order between June and December to relieve the distress caused by rinderpest and locusts without war in the neighbouring territory of Bechuanaland. (See reply to question, daily papers, June 9.) To have been of any use, the provisioning of the country should have been begun a twelvemonth before.

The Times of July 17, 1896, in a leading article describing the outbreak of the cattle-plague early in March, observes that "the blow fell on the natives at a critical time. A bad harvest in the protectorate last year [1895] had been followed by a total failure this year, and, even before the rinderpest broke out, some of the chiefs had been asking for relief. In *Matabeleland and Mashonaland* the state of things was, apparently, much the same."

Under these circumstances, before the rinderpest, and before the rebellion the British authorities in Matabeleland were taking steps which diminished the food supply of the natives. *The Times*, on June 5, 1896, reports a question asked in the House about "the cattle, said to have been taken by the company from the Matabele near the close of last year"; with the reply of the Secretary for the Colonies, viz.:—"I have no official information of any cattle having been taken from the Matabele near the close of last year, but I have a report that in the early part of the [? this] year, they were pleased at having had some Matabele cattle given back to them." This answer implied no contradiction. It was merely confined to one part—while the question dealt with the other part—of the same transaction. This appears on reference to the subsequently published Blue Book (C. 7,290, p. 16), where a statement from Earl Grey, dated June 23, 1896, shows that the transaction in question began when the company first took possession of Matabeleland, and claimed that "the king's cattle ['nearly all the cattle in the country'] by right of conquest had now become the property of the British South Africa Company," though "the natives . . . were allowed to continue in charge" of the cattle. Mr. Selous also states that "after the first confiscation ['immediately after the war'] the remaining cattle in the country—about 90,000—were branded with the company's brand, and left with the natives to look [? be looked] after."—"Sunshine and Storm," p. 7).

According to the High Commissioner, these "king's cattle" (or company's cattle) were at first "variously estimated from 200,000 upwards"

(C—7,290, p. 36). The "first confiscation would presumably include the half claimed as loot by those who had taken part in the war." This would bring the remainder to about 10,000 head over Mr. Selous's estimate. But, on the page quoted above, Mr. Selous mentions also "the *periodical* taking away of the cattle in small numbers by the Chartered Company *subsequent to the first confiscation.*"

In the company's report for 1894-5, page 77, the number of cattle still "held by the natives in trust for the company" is "estimated at 79,500." Finally, Earl Grey's already-quoted statement of June 23, 1896, continues:—"Last October [1895] it was decided that a sufficient proportion of the cattle should be distributed among the Matabele people, handed over to them as their own property. . . . By this distribution 40,930 cattle were given over to the natives . . . the balance of 32,000 cattle remained the property of the British South Africa Company. . . . The distribution was almost accomplished by the time the rinderpest broke out" (C.—8,130, page 16).

The total number of cattle in this statement is 72,930—*i.e.*, less by 6,570 than even the 79,500 reported by the company a few months before. And what is officially claimed to have been a distribution of cattle to the natives appeared, it seems, in a different light to some observers on the spot. *The Times* of April 2, 1896, reports the Rev. Mr. Helm as saying that "it was arranged at the end of last year that the company should *take* 45 per cent. of all the cattle remaining in the country."

Mr. Selous tells us that the "Government determined to take two-fifths" ("Sunshine and Storm," p. 8).

Now, apart from any question as to the ownership of the remaining cattle, *i.e.*, even if, after the "distribution," the Matabele were still allowed to "continue in charge" of the "32,000 remaining the property of the company," the extracts which I have given show (and the "authorities" whom I have quoted on this point are Lord Loch, Mr. Selous, the British South Africa Company's report, and Earl Grey) that in the two years, 1894-5, British action, by reducing the cattle from "200,000 upwards" to "72,930," *i.e.*, by nearly two-thirds, had equally reduced the natives' food supply, not only of meat, but of milk, which they had hitherto obtained freely, from tribal, *i.e.*, "king's" cattle, as well as from those which they owned as individuals. And curdled milk is one of the principal foods of the native women and children.

To have thus "periodically" reduced the food supply at "a critical time" for the natives through bad harvests caused by drought in some parts and by locusts in others; before the "rebellion" and before the rinderpest; with full knowledge of the difficulty with the means of transport then existing of bringing food from the terminus on the other side of the "immense tract of barren wilderness"—to have done this alone, without counting the two "wars," and the consequent destruction of grain, appears to me to justify the accusation that "the British have prepared famine among the Matabele."

HARRIETTE E. COLENZO.

RATE-PAYING AND RATE-SAVING.

It is not always pleasant to know the truth, although it is, unquestionably always right to speak it. Whether all my readers will agree with this statement I will not stay to inquire. Neither shall I expect to go entirely free from censure from those trade unionists who would rather blunder on in blind ignorance of unpleasant facts than have what they call the "naked truth" revealed to them. Also the many advocates of the various forms of thrift to which my remarks may apply may wish that I had not stripped off the artificial clothing in which certain thrift schemes have been dressed and thus exposed the skeleton which has been so nicely wrapped therein. It is now pretty generally admitted that all rates and taxes are paid, directly and indirectly, by the industrial section of the population; and the "poor shopkeeper," who feels so over-burdened with his rent and rates, is himself beginning to see that the consumer is made to pay higher prices for his goods expressly to assist the shopkeeper to keep his shop open and pay his rates. But even the most radical and indulgent of these benighted victims of the present system, much less the short-sighted trade unionists and benefit society men, will not be prepared to admit the truth of all the facts I am about to lay down.

To give the exact amount per head of family paid by the working classes in poor-rates, or for the relief of the poor generally, is a matter of impossibility; and even an approximate statement is so difficult to arrive at that I am constrained not to attempt it. The official returns, however, may help us to form some idea of the total sum paid by the working classes. The rateable value in England and Wales in 1895 is put down at £161,139,575. Of this amount what is known as the Poor Rate is represented as £21,546,951, and the direct amount for the Relief of the Poor is £9,866,605. Between the rich and poor districts there is, of course, much difference; that paid by the poorer districts being considerably higher than that of the richer districts. Without analysing the figures to show the extremes, sufficient is here given, I think, to make it clear to those who desire to know that the trade unionist, who is not content with living in a dog-hutch, has to contribute liberally towards the support of the poor in all directions. In every parish the amount varies, and the letting of a portion of the house to lodgers lessens the personal liability of some householders. Many other things also tend to either decrease or increase the sum paid to the support of the poor, so far as certain individual cases are concerned, although it does not lighten in any degree the total liability of the workers.

There are figures, however, to which we have access which give a much more reliable basis for calculating the amount contributed by trade unionists directly to the support of their own poor, and, of course, to the relief of the rates, and which materially lessens the burden of the richer class of rate-payers. The present London Society of Compositors, practically formed in

1848, with 1,100 members, has contributed in unemployed allowance, from that date up to the end of 1896, the enormous sum of £167,882 14s. 7d. Besides which it has also contributed, as strike pay, £33,401 3s. 1½d., which sum must also be taken as so much in relief of the rates. Totalled, these two items show a sum equal to over £200,000. In addition to this amount, there are several other funds which contribute largely to the relief of the poor's rates and the sustenance of the poor. For instance, since 1848 no less a sum than £5,431 has been paid away in travelling relief; from 1868 to 1896, inclusive, £8,156 13s. 4d. has been paid to the relatives of deceased members as Funeral Claims, either for the member or his wife. In the year 1858 the practice began of subscribing to Medical and Trade Charities, and during 37 years these charities have received £4,827. Extraneous grants to other trade societies have been, with the exception of five years, annually voted, amounting in the aggregate to £8,717. Again, in 1877 it was determined to start a Superannuation Fund, and in nineteen years nearly £22,000 have been thus disbursed. All these benefits totalled represent, in less than 48 years, £250,416. Of course, the number of recipients entitled to these sundry benefits has increased, but the amount paid away in unemployed relief has increased much more rapidly; for while the membership has increased barely tenfold the amount disbursed has increased nearly 58 fold, the figures being:—1848, number of members, 1,100; 1896, 10,558; unemployed relief, 1848. £186 2s 10d.; in 1896, £10,618 11s. 6d. The amount paid to each recipient has risen, and, of course, the amount of subscription has also risen.

The foregoing figures present a fairly formidable array, but they by no means exhaust the purse of the working-class rate-relief agency. Besides all the funds and sums enumerated a substantial amount is contributed annually towards the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylums, and the Caxton and other Convalescent Homes, and the scores of "Auxiliaries" which hold their weekly meetings in the season collect some quite respectable sums indeed towards the support of these institutions.

The above facts and figures are in connection with my own society only; but there are numerous other societies which likewise contribute in a greater or less degree to the relief of the rates. An analysis of the annual reports of the Engineers, Bricklayers, Carpenters and Joiners, Boot and Shoe Operatives, Cabinetmakers, Coachbuilders, Brassworkers, Machine-minders, Cotton Operatives, Miners, &c., would possibly reveal more startling facts than those I have given.

Assuming that there are many other societies which have contributed similar amounts for a great number of years (and we know there are other societies which do make payments in this direction, though the number of years and the rates of benefit may be more or less), the sums paid by trade unionists in Great Britain to the support of their own members and directly to the relief of the ratepayers as a whole would easily total up to millions of pounds sterling.

The figures of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, as they are given in the February issue of the *Monthly Journal*, are even more interesting than

those I have given of the London Society of Compositors. Their members number 87,506; and their subscriptions are:—Full members, 1s. 6d. a week; probationary members, 3d. a week; trade protection members, 4d. a week. The items of expenditure for sundry benefits are:—For 1,918 members on Donation Benefit, £855 4s. 0d.; for 2,277 on Sick Benefit, £971 0s. 6d.; for 2,962 on Superannuation, £1,298 10s. 0d. The weekly disbursements are, therefore, represented by a total of £3,124 14s. 6d.; averaging this expenditure at £3,000 per week for the whole year we have the very respectable sum of £156,000. Added to this, there appears to have been expended from the Contingent Fund no less a sum than £9157 0s. 9d.

But besides the societies which contribute from their own funds to the relief of their unemployed and displaced members, and for which purpose subscriptions are raised and levies imposed, there are other bodies who make up their quota in a different manner. Every Saturday night they hold their "Free-and-Easy," "Friendly Lead," "Concert," "Smoker," "Harmonic," and so forth, all with the same object. And, again, outside the gates of the factories, mills, and workshops, every pay-day, collections are made on behalf of some fellow-worker in distress.

So far I have been dealing exclusively with the payments of trade unionists through their trade societies; but I must now briefly touch upon another source of rate-relief which the workers very graciously encourage. This is the Sick Benefit Society. I again have recourse to a society of which I am a member, namely, The Royal Standard Benefit Society. The members of this body paid away in 1896 the sum of £9,464 for sick relief; £800 at the death of members' wives; £2,832 at members' death; £5,279 in superannuation; lyings in, £1,702; and smaller sums for other benefits, making in all £20,000 for the year. The claims paid by this society since 1828 total up to £745,466 8s. 4d. The benefits of the Royal Standard are, perhaps, larger than any other society; but the subscriptions would be higher in proportion. So when we have enumerated the Hearts of Oak, the Oddfellows, the Foresters, the Buffaloes, the Druids, the Old Friends, &c., and totalled the amount they all subscribe, a fairly good estimate of the way in which the workers relieve the rates must be apparent. There are also a few temperance societies which have sick allowances connected with them—the Sons of Temperance, the Phoenix, the Rechabites, the Danielites, are, I believe, the principal.

Lastly come the minor sick clubs, slate clubs, provident societies, the penny-a-week provident insurance societies, the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds, and the numerous street collections made by parading bands of friendly societies, &c.

Well, indeed, may the middle-class and shopkeeper delight in preaching thrift and provision for old age to the workers!

However unpleasant the recital of such truths as I have given may be to those of us who are struggling to retain our membership of trade and benefit societies, they do not call upon us to abandon all our connection with these

societies, or even to neglect to make the best use of them possible. The inevitable collapse of these societies may be an economic fact; but we should be foolish, indeed, to abandon them in despair, yet, although it may seem paradoxical, the success of a society depends greatly on the failings of certain of its members. The Royal Standard Benefit Society has just revised its rules and benefits to meet the actuarial report on the quinquennial valuation, which shows it to be from 24 to 26 per cent. deficient of its estimated liabilities to its members. It may be necessary for every organisation which has a superannuation fund connected with it to do the same; but even a reduction in the benefits and an increase of the subscriptions is preferable to quashing the society or discontinuing membership. We have to learn a lesson from our failings, and the lesson which it seems to me we ought to learn from revelations of the character of those I have given is the importance of hastening a properly State-aided system of pensions for the sick and aged, and provision of useful work for the unemployed. While we continue calmly to pay our subscriptions into our various societies—while we continue to maintain our unemployed and sustain our sick—while we continue to relieve the rates of the parishes in which we reside—while we persistently do this without protest and without any effort on our part to initiate a change—we shall remain as far as ever from a really *bonâ fide* recognition of society as the responsible agency in all these directions.

The truth is, we are living two lives. In being members of trade and sick organisations we admit the superiority of association over individualism. In neglecting to carry this principle to its logical conclusion by demanding a properly-organised system of State aid for the unemployed, the sick, the widow, and the orphan, we are practically running counter to our professions as members of these unions. We pay our own rates as rates; we pay our shopkeepers' rates in the prices we pay for provisions; we pay our landlords' rates in the rent we give them; we pay our employer's rates in the profits we produce for him; and yet we refuse to demand the disbursement of our own State funds for the relief of our own class. We seem to prefer relieving the rates to relieving our own sufferers in a reliable and properly-organised manner.

H. W. HOBART.

“ ‘DON'T marry a non-union man,’ is sound, and has been oft-repeated advice to our women trade unionists. The American girls appear to carry the principle still further, for it is stated that at their New York balls no girl is expected to dance with a non-union man, nor,” adds the writer, “does a union man ever dance with a non-union girl. This is admirable!”—*The Women's Trades' Union Review*.

WHO IS TO BE BLAMED?

A CRITICISM OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE IN AMERICA.

Translated from the *Zukunft* of New York, by J. Finn.

We publish this article, without any alteration, as we received it, it being the beginning of a discussion of the most important question with which it is dealing.—*Ed. Zukunft.*

VERY few comrades are satisfied with the result of the last elections. Some think that we polled less votes than we could have expected, some express themselves more vigorously, and say that we have suffered a defeat. All, however, agree that things with us are not as they ought to be, and that something is wrong somewhere.

We seek for causes. All are anxious to know where lies the blame. Various theories are advanced. Some believe that the fault lies in the qualities of the American nation, in her conservatism, in her disability to free herself of her prejudices and superstitions. Many think that the currency question has confused everybody's head, and thus obstructed our agitation. Various other reasons are given which are of minor importance.

It may probably be that each of the causes had its effect. It is more than probable that the currency question had to some extent deafened the ears of many to our arguments, still this cannot be the main cause. Behind all these causes there must be other great causes out of which they issued. These we must try to discover, if we desire to understand our position, and if we wish to gain something in the future.

I shall not enter into details, nor is it necessary to quote statistics—it is a fact which all recognise, that the number of our votes this year is not as large as it was last year; also, that some voters struck off Matchet from the ballot and put in his place Bryan or McKinley, others voted for our presidential candidate, but struck off the congressman or other local candidates. Thus the Socialist poll is not only a surprise to us in regard to the number, but also in regard to the manner.

It is said, that if our comrades were more disciplined, that would not have occurred. I grant this, but such a discipline which exists in a factory or in an army, cannot, and will not, exist in a political party. The party cannot have such a power over its members as the employer has over his employees, or as the general over his soldiers. The power which our party can exercise over its members is purely moral power. Hence, to say that the comrades are not disciplined, would mean, in other words, that the party has no moral influence over its members, and if so, then the question arises, "Who is to be blamed?"

Socialism is not a campaign. Its development does not depend on incidental questions and topics which are born with the campaign, and die when the campaign is over. Wherever capital and labour are in combat, there is good soil for sowing the seeds of Socialism. When we see a land where the soil is fertile for Socialism, where the political and economic conditions are ripe for Socialism, and in spite of these facts Socialism does not move, or moves very slowly, we must—in order to get an answer to our question, "Who is to be blamed?"—enter into a wider and deeper consideration and

observation of the social surroundings on which the success of our cause depends. We must carefully examine our tactics, and first and foremost resolve to find the truth, be it agreeable or disagreeable to us.

Just as there are axioms in mathematics, which are accepted by all, and nobody questions them, so we have with us certain facts or axioms not knowing ourselves how we arrive at them. One of the most popular axioms amongst us, of which we make use at our meetings, conventions, discussions, and editorials is this: "That the American, the *Yankee*, is a very conservative, reactionary, unintelligent, and, above all, corrupt creature. One who is capable only of playing base ball, shout hurrah for Bryan, and vote for McKinley; but is unable to comprehend Socialism, and to be inspired with the Social Revolution."

With this fact we are trying to explain our defects, behind this fact we are trying to conceal our tactical errors, and in it we find condolence in time of trouble. Still, it is remarkable that this "fact" does not stand in the way of our hopes; that the day will come when we will win the masses to our cause, and we will become a power.

"You will always be right when you'll have a smooth tongue," taught Mephistopheles his pupil Wagner. In no case is a smooth tongue so useful as in the case of criticising a nation. When you are sitting in a railway carriage, listening to the continual rotation of the wheels, the noise issuing therefrom will play upon your ear any tune which you will keep in your mind at the time, beginning with Tannhauser's "Evening Stars" and ending with a Russian jig. Just so will you be able to make of a nation anything you like, when judging her by her qualities, and basing your conclusions on facts all the same.

By whichever measure you may measure the standard of culture and civilisation in America, you will find that it is not below that of Europe. The famous English historian, Buckle, claims that the best measure of the development and culture of a nation is the quantity of soap which it uses up within a certain period. The American thinker, Draper, suggests the quantity of printed paper which it uses up as the best measure. John Stuart Mill thinks that the best measure of a nation's progress is the social position which the woman holds in that nation. By whichever of these measures we might measure the American nation, we will find her at the head of other nations.

It is unquestionably true that science and art are higher in Europe than they are here in America, but this has nothing to do with the case. Her superiority consists only in this, that her educated classes are more educated than ours, their artists are greater artists, &c.; but the working classes, the bulk of the people as a whole, is as intelligent and educated here as in any European country, and in some respects much more so.

I have touched all these points, not because they are essential to our subject, but because they show us best how weak our position becomes when we venture to explain social phenomena by moral and psychological facts, which everybody discovers, and interprets according to his own fancy.

"The American is conservative and unmovable." What a cheap ointment we are applying to our wounds? For the last five campaigns, not one party succeeded to elect a President twice in succession. With a mathematical accuracy, similar to that of the movement of a pendulum, the people oscillate from one party to the other at every election. Look at the map of the United States, and you will see that the votes for McKinley in every city are proportional to the number of steam-worked machines in that city.

This alone is sufficient to prove that it is childish to explain the result of the election by the moral and intellectual standard of the American people, or by the actions of politicians, demagogues, labour mis-leaders, &c.

Marx says :—"Mankind makes its own history. Not of pieces which itself prepares and selects, but of such as it finds ready prepared by circumstances which are independent of mankind." This every Socialist knows almost by heart, yet we forget it in practice, and we are apt to blame this or that person, this or that action, as if the person or action had fallen upon us from heaven, and were not the product of circumstances for which they were not responsible.

Socialism appears to us to be so logical and so simple that we are apt to believe that only a fool or knave can say he does not understand it, and according to this belief we are acting. But in so doing, we show that we hardly understand Socialism ourselves. We wish to make history by "logic." We wish to build up a society on "ideas," and in so doing we are only repeating the errors of the old utopian idealists.

It is the greatest absurdity to believe that the masses ever act on "reason." Open any page in history and you will find that very, very seldom does the logic of "mankind," of society, correspond to the logic of "men." Let us take an example near to hand. Everyone who voted for McKinley is fully convinced that McKinley is a Conservative; that he will uphold the present system of things, and that Bryan is against the present system, and that he desires to change it. This is the firm conviction of almost the whole American nation. Nevertheless, the truth is just the contrary: That if Bryan should have succeeded in carrying out his programme *i.e.*, to stop the development of capital, he would have succeeded also in stopping the further development of society, and the present system would have become everlasting. But McKinley, who desires to preserve everything that is, at the same time preserves also those laws of capitalistic production which undermine and destroy that system. According to the logic of the voters, McKinley is the Conservative and Bryan the revolutionist, but, according to the logic of facts and of history, Bryan is the Conservative and McKinley the revolutionist.

Upon the contradiction between the logic of persons and the logic of facts and realities is built our progress. It is deplorable, but it is true. This contradiction will only disappear in a Socialist society, where everybody will learn to understand the true meaning and significance of every social phenomenon. To-day only few understand it. It is a fact to be reckoned with. One does not understand Socialism because his interests prevent him from it, and not because he is a knave. He is simply blind to it, and you can no more blame him than you can blame any deaf or blind person for being blind or deaf. Another can not accept Socialism because his feelings are against it, for which he also cannot be blamed, as his feelings are stronger developed than his reasoning powers. Even if we should have the right to condemn such a person it would be worse than useless to do so, as this would not bring him nearer to us.

We must take the people and society as they are with their feelings, their prejudices, and their shortcomings. Not only must we take people as they are, but we must agitate and propagate in a way that the nature of people and circumstances demand. This appears to be self-evident; yes, it is so in theory; but in practice we too often forget it.

Many Christian nations still retain in their religious worship customs and ceremonies which they have inherited from the time when they were idolators, in spite of the fact that many hundreds of years have passed since

observation of the social surroundings on which the success of our cause depends. We must carefully examine our tactics, and first and foremost resolve to find the truth, be it agreeable or disagreeable to us.

Just as there are axioms in mathematics, which are accepted by all, and nobody questions them, so we have with us certain facts or axioms not knowing ourselves how we arrive at them. One of the most popular axioms amongst us, of which we make use at our meetings, conventions, discussions, and editorials is this: "That the American, the *Yankee*, is a very conservative, reactionary, unintelligent, and, above all, corrupt creature. One who is capable only of playing base ball, shout hurrah for Bryan, and vote for McKinley; but is unable to comprehend Socialism, and to be inspired with the Social Revolution."

With this fact we are trying to explain our defects, behind this fact we are trying to conceal our tactical errors, and in it we find condolence in time of trouble. Still, it is remarkable that this "fact" does not stand in the way of our hopes; that the day will come when we will win the masses to our cause, and we will become a power.

"You will always be right when you'll have a smooth tongue," taught Mephistopheles his pupil Wagner. In no case is a smooth tongue so useful as in the case of criticising a nation. When you are sitting in a railway carriage, listening to the continual rotation of the wheels, the noise issuing therefrom will play upon your ear any tune which you will keep in your mind at the time, beginning with Tannhauser's "Evening Stars" and ending with a Russian jig. Just so will you be able to make of a nation anything you like, when judging her by her qualities, and basing your conclusions on facts all the same.

By whichever measure you may measure the standard of culture and civilisation in America, you will find that it is not below that of Europe. The famous English historian, Buckle, claims that the best measure of the development and culture of a nation is the quantity of soap which it uses up within a certain period. The American thinker, Draper, suggests the quantity of printed paper which it uses up as the best measure. John Stuart Mill thinks that the best measure of a nation's progress is the social position which the woman holds in that nation. By whichever of these measures we might measure the American nation, we will find her at the head of other nations.

It is unquestionably true that science and art are higher in Europe than they are here in America, but this has nothing to do with the case. Her superiority consists only in this, that her educated classes are more educated than ours, their artists are greater artists, &c.; but the working classes, the bulk of the people as a whole, is as intelligent and educated here as in any European country, and in some respects much more so.

I have touched all these points, not because they are essential to our subject, but because they show us best how weak our position becomes when we venture to explain social phenomena by moral and psychological facts, which everybody discovers, and interprets according to his own fancy.

"The American is conservative and unmovable." What a cheap ointment we are applying to our wounds? For the last five campaigns, not one party succeeded to elect a President twice in succession. With a mathematical accuracy, similar to that of the movement of a pendulum, the people oscillate from one party to the other at every election. Look at the map of the United States, and you will see that the votes for McKinley in every city are proportional to the number of steam-worked machines in that city.

This alone is sufficient to prove that it is childish to explain the result of the election by the moral and intellectual standard of the American people, or by the actions of politicians, demagogues, labour mis-leaders, &c.

Marx says :—"Mankind makes its own history. Not of pieces which itself prepares and selects, but of such as it finds ready prepared by circumstances which are independent of mankind." This every Socialist knows almost by heart, yet we forget it in practice, and we are apt to blame this or that person, this or that action, as if the person or action had fallen upon us from heaven, and were not the product of circumstances for which they were not responsible.

Socialism appears to us to be so logical and so simple that we are apt to believe that only a fool or knave can say he does not understand it, and according to this belief we are acting. But in so doing, we show that we hardly understand Socialism ourselves. We wish to make history by "logic." We wish to build up a society on "ideas," and in so doing we are only repeating the errors of the old utopian idealists.

It is the greatest absurdity to believe that the masses ever act on "reason." Open any page in history and you will find that very, very seldom does the logic of "mankind," of society, correspond to the logic of "men." Let us take an example near to hand. Everyone who voted for McKinley is fully convinced that McKinley is a Conservative; that he will uphold the present system of things, and that Bryan is against the present system, and that he desires to change it. This is the firm conviction of almost the whole American nation. Nevertheless, the truth is just the contrary: That if Bryan should have succeeded in carrying out his programme *i.e.*, to stop the development of capital, he would have succeeded also in stopping the further development of society, and the present system would have become everlasting. But McKinley, who desires to preserve everything that is, at the same time preserves also those laws of capitalistic production which undermine and destroy that system. According to the logic of the voters, McKinley is the Conservative and Bryan the revolutionist, but, according to the logic of facts and of history, Bryan is the Conservative and McKinley the revolutionist.

Upon the contradiction between the logic of persons and the logic of facts and realities is built our progress. It is deplorable, but it is true. This contradiction will only disappear in a Socialist society, where everybody will learn to understand the true meaning and significance of every social phenomenon. To-day only few understand it. It is a fact to be reckoned with. One does not understand Socialism because his interests prevent him from it, and not because he is a knave. He is simply blind to it, and you can no more blame him than you can blame any deaf or blind person for being blind or deaf. Another can not accept Socialism because his feelings are against it, for which he also cannot be blamed, as his feelings are stronger developed than his reasoning powers. Even if we should have the right to condemn such a person it would be worse than useless to do so, as this would not bring him nearer to us.

We must take the people and society as they are with their feelings, their prejudices, and their shortcomings. Not only must we take people as they are, but we must agitate and propagate in a way that the nature of people and circumstances demand. This appears to be self-evident; yes, it is so in theory; but in practice we too often forget it.

Many Christian nations still retain in their religious worship customs and ceremonies which they have inherited from the time when they were idolators, in spite of the fact that many hundreds of years have passed since

they threw the idols away; this seems to be inevitable, and we must take it as an historical necessity. We take it as such, when dealing with the question generally and theoretically. But in our practical agitation we are not so tolerant. The best of our comrades makes a fool of himself, and ceases to be a comrade as soon as one of the twelve buttons of his imported Socialistic uniform is not properly buttoned.

Of all parties, the Socialist Party is the only one which fights, not so much for the present as for the future. We must consider every person, and every social phenomenon, not as they are now, but as they could and must be in the future. This we did in the past, this many of our European comrades are doing at present, and this we, unfortunately, have now ceased to do in this country. With the exception of the Catholic clergy, none are so strict in regard to all the articles of their creed as are now the members of our party. We have systematically driven away and persecuted persons, many highly intelligent and honest—only because they were not so strictly sectarian. We may take the New York Branch as an example. The way it has managed by its policy to drive out all the American members, is too well known to be dealt with here. Yet our comrades wonder at and do not know how to account for our defeat! It reminds me of the gardener who, in order to make all the flowers be of one size, dug up all that were below the size and cut off the heads of those above the size. At last he wondered how it was that there were no flowers left in his garden.

If you will ask any one of our comrades wherein is the result of this year's election worse than the preceding years, he will at once point out to you the number of votes which our party polled. It is undoubtedly true that the number of votes is of *much* importance, but it is not in the votes alone that the power of the party is to be found. By votes you can sometimes measure the power of our party, but not always. The real power of a party is the historical and social position which it holds, and the part it plays in the life of a people. In Austria, the Socialist Party is at present very prominent, yet its influence is felt in almost every political circle of the land, although it has not elected any candidate, and it has not even the franchise. The same was true of Belgium a couple of years ago. It shows that the number of votes is not always a true measure of a party's power.

To make this point still clearer we will take the United States for example. Even this year we polled many more votes than we did ten years ago (then we did not vote at all). Would this prove that the Socialist Party is stronger now than it was then? It may prove that the *organisation* of the party is stronger, but by no means does it prove that the Socialist movement is now stronger. No country in the world had such a strong trade union movement as the United States had ten years ago. No trade union movement ever fought such brilliant battles as did the one mentioned. That movement was a class movement, led and inspired chiefly by Socialists. The Knights of Labour had a Socialist programme. The American Federation of Labour was partly organised by Socialists. The New York Central Labour Union was a wing of the Socialist army. When the eight hour movement began, the most Radical elements were at the head of it. In Chicago, Parsons, Spies, &c.; here in New York, Shevitch, Jonas, and others. The anti-boycott movement was fought out by the Socialists. The Henry George movement was created by the Socialists. Say what you will about that movement, the fact remains, that only a party which possesses a certain power could have called out such a movement. The enthusiastic adherents of the present policy of our party will not dare to presume that the Socialist

Party has now the moral force to set in motion a Henry George movement, even if it would try.

In times of a campaign we are like one who plunges his head into water ; everything disappears from his vision—he only sees one thing, and that is water. We saw very much enthusiasm, but we did not observe that the enthusiasm came only from our own ranks ; we mistook our own voice for the echo of another, and now we find ourselves disappointed. We try to blame others, and we forget that we have to blame ourselves. We know that we are loved nowhere, that the labour organisations have lost faith in us, that we do not command a hundredth part of the influence over the American workers we once did. We are consoling ourselves with the fact that these organisations have lost their value. Our party Press is rejoicing at the gradual extinction of these organisations, hoping that our salvation will arise therefrom.

Some comrades will point out to us another object for rejoicing—namely, that the comrades of the present day are better Socialists than their predecessors. If this be so, then it argues against us rather than for us. If we are really better Socialists now, and taking into consideration that circumstances are now more favourable for Socialism than they ever were, then it is reasonable to ask, “ Why are we now more boycotted by the masses of workers than we ever were before ? ”

We have killed Anarchism, and we inherited its way of looking at things. When it was pointed out to the Anarchists that by their policy they were driving the people from them, they at once answered that they did not mind it, that one thorough revolutionist was worth to them more than a thousand half-developed working men. Then we used to laugh at their answer, but now we speak and act in the same strain.

The number of thorough-going Socialists is directly in proportion to the number of organised workers. The more there are labour organisations involved in the class struggle the more will this struggle, under favourable circumstances, develop working-men who comprehend the true nature of the fight, though they might not wear the emblem of our party in their lappel-holes. We ought not to go in for compromises with any party which does not stand on the ground of the class struggle. We dare not make our programme less Socialistic, but we must not forget for a moment that those who desire to make it so are not necessarily always fools and knaves. We must always bear in mind that what they do not understand to-day they may understand to-morrow. We must always remember that we *must* have them with us for the realisation of our aim, be they members of the party or not. They are historically our class-comrades, whom we dare not make our enemies. For their errors we should pity them, but not condemn them. For the following words of the Communist manifesto the names of Marx and Engels ought to be written in history with golden letters, even if this were all that they ever said :—“ The Communists do not form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties. They have no interests separate and apart from those of the proletariat as a whole. The Communists are distinguished from the other working-class parties by this only—(1) In the national struggles of the proletariat of the different countries they point out, and bring to the front, the common interests of the entire proletariat, independently of all nationality ; (2) in the various stages of development which the struggle of the working-class against the bourgeoisie has to pass through they always and everywhere represent the interests of the movement as a whole.”

About ten years ago the Socialists were here a social power, because their activity consisted "of representing the common interest of the proletariat in the various stages of its struggle." But this attitude of ours has changed since we resolved to enter into political action independently as a party. We did not take the trouble to find out how strong we were. Like true Romans, we were indifferent to the number of our enemies. Our query was, "Where are our enemies?" and we found them, too. Those were the trade unionists who were not yet developed historically to Socialism. We began thundering at them until they were thunderstruck. We rejoiced at our success, for it proved how strong we were; but one great thing we have forgotten, viz., that having destroyed the old corrupt trade unionism, we failed to create a new and better one. Thus we have lost the only field for our propaganda which we have had.

Once we began our dangerous tactics we were driven farther on in that direction. One day we joined the Federation to fight the Knights, another day we united with the Knights against the Federation. At last, when we were driven out from both we organised an alliance to fight against both, and so we acted in other respects. Every new social movement which sprang up, instead of using it for our object, we have sought to annihilate it. Such was our attitude towards the Populist movement, as well as the Nationalist movement. Is it any wonder that we are welcomed nowhere, and that we are shunned by the workers who also fight against capital?

Once a party loses its equilibrium on one point, it cannot stand firmly on other points. It loses its moral force over its own members. Voluntary sacrifice is substituted by compulsory dogmas. Free criticism is objected to. This will answer for the fact that our party press is closed to everyone who expresses an opinion which is not in accord with the opinions of the leading spirits of our party.

The process of demoralisation cannot stop at one point. Spencer already pointed out that the more perfect a party becomes the more does it become conservative. By "perfection" he does not mean perfection in principles, he means technical perfection. When a revolutionary party begins to lose its idealism, and in its stead begins to develop the spirit of routine and discipline, when dogma takes the place of the ideal, and free criticism is suppressed for tactical reasons, when truth itself loses its absolute character, and is tolerated only when it is harmless, then you cannot expect that voluntary self-denial and self-sacrifice in such a party. There begins to develop that "machinery" which creates the small "gods," the big and little "bosses" who bring into the movement a new kind of demoralisation. Symptoms of the same could already be observed at our last convention.

It would be unjust to declare that the whole blame for our defeats lies only upon us. When we see that our tactics damaged our cause we must at the same time remember that these tactics themselves did not come down upon us from heaven as they are. We must remember that they also have causes, and like every other historical phenomenon, must be considered in their relation with other elements of the labour movement. Still, we are very much to be blamed—more than others, because we are the only ones who stand on the ground of scientific Socialism. As such we, more than others, can and must understand and comprehend the environments and the people which these environments create.

It is always painful to touch a wound, but it must be done if it is to be healed.

L. MILLER.

AMERICAN CONVICT LABOUR.

THE PROBLEM IN NEW YORK STATE.

A good deal has been written lately about the brutality of the English prison system. Apparently some of the censure is deserved, but so far as the system itself is concerned the case is not very different from that of New York State prisons under the constitutional amendment (in effect since January 1) which forbids useful labour except under conditions which necessarily involve compulsory idleness for most of the convicts, unless some industry not contemplated when the amendment was passed can be discovered. It is true that when the New York amendment was adopted it was known to be open to this objection, but it went through because ignorance and prejudice demanded it, and because those who saw its useless cruelty said it would be amended before it went into operation. There was time enough. Two legislatures were to sit in the interval. But these neglected to take the necessary steps, and they did it because they were owned, for political purposes, by men who cared nothing for justice or humanity when they had schemes of their own to carry through. The one really practical scheme of present relief is that proposed by President Stewart, of the Prison Commission, namely, the employment of convicts in road making. There are objections to this course, as everyone knows, but he, and other authorities, agree that they are less than the objections to the alternative of confinement in idleness. He admits the objection on grounds of feeling and sentiment, but is confident that it does not weigh against the positive benefits to be gained, and he says, justly, that it will not count for so much in practice as it does in alarmed anticipation. As to the practical carrying out of the plan, he believes that small gangs cannot be employed profitably. Continuing he says :—

“It seems to be settled that the men could not be used to advantage if they had to be taken more than five miles in the morning from the place where they spend the night, and back to it in the evening. That is to say, from a given point where a convict camp was established, work could be carried on in each direction for five miles. I assume that the people in the town or county would not object to the establishment of such a camp among them. Then if there was no objection in the next town or county, the camp could be transferred to another point ten miles away, and the same method of procedure followed. One suggestion in regard to such camps is that portable steel cells might be employed. That would not be necessary, however; tents would be sufficient, provided a proper patrol was maintained. How many guards would be required is not certain, but, speaking for myself, I should think that thirty guards armed with Winchesters would be enough to look after 200 prisoners.”

Eugene Smith, secretary of the Prison Association of New York, which opposed on general principles taking convicts outside the prison to work, is satisfied that nothing better can be done as things now are. He says :—

“At the same time, I believe it would be vastly better to set the prisoners at work on the roads than to have them kept in a state of idleness. While this is by no means the best form of prison industry, it is far preferable to absolute idleness. As a rule, the roads in the State are owned by the towns. The constitution prohibits the contracting out of the labour of

prisoners, and so it would be illegal for the State to enter into a contract with the towns by which the towns would pay a certain sum per diem for the labour. Probably, however, there could be a contract made for the prisoners to build or repair certain roads, or the roads in a certain district, for a gross sum, without doing violence to the constitution. Public work of this or any similar kind will not be successful or effective, in my judgment, save as a temporary measure."

Like every other man who knows the subject, Mr. Smith urges an amendment of the constitution to undo the wrong committed in that instrument. The present legislature of New York can make a beginning at righting the great wrong that has been committed, but will it?—*Hartford Times*.

HOW THE PROBLEM IS MET IN SING SING.

In an interview given to the *New York Mail and Express*, Warden Sage, of Sing Sing Prison, says:—

"In this, and in all penal institutions, a certain number of the inmates are utilised in doing the necessary daily work. Three hundred and fifty men are thus regularly employed in and about this prison and in the prison grounds. Of the thousand remaining, one hundred have been assigned to the stone-cutting industry, where they are being taught a trade that will enable them to earn from 3 dols. to 4.50 dols. a day, when they make their exit from this institution. Another hundred are employed on the new buildings now under construction within the prison walls, and still another hundred in the quarries, on the roads, and in the State shop, where goods are manufactured for other State institutions. That leaves at this time six hundred and eighty-seven idle men. To employ these I have several projects—some nearly consummated and others in view. I have established a brush industry, where I expect to supply brushes of all kinds to other State institutions. I intend to add weekly to the number of men employed in stone-cutting. I have selected fifty young men whom I shall put at the cases to teach them to set type. I have also selected fifty young men, who seem to have artistic inclinations, and have organised them into a class where they will be instructed by a convict of great experience and of the highest order of talent in freehand drawing and carving. We have had for years a class in which the entirely illiterate inmates of the prison have been taught the rudiments of the language and mathematics to a certain extent. A new class has now been formed, which will carry these men still further in acquiring a practical education, and as they progress still other classes will be formed. No difficulty is found in obtaining from the convict population men amply equipped for this work.

"A very noteworthy suggestion has been made to me by a gentleman in Boston which I am considering, and which scheme I hope at no late day to obtain permission from the superintendent to inaugurate. I quote the writer's words: 'Why not draw upon the immense collegiate class of men (and women perhaps), with which every great city is stocked, for the purpose of giving your prisoners a sort of a university extension course of lectures and instruction. One course in moral philosophy and ethics—another in history, biology, etc. The drawing upon what might be called the 'classic' public for this voluntary instruction (fares only paid) will lead to an interest in prison matters which has seemed to be confined to the prison committee in the legislature and to the Salvation Army.' At the present time the men who are idle are taken from their cells three times each day for their meals and for exercise. Three or four hours a day are

thus spent. The form of the exercise is marching in lock step. It is claimed by medical authority that marching in this manner is not suitable exercise, and I hope soon to have the sanction of the superintendent to march them in military formation, and to give them instruction in military drill, except the manual of arms."

The supervisor of the New Jersey State prison, in his recent report concerning the competition of convict labour with outside labour says: "The problem how to make the labour of convicts reasonably remunerative without undue competition with outside labour will probably never be fully solved. It has received the attention of the legislatures of a number of States with practical results, but it seems to me to have reached in this State as nearly a satisfactory solution as is possible by reason of the salutary provision of law that no contract shall be entered into by the prison officials for the employment of more than 100 convicts upon any one branch of industry. The operation of this law reduces the competition with outside industries practically to the vanishing point, since the class of labour to be found in the prison is of such a mixed and undesirable character, and its productive power is subject to so many limitations that the greatest possible production by this limited number can have no appreciable effect upon the outside production, and is too insignificant to be viewed as competitive."

RISE AND DECLINE OF STRIKES IN AMERICA.

A RECORD of strikes in the United States for 1881-86 from the United States Bureau of Labour Statistics has been supplemented by a report bringing the record down to 1894. The former record showed a great increase of strikes, culminating in 1886 with the riots and Haymarket massacre at Chicago.

	Strikes.	Establish-ments.	No. thrown out of work.	Per cent. which failed.
1881	471	2,928	129,521	31.63
1882	454	2,105	154,671	38.24
1883	478	2,759	149,763	25.74
1884	443	2,367	147,054	44.61
1885	645	2,284	242,705	37.70
1886	1,432	10,053	508,044	46.58
1887	1,436	6,589	379,676	47.17
1888	906	3,506	147,704	42.30
1889	1,075	3,786	249,559	34.60
1890	1,833	9,424	351,944	37.34
1891	1,717	8,116	298,939	53.83
1892	1,298	5,540	205,671	51.99
1893	1,305	4,555	265,914	38.79
1894 (6 months)	896	5,154	482,066	60.51

ENUMERATION OF PROFESSIONS IN GERMANY.

The statistical correspondence of the German Empire has just published the results of the census of professions and trades, taken June 14, 1895. They give clear proof of the important progress which industry and commerce has made, whilst agriculture shows a retrogressive tendency.

Out of a population of 51,770,288 inhabitants 8,292,692 are engaged at agricultural work, an increase of 56,196 persons, compared with the census of 1882. This increase is very much less than the increase of the population, in every case it arises from the continual extension of women's work, for in the period 1882-1895 their number has increased 8.61 per cent., whilst for men the increase has only been 2.84 per cent. Now, if we exclude from agriculture those engaged in gardening, commercial or artistic, or who are engaged in the rearing of cattle, in forestry, in hunting, and in fishing, we find that the number of men engaged in agricultural work has sensibly diminished, and 8,063,966 is reduced to 8,045,441, in spite of the important increase in the population. The number of men has diminished 4.01 per cent., whilst the number of women has increased 8.06 per cent. In the same manner as the number of those who exercise agriculture as a profession has diminished, has also diminished the number of farm servants, and that of the members of the family who adopt agriculture as a living, the first by 54,216 persons, and the latter by 730,128 persons. Thus, in proportion to population, the number of agricultural workers has fallen largely, having diminished from 40 and more per cent. to 35.74 per cent.

Industry and commerce, on the contrary, present a very different movement, for in the said period the augmentation has been 29.47 per cent., for industry and commerce 48.92 per cent. In the domain of industry and commerce the increase in the number of women has been much greater than that of the men, 34.97 per cent. in industry, and 38.26 per cent. in commerce.

These figures show that the struggle for life in Germany is harder than ever before, whilst in 1882 those who lived by their own labour represented 38.99 per cent. of the population, they exceeded 40 per cent. in 1895, side by side with this the number of the members of the family who lived on the labour of others fell from 55.08 per cent. to 53.15 per cent. Thus the wife and children are more than ever obliged to work in order to satisfy the wants of the family.

If peasant proprietorship has increased slightly, it appears to have lost the position it formerly held, the number of farm servants diminishes, whilst the application of machinery to agriculture extends daily. The sons of the peasants desert the fields and fly to the towns where industry and commerce gain a position more and more preponderant in relation to agriculture. At the same time, women labour is increasing more rapidly than that of men. Thus the census of professions which has been taken in Germany in 1895 shows that under the capitalist *régime* the economic evolution follows the line indicated by the Socialists, for here we have proof that capital is concentrating, that industry is extending and developing, that machinery is being applied more and more extensively to agriculture, and that the employment of women is increasing out of proportion to that of men.

All the phenomena which characterises the present system of production can only accelerate the economic evolution, and prepare the elements of the social transformation which will produce the emancipation of the workers.—*La Question Sociale.*

FRANCE AND RUSSIA IN CHINA.

MR. HOLT HALLETT contributes to the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* an article on "France and Russia in China."

"In 1886 the late Czar issued his famous edict, 'Let a railway be built across Siberia in the shortest way possible.' The shortest way passed through Chinese Manchuria. In 1893 it was current in Shanghai that Russia had obtained the consent of China to construct the Siberian-Pacific Railway by the short cut across Chinese Manchuria. The publication of the agreement of September 8 shows that Russia has at length gained her way." The author of the article goes on to prove that this "is considered in Russia as the prelude to the annexation of Chinese Manchuria"; that "China offers the least line of resistance to the further expansion of Russia," refers to Russia's action from 1850 to 1870, and compares the unfavourable climate and poor resources of Siberia with the fertility and populousness of Chinese Manchuria. "Well might Lin Ming Chuan, when Chinese Governor of Formosa, declare in a memorial to the Emperor, that the sanctioning of the Siberian-Pacific Railway showed that the mouths of the Russians were watering for the Manchurian provinces." In her late war with China, "Japan knew well that she was dealing a blow at Russia."

Mr. Hallett quotes from the *Figaro*: "If the treaty just published is genuine, then Russia has secured privileges calculated to have a disturbing effect on other nations besides England. Up to the present France's position in the Far East has been almost preponderating, always exceptional. . . . Such a treaty would gravely affect the situation, and France, instead of being a 'protecting' would become a 'protected' Power."

In Germany, "the existence of the Cassini Convention is taken for granted," we are told, and the French Tonkin-China Railway is dwelt on. Attention is drawn to the French projects for absorbing the south provinces of China, and then Mr. Hallett goes on to say, "Eleven of the eighteen provinces of China proper, as well as Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and Thibet would be practically closed to our trade, and our possessions in Burma be entirely severed by a wedge of French territory from the restricted sphere of influence, which Germany thinks we should be content with, to the South of the Yangtse;" but he says, "We are not the only nation interested . . . it is very certain that America would have a word to say." He emphasises the enormous importance of China as a market for our trade, and declares that "China's independence and our interests, which are closely bound up, are at stake."

Alluding to Lord Salisbury's speech to the deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce, Mr. Hallett says:—"After such a speech it is not likely that British interests will suffer from neglect in China. . . . The Burma Siam-Chinese Railway promises to provide as great advantages for the commerce of the world as the Russian-Siberian-Pacific Railway, and the French Tonkin-China Railway will respectively provide for the commerce of Russia and France."

China should be induced "to open the whole of her waterways to the steam navigation and the whole of her territory to the unrestricted commerce of the world; and, keeping salt and opium as Government monopolies, to abolish the whole of her other internal taxation on trade, placing the collection of her duties on foreign trade entirely in the hands of the

only honest administration that she possesses, the Imperial Maritime Customs. . . . It is her rotten form of government, the ignorance, corruption, and incompetence of her officials, and her lack of a proper system of military and naval machinery and equipment, that led to her defeat by Japan, made her the laughing-stock of France, subservient to Russia, and a terror to no one but the German Emperor."

THE CRETAN CRISIS.

In the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* Francis de Pressensé (foreign editor of *Le Temps*) comments on the Cretan Question. After remarking that the present crisis "may be a blessing in disguise," and "is undoubtedly a just reward for the incredible supineness with which diplomacy has let time fly after the settlement of August 25, 1896," he says, that "if the Powers understand this last teaching of events . . . and are firmly resolved to give Crete the measure of self-government to which it is entitled . . . I for one shall see in this emergency . . . a providential interference in a most complicated business. . . . The problem is certainly not insoluble." He is of opinion that the Powers have "put their finger on the true means of solution," but "perhaps they ought to have been a little quicker." M. Pressensé hopes great things for the future of Greece—"only let us try to look facts in the face, and not to be taken in by catchwords and phrases, and mere humbug." "Is it, or is it not certain," he asks, "that Crete once occupied by the marines of the European navies, the Powers will *never* give it back to the tender mercies of Turkish administration?" and while he holds that "the Cretans have a perfect right to the irreducible minimum of necessary liberties" it would be "madness to put the peace of the world in peril in order to gratify their own aspirations." Furthermore, it is by no means certain that Greece is capable of governing "This Ireland of the *Ægean*," and the author of the article points out that the recent massacres in Crete were *by Christians of Mohammedans*."

The policy of the Powers "has two faces, two correlative parts. If it forbids Greece to annex Crete, it promises Crete freedom and Home Rule—Europe does not at all wish to humiliate or to exasperate Greece. On the contrary, she wants to do all that is possible to spare the susceptibilities of Hellenism, without compromising the preservation of peace. . . . It is the fate, not only of Crete, not only of Greece, not even of the whole East, but of Europe, and of the peace of the world, which trembles in the balance. Everybody waits for the coming spring as for the time of the inevitable crisis. Once more everybody is on tip-toe expecting something unexpected. Macedonia is the most probable arena of the great fray. . . . I should be very sorry, for my part, to entertain too simple and too robust an optimism. The Eastern Question is always with us, and I do not see how it is to be solved.

"There was a time when the Eastern problem was simply the perpetual threat of a barbarous and conquering race against Christendom. A second phasis opened when the Turk became too weak . . . and Europe exhausted itself trying to put the sick man on his feet, and then to prepare for his dissolution and succession. Perhaps we may recognise a third period when the physicians themselves are nearly as badly off as their patient, and dare not have recourse to surgical operations because they fear for themselves the rebound of those heroic remedies."

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AND THE GENERAL STRIKE.

THE International Congress still affords a theme for our opponents to enlarge upon. In condemning the Congress and all its works Anarchist writers vie with the capitalist press, which should be encouraging to Social-Democrats. In a recent number of *La Question Sociale* Christian Cornelissen has an article entitled "Two Texts," dealing with the reference to the "General Strike" in the resolution of the Congress. The article is a characteristic misrepresentation of the Congress. The writer says:—

"At the Congress of London many things have happened which must inspire the enlightened workers of the whole world with terror for the future which would bring, in the most advanced modern states, a radical Social-Democratic government. Under the influence of the most backward nations of Central Europe, the International workers' movement has demonstrated that in the very bosom of this movement, oppressors, and masters exercising a tyrannical power, can raise themselves.

"The 'bureau' of the Congress at Queen's Hall was a true repetition of modern bourgeois government, and demonstrated all the defects of the parliamentary system of our century."

"The leaders (*meneurs*) showed themselves intolerant, aspiring to make everyone bow under the *regime* of the 'great' Prussian International Social-Democracy."

In other words, the Congress was intolerant because it endeavoured to conduct its business in a democratic fashion, and refused to be dictated to by a few unrepresentative individuals. But Mr. Cornelissen claims to have discovered a gross case of deception on the part of those responsible for drawing up the reports and resolutions. He says:—

"The French working class press has been discussing from all sides the attitude of the Congress in reference to the general strike.

"In the resolution on Economic and Industrial Action, the following phrases are found:

"The Congress considers that the strike and the boycott are necessary means for the realisation of the objects of the trade unions. But it does not see the possibility of an International General Strike.

"The most urgent necessity is the organisation of the working masses in trade unions; for the extent of strikes depends upon the extent of organisation in entire trades and in entire countries."

"In fact, as has been remarked, there is a contradiction between the two parts of this phrase, the first part rejecting the possibility of an international general strike, whilst the second part accepts it and considers it as dependent upon the extent of the organisation of the workers. I do not want to examine here the cause of such an incorrect formulation. Eugène Guérard, the delegate of the railway workers, seems to believe—as to the dissident French faction who systematically opposed the general strike—that the above passage 'has escaped it.'

"That is possible at this Congress, where the resolutions have been adopted with such haste, sometimes even without discussion. It is possible, above all, when the report on Economic Action was passed in an hour.

"But what I could not understand, was that the English and American delegates should, with the others, reject the general strike, so badly formulated and so equivocal as was the drawing up of the resolution.

"Not only because England and America are, *par excellence*, the countries of strikes, but also, and above all, that simultaneously with the Congress, there was being prepared in England an international organisation of seamen, dockers, &c, with the very object of bringing about an international strike in these branches of industry at a desired moment.

"Several days after the Congress such men as Tom Mann, Havelock Wilson, and others, went to Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg in order to gain the workers of these continental ports.

"What will the English workers say to the opinion expressed by the Congress that the general strike is impossible?

"This would be a categorical disapprobation of what they were themselves in the act of preparing at the same time that the Congress sat at London. For it must here be observed that even the most absolute partisan of the general strike does not ask that the work be suspended at the very same instant by the workers of all branches of industry, of commerce, of transport, and of agriculture.

"That is not what is understood by this name. An absolute general strike would be, in truth, an impossibility. But if, on the contrary, an international general strike is possible in one or two large branches of industry, of commerce, or of transport as it is understood, for example, in England, for the seamen and dock labourers, one can see in the future the possibility of such a strike in four, five, or more great trades and in entire countries."

Here Cornelissen himself practically abandons the general strike, and what has certainly been understood by that term. If it is intended to mean only a partial strike in one or two industries, the term "general strike" is misleading, and ought not to be used. Having himself thus modified the idea of the general strike, he goes on:—

"Then, that being so, the international general strike is granted as possible. Otherwise I could not account for this curious fact—the lack of opposition on the part of the English-speaking delegates to the aforesaid resolution, at the same time that I am able to read and compare seriously the three texts of the resolution. The English text does not say that the international general strike is impossible. Quite the contrary. And what has happened in London in this matter of the general strike merits, in my opinion, no other name than the name of dupery and pure and simple falsification.

"Here is the English text:—

"'The Congress considers strikes and boycotts are necessary weapons to attain the objects of trade unions. What is most essential is the thorough organisation of the working classes, as the successful management of a strike depends on the strength of the organisation.'

"Everyone will see the difference between the two texts—the one made for the French comrades, and the other for the English-speaking workers.

"The German text, on the contrary, is the same as the French text.

"Evidently, in desiring to disapprove of the movement in favour of the general strike in France, the leaders of the Congress of London did not

consider it necessary to take the same precautions for the working masses of the most backward countries of Central Europe as for the English-speaking nations.

"It is for the reader to say what he thinks about all that."

The reader—the English reader—would doubtless say that we have not found strikes here to be so successful as to be so enamoured of them as Cornelissen imagines us to be; that in the sense in which the general strike is commonly understood English workers would be perfectly ready to agree to the resolution as in the French text; and that Cornelissen's interpretation of a general strike, that it does not mean a "general" strike at all, makes the words expressing doubt as to its possibility unnecessary and the whole contention ridiculous.



IN the *Cosmopolis* for this month there is an interesting article by Sir Charles Dilke on John Stuart Mill. After noticing the "wide distinction between the views held by Mill through the greater portion of his life, and those to which he was gradually drawn in his last years," he goes on to say that latterly "he was very far from being an individualist, was abreast of the most modern tendencies in a Socialist direction, and, so far from being stationary in his opinions, was moving in the van. Indeed, he was perhaps the first English politician to inaugurate a movement dealing with the land question, which was Socialistic in its aim." And, again, "a Bill was prepared by Mill and Hare, and introduced by Sir Charles Dilke in 1871, as 'The Public Lands Bill.'" "It was put forward by Mill as a middle way between those who advocated making all land public and those who advocated private property in land." This Bill, denounced as "crude, idle, and destructive," was only supported by seventeen members of the Commons. Sir Charles gives an account of his correspondence with Mill on the Woman's Suffrage Bill of 1870, and the economist's opposition to the Cowper-Temple and Jacob Bright amendments to the Education Bill, and gives an extract from a letter on the position of Alsace. "If I could settle the terms of peace, the disputed territory should be made into an independent self-governing state, with power to annex itself, after a long period (say fifty years), either to France or Germany, under a guarantee for that term of years by the neutral Powers."



"I HAD a dream once. It was a long time ago when I first met the girls who came to me when I opened the club. I dreamt of what I wanted them to be, strong and brave, good and true. I dreamt of them free, facing life gladly, awakened and yet not dismayed. As I came to know more of the reality of their lives, the fulfilment of my dream seemed a long way off. I learnt that they were always either terribly overworked or out of work altogether, an alternation of circumstances in itself demoralising. I learnt that they were never properly fed, or clothed, or housed. Girls of seventeen and eighteen were sharing one room night and day with their fathers and mothers, and as they came to know and trust me I began to understand why some of the faces of my girls were drawn and lined like the faces of old women, and why some could never smile with the simple-hearted mirth which is the very essence of girlhood. I learnt that stupidity and bad temper, more often than not, meant semi-starvation and want of sleep, and that rollicking, unmanageable spirits meant a despair deeper than ought to be known to any girl. There is not much chance of healthful sleep when the girl has to sleep in the general sitting-room, as happens with those of a slightly more respectable class, because she cannot go to bed until all the family and the frequent visitors have retired; and then the atmosphere, impregnated with the fumes of beer and tobacco-smoke, is not very conducive to refreshing sleep."

—MARY NEAL in the February issue of *To-Morrow*.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE *Contemporary* has a "review and a criticism" on the Chartered Company in South Africa by the Rev. John Mackenzie, who gives an account of the way in which the vast extent of country from the Cape Colony to the Zambesi was made over to the British government, and the district opened up to white settlers. After showing that Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson) had declared that the British Government had no interests north of Mafeking, Mr. Mackenzie says:—"Events would seem to show that the High Commissioner already had in his mind the project of a private company. . . . The British public had no interests north of Mafeking, but favoured individuals soon made their appearance at the towns of the now bewildered and suspicious chiefs, begging for concessions to them personally of some of those things which the chiefs had offered as a whole to the Queen's Government. Other private persons were forbidden to proceed into native territories."

Concessions from native chiefs went on, as did also Sir Hercules Robinson's opposition, and "at length Mr. Cecil Rhodes appeared in London representing that he had a concession from Lobengula to dig for gold in Mashonaland. He asked for a Charter, and obtained it. It would be unprofitable to go further into the methods by which the Charter was in the end obtained. Probably no member of Her Majesty's Government was quite satisfied with the part which he took in the matter. . . . Even now statesmen retain their view that government by a chartered company is a clumsy, roundabout, and highly unsatisfactory method of government. Any one can see that no responsibility is got rid of by the Imperial Government through the grant of the Charter. What the company does is regarded by foreign powers as done by England. . . . What the Imperial Government parts with is the power and right to dictate the policy to be pursued; thus the company says what has to be done, and the British Government has to be responsible for both the policy and the method of carrying it out." Further on Mr. Mackenzie says, "The Charter conferred no African property or possession on the company. It conferred certain administrative and other governmental powers. . . . From the first the expedition was more like an army entering an enemy's territory than a mining party proceeding to work certain gold concessions granted by a friendly chief."

On their arrival they did not proceed to dig for gold, but became practically "a huge stockbroking concern." Now it was said that profitable gold-mining was impossible until a railway had been made, but they did not on that account leave the country, although Lobengula and his people did not want them there.

Later came the Matabele war. This tribe, warlike, fierce and cruel, "appeared in Mashonaland in 1893 as they had done any year for the last two generations," and the company decided to invade Matabeleland, which ultimately passed into their hands.

"It is capable of proof," says Mr. Mackenzie, "that the company's management of native affairs has been a complete failure—a failure which brings with it a deep disgrace," and after the most insulting and foolish treatment of the Matabele they absolutely enrolled, "drilled, and equipped some 600 or 700 of them" as native police! "It is well known that this native police force was the nucleus and centre of the late Matabeleland rebellion against the company." Then, again, they showed their ignorance as to their position by "moving southward so many men, with guns and ammunition, all of which eventually fell into the hands of Kruger. The greatest mistake

was not the removal of the troops, but rather the native policy, which made the Matabele completely disaffected and ready to revolt. It is a dreary, heart-rending story, that of the sudden rising of the Matabele upon the isolated prospectors and upon the unsuspecting families of settlers. It was a bitter irony that the safety of these unprotected people should have been left to young Matabele soldiers ! ”

The native policy of the company as regards labour was on a par with the rest of their actions. They introduced a system of forced labour, which cannot be excused on the ground that labour was scarce. “ But the most decisive blow to the character of the British South Africa Company as an administrator of native affairs is given by the history of their occupancy of Mashonaland.”

With respect to the war in Mashonaland, Mr. Mackenzie says that no one imagined the Mashonas would rise against the company ; but “ the horrid truth at length was established that, whatever might have been the Mashonas’ detestation of the Matabele, they now held that even the Matabele were to be preferred to their new masters of the Chartered Company. This incredible disgrace belongs to Britain, through the company, that the down-trodden Mashonas chose rather to co-operate with their hereditary oppressors, spoilers, and slayers than to lift a hand in behalf of those who were recognised in London as their protectors and saviours.”

Mr. Mackenzie utterly repudiates the idea of allaying race-feeling. “ There is, in fact, no such thing. I am in full sympathy with those who wish to see a widening of the Transvaal constitution, and have laid my views before the President and before the public, in a friendly letter to him on the subject. I was gratified to see that President Kruger expressed very friendly views towards the gold mining industry, and I am hopeful that within the Transvaal, and without violence, a better *modus vivendi* will gradually be brought about, and that, with reference to all reasonable demands, ‘alles zal recht kommen.’ . . . In common with others who have followed recent events somewhat closely, I am led to believe that, all unknown to himself, the reappearance of Sir Hercules Robinson as High Commissioner in South Africa was part of that scheme which was defeated at Doornkop.”

In the last section of his article Mr. Mackenzie treats of “The Question now to be Settled.” “Two Crown colonies should be established south of the Zambesi. One would be in the Protectorate and Khama’s country, and its boundaries would be, on the north, Zambesi ; on the south, the Cape Colony ; on the east, Matabeleland and the Transvaal ; and on the west, German South-west Africa. Another Crown colony would include Matabeleland and Mashonaland, bounded also by the Zambesi on the north, by the Transvaal on the south, on the east by the Portuguese territories, and on the west by the Crown Colony above described. After the lapse of time, and after peaceful development, these would form two new provinces of the self-governing South Africa of the future.”

As regards the gold mines, of course, they belong to the company. Railway works are being hurried on. “To rush into Mashonaland, as was done, was the movement of a wise or unwise speculative company, and certainly not of English administrators ; and the whole of that outlay belongs to the part of the company’s operations which would remain to it after the rescinding of the charter. But the whole expense of the second war, which cannot even now be regarded as settled, falls justly on the company, inasmuch as the policy and actions of the company were the direct causes of the outbreak.”

AFTER THE HAMBURG STRIKE.

IN *Die Neue Zeit* of February 20 appears an article discussing in retrospect the Hamburg strike, and the lessons which it conveys to the workers. The experience which a strike essentially brings, says the article, does not exhaust the lessons of this struggle. It has been demonstrated that the struggles of the workers for better conditions, are capable, under any circumstances, of being defeated.

"The Communist manifesto has already shown that the modern bourgeoisie is incapable of governing because it is unable to grant to its slaves even a tolerable existence. And now, on the fiftieth anniversary of the manifesto, its great merit is demonstrated by the refusal of the German bourgeoisie to grant to the German proletariat even a tolerable standard of comfort within their bondage; and by pursuing their historic vocation by cutting down every attempt of the workers to use the means of capitalist society to improve their condition. It is, however, conceivable that by such an attempt at the practical fulfilment of its vocation, as the defeat of the Hamburg strike reveals, it will cause a feeling of aversion to arise. . . . All the promises of mad-brained tyrants do not dispel the uneasy feeling that a victory, the world over, is but the foreboding of a complete defeat. . . . However, the bourgeoisie was too senseless to see the moral effect of the Hamburg wage struggle, too senseless also to veil or palliate the fact that the workers were oppressed. . . . The decisive struggle between capital and labour will be fought, not on moral, but on economic grounds. And the lesson of this strike is that the defeat would have been avoided if the struggle had been undertaken at a more opportune time, with a stronger organisation, and richer means. Thus the Hamburg strike confirms anew the experience gained in other (English) strikes, that the trades organisations are impotent against modern capitalism. Capital is now completely fortified against surprises. Heroic sacrifice and bravery cannot make up for cold blooded strategy and tactics, which are now necessary against so powerful an antagonist as modern capitalism. It is possible that the elections a year hence will create conditions which will shift the centre of gravity of the class struggle again to the region of politics. . . . A Parliamentary debate can sometimes be of more importance than a dozen strikes.

"The capitalist press lies when it says that the Social-Democrats made the Hamburg strike, that they secretly worked to produce it, at the same time that they were publicly dissuading the workers from it, or assuming a neutral attitude. The ingenious thinkers who affirm that the Social-Democrats agitate for strikes in order to 'poison' the tender feelings existing between exploiting capitalist and exploited proletariat, are as wrong as are the no less ingenious prophets who prophesy that the Hamburg workers will now at last turn from the heresies of the Social-Democratic 'leaders,' and return to repent in the fatherly arms of the capitalists. . . . The Social-Democrats did not make the strike, which rather arose in the same way and with the same certainty that every prisoner endeavours to lessen the weight of his chains. But when the struggle came the Social-Democrats had every occasion to further its success, not in order to demonstrate the durability of capitalist society, which can never be demonstrated in this way, but because it is their business to intercede for all the interests of the working class, and to make use of all means in order to strengthen the power of the working-class to accomplish the solution of their problem."

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

"WHY, little woman, what's the matter?" cried Fred Driscoll, noticing for the first time the pale face and shaking hand of the woman who was pouring out his tea. "You look as scared as if you had seen a ghost."

The woman made no reply. For answer she took a letter from the mantelpiece and handed it to him. Then she sat down opposite to him and sat motionless, her eyes fixed on his face, while he slowly turned the letter over in his hands. The envelope was covered with innumerable postmarks and inscriptions, but he saw by the stamps that it had been posted somewhere in Cape Colony. At last, having failed to satisfy his curiosity by a contemplation of the outside, he withdrew the letter from its covering, unfolded, and proceeded to read it. It was written in a bold irregular hand, and ran:—

"DEAR NANCE,—I expect you will be surprised to get a letter from me after all this time. But you know I never was much of a one for writing; and what was the good of writing when I had nothing but bad luck to write about? I have had a rough time since I left home, Nance, and once or twice I thought it was about all u.p. with me, and I didn't much care if it was. But I have managed to pull through, though I had the devil's own luck against me. I have thought a lot about you all the time, and wondered how you were getting on, and often wished I had never come away. However, my luck turned at last, and for the last twelve months or so I have been doing just right. I have not made a pile, as the saying goes; but I have made a bit, and now I am coming back home. I didn't write before, even when things changed for the better, because I got more and more homesick, as I got a little better off—and I put off writing till I could tell you that I was coming home. That's what I'm writing for now. I thought it best not to come and catch you all on the hop, so I write this to tell you that I shall arrive in England by the next steamer—the Rowana—she sails next week and is supposed to arrive at Tilbury on April 17. I shall come straight to the old place if you don't come to meet me. I hope you have been getting on all right, and that the time I have been away has not been as rough for you as it has for me. However, we will make it all right when I get back, and we'll settle down comfortably and have a good time. — Hoping to see you soon, your loving,

"JACK."

As he read on through the letter the man's face paled, and his breath came quicker, but he made no sign, but read on to the end. Then he folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope.

"Well?" he asked, as he handed it back to his companion.

"Well," she repeated, "it means that I must go."

"Go! Go where?"

"Go back, of course, to the old place, to Limehouse. He will go there; he says so, and will expect to find me there. I must go."

"But—no, hang it all, that's nonsense. How can you go? You can't go now, Nance. It is absurd. How can you go back now?"

"It is no use talking, Fred. I must go. I have made up my mind. I shall go to-night. I only waited for you to come home. Somehow I didn't like to go without seeing you again, and saying good-bye. But, Fred, he is my husband; I must go to him, it is my duty. I could not stay here any longer now, it would be wrong."

‘ But, Nancy, my dear, it is ridiculous ! I cannot part with you. You belong to me now. He is not your husband any more. After all these years he cannot claim you. You thought he was dead, and he is dead to you. I cannot let you go ! ’

He had risen from his seat, and now took her hand in his. She, too, rose, and, drawing her hand away, essayed to speak ; her lips quivered, but for a while she could not find voice for her words. At last, mastering her emotion with an effort, she said :—

“ It is no use, Fred, I must go. I am sorry. It is hard to part ; but do not make it harder. We have both been wrong, and must both suffer for it.” He tried to interrupt her, but she went on, “ I have decided. I have sent on my few things to Mrs. Morrison’s, and have written to tell her to expect me to-night. I wrote directly I had read his letter. I shall stay with her to-night, and then try and get rooms near the old place, so as to have a home for Jack when he comes back. He expects to be back on the 17th ; this is the 12th, so there is not many days to wait.”

“ But—— ”

“ Don’t, Fred,” she exclaimed, interrupting him, as he, putting his arm round her, attempted to draw her to him.

“ But you will want money. He did not send you any. Careless and selfish as ever. Why will you go ? ”

“ Because I must. As for money, I have some ; it will, I think, be enough, if not, I must earn some more. Good-bye, Fred—dear ; and—forget me.”

She held out her hand. He took it ; drew her to him, and, holding her in his arms kissed her passionately. She struggled free from his embrace and ran from the room.

He went back to his seat. He heard her in the room above busy preparing for her journey ; then he heard her descend the stairs ; the front door opened and closed, and he still sat there gazing vacantly at the untasted meal before him.

Six months ago he had married Nancy Garton. Her husband—Jack Garton, who had been soldier, sailor, longshoreman and what not, but generally out of luck, had, some five years before, gone abroad and had never since been heard of. He was a jolly, reckless, careless, easy-going, sanguine, good-hearted fellow, and as selfish as such people usually are. It was not difficult to understand why Nancy Duggan had preferred him to the more slow-going, reserved mechanic, Fred Driscoll. Nancy was employed as a machinist at a large clothing factory, and although her wages were not high she managed to earn her own living, and was always smart and attractive. Her brief married life with Jack Garton was not, however, a particularly happy one. He was out of work most of the time, and she found that working for two persons was harder than working for one, and she often had to go breakfastless to work and supperless to bed. She did not complain ; but when Jack told her one morning, in his airy, light-hearted fashion, that he had got a ship and was going to South Africa, she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. She cried a little when he went away—he was laughing and promising to come back in a few months with his pockets full of gold and diamonds—and then she went back to her work, feeling for a while somewhat lonely, but gradually falling into the routine of her life as a matter of course.

But times got harder, and work was slack, and bit by bit the few articles of furniture she could spare found their way to the pawnshop. Then she fell ill, and could not look for work. Friends helped her a little—it was

but little they could do—but the poor always help the poor, and none but the poor can or may. Then, later, Fred Driscoll met her one evening as he was returning from work, and was astonished at the change in her. Then he learned all that had happened after she had married, and that for three years she had heard nothing of her husband. After that Driscoll contrived to meet her frequently. He was living some distance from Limehouse, but somehow it didn't seem to make any difference. He would occasionally coax her to go to a theatre or music-hall with him, and then he would see her on the road home. But she always dismissed him two or three streets from that in which she lived, and it was months before he got to know her address. When he had learned from her all the hardships of her life, he urged her to give it up and marry him.

"We can go right away from here," he said, "to another part of London altogether, where nobody will know us. You would surely have heard from Jack before this if he were still alive. It is no use your going struggling on in this way; much better give it up, and come to me."

This was the burden of his talk with her all the time. For months she held out against his persuasion, but at length his persistence, and the increasing difficulty she experienced in doing her work, through ill-health brought on by over-work and scanty food, conquered her. They were married in a distant parish, and went to live in a south-western suburb.

For six months she had lived there happily as the wife of Fred Driscoll. She could not altogether forget the past, and she had sent her address to an old neighbour, Mrs. Morrison, whom she had asked to send on anything which might come for her. Not that she ever expected anything, but there was an ill-defined feeling that some message from the dead—as she regarded Jack Garton—might still come. Now there had come this letter, like a ghost out of the past, calling her back, it seemed to her, out of her fool's paradise, to the path of duty.

She did not quite know whether to be glad or sorry. She felt she was doing right, and that was some satisfaction. She soon got a couple of small furnished rooms near where she had formerly lived; nobody seemed to notice her return, nobody seemed to have noticed her absence. She explained everything to Mrs. Morrison, who applauded her action. The days passed slowly. On the morning of the 17th she made her way down to Tilbury. She had ascertained, several days before from the office, the hour at which the Rowana was to arrive. She was there an hour before the time. She found her way to the quay, and was surprised to see so few people there. She waited until considerably past the stated hour. Then she asked a man:

"Do you think the boat will be very late?"

"What boat?"

"The Rowana."

"The Rowana! She won't be here to-day missus. She was run down the night before last, and all aboard her was drowned."

For a few moments she stood there, motionless, stunned; then she turned and slowly walked back to the station.

On her return she went to the steamship office to make inquiries. There was little more to learn than the bare fact she already knew. The Rowana had been run down in a thick fog; literally cut in two. The second officer, however, had been saved, as by a miracle, by scrambling over the bows of the ship that had caused the mischief. He had been put ashore, and his story placed it beyond doubt that he was the sole survivor of the ill-fated steamer.

Day by day Nancy called at the shipping office, but no further tidings could she get. A list of the passengers of the *Rowana* made it clear that Jack Garton had been among them, and there was no doubt that he had gone down with the vessel. A week went by, her little stock of money was almost exhausted, and she began to wonder what she should do. All the time her thoughts had been so centred on herself and on the home-coming of her husband, that she had almost forgotten the home she had so recently left. Now her memory returned to her. She wondered whether Fred had missed her much. It was always of herself she thought, and of others only in relation to herself. Would he be glad to have her back? Yes, she felt sure of that. She could always go back. She would do so at once. The past was indeed dead, and she could honestly be Fred's wife now.

Once having decided to return, she was impatient to carry her decision into execution. It was evening, however, before she had completed the necessary preparations for her departure. So much the better. It would not be so pleasant to go back in broad daylight. Under cover of the darkness she could return without any of the neighbours seeing her. She hurried to the station, only to find that she had half-an-hour to wait for a train. What a time that was! That half hour seemed an eternity. At last the train started; but surely train never travelled so slowly before. Would she never reach her destination? Her heart was beating quickly now, and her blood was at fever heat. If only the train would keep time with her pulse! At last she was out of the train and out of the station. She hurried down the road, ran, rather than walked, to the little cottage she had left little more than a week ago. How familiar everything seemed, and yet how changed. An indefinable feeling of dread came over her, a sort of sinking at the heart; she hurried on faster. It was not yet late, but she met no one. Would Fred be at home? She almost dreaded to meet him. How glad she would be when the first meeting was over and they had made it up again, and everything would be again as it had been. The moon shone out brightly as she turned down the street and came to the door. How quiet everything seemed. The venetian blinds in the front windows were down; she did not venture to look up; but what a deserted air there seemed to be about the place! She knocked gently, once, twice, thrice. There was no answer. He could not have come home, she thought. She had the key in her pocket—had forgotten to leave it when she went away. She would go in. What a surprise it would be for him to find her there when he returned. She unlocked the door and stepped inside. How the sound of her footsteps echoed through the place. She walked into the little kitchen; felt on the mantelpiece for the matches. The shelf was bare! She stretched out her hand to the table; there was nothing; she felt around the room, it was empty. She walked into the front room, and raised the blind a little, so that the moonlight poured into the room. It was empty and bare. Had he gone away then? Had she returned too late? She must inquire of the neighbours. She stepped softly out of the room, closing the door behind her and went to the front door. As she opened it to go out, the moonlight shining into the passage showed her something white lying on the floor. Instinctively she stooped and picked it up. It was a white card with a black border, and bore an inscription. She read: "In loving memory of Frederick Driscoll, died April 16, 18—."

She *had* come too late.

THE WEAVERS.

Their eyelids are drooping, no tears lie beneath ;
They stand at the loom and grind their teeth ;
“ We are weaving a shroud for the doubly dead,
And a threefold curse in its every thread—
We are weaving, still weaving.

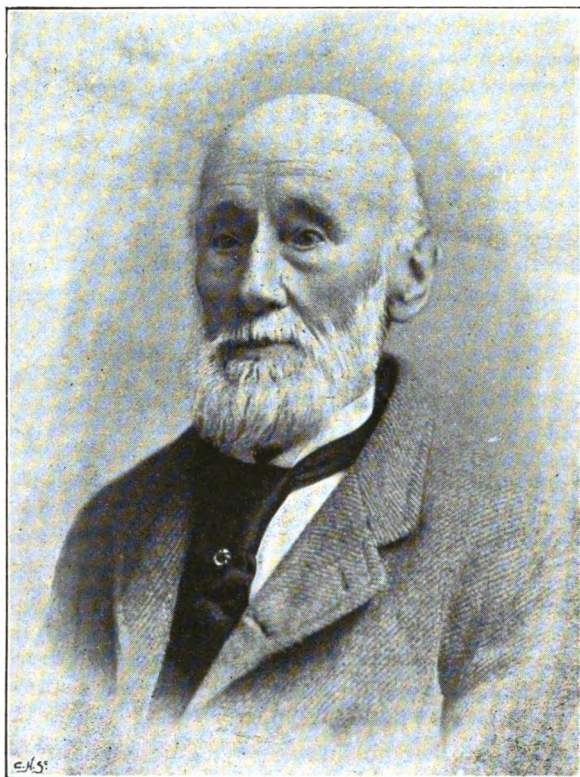
“ A curse for the Godhead to whom we have bowed
In our cold and our hunger we weave in the shroud ;
For in vain have we hoped, and in vain have we prayed ;
He has mocked us and scoffed at us, sold and betrayed—
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ A curse for the king of the wealthy and proud,
Who has for us no pity, we weave in the shroud ;
Who takes our last penny to swell out his purse,
While we die the death of a dog—yea, a curse—
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ A curse for our country, whose cowardly crowd
Hold her shame in high honour, we weave in the shroud ;
Whose blossoms are blighted and slain in the germ,
Whose filth and corruption engender the worm—
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ To and fro flies our shuttle—no pause in its flight—
’Tis a shroud we are weaving by day and by night ;
We are weaving a shroud for the worse than dead,
And a threefold curse in its every thread—
We are weaving, still weaving.”

[Translated by J. L. JOYNES from the German of HEINRICH HEINE.]



REX, THE CHARTIST.
AGED 92.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 4. APRIL, 1897.

REX, THE CHARTIST.

“This strange, eventful history.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Who is he ?
One who fought that you may be
Freedom's child :
Bore the Torch of Liberty
Undeiled :
Bore it well and bore it long,
In a world where Greed and Wrong
Curse the Weak and aid the Strong,
This is he !

—R.

AN old man sits before me. His hand is shrivelled, but his mind is strong ; with a heart as responsive as ever to Reason and to Right !

“Who is he ?” He is none other than “Rex, the Chartist !” Born March 31, 1806—ninety-one years ago.

Rex lost his mother at the early age of six. He received no actual school education ; it was only for the absolutely well-to-do children of those days. Yet Rex was fortunate in having for his grandfather a remarkable man ; in politics an ardent Radical, in religion a thorough Tolstoyite—ignoring the Old Testament, but accepting the precepts of the New, and, what is more, thoroughly *practising* his Christianity. Rex also received much enlightenment from an exiled Irish schoolmaster who, suspected of stealing a pheasant from a preserve, had to quit his native land where, as a matter of fact, he had never stolen anything. It was this Mr. Kelly, a very clever man, who, with his exceptionally able grandfather, a Jacobin, and famous fighter for Freedom, nominated young Rex as a member of the famous Quakeress, Hannah Pink's, Select Library. Therein Rex revelled, reading and acquiring knowledge. Indeed, at the age of seventeen he knew the histories of Greece and Rome by heart, besides many other and varied masterpieces of English literature, reading until two o'clock in the morning—a practice he long continued.

In 1820, Rex was apprenticed to the cabinet-carving, in which he excelled. But what a reward ! One shilling a week for the first year ; half-a-crown for the seventh ! And the hours—four a.m. until six p.m., with a continuous “overtime” until ten !

And it was Britain who freed the blacks !

The absolute integrity of Rex caused his master's customers to prefer the employé to the dissipated employer. So they set Rex up in business and gave him their custom. It was then the young man married ; becoming, too the acknowledged sage of the village, where at the inn would gather the "advanced democrats" to hear Rex read the famous Bronterre O'Brien's journal, *The British Statesman*, and other literature.

Perhaps no better proof of Rex's sincerity can be given than in the fact of his becoming a total abstainer. Hearing John Cassell, as famous then as a temperance crusader as his children now are as publishers in London, Rex, on economic as well as ethical grounds, felt he had no right to be asking for Democracy greater rights when the rights they already possessed were prostituted by the abuse of alcoholic drinking. Thus, in November, 1833, Rex became an ardent abstainer, remaining so ever onward.

In 1837 Rex went to Taunton. Here he met Benjamin Lucraft, Thanks to Rex, with whom he worked, Lucraft became an active member of the Working Men's Peace Association, to which, of course, both men belonged. Of that association Lucraft eventually became secretary, receiving a true reward for his long services. In Taunton, Rex worked hard for the cause of the people ; and this notwithstanding he was employed by those utterly opposed to him. His fame as a workman brought him next in the employ of the member for Bridgewater, Colonel Tynt, yet he never lost a moment in expounding his political theories.

About now Rex joined the Complete Suffrage Association, the difference between this body and the Chartists being that, whereas the Chartists were in favour of annual, the Complete Suffrage Association were in favour of triennial Parliaments—neither, by the bye, accomplished facts as yet ! Rex next became an employé of the Earl of Egremont, where he proved himself an excellent craftsman and—agitator ! At length our study settled in Taunton.

In Taunton Rex met Chartists. A society was formed. And the fact that no employé could vote without the risk of displeasing his employer, who knew exactly how that employé voted, so annoyed the Chartists that they determined to force local Liberals into pressing upon their party the necessity of the ballot. Brannan, a Bideford man, and Rex were deputed to wait on the Liberals. "We were," said Rex, "treated with scorn and contempt, being told we were only an insignificant body of men !" "Ah," said Rex in retiring, "You have refused our appeal, but we will make you repent it !" And, by Jove, they did, for at the next General Election, Sir J. Labouchere, relative of the present member for Northampton, and a member of the Government, with Sir John Colebrook, were severely punished—the Chartists who, on poll-day, had gone for a holiday into the country, returning in the evening to learn Colebrook had been succeeded by Arthur Mills, the Tory, by *five* votes ; while Sir J. Labouchere had his former majority reduced. "Give us our demands, and not play with us," said Rex, and that demand the Liberals granted after being punished for their jeer and sneer !

In 1848 a meeting was called "for the reconciliation of the working and middle classes" (comrades, don't laugh!). To that congress Rex was sent, and it was there, Rex thinks, he met George Julian Harney, the brilliant journalist, democrat, and humanitarian, of whom Rex had heard so much and read a deal.

Perhaps of all the treasures which adorn the walls of Rex's humble habitation, none are held as sacred as the portrait of the eloquent Ernest Jones, given to Rex by the veritably great democrat lawyer on his appearance at Exeter many years ago. There is a deep pathos in Rex's opinion of Jones: "He was a noble fellow—a grand man. I really loved him!" One of those wonderful indomitable spirits whose whole being is a continuous sacrifice for others. Like Rex, who was repeatedly offered a permanent sinecure by aristocrats and the Government if he would "only renounce his stupid views," Jones, as every student of history knows, refused a heritage of £2,000 a year rather than abjure the faith reason had endowed him with. Proudly Rex points to the life and writings of Jones, laying special emphasis upon the fact that what the advanced thinker is still struggling for Jones long ago advocated at the cost of being prematurely killed by bigotry and persecution in its vilest form.

Here I cannot help expressing my surprise at the fact that, as in the case of Shelley, no monument commemorating the splendid life of Ernest Jones, poet, patriot, politician, has been erected by neglectful democracy. And here I must express passages of Jones's, doing so at the desire of Rex himself:—"I believe in the progressive development of the human mind. I believe the human race possesses one great collective life, having its infancy and ripening to its manhood; and I protest against demanding from the infancy of nations that which their maturity alone can achieve. I protest against measuring the child by the standard of the man. . . I will meet him [Professor Blackie] on the ground he himself has chosen. I will go with him to ancient Greece. I will follow him to classic Rome. I will accompany him to revolutionary France. . . . And I will undertake to show that in them all democracy has been the founder and saviour of the people's greatness." Again: "I proclaim a new crusade; a great crusade; the greatest ever known. Not for the mouldering tomb of a buried God, but the fresh green altar of the living Deity. Arise! Sound with me the signal note to-night which shall make those ramparts rock on their foundation. *The people's land shall be the people's own!*" Yet again: "What gross injustice, for society counts woman as nothing in its institutions. And yet makes her bear the greatest sufferings infested by a system in which she has no voice. Brute force first imposed the law, and moral force compels her to obey it."

Finally, Ernest Jones's opinion on labour and capital: "Two things are necessary for the production of wealth—labour and capital. It is, therefore, argued that capital has paramount claims, since without capital labour would be useless. Perhaps so, but let us examine what capital is, whence it arises, and to whom it belongs. The earth itself is the fundamental capital of the human race, which, in return for labour, yields them,

as interest, the means of life. Labour is capital; every working-man, the poorest in existence, is the capitalist of labour-power, and claiming as a right a share in the general capital of mankind—the soil, the air, the waters, and the things that in them are. The only fair day's wage is the wage you pay yourselves. The only fair day's work is the work that is free." Wonderful prophet, Ernest Jones. It is 1851, and thus he writes:—"Men of America, the sad ruin is germinating in your land. You are following in the wake of Tyre, Carthage, Rome—of Venice, Spain, England!" "He knew then what America of to-day would be," says Rex, who is not wrong. This is the genius Rex loved, who was, too, his bosom friend! Any wonder?

The city of Exeter is a cathedral city. It was a cathedral city when Rex resided in it. And it had a bishop and it had a blackguard! "Semper Fidelis" is the motto of Exeter. Yes, and "Ever Faithful" it seems to have been to the poor, honest, well-intentioned democrat. Not only was he maligned and derided and stoned, but he was, with premeditation, absolutely ruined by a vagabond who, without doubt, was aided and abetted by men of position who hated Rex because of his political views. At Exeter Rex was well known as an eloquent and earnest reformer. Here, on behalf of the Local Optionists, he was deputed, with a schoolmaster, to wait upon the sitting members for the city—Mills, ex-Tory M.P. for Taunton, who, of course, knew Rex, and Sir J. Karslake, the well-known lawyer. On being introduced, Arthur Mills said significantly, "Oh yes, I know Mr. Rex; I have met him before!" But he knew "Mr. Rex" still better, perhaps, after the election, for the future Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Edward Bowring, having agreed to the desire of the deputation, were preferred to the sitting members, and sent in their places to Parliament. And the Rex who had caused the Tories of Taunton joy in seeing Arthur Mills their M.P. caused the Tories of Exeter the mortification of seeing the same Arthur Mills their ex-M.P. You can comprehend, then, why Mr. Mills knew Mr. Rex, can you not?

"We shall never get our men in Parliament till Rex is gone," said the Tories of Exeter. To get rid of him, of course, was the subject for consideration. Rex does not say the Tories burned his house down and ruined him and his family. He does not say so. He prefers to be the sailor's parrot. That same parrot who heard Shakespeare utter in one of his philosophic moods—"Give thy thoughts no tongue." Two or three times the factory of Rex was fired; eventually it was destroyed. And the vagabond whose name Rex gives to me as having done the deed never worked again, possessing means ever after. The fire insurance offices, too, refused, after the first attempt, to further insure, saying the factory would surely be burned. Rex, driven from Exeter, left a ruined man, having lost in all twelve hundred pounds. And this, too, in this boasted land of liberty. Yes—assuming that liberty is dominated by political orthodoxy.

Since 1875, I think it is, Rex has eked out an existence in Plymouth. As I hear the lark soaring to salute the light of heaven I think what a war and what a peace! A plebeian fighting for the poor and rewarded with poverty. Nor stands Rex alone, for as I write comes an appeal to aid noble

old George Julian Harney, who gave wealth, leisure, happiness to the same cause as Rex. And as I look at the excellent wood engravings Rex has lent, and which were given away with the *Commonwealth*, "the organ of the Reform movement"—portraits of The O'Donoghue, M.P., Charles Bradlaugh, Potter, M.P., Ernest Jones, E. O. Greening, Colonel Dickson, Langley, Merriman and others—I ask myself, "Is Demos worth serving?" and from the grand great dead of a buried past, and this fine old veteran before me, comes one united voice:—"Fear no man; follow Truth!"

I confess I felt cynical as I bade adieu to the grand old subject of my paper. There, surrounded by his books, in which he still takes a deep interest, I feel how neglectful of the honest, brave, good this world is. Here is a man—a man to the backbone—one who has given his life—money, pen, time—for the benefit of his fellow-beings, yet who has been left to eke out an existence that would have spelt poverty itself were it not for a few friends and two clever girls of his, who hold premier positions on the English stage as ladies of the ballet, who have been admitted by the London and provincial Press to be excellent in their art—girls true to their honourable profession, as their father was to his. The reverence of these children is only equalled by the love of the parent, who proudly points to their photo, saying, "They are good girls, with all the old strength and fire of their father——"

"Not yet dead," I interject.

"My dear boy, not yet begun to grow old; who will run over to Heath's and have his photo taken for you—ay, will write you an article for the paper, if you like! What are you laughing at? I mean it. Why, what do you think me, a confirmed invalid?"

"Good-bye, Rex, old fellow, you are a masterpiece!"

I passed into the busy street with mixed feelings of wonderment and regret—wonderment at the still fiery old fellow of ninety-two; regret, *disgust* that the lives of Jones, of Harney, and of Rex should have been thrown away on behalf of Carlyle's thirty millions—mostly fools!

Yet, when I take a farewell glance of this old veteran, whose love for his fellow-creatures is still phenomenal, I *think*—

In the dawn of that To-morrow when this hollow age is past—
Greed, the God alike of Pagan and the Christian, dies at last;
Then, perchance, no more this struggle will the myriad toilers see,
But the prayer of One who uttered "*As in Heaven on Earth for Thee!*"
Not the hypocritic churches, not the bigotry around,
Not the mother and the maiden and the child in serfdom bound,
Nor the noblest once of Nature, Man, as now the brute and worse,
Sacrificed on Mammon's altar, victim of the robbers' curse:
In the dawn of that To-morrow, then, perchance, the race may learn
What THE CHILDREN OF THE DESERT did to win The Promised Bourne!

REAN.

"BLOODY NIGGERS."

THAT the all-wise and omnipresent God, to whom good people address their prayers, and for whose benefit, as set forth in the sustentation of his clergy, they hoard their threepenny bits all through the week, is really but a poor, anthropomorphous animal, is day by day becoming plainer and more manifest. He (Jahvé) created all things, especially the world in which we live, and which is really the centre of the universe, in the same way as England is the centre of the planet, and as the Stock Exchange is the real centre of all England, despite the dreams of the astronomers and the economists. He set the heavens in their place, bridled the sea, disposed the tides, the phases of the moon, made summer, winter, and the seasons in their due rotation, showed us the constant resurrection of the day after the death of night, sent showers, hail, frost, snow, thunder and lightning, and the other outward manifestations of his power to serve, to scourge, or to affright us, according to his will.

Under the surface of our world he set the minerals, metals, the coal, and quicksilver, with platinum, gold, and copper, and let his diamonds and rubies, with sapphires, emeralds, and the rest, as topazes, jacinths, peridots, sardonyx, tourmalines, or chrysoberyls, take shape and colour, and slowly carbonise during the ages.

Upon the upper crust of the great planet he caused the plants to grow, the trees, bushes of every kind, from the hard, cruciform-leaved carmamel to the pink-flowering Siberian willow. Palm trees and oaks, ash, plane, and sycamore, with churchyard yew, and rowan, holly, jacaranda, greenheart and pines, larch, willow, and all kinds of trees that flourish, rot, and die unknown in tropic forests, unplagued by botanists, with their pestilent *Pinus Smithii* or *Cupressus Higginbottomiana*, rustled their leaves, swayed up and down their branches, and were content, fearing no axe. Canebrakes and mangrove swamps; the immeasurable extension of the Steppes, Pampas, and Prairies, and the frozen Tundras of the north; stretches of ling and heather, with bees buzzing from flower to flower, larks soaring into heaven above them; acres of red verbena in the Pampa; lilies and irises in Africa, and the green-bluish sage brush desert of the middle prairies of America; cactus and tacuaras, with istlé and maguey, flax, hemp, esparto, and the infinite variety of the composite, all praised his name.

Again, in the Sahara, in the Kalahari desert, in the Libyan sands, and Iceland, he denied almost all vegetation, and yet his work seemed good to those his creatures—Arabs, Bosjemen, reindeer, and Arctic foxes, with camels, ostriches and eider ducks who peopled his waste spaces. He breathed his breath into the nostrils of the animals, giving them understanding, feeling, power of love and hatred, speech after their fashion, love of offspring (if logic and anatomy hold good), souls and intelligence, whether he

made their bodies biped or quadruped, after his phantasy. Giraffes and tigers, with jerboas, grey soft chinchillas, elephants, armadillos and sloths, ant eaters, marmots, antelopes, and the fast-disappearing bison of America, gnus, springboks and hartbeest, ocelot and kangaroo, bears (grisly and cinnamon), tapirs and wapiti, he made for man to shoot, to torture, to abuse, to profit by, and to demonstrate by his conduct how inferior in his conception of how to use his life, he is to them.

All this he did and rested, being glad that he had done so much, and called a world into existence that seemed likely to be happy. But even he, having begun to work, was seized with a sort of “*cacoethes operandi*,” and casting about to make more perfect what, in fact, needed no finishing touch, he took his dust, and, breathing on it, called up man. This done he needed rest again, and having set the sun and moon just in the right position to give light by day and night to England, he recollected that a week had passed. That is to say, he thought of time, and thinking, made and measured it, not knowing, or perhaps not caring, that it was greater than himself; for, had he chanced to think about the matter, perchance, he had never chosen to create it, and then our lives had been immeasurable, and our capacity for suffering even more infinite than at present, that is, if “infinite” admits comparison. However, time being once created and man imagined (but not yet perfected), and, therefore, life the heavy burden being opposed on him, the Lord, out of his great compassion, gave us death, the compensating boon which makes life tolerable.

But to return to man. How, when, why, wherefore, whether in derision of himself, through misconception, inadvertence, or sheer malignity, he created man, is still unknown. With the true instinct of a tyrant (or creator, for both are one), he gave us reason to a certain power, disclosed his acts up to a certain point, but left the motives wrapped in mystery. Philosophers and theologians, theosophists, positivists, clairvoyants, necromancers, cabalists, with Rosicrucians and alchemists, and all the rabble rout of wise and reverend reasoners from Thales of Miletus down to Nietzsche, have reasoned, raved, equivocated, and contradicted one another, framed their cosmogonies, arcana, written their Gospels and Korans; printed their Tarot packs, been martyred, martyred others (fire the greatest syllogist on earth), and we no wiser.

Still man exists, black, white, red, yellow, and the Pintos of the State of Vera Cruz. A rare invention, wise conception, and the quintessence of creative power rendered complete by practice, for we must think that even an all-wise, all-powerful God (like ours) improves by practice.

An animal erect upon its feet, its eyes well placed, its teeth constructed to masticate all kinds of food, its brain seemingly capable of some development, its hearing quick, endowed with soul, and with its gastric juices so contained as to digest fish, flesh, grain, fruit, and stand the inroads of all schools of cookery, was a creative masterpiece. So all was ready and the playground delivered over beautiful to man, for men to make it hideous and miserable.

Alps, Himalayas, Andes, La Plata, and Vistula, Amazon, with Mississippi, Yangtsekiang and Ganges, Volga, Rhine, Elbe and Don; Hecla and Stromboli, Pichincha, and Cotopaxi, with the Istacihuatl and Lantern of Maracaibo; seas, White and Yellow, with Oceans, Pacific and Atlantic; great inland lakes as Titicaca, Ladoga, all the creeks, inlets, gulfs and bays, the plains, the deserts, the geysers, hot springs on the Yellowstone, Pitch Lake of Trinidad, and, to be brief, the myriad wonders of the world were all awaiting newly-created man, waiting his coming forth from out the bridal chamber between the Tigris and Euphrates, like a mad bridegroom to run his frenzied course. Then came the (apparent) lapsus in the creator's scheme. That the first man in the fair garden by the Euphrates was white, I think, we take for granted. True that we have no information on the subject, but in this matter of creation we have entered, so to speak, into a tacit compact with the creator, and it behoves us to concur with him and help him when a difficulty looms.

Briefly I leave the time when man contended with the mastoden, hunted the mammoth, or was hunted in his turn by plesiosaurus or by pterodactyl. Scanty indeed are the records which survive of the Stone Age, the Bronze, or of the dwellers in the wattled wigwams on the lakes. Suffice it, that the strong preyed on the weak as they still do to-day in Happy England, and that early dwellers upon earth seem to have thought as much as we do, how to invent appliances with which to kill their fellows.

The Hebrew Scriptures and the record of crimes, of violence, and bad faith committed by the Jews on other races, need not detain us, as they resemble so entirely our own exploits amongst the "niggers" of to-day. I take it that Jahvé was little taken up with any of his creatures, except the people who inhabited the countries from which the Aryans came. Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians and the rest were no doubt useful and built pyramids, invented hanging gardens, erected towers, observed the stars, spoke truth (if their historians lie not), drew a good bow, and rode like centaurs or like Gauchos. What did it matter when all is said and done? They were all "niggers," and whilst they fought and conquered, or were conquered, bit by bit the race which God had thought of from the first slowly developed.

Again a doubt creeps in. Was the creator omniscient in this case or did our race compel him, force his hand, containing in itself those elements of empire which he may have overlooked? 'Twere hard to say, but sometimes philosophers have whispered that the Great Power was careless, working, as he did, without the healthy stimulus of competition. I leave this speculation as more fit for thimblerriggers, for casuists, for statisticians, metaphysicians, or the idealistic merchant, than for serious men.

Somehow or other the Aryans spread through Europe, multiplied, prospered, and possessed the land. Europe was theirs, for Finns and Basques are not worth counting, being, as it were, a sort of European "niggers," destined to disappear. Little by little out of the mist of barbarism Greece emerged. Homer and Socrates with Xenophon, Euripides, Pindar and Heraclitus, Bion,

Anaximander, Praxiteles, with Plato, Pericles and all the rest of the poets and thinkers, statesmen and philosophers, who in that little state carried the triumphs of the human intellect, at least as far as any who came after them, flourished and died. Material and bourgeois Rome, wolf-suckled, on its seven hills waxed and became the greatest power, conquering the world by phrases as its paltry "Civis Romanus," and by its "Pax Romana," and with the spade, and by the sheer dead weight of commonplace, filling the office in the old world that now is occupied so worthily by God's own Englishmen. Then came the waning of the Imperial City, its decay illumined but by the genius of Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter. Whether the new religion which the pipe-clayed soldier Constantine adopted out of policy, first gave the blow, or whether, as said Pliny, that the Latifundia were the ruin of all Italy, or if the effeminacy which luxury brings with it made the Roman youths resemble the undersized, hermaphroditic beings who swarm in Paris and in London, no one knows.

Popes and Republics, Lombards, French and Burgundians, with Visigoths and Huns, and the phantasmagoria of hardly to be comprehended beings who struggled in the darker ages like microbes in a piece of flesh, or like the Christian paupers in an English manufacturing town, all paved the way for the development of the race, perhaps, intended, from the beginning, to rule mankind. From when King Alfred toasted his cakes and made his candles marked in rings* (like those weird bottles full of sand from Alum Bay) to measure time, down to the period when our present Sovereign wrote her "Diary in the Highlands" is but a moment in the history of mankind. Still, in the interval, our race has had full leisure to mature. Saxon stolidity and Celtic guile, Teutonic dullness, Norman pride, all tempered with east wind, baptised with mist, narrowed by insularity, swollen with good fortune, and rendered overbearing with much wealth, have worked together to produce the type. A bold, beef-eating, generous, narrow-minded type, kindly yet arrogant; the men fine specimens of well fed animals, red in the blood and face; the women cleanly, "upstanding" creatures, most divinely tall; both sexes slow of comprehension, but not wanting sense; great feeders, lovers of strong drinks, and given to brutal sports as were their prototypes the men of ancient Rome; dogged as bull-dogs, quick to compassion for the sufferers from the injustice of their neighbours; thinking that they themselves can do no wrong, athletic yet luxurious, impatient of all hardships yet enduring them when business shows a profit or when honour calls; moralists, if such exist, and yet, like cats, not quite averse to fish when the turn serves; clear-headed in affairs, but yet idealists and, in the main, wrong-headed in their views of life; priding themselves most chiefly on their faults, and resolute to carry all those virtues which they lack at home to other lands.

Thus, through the mist of time, the Celto-Saxon race emerged from heathendom and woad and, in the fulness of the creator's pleasure, became the tweed-clad Englishman. Much of the earth was his, and in the skies he had his mansion ready, well aired, with every appliance known to

* Staple industry of the Isle of Wight.

modern sanitary science waiting for him with a large bible on the chest of drawers in every room. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, and countless islands, useful as coaling stations and depôts where to stack his bibles for diffusion amongst the heathen, all owned his sway. Races, as different from his own as is a rabbit from an elephant, were ruled by tweed-clad satraps expedited from the public schools, the universities, or were administered by the dried fruits culled from the Imperial Bar. But whilst God's favoured nation thus had run its course, the French, the Germans, Austrians, Spaniards, Dutch, Greeks, Italians, and all the futile remnant of mankind outside "our flag" had struggled to equal them. True that in most particulars they were inferior. Their beer was weak, their shoddy not so artfully diffused right through their cloth, their cottons less well "sized," the Constitution of their realm less nebulous, or the Orders of their Churches better authenticated, than were our own. No individual of their various nationalities, by a whole life of grace was ever half so moral, as the worst of us is born. And so I leave them, weltering in their attempts to copy us, and turn to those of whom I wished to write when I sat down, but the exordium, which of course I had to write, has stood so long between us that I fear my readers, if I happen to attain to such distinction, are wondering where the applicability of the title may be described.

I wished to show, as Moses told us, that God made the earth and made it round, planted his trees, his men and beasts upon it, and let it simmer slowly till his Englishman stood forth. It seemed to me his state was become almost anthropomorphous, and I doubted, if, after all, he was so wise as some folks say. In other portions of the earth as Africa, America, Australia, and in the myriad islands of the South Seas people called "niggers" live.

What is a "nigger?" Now this needs some words in order to explain his just position. Hindus, as Brahmins, Bengalis, dwellers in Bombay, the Cingalese, Sikhs and Pathans, Rajpoots, Parsis, Afghans, Kashmiris, Beluchis, Burmese, with all the dwellers from the Caspian Sea to Timur Laut, are thus described. Arabs are "niggers."

So are Malays, the Malagasy, Japanese, Chinese, Red Indians, as Sioux, Comanches, Návajos, Apaches with Zapatecas, Esquimaux, and in the south Ranqueles, Lengwas, Pampas, Pehuelches, Tobás, and Araucanos, all these are "niggers" though their hair is straight. Turks, Persians, Levantines, Egyptians, Moors, and generally all those of almost any race whose skins are darker than our own, and whose ideas of faith, of matrimony, banking, and therapeutics differ from those held by the dwellers of the meridian of Primrose Hill, cannot escape. Men of the Latin races, though not born free, can purchase freedom with a price, that is, if they conform to our ideas, are rich and wash, ride bicycles, and gamble on the Stock Exchange. If they are poor, then woe betide them, let them paint their faces white with all the ceruse which ever Venice furnished, to the black favour shall they come. A plague of pigments, blackness is in the heart, not in the face, and poverty, no matter how it washes, still is black.

In the consideration of the "nigger" races which God sent into the world for whites (and chiefly Englishmen) to rule, "niggers" of Africa occupy first place. I take it Africa was brought about in sheer ill-humour. No one can think it possible that an all-wise God (had he been in his sober senses) would create a land and fill it full of people destined to be replaced by other races from across the seas. Better, by far, to have made the "niggers" white and let them by degrees all become Englishmen, than put us to the trouble of exterminating whole tribes of them, to carry out his plan. At times a thinking man knows scarcely what to think, and sometimes doubts whether he is the God we took him for and if he is a fitting Deity for us to worship, and if we had not better, once for all, get us a God of our own race and fitted for our ways. "Niggers" who have no cannons, and cannot construct a reasonable torpedo, have no rights. "Niggers" whose lot is placed outside our flag, whose lives are given over to a band of money-grubbing miscreants (chartered or not) have neither rights nor wrongs. Their land is ours, their cattle, fields, their houses, their poor utensils, arms, all that they have; their women, too, are ours to use as concubines, to beat, exchange, to barter for gunpowder or gin, or any of the circulating media that we employ with "niggers"; ours to infect with syphilis, leave with child, outrage, torment, and make by consort with the vilest of our vile, more vile than beasts. Cretans, Armenians, Cubans, Macedonians, we commiserate, subscribe, and feel for, our tender hearts are wrung when "Outlanders" cannot get votes. Bishops and Cardinals and statesmen, with philanthropists and pious ladies, all go wild about the Turks. Meetings are held and resolutions passed, articles written, lectures delivered, and the great heart of Britain stirred as if stocks were down. But "niggers," "bloody niggers," have no friends. Witness "Fraudesia," where Selous cants and Colenbrander hangs, whilst Rhodes plays "bonnet," and Lord Grey and Co. add empires to our sway, duly baptised in blood.

So many rapes and robberies, hangings and murders, blowings up in caves, pounding to jelly with our Maxim guns, such sympathy for Crete, such coyness to express opinion on our doings in Matabeleland; our clergy all dumb dogs, our politicians dazed about Armenia; "land better liked than niggers," "stern justice meted out"—can England be a vast and seething mushroom bed of base hypocrisy, and our own God, Jahvé Sabbaoth, an anthropomorphous fool?

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.



WAS IT A DEFEAT OR A SUCCESS? *

HAVING had the fortune, or misfortune, to live in the United States a considerable time, and being therefore acquainted to some extent with the political and social conditions of that country, I believe myself to be entitled to take part in the highly interesting discussion which has been started in the columns of the *Zukunft* by comrades Miller and Feigenbaum.†

From the title of this article the reader will see that I intend to deal with the subject of the American election from a different standpoint to the one from which the above-mentioned comrades have dealt with the subject. It is immaterial to me, so far as this article is concerned, whether Miller is right or wrong in his opinion of the tactics of the party, nor do I care to criticise Feigenbaum's theory of "inertia." Although I agree to some extent with the former in his attack on the party, *per se*, and with the latter that "inertia" is the cause of conservatism, *per se*, my intention in this article is not to debate with them; it is merely to obliterate the impression which their articles have produced to the effect that Socialism suffered a defeat at the Presidential election.

I believe that not only is the result of the election far from being a defeat for Socialism, but I dare to suggest that it shows a victory for our cause.

I fear that even the most optimistic comrades will take this suggestion with surprise, whilst the pessimistic will not even listen to it. However, I am convinced in my belief, and I will try to convince others.

Many comrades, in viewing the growth of Socialism in the United States, reason this way: "Socialism," they say, "being the result of certain economic conditions, should therefore be the strongest in such countries where the conditions are mostly developed. In the United States capitalism is more developed than it is in Germany; still, what do we see? In Germany the Socialist Party is the strongest, whilst in the United States it is very weak, and the last election shows that it is going rather backwards than forwards."

In the first place, I wish to tell these reasoners that it is not always logical to judge one country by another, and to draw a conclusion about one from inferences taken from the other.

Every land has its history, its development, and its conditions. What takes place in one need not necessarily take place in the other, merely because both countries have something in common. They might be alike in some

* [We have received this article from our comrade Finn in reply to that of Miller's, which he translated from the *Zukunft* for us. This article was written for the *Zukunft*, and will appear in that magazine.—ED.]

† Feigenbaum, in his article, which followed that of Miller, agrees with the latter in his opinion that the result of the Presidential Election was a defeat for Socialism, but he does not believe that the bad policy of the party was the main cause of it. He believes that it is the conservatism of the American which is at the bottom of it. He shows that *conservatism in society* is the same as *inertia in nature*.

respects, yet unlike in many other respects. Germany and the United States are alike in this : That in both countries exists the capitalist system, but they are very much unlike as regards political liberty, &c. Who knows whether imperialism and Bismarckism have not contributed a greater share to the growth of the German Socialist Party than was contributed by the development of capital ? Besides, other forces have pushed the German people in a Socialist direction. Is it not surprising that at the same period that in Germany despotism had full sway, and in the United States the declaration of Independence had reached a good old age, that, in this very same time, slavery existed in the United States, whilst in Germany it was a thing of the past.

"But there were certain economic conditions which made slavery a necessity in the United States," I hear some reasoners say. "Very well," I answer, "I am glad you understand it ; it is just what I am driving at—that every country has its peculiar conditions, its history, and its development. Therefore we should not judge one by the other. When the growth of Socialism manifests itself in a certain way in one country, it does not follow that its growth in another country must manifest itself in the same way."

Having said this much to clear the ground a little, I will now proceed with the main question : "Are we to consider the result of the Presidential Election as a defeat for Socialism or as a victory ?"

In answer to this question, I will first make the following statement : That a defeat of a Socialist Party is not always a defeat for *Socialism*. This statement will perhaps appear to the reader somewhat obscure. I will therefore endeavour to elaborate it.

I believe that the strength of Socialism in any country is not to be measured by the number of official, thorough-going Socialists living in that country. It is to be measured by the *Socialist standard of the whole working class and part of the middle class of that country*. By the "Socialist standard," I mean to what a degree they are Socialistically inclined, or how far they are on the road to Socialism. Let us take some concrete facts for illustration.

In England there are very few outspoken official Socialists, and if we were to judge of the progress of Socialism in England by the number of thorough-going Socialists, we would be led to the conclusion that England is behind every other country on the globe. But, if we will judge England by its spread of municipal Socialism, by the great extent to which a great part of the middle, professional, and literary classes are permeated with Socialist ideas, and, above all, to what a degree the working-class of England is socialistically inclined, we shall be bound to recognise that England is to a considerable extent on the road to Socialism. For a still better example we could take Australia and New Zealand, where there are no Socialist parties equal in power to any of the European parties. Still, the working classes there are farther on the road to Socialism than in any other country on the globe.

Miller says : "That the strength of a party is not always to be measured by the number of votes it polls," and I say that the strength of a *cause* is not always to be measured by the strength of the *party* by which that cause is officially represented. The difference between comrades, who see things through Miller's spectacles and myself is this. They call the "Socialist movement" only that which revolves within the orbit of the official Socialist Party, whereas I take a broader view of the movement. I do not believe that *only* the movement for the entire abolition of private property in the means of production, distribution, and exchange is to be considered as the "Socialist movement." To me the whole struggle of the working-class against the capitalist class, in whatever form it may manifest itself—is to be included in the Socialist movement. The movement for the nationalisation of the land, for the municipalisation of waterworks, gas, electric light, tramways, railroads, the erection by the County Councils of workingmen's dwellings, wash-houses, baths, &c., by whichever party advocated, is to be included in the Socialistic movement.

The Socialist Party is only *the advanced guard of the Socialist army*, which composes all who are dissatisfied with capitalism, and are socialistically inclined. As the *advanced guard* we are naturally ahead of the main army, and we must stick to and maintain the position we hold ; but, at the same time, we must not forget that we are *only* the advance guard, that the growth of the movement is not to be measured by *our* strength, but it is to be measured by the distance which the whole army has travelled on the road to Socialism.

It will not be out of place here to quote a paragraph of our Bible, viz., "The Communist Manifesto," which will show to the reader that the view taken of the Socialist Party in this article is not far from the view taken by our great teachers :—

"The Communists, therefore, are, on the one hand, practically the most advanced and resolute section of the working-class parties of every country—that section which pushes forward all others ; on the other hand, theoretically they have over the great mass of the proletariat the advantage of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions, and the ultimate general result of the proletarian movement."

If the reader agrees with me in the view I have taken of the Socialist movement and the Socialist Party, I can safely take him over to the United States to discuss with him the Presidential election, and to convince him that it was a victory for Socialism.

The general opinion held almost by all Socialists about the election is that it was a fight between two capitalist parties—that of McKinley to give full sway to the development of capitalism, to protect the big capitalists against the small ; and that of Bryan to restrain the development of capitalism, and to protect the small capitalists against the great.

If there were no possibility of interpreting that fight in any other way, I would be the first one to dress in sackcloth, put ashes on my head, and

mourn for the defeat of Socialism. Happily there is, in my opinion, another interpretation of that fight.

Comrade Miller says:—"Everyone who voted for McKinley is fully convinced that McKinley is a Conservative, that he will uphold the present system of things, and that Bryan is *against the present system, that he desires to change it*. This is the firm conviction of almost the whole American nation." I beg of the reader to take particular notice of the words which I have italicised in this quotation.

Of the over six and a-half million voters who voted for Bryan very few understood the theory of Bimetallism. Very few were they who voted for him with a consciousness of upholding the small capitalist against the big one, of upholding free competition against monopoly. The mass of the almost seven millions of Bryanite voters gave their votes for Bryan because they have instinctively revolted against capitalist oppression, mismanagement, and greed, because they became disgusted with the present system of things, and because they were impressed with the belief that Bryan will change things for the better, themselves not knowing how he will do it. It was not his money theory that they voted for. It was his denunciation of capitalism, monopoly, &c. It was his Radical utterances, and not the dry theory of Bimetallism, which called forth such an enthusiasm for him. He was the personification of a national cry, a national desire for justice, and for better conditions for the workers.

Dear reader, think of what the majority of the working people of the United States were about thirty years ago. People who believed that their country was an earthly Paradise. People who started in life with the ambition to become Jay Goulds. People who believed that every working man has a chance to become rich provided he will be industrious, thrifty, and sober. People who had no idea that there was anything the matter with the social and economical conditions under which they lived. People whose idea of the functions of Government was that of the policeman and the tax-collector, who never dreamed of the idea that the State can change social and economic conditions, that the people have a right to apply the machinery of Government to remedy social evils. People who voted Republican or Democratic merely because their fathers did likewise. People who voted at all only because it was customary to do so, who never attached a higher value to a vote than a five-dollar note.

Twenty or thirty years pass by and the scene changes.

Capitalist development reaches its highest stage, and brings along poverty and misery for the masses. Bad times on the one hand, and Socialist agitation in various forms on the other hand, open the eyes of the masses a little. The hope of the working man to become a Jay Gould vanishes, and in its stead is born a desire to secure his position as a working man with bread enough for himself and family; but this he finds to become more difficult with every succeeding year, owing to lack of work and the greed of the capitalist. Instinctively he begins to feel the necessity of uniting with others like himself. They struggle with their enemy, in whose hands lies their means of livelihood. Sometimes they win, many times they lose. Their

victories sharpen their appetites for greater victories, their defeats implant in their hearts a feeling for revenge. They see that the strength of their enemy lies in his social and political position; their minds therefore are turned to social and political questions, and behold! nearly seven million voters vote for Bryan, who is pictured to the masses as a Socialist and an Anarchist, in defiance of all Republican bribery; and why? Because in their ignorance they believe that he will change the system from which they suffer. If this is not a victory for Socialism, I do not know what is.

Would you have called it a victory for Socialism if our party would have polled a hundred thousand votes, whilst the great mass of workers—the millions—remained faithful to capitalism? Is it not better to have only 500 on the top of the Socialistic ladder and the whole mass only as high up as two steps, than to have ten thousand on the top and the whole mass standing on the ground?

Whilst I believe, and hope, that the Socialist Party of every country will gain in strength more and more, I at the same time have little hope that we shall reach the day when the whole working class will join the official Socialist Party, at least not in the United States and England. That the working classes of these countries, and the better part of other classes will become more and more Socialistic is certain, and this is all we need. For, you should bear in mind, comrades, that the downfall of capitalism will not be the work of the Socialists, but the nature of capitalist production itself will bring it about, and when that day will come (which is not far off) you will only need two things—a strong and intelligent party, clearly understanding the line of march, and an army of ready and willing followers.

J. FINN.

“1497—1897 EAST AND WEST.”

UNDER the above title Mr. E. Salmon contributes an article to the *Fortnightly*. “In 1497,” he says, “the Atlantic was crossed for the first time from British shores, and the same year Vasco da Gama was on his first voyage to India round the Cape of Good Hope.” Four hundred years ago America, Australia, with large portions of Africa and Asia, were utterly unknown. Mr. Salmon traces the growth of the British Empire both in the East and West. He claims that John Cabot planted our flag on the shores of the New World before Amerigo, Vespuccius or Columbus reached the mainland, but the discoveries of Cabot were not followed up.

On December 31, 1599, Elizabeth “granted the Charter of the first East India Company. With the seventeenth century we enter on the romance of commerce embodied in the chartered companies.” We read how French, Dutch and English fought for the mastery in India. “In all directions during two centuries, chartered companies led the way . . . What strikes as most remarkable in the survey of four centuries, is the manner in which the Anglo-Saxon race either superseded others or secured that for which others had risked so much. . . . Other powers failed where we triumphed. The explanation is not far to seek. They never learned the secret of colonisation on the one hand; or secured sea-power, the indispensable condition of empire, on the other.”

WOMAN: HER RIGHTS, GRIEVANCES AND ENCROACHMENTS.

SOME quarter of a century ago, as Virginia Crawford tells us in the *Fortnightly*, a play, "La Révolté," was withdrawn from the boards of a French theatre. "It asserts in a tentative fashion a woman's right to self-development, independently of her husband's direct interests." Last winter this play was revived, and met with a "sympathetic, even an enthusiastic reception." "This may be taken as an indication of the notable change that has come over French thought in respect to the social position of women." The article is entitled "Feminism in France," and we learn that Fourier was responsible for the word feminism, "the elegant French variant for what we in England call women's rights." "Feminism," says Virginia Crawford, "is a force to be reckoned with, a practical question of the hour." "The vain, fickle, frivolous" Frenchwoman of literature and the drama is a "ludicrous caricature."

The movement in France differs from that in England, being rather social and moral than political; really the French new woman cares nothing about the vote. Here, in England, "women's rights, reduced to its simplest expression, is a matter of elementary justice; for Frenchwomen it is, above all, a sentiment, a chivalrous rehabilitation of their sex to the place from which it has been dethroned by the selfishness and cruelty of man. . . . The feminist movement may be traced back to the Revolution of 1789." Russian women have largely contributed to the movement in France. "Quite recently there has been a remarkable outburst of activity in the feminist camp, and feminism in France to-day is almost in danger of developing into a fashionable craze." Poets, journalists, novelists, scientists, have been won to the cause. "It is to England that French women look for guidance in all practical matters concerning the evolution of their emancipation; and for the English girl who is supposed to regulate her own life, and to possess a latch-key without abusing the privilege, they entertain a touching admiration, often, I am afraid, unwarranted by the facts."

Sir Algernon West, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that at the beginning of the present reign "there was no public place or club where a lady could dine—and I recollect a most respectable peer of the realm, who, on expressing a wish to dine in the coffee-room of the hotel in which he was staying with his wife, was told by his landlord that he must get a third person to join their party." Speaking of the clever and intellectual woman, he says, after paying a high tribute to her personal charm, "to her we must take off our hats and make our bow with courtesy and admiration. No doubt women, by becoming the companions and competitors of men in all their amusements and pursuits have lost, somewhat, the old-fashioned respect and deference they received in earlier days. But 'la femme est toujours la femme, et jamais ne sera qu'une femme tant que la monde entier durera.'" Among all the social changes of the present reign with which Sir Algernon's paper deals, perhaps none are more striking than those concerning women. Belgravia was the first place in which women walked out *alone*! That was because "all the women were brave, and all the men modest."

Charles Whibley, in the *Nineteenth Century*, condemns, with considerable warmth, the demand being made that women receive degrees and be admitted to certain privileges at Cambridge. "During the last year the champions of

Women [the capital W is Mr. Whibley's] have continued unabashed the policy of encroachment," he says, and applauds the "noble determination of Oxford" in refusing "even the semblance of a degree to the students of St. Margaret's and Somerville Hall." Angry, verily, is the author of the "Encroachment of Women," and evidently thinks he does well to be so. "The women arrogantly demand" so and so, he says, and further on, "one lady impudently asserts." And while Mr. Whibley contradicts the impudent assertions, and would refuse the arrogant demands, he argues that, from the confession of one of themselves (Mrs. Sidgwick) "a Newnham or Girton student with a good Tripos certificate is, from the point of view of obtaining employment as a teacher, on the whole, not inferior to that of the graduates of other universities." "Why, then," asks Mr. Whibley, "this hankering after the degrees?" And he supplies the answer, "to get the management of the University into the hands of women. . . . Cambridge would become, not a mixed University, but a University of Women." The men would desert Cambridge, and go to Oxford. There are other institutions for women, and if they were really in earnest about female education they would gladly welcome the idea of a university for women, with a charter of its own. "And, after all, it is but a small minority of women who would thus slavishly disguise themselves in the trappings of men, and who assert that sex is a base convention."

Miss Eliza Orme and Miss Edith Shaw have each a paper in the *Nineteenth Century* dealing with women of the middle class. Miss Orme is of opinion that the chief reason women make no provision for old age is that they look forward to marriage; and, further, that if their salaries are not sufficiently large to admit of saving, all they have to do is to demand more. On this point there is more to be said than our space permits. Miss Shaw says: "Never was there such a time for women as the present." This article is an interesting one, healthy and vigorous, though we may demur to her definition of a workhouse, as "one of the retreats for the incompetents of this puzzling world."

EGYPT.

Blackwood's Magazine has a review of Lord Cromer's report on the condition of Egypt. Financially, the situation is "in the highest degree satisfactory." Lord Cromer himself says *the whole of the Egyptian debt would be paid off in about 44 years*. "Administratively, along the whole line there is progress," and there have been several important Mahomedan law reforms. The state of trade is not less hopeful. Speaking of the two concessions for the construction of light agricultural railways, the writer of the article says, "One of the concessions has been taken by an English syndicate, and this is the second undertaking in which British capital has been embarked in Egypt for works of public utility. It is remarkable that hitherto French and German capitalists have shown most confidence in enterprises in Egypt." "Lord Cromer's report is of a special interest for the information it contains in reference to the expenses of the recent advance to Dongola. . . . Here recently a fresh grant has been accorded to the Irrigation Department to be expended in works of drainage. . . . Until we are prepared to take over the debt of Egypt, after the wise example of France in Tunis and Madagascar, or have the courage to proclaim a Protectorate, the mixed tribunals and the *Caisse de la Dette* with all their faults, are worth preserving, and are by no means unmitigated evils."

GERMAN COMPETITION.

ENGLAND, it appears, is not alone in feeling the bad effect of German competition. In fact, it seems that our French neighbours have much more to complain of in this respect than ourselves.

For some time past writers interested in French commerce have been deploring the competition of the Germans, and attributing it to various causes. The latest contribution to this question is a letter written by the French Chamber of Commerce in London, and addressed to the French Minister of Commerce at Paris, in which is set forth the extent of the progress of the German Mercantile Marine, with the causes of this progress, and the progress of German commerce in general.

The letter is published by *Le Courier de Londres et de l'Europe*, from which we have taken some extracts, supporting, as they do, the position taken up by Social-Democrats for years past—i.e., that this progress in Germany is due to the adoption by the German Government of improved commercial and technical education. The letter says:—

“The results [of this policy] are surprising, as the following figures for 1894 show :

GERMANY.

	Marks.
Imports.....	4,285,533,000
Exports.....	3,051,480,000
	7,337,103,000

Francs 9,171,126,625

FRANCE.

	Francs.
Imports.....	3,850,400,000
Exports.....	3,678,100,000
	6,928,500,000

“As a result of the impulse given it, the German mercantile marine to-day ploughs every sea, its tonnage comes immediately next to that of the United Kingdom, and it carries the products of the fatherland to all the points of the globe, competing with foreign nations, and with us, and beats us in our own colonies in the extreme East.

“Without doubt there is a great distance between the 2,000,000 tons of Germany and the 12,000,000 tons of England, but these 2,000,000 were only 700,000 a few years ago, and she continues to build in her dockyards, which overflow with orders, and also in England.

“In France our marine continues to decrease in spite of bounties given to construction and navigation, and our 948,079 tons of 1891 have fallen in 1895 to 887,078 tons, and in order to give a correct idea of the German marine it will suffice to state that the trade of their ports has during the six first months of 1896 been 28,132,795 tons (being an increase of 3,000,000 tons over the same period of 1895), whilst the trade of the French ports during the whole twelve months of 1895 has only reached 22,494,000 tons, 14,559,000 tons of which were carried by foreign ships.”

Dealing with the causes of this increase the letter says :

“In the first rank we must place the constant increase in the German

population (52 millions against our 38), this in spite of a considerable emigration, emigration which implants in the adopted country a taste for the articles of the old country on the one hand, and on the other sends to the latter those of the populations in which they live.

"Then we must take into consideration the superiority of the German education in the commercial sense; the culture of foreign languages, the system of technical education much more extended than ours; the comparatively free economic *régime* compared with that of France; and the concessions accorded by the superior authorities in that which concerns international relations, such as the reduction of railway rates for merchandise intended for exportation.

"Further the sending of agents to foreign countries, whose mission it is to observe what is sold there, and to send samples and prices of articles to the mother country where they are copied and produced on a vast scale and later on compete with the originals.

"England appears very carelessly to have facilitated this task by its Merchandise Marks Act.

"Before the promulgation in 1887 the products of German industry were carried without exterior sign of origin and very often by English conveyances, the buyer received them from English ports and believed their origin also English.

"To-day, 'Made in Germany' being known everywhere, the same buyer sends his orders direct to Germany. Thus is economised the freight charges at the English ports, the disbursements and delays of transmission, and the commission of an intermediary, all of which is gained by their marine service.

"Not only does this 'Made in Germany' appear on the articles themselves, but on all parts of the packages, and the publicity thus gained adds materially to the *clientele* of the German manufacturers."

A. E. L.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

IN the *New Review* M. de Thierry waxes eloquent and pathetic over colonial loyalty, which he compares to the love of woman, not to be "crushed by wrongs nor starved by indifference." To call this affection "daughterly" is a mistake, for the mother-country "has chosen to act as a step-mother," and "makes no response to this passion." Alas, too, for the attitude of the Press. "One morning newspaper, two evening, and one comic journal, strike the true Imperial note without wavering." Few also are our Imperialist statesmen, and M. de Thierry is exceedingly puzzled as to what the "astounding statement" of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might mean that "the *upper classes* were trying to keep the *Government of the Empire in their own hands*." The greater part of the article bears directly on the South African business. "The South African Committee is sitting as I write," he says "so I will but note that the only man able to cope with the situation was sacrificed to the tender susceptibilities of President Kruger." As to Cecil Rhodes, he "has been arraigned in the House of Lords as if he were a sheep stealer. . . . The animosity displayed towards him has never been equalled since the days of Warren Hastings, . . . and one of the greatest men of the time, who is also the greatest political figure in the Empire next to Lord Salisbury, is covered with contumely for venturing to act against the head of a State to preserve British supremacy in South Africa."

"THE FOREIGNER IN THE FARMYARD."

THE fourth paper of the series bearing the above title in the *New Review* deals with butter and cheese, and Ernest Williams gives an account of the "Irish Agricultural Organisation Society," its rules and regulations, etc,

"It must be admitted, however," he says, "that in Ireland the new co-operative system is not yet perfect, even where it is in operation. The rules are not stringent enough, nor do they cover a sufficient area. The most important lack is the absence of regulations concerning the feeding of cows." In this matter the Danes are most particular, as also in that of *cleanliness*. The Munster Dairy School, and the Agricultural and Dairy School at Glasnevin exist for the purpose of imparting instruction. "England is still in bondage to the great mistaken, misapplied, misunderstood principle of self-reliance. The English farmer is, as yet, blind to the fact that association is often the sole road to individual prosperity." He does not "realise that the butter supply of England, which is enriching the rest of the world, might, if the manufacture and distribution were properly conducted, be a source of revenue to himself. . . . The struggle with Danes and Frenchmen for re-entry into the home market will be simplified when the English farmer makes up his mind seriously to contest the position. . . . To the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham belongs the credit of moving a heavy, stoical and apathetic industry," State aid is necessary; other Governments give it, so why not our own? Let it protect the home market, and, says our author, "I fail to see why this protection cannot be the protection with a capital P, which is a nightmare with all good Cobdenites. . . . The foreigner holds the field; for all practical purposes British dairying is an infant industry; and the experience of our successful rivals (Germany and the United States, for example) conclusively show that an infant industry, which is to grow at the expense of a firmly-established foreigner, needs the help of a Protective Tariff." Mr. Williams is very severe on the "Trickery of the Foreigner." The butter is a "judicious mixture of butter and margarine, but is sold as *pure butter*. Holland, Germany, Russia, even Denmark and Norway, have sinned in this. Sweden, the United States, France, Belgium, Argentine, and our own Colonies bear an "untarnished reputation." But the British shopkeeper is occasionally to blame in this relation, "nor is the home producer above suspicion." As to cheese, in 1896 we *exported* 10,347 cwts. and *imported* 2,244,535 cwts. Canada, however, contributed 1,234,297 cwts. of this, the United States and Holland coming next. "The success of both the Canadian and the United States products is undoubtedly due, in the main, to the universal factory system; also to the fact that cheese is carried from New York to London at a freight which is some 50 per cent. lower than the genuine article from Cheshire pays to make the journey from that county to London." In Holland, again, "the factory system is almost universal," but, in addition, the railway tariff is very low," and "the Dutchman makes his land carry plenty of stock." Furthermore, he pays the greatest attention to breeding and to cleanliness, being at the same time careful to keep prolific milkers. Mr. Williams makes some suggestions for improving conditions at home, among which are that foreign cheese should be marked; adulteration be dealt with by Parliament; the home manufacture be encouraged by levying a tariff on foreign cheese; and, finally, that Government grants be made to dairy associations. Mr. Williams concludes by insisting on the necessity for co-operation. "Economy in production, and uniformity in the product, demand it."

"RUSSIA, AND THE RE-DISCOVERY OF EUROPE."

"CENTURIES hence," says Olga Novikoff, in the *Fortnightly*, "perchance the re-discoverer of Europe will be held in equal honour with Columbus, and the civilised world will then admit that the great discoverer was Russia. History will prove that it was thanks to Russia's energetic efforts that we now see the united action of the great European Powers, which has already resulted in the peaceful acquisition of autonomy for Crete. The cannon that shelled the insurgents proclaimed to an astonished world that Europe had been found again. . . . For the last few years it would seem as though there had been no Europe."

The article is an indictment and a warning. Looking over the events of the past sixty or seventy years, Olga Novikoff declares that England has been "insincere," and "with the best intentions she has been against progress, peace, liberty, and law." In 1866, "alas! for the unfortunate Christians in the East—the English Government would do nothing." But this is not all. "The emergence of Europe as a political entity is endangered" by the attitude assumed by England on more than one occasion. But if England has been "Ahriman," Russia has been "Ormuzd." Mistakes have been made by Russia, but her policy in the East has been one of "generosity and prudence."

The first step England must take is to give up Cyprus. "The English are not good Europeans," thinks Russia, and the same view is held in every capital of Europe. Russia, on the other hand, "has been the pioneer of the movement in favour of constituting a real Europe. . . . Europe forged its decree for the autonomy of Bulgaria, but it was the sword of Russia which alone rendered that decree effective. . . . Russia has been the Quixote of nations. . . . That there is a kingdom of Greece to-day is due to Russia, and to Russian initiative alone."

The prospect of a European War is by no means remote, and why, asks Madam Novikoff, do we persist in denying it?

"If the great European pact be broken up, the map may be modified at England's expense. . . . When Napoleon fell at Sedan, his one idea was to make peace with Germany, on the basis of a common attack against England. . . . Do you think it is different to-day! If there be any Englishmen who dream that they live in an idyllic world, they may prepare for a rude awakening. If England were to play fast and loose with re-discovered Europe, and by refusing to coerce both Greek and Turk, to cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war—well, I think it by no means unlikely that Europe's claim for "moral and intellectual damage" would be a thousand times as large as the modest million demanded by President Krüger."

W. T. Stead, in the *Contemporary* for this month, writes, in an article on Wilhelm II. of Germany as "The Lord Chief Justice of Europe," as follows:—

"For the last few years we have all been bitterly lamenting that there was no longer any Europe at all, that the European Concert had perished of paralysis. . . . Thanks, we are told, to the intervention of the Kaiser, it seems all this is changed. . . . I have my doubts as to whether this was so entirely due to the Kaiser's initiative. I am informed that Russia had more to do with the matter than Germany."

"Europe's true duty, in which England ought to take the lead, is to protect the subjects of the Sultan against their despot. Russia's purpose is to protect the despot against his subjects. . . . Lord Salisbury's policy of coercing Crete and Greece may lead to war between Greece and Turkey, which will be the signal for Russia to come to Turkey's help, and with the Sultan's consent to seize the Straits. England's opportunity will thus be gone, for the Powers will not be induced to combine for a resistance to a *fait accompli*. The European Governments will thus be certain of what they all now suspect—that British Governments have lost the insight, the courage, and the decision of former times; that England is no longer the great nation she was; and that the command of the sea might be in hands better qualified to use it for Europe's good."—From the *National Review* (Spenser Wilkinson's "Helpless Europe").

LABOUR AND LAW IN AMERICA.

"Nineteen-twentieths of the poverty and misery that curse the people of the United States to-day is caused by the fact that a large proportion of the working people of the nation are in enforced idleness—absolutely unable to secure employment at useful labour. The land of America furnishes ample opportunity for employment for all the workers now in America and twenty times as many more besides. Hence any and every law on the Statute-book which prevents unemployed labour from free and immediate access to any and all the unused farm lands, city lots, forests, mines, or water powers of America, is conclusive proof of guilt on the part of every law maker who refuses to vote for the immediate abolition of such laws."—*Journal of the Knights of Labour*, Washington, D. C.

"The movement for shorter hours for a day's work within reasonable limits has the sympathy of the public. But a weekly rest day is fully as important as reasonable limitations to the work day, and it is surprising that labour organisations have not more strenuously insisted on it. Much of the work required on Sunday is done in defiance of law, which weakens popular respect for government. The *Railway Review*, discussing Sunday railroad work, says that employees have a feeling that Sabbath hours are theirs, and when they are robbed of these they have a rankling sense of injustice which rises to the surface as an element embittering strikes when they come to resist law in the effort to obtain what they believe to be their rights."—*Congregationalist*, Boston.

"Some 4,650 employees in one industry in Michigan, canvassed by the State labour bureau in regard to an eight hour day, generally express themselves in favour of it. But only 594 of them would favour the short day with a corresponding reduction of wages. Everybody is, of course, in favour of shorter hours of work at the pay of longer hours. Less than one-fourth of these employees were of opinion that as much work would be done in eight as in ten hours, the others frankly replying in the negative. Evidently that industry is not ripe for the change to eight hours."—*Springfield Republican*.

"REFORM THE HOUSE OF LORDS!"

"THE British Constitution is worn out. Its balance has been completely and irretrievably overturned. Of its three members, the Crown, whatever it may be socially, is politically defunct; the House of Lords is all but politically defunct." So writes Goldwin Smith, in the *Contemporary*. Universal Suffrage being well-nigh a certainty, the House of Commons will possess unlimited and unchecked power. What is to be done to avert such a catastrophe? The "hereditary principle" is dead, never to be revived. Mankind has no longer any reverence for pedigrees. "Democracy refuses to obey law-givers whose only title is that they are the sons of their fathers. . . . It is idle to talk of the elevating effects of nobility on character. What elevating influence can the possession of honour unearned and homage unmerited have on the character of an ordinary youth?" The House of Lords must be re-organised. Two ways of effecting this are suggested. One is, that the County Council elect from hereditary peers a certain number to form an Upper House. The second proposes that the Government should appoint them; certain qualifications to be required. Every peer taking his seat to have been a member of the House of Commons, or have held some high office—political, diplomatic, professional, military, naval, academical. Peers not sitting in the new House to retain their titles and social grade. "It is the pressing and vital question of the hour . . . To fall into the hands of an uncontrolled House of Commons elected by Universal Suffrage would be confusion." Goldwin Smith points out that Great Britain is not France or the United States, and concludes by saying: "Apparently Lord Salisbury's political objects are the preservation of the hereditary House of Lords, and the maintenance of the Established Church, both of which are hopeless, since the hereditary principle and the Ecclesiastical creed are alike stricken with incurable decay."

THE FORCES OF SOCIALISM IN THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

(From *La Revue Socialiste*.)

GERMANY.—Voters: 1871, 124,655; 1881, 311,961; 1890, 1,427,298; 1893, 1,876,758. Socialist associations, 250,000 members. Members of Reichstag, 48. Party Press, 41 daily journals and 123 weekly journals.

FRANCE.—Voters: 1889, 91,000; 1893, 600,000; 1896, 1,400,000. Socialist deputies, 62. Party Press, 78 daily and weekly journals.

ITALY.—Voters: 1893, 20,000; 1896, 90,000. Deputies, 19. Party Press, 33 daily and weekly journals.

DENMARK.—Voters: 1872, 315; 1884, 6,805; 1887, 8,408; 1893, 25,019. Deputies, 9. Party Press, 6 dailies and 3 weeklies.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—72 Socialist associations. Party Press, 2 dailies and several weeklies. 1 deputy.

BELGIUM.—Voters: 1894, 344,000; 1896, 461,000. 29 deputies. 5 daily and a large number of weekly papers.

SWITZERLAND.—Voters: 1896, 107,990.

AUSTRIA.—Voters: 1895, 90,000. Party Press, 65 dailies and weeklies.

SERBIA.—Voters: 50,000.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—76 associations and several journals.

SPAIN.—Numbers lost. 5 weekly papers.

UNITED STATES.—Voters: 1881, 2,068; 1896, 40,000.

"A PHILANTHROPIC PAWNSHOP."

MISS EDITH SEILLERS has an article in the *National Review*, in which she tells us that in 1807, when Josef I. was Emperor of Austria, there was very great distress. "The very air was alive with cries of 'Brod, Brod, gieb uns Brod.'" A suggestion was made to found what is "practically a philanthropic pawnshop." This was done, and "from that day the Imperial Pawn Office has been under the special protection of the Emperors of Austria; and even now its managers rank as Government officials." There are two Imperial Pawn Offices in Vienna, and a third is likely to be soon opened.

"An Austrian would no more think of being grateful to the Imperial Pawn Office for lending him money than an Englishman to the Post Office for carrying his letters. It is regarded simply as 'business'; yet practically the offices are centres for the distribution of relief in minute portions; only so quietly and discreetly is the work carried on that the fact is hardly suspected."

With regard to the working of this institution, suppose a workman wishes to borrow £3. "All he has to do is to deposit articles worth £4. He receives the £3 in full . . . then, supposing he redeems it at the end of three months, 1s. 6d. is the amount he has to pay as interest. This 1s. 6d. is *the whole* expense the borrowing of the money entails on him." Of course the poorer class of customers are not a source of profit to the office, but others are; "10 per cent interest on a loan of one florin is hardly worth considering, but 10 per cent. on one of 100—or better still 1,000—florins is a very different matter."

If a person cannot redeem at the appointed time, he may re-pledge. If the goods are neither redeemed nor re-pledged, and the time comes for them to be sold, if they sell for more than they were pledged for "the difference is handed over to the original owner, provided he claims within three years."

All the *profits* are to be used for the benefit of the poor. The second Pawn Office opened, was started with the profits of the first. Over 2,000 persons a day pawn some article at the offices.



"I AM unable to join in the violent condemnation pronounced by the 'Forward Party' upon Lord Salisbury's Cretan policy. He has succeeded in obtaining autonomy for Crete without furnishing the German Emperor with a pretext for the quarrel which he seemed to be desiring. He has sought, and apparently obtained, more cordial relations with France. All this seems to show wise, skilful and patient diplomacy. The Radical agitators studiously ignore the fact that about one-third of the Cretan population are Mahometan Greeks, who have just as much right to be where they are and to have a voice in the government of the island as their Christian compatriots. It may be that they would vote for annexation to Greece rather than for autonomy. But let them have a chance of voting without pressure from Colonel Vassos. The claim of Greece to keep Crete as a compensation for the trouble she has taken is too like our claim upon Egypt to commend itself to me."—Professor BEESLY, in the *Positivist Review*.

THE DYNAMITER.

For a long time I had had my eye on Dick Wiggins, so when I got a warrant for his arrest I was not at all sorry. I was in the — Division at that time, and we had had a lot of trouble with the Socialists. What with their street-corner meetings, and demonstrations, and processions, and agitations, and onething and another, we always seemed to be tramping about after them, and some of our fellows were right down savage over it all, and no wonder. It was the year of the Queen's jubilee, and I suppose that made the authorities more concerned about what was going on in the way of political meetings and the like, and then, again, they hadn't got over the shake-up they had over the Hyde Park riots of the year before. One thing and another, I know they were very careful to note everything, and there was no little meeting the Socialists held that we did not have to attend and watch and report on.

Dick Wiggins was one of the principal ringleaders in the district, and he was a hot'un. He used to hold forth at a street corner where the Socialists met regularly every Sunday morning. I and another sergeant, named Barton, used to attend there in plain clothes, and there was always one or two men in uniform and an inspector there, besides perhaps one or two other plain clothes men. It was only a small meeting—never more than a hundred people there at the outside, and we used to curse the job of having to attend it. And Dick used to chaff us unmercifully. He knew us all, and whenever a new man was put on, Dick soon got to know he was a policeman. I used to laugh at him sometimes, but I felt precious mad all the same.

"I like to see so many guardians of law and order at our meetings," he would say, "it shows the esteem in which we are held by a grateful Government. And, besides, it gives an air of respectability to our gathering. These gentlemen are generally bigger, better fed, and better dressed than the majority of you; and people who didn't know them would think that we had got a lot of aristocrats among us."

So he'd carry on. Then, if there had been any murder or big robbery committed during the week, he'd say:

"Of course, I'm always glad to see the gentlemen of the force at our meetings, not only because of the air of respectability they afford, but because it is part of their disguise to always contribute to the collection; but I think the authorities ought not to be too considerate of us to the neglect of the life and property of other members of the community."

After the meeting was over we used to go and have a drink with Wiggins, and he'd have another dig or two at us—always in a good-humoured way, but I know I got to hate him like poison, but could never get hold of anything to tackle him on.

But one day a fellow called in at the station and asked to see the inspector in charge. He was shown in, and stated that he had come to give information about a dynamite conspiracy.

"You know a Socialist fellow named Wiggins, don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," the inspector replied, "We know him; what about him?"

"Well, he's going in for making bombs, or something of the kind. He lives next door to me, and I can hear him working in his kitchen. He has a pal come to see him, and I've heard them talking about it. He was there on Saturday, and he said he should call again on Tuesday. This is Tuesday,

so I thought I would come and let you know, and if you like to come to my house about eight o'clock (that's about the time the other fellow gets there) you will be able to hear what goes on."

The inspector smiled and shook his head when the man said Wiggins was going in for making bombs.

"No," he said, "I think he's a little too fly for that."

But as the informer went on he looked rather more serious.

"What is your name?" he asked him, when he had finished.

"George Smith."

"And you are a friend of Wiggins's, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Smith. "I ain't got no patience with these red-hot Socialist fellows as want to upset everything, and that there Dick Wiggins is one of the worst of the lot, he is, a regular swine I call him. It was through him I got lagged that time for knocking my old woman about. Perhaps you remember it, sir?" The inspector nodded. "I'd been having a drink with my mates, and the missus comes arter me, and no man likes that, you know. Then she starts a nagging me, and we had just got outside our door when I couldn't stand her jaw no longer, and I up with my hand and give her a smack in the face. She screams, and just then Dick Wiggins must needs interfere. 'You cowardly brute,' says he, 'to hit a woman.' I was just going to land her again when he dots me one on the jaw as sends me flying backwards into the arms of a copper as had just come up. We was both took down to the station, and I got a month; but the magistrate discharged him. Said he did quite right to interfere. Never mind, I'm going to get him lagged this time if I can."

"I see," said the inspector, "a sort of one good turn deserves another arrangement, eh? Very well, we'll come to your house about seven this evening; but, mind you, don't say anything to anybody about it. I suppose your wife would go and tell Wiggins at once if she knew you had been here?"

"No fear! My wife is a True Blue, like me, and she'd be quite ready to help Wiggins into gaol. A conceited hound, as she says, who always wants to be interfering with other people's business. It's just like these Socialists—trying to prevent people settling their little family disputes comfortably by themselves. I have always been told they want to break up the family, and it looks like it."

After giving his address, and other necessary particulars, Mr. George Smith departed. In the evening Inspector Mulvane, Barton, and I went to the address given. It was an ordinary working-class dwelling-house, and Smith, who had evidently been waiting for us, took us through the passage into the back kitchen.

"The other chap aint arrived yet," he whispered, nodding significantly towards the wall of the apartment, "but you'll hear him presently."

We waited there in silence for about three-quarters of an hour, and then we heard voices on the other side of the partition, which was evidently only a thin plaster affair.

"Get close to the wall and listen," whispered Smith.

There was not much room for the three of us to carry out his suggestion, but as far as we were able we did so, and by placing my ear close to the wall I could hear distinctly what was said on the other side, except when the speakers got too far away.

"I haven't done much to it since Saturday," I heard, in a voice which sounded like that of Dick Wiggins, "but you will see what my idea is now I have put the parts together. I want you to see if you think it will answer."

"This is steel," said another voice, at the same time that the ring of a hammer on steel sounded.

"Yes," answered Wiggins. "I got that bit cast at the firm, for the cylinder. I think steel is best for the purpose."

"You will be able to get a greater concentration of force, no doubt, with that."

"Yes, that is my idea ; with a greater concentration of force one explosion will be much more effective. One explosion produced in this chamber would be sufficient for three or four revolutions."

I and my colleagues looked at each other, and Smith winked and smiled expressively.

"You will be able to get a very powerful explosion with this, I should say," the strange voice went on.

"Yes," replied Wiggins, "I flatter myself it will shake things up a bit when I have done with it. Fired at this end of the chamber, the expansion of the gases and acids concentrated in the cylinder will have a tremendous effect."

"Did you say you thought it might be used on the ships of the navy?"

"Yes, I did say so, but that was more as a joke than anything else. I don't quite see how it could be carried out. No, I think I shall have to confine my attention to land operations at present, at any rate."

"You haven't tested the thing at all, yet, I suppose?"

"No ; it would be too risky here. However, I shall have more to show you by the end of the week. You'd better come and have a bit of supper now, and I need not tell you once more how important it is that you should not breathe a word to anybody about what you have seen."

We heard them walk out of the kitchen, and then we moved away from the wall.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked Mulvane

"I don't know what to make of it, but it seems that fellow is up to some devil's dodge. I shall get a warrant for him to-morrow, and, in the meantime, you had better put a couple of fellows on to watch the house and see who goes in or out, but don't let themselves be seen ; and you," he added, turning to Smith, "had better keep a still tongue in your head."

Smith grinned approvingly, but said nothing.

The next day I received from Mulvane the warrant for the arrest of Wiggins, and also a warrant to search the premises. I had had the place watched all night and all day, but no one had been seen to go in or out since the preceding evening—when a man well-known in the neighbourhood left the house—except Wiggins and members of his family.

At nine o'clock in the evening I and Barton went to Wiggins's house and asked for him. He came to the door to speak to us.

"Hallo, Druce," said he, "whoever expected to see you here, and Barton, too? Come inside."

We went in and I read the warrant over to him. He burst out laughing.

"Well, that is rich!" he said ; "I suppose you want me to come now?"

"Yes," I said ; "you will have to come now."

"Well, I was just having a mouthful of food, you might as well let me finish that."

I told him we were going to search the place

"All right," said he. "I'll show you round."

We searched the place, high and low ; we found nothing of a compromising character except some Socialist pamphlets which were pretty revolutionary in tone, until we came to a sort of cupboard under the stairs.

"Now here," he said, "I expect you will find what you want. This is where I keep my tools."

I cautioned him that anything he might say would be taken down and used in evidence against him, at which he only laughed. We found in the cupboard a few engineer's tools; several small cylindrical castings, some iron tubing, an air-pump, and some brass taps and valves. These we took possession of, and then marched off with our prisoner. He bade good-bye to his wife in a cheery manner, though she seemed rather upset about it, and began to cry.

"I shall be back again to-morrow," he told her as we left the house.

"You needn't be in a hurry," he said, as we walked along to the station. "You'd better come and have a drink with me before we get down there. I shan't be able to get a drink or a smoke inside the station cell."

He was brought up at the police-court the next morning, and after hearing my evidence and that of Inspector Mulvane, the magistrate committed him for trial, the prisoner electing to reserve his defence. He was let out on bail of £200, a Mr. Holland, his employer, being his surety.

A fortnight later he took his trial. He had turned up at the meetings as usual, but had nothing to say to us. For my part, I had little doubt that we should get him a long term of penal servitude, as there was a very strong feeling against dynamiters at that time. There was a rare lot of his pals at the Old Bailey when he came up to take his trial, and, as the papers say, considerable public interest was manifested in the case.

The counsel for the Crown opened the case by dilating upon the horrible nature of the crime upon which the prisoner was engaged. The destruction of buildings, and of the lives of innocent people, was the most diabolical method of carrying on war against society which had ever been devised. Society did well to arm itself against such methods with most stringent laws, which he hoped would be enforced in this case.

Inspector Mulvane deposed that, acting on information received, he had overheard a conversation between prisoner and another man, not in custody, and upon this had applied for a warrant for prisoner's arrest.

I repeated the evidence I had given at the police-court as to the arrest of the prisoner, and the discovery of the materials for making bombs.

The prisoner, who conducted his own defence, cross-examined Inspector Mulvane and myself as to what his language had been at the meetings we had attended. Had he not always deprecated, and indeed denounced, the use of explosives and all outrages of the kind?

We were bound to admit that he had.

Professor Cane, an expert in explosives, stated that the small cylinders and iron tubing produced were capable of being used for the manufacture of bombs of the most destructive kind if they were filled with the proper sort of explosive.

In reply to the prisoner, he said it was possible that these things might be used for quite innocent purposes. It was also possible to do a great deal of injury with a ginger-beer bottle if it were filled with an explosive compound and fired.

The prisoner addressed the jury in his defence. He said he did not enter upon his defence at the police-court, as he believed the police magistrates were prejudiced against Socialists, and he wished to appeal to a jury. He would only call two witnesses, and he believed that their evidence would secure his acquittal.

His first witness was James Ferguson, an engineer. He stated that it was he who was with the prisoner on the evening before his arrest.

"Did I show you the pieces of metal which have been produced here?" asked the prisoner.

"Yes."

"Did you know what I intended to do with them?"

"Yes, you were engaged in getting out a model of a gas-engine, and these were parts of it. You believed you had an idea which would effect a material economy of gas and space by greater concentration."

"Was there any occasion for secrecy?"

"Well, I understood you didn't want it talked about until you had perfected and patented it."

The prosecuting counsel cross-examined this witness, but could get nothing more out of him.

The next witness was Mr. Holland.

"You, Mr. Holland, are a master engineer, are you not, in a large way of business in Gateshead and London?"

"Yes."

"How long have I been in your service?"

"About ten years."

"Have you ever had any occasion to find fault with me as a workman?"

"No, on the contrary, we have been indebted to you for some very useful suggestions in the construction of land and marine engines."

"You don't think I am a dynamiter, Mr. Holland?"

"No," the employer answered, with a smile.

"Did you ever see anything like those pieces of metal which have been produced in court?"

"I have never seen them before, but they look to me like miniature parts of a gas engine."

"How would the prisoner become possessed of these?" asked the judge.

"As he has interested himself in working out several improvements, the foreman has been instructed to supply him with anything of the kind he may require for experimental purposes."

The prosecuting counsel rose to put some questions to the witness, but the foreman of the jury notified the judge that they had made up their minds that there was no case against the prisoner.

Wiggins was therefore discharged at once, and when he got outside the court there was such a shouting and cheering for him, and such a howling for the police, that I was glad to make myself scarce.

I was on duty at some of his meetings after that, and they were big meetings for a time, too. He was always civil enough. "I bear you no grudge Druce," he used to say, "you believed you were right, and it only shows how easy it is to make mistakes;" but I didn't care to have much to say to him. It was a take down for me, and no mistake. And then it got about and the boys would yell after me sometimes, "Yah, old gas-engine, old gas-bags, old gas-pipe," so that I was not at all sorry when my time was up, and I was able to retire from the force altogether.

SERGEANT DRUCE.



UTOPIA.

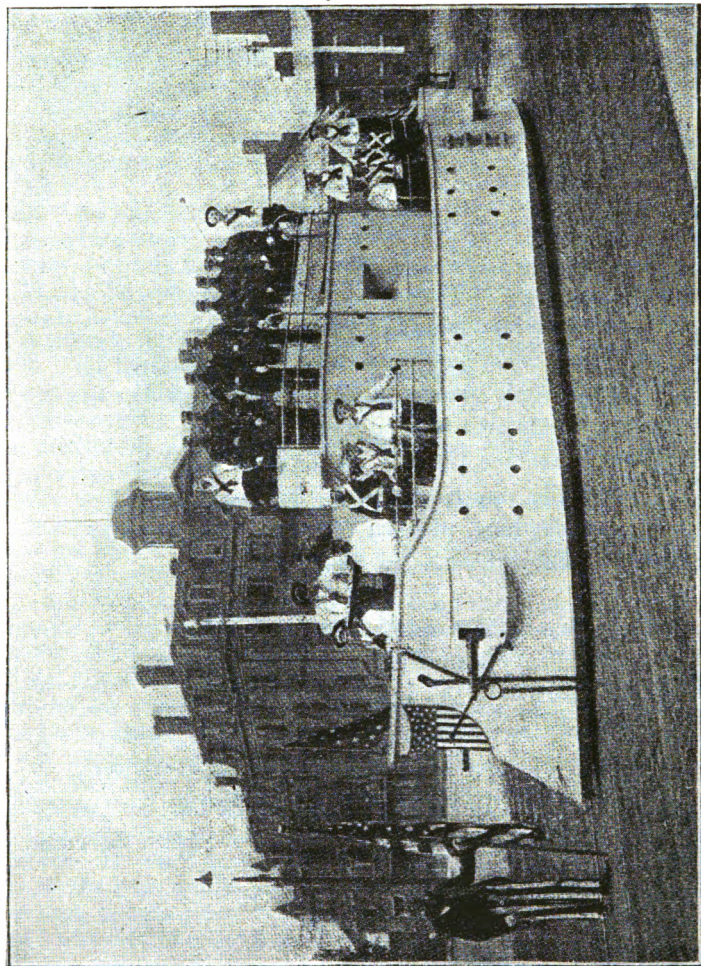
A SONNET.

A FABLED island set in unknown seas,
Where never yet the foot of Man hath trod ;
Where only wandering Fancy makes abode,
Dreaming beside still waters, under trees
That filter sunshine through them, while the bees,
Drowsily lingering o'er the flower-prankt sod,
Ply, day-long, pleasant labours. There no rod
Smites, or whip urges, as in lands like these.

Brethren are all the souls that there abide,
And Fancy smiles to find a land so fair,—
So worthy of the sunlight and the sea—
Where Plenty and Penury dwell not side by side,
But each man's weal shall be his brother's care,
The common bond being perfect liberty.

Salford.

ALEX. STEPHEN.



“THE MCKINLEY” (See page 152).

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 5. MAY, 1897.

THE BOURGEOIS RADICAL MOVEMENT AND SOCIALISM.

WE often hear the observation made by Socialists in a deprecating manner respecting some theory or agitation forming part of the party programme, "Oh, that has been taken over from the old middle-class Radicalism." The implication is, of course, that the position in question is a superstition which ought to be got rid of by Socialists, or which at best has no particular connection with Socialism. The persons who use this argument ignore the fact that there are many points in the programme of the old Radicalism which Socialism presupposes, but which have as yet never been realised. We too often forget that the middle-classes have only very imperfectly fulfilled the task assigned to them by their historical function, and that reforms unfulfilled, or at least only half-fulfilled by the middle-class naturally fall to the lot of Social-Democracy to carry through. These are the points of contact between Radicalism and Socialism. The only difference is that Socialism consistently regards them merely as parts of a whole, whereas Radicalism commonly conceives them as independent ends in themselves. But this is no reason why Socialists should not treat such aims as an essential part of their programme, and why they should not energetically work for them.

The relation of the ideas of the old middle-class revolutionary movement with regard to the modern revolutionary movement of Socialism is really threefold—(1) There are the ideas and objects which especially concern the former, and which have been long since *generally* adopted or realised; (2) there are the ideas and objects which in themselves more intimately concern both movements, but which, owing to their having been *in the main* adopted or realised, have lost the practical importance they once had; (3) there are the ideas and objects which concern both movements, but which have not as yet won a complete victory even in essentials, and hence which still retain their practical importance. We will consider these three categories for a moment. To the first class belong all suffrage movements based on property—*i.e.*, short of the universal suffrage movement—freedom of domicile, abolition of restrictions on combination, together with Malthusianism, the attack on luxury as such, stale gibes on aristocratic vices and bad habits, the view that a Republican is necessarily a democrat, and generally the revolt against the old-fashioned and direct forms of political tyranny whose poetical expression is to be best found in Shelley; and last, but not least, nationalist movements. The second comprises most

fiscal and currency reforms, also the universal suffrage movement, payment of members, Republicanism, *viewed as a burning question*, Disestablishment, and the attack on the classes privileged by *status*, such as noblemen, landlords (viewed apart from the general capitalistic class), the Prince of Wales, and so on. Finally, the third category is represented by the movement for secular education, for freeing the individual from oppressive laws relating to marriage, for the assertion of the principle of sexual freedom before the law and public opinion, for the repeal of other laws wantonly hindering the individual from living his own life, which are based, not on economic or political necessity, but on old conventions that have lost all their meaning, if they ever had any, or on bald moral prepossessions or theological superstitions, and this despite the attempt which will probably be made to justify them on grounds of social expediency as a last resort.

If we once distinguish between these various classes of questions we shall see that the vague allegation one hears sometimes from Socialists to the effect that so-and-so "belongs to the old bourgeois Radicalism," with the derogatory implication that the theory or agitation in question is a superstition no longer worthy the attention of Socialists, is utterly empty and stupid. That there is some such superstitions one would not deny. But an agitation may have been taken over from the old political Radicalism, and yet may be a most important ingredient in the modern Social-Democratic movement. Modern Socialism, as already said, presupposes all or most of the reforms championed by the middle-class movement of the last century, and the earlier decades of this. And in so far as this movement has not fulfilled its function, in so far as it has not carried these reforms through, the said function necessarily passes on to the movement which succeeds it in the scale of historical progress. As already said, there are some points striven for by the earlier Radicalism which, although they have not been completely realised, have nevertheless made such headway that their importance effectively gives place to that of other more urgent points of agitation. But there are none the less, on the other hand, objects equally common to the modern and the older movement, which it is just as necessary to urge forward parallel with the directly economical objects immediately concerning the working-class struggle of to-day.

For example, anti-militarism in Germany is a "plank" common alike to Herr Richter and to the Social-Democrats. Similarly the onslaught on police-bureaucracy. Yet, again, the attack on a monarchical veto. All these things are essential to Social-Democracy, and, being as yet unrealised by the old Radicalism whence they sprung, must necessarily loom big in the Social-Democratic agitation. Before deciding whether a doctrine or aim of the old Radicalism should constitute a living part of our programme or not, we must judge the particular point in question on its merits. The fact of its belonging to the old Radicalism is not in itself against it. Let us take two instances of ideas for which the old middle-class Radicalism strove. The first is the idea of "nationality." This implies that the political "unity" and "independence" of a certain territorial aggregate (by no means always conterminous with race or language, but which in a more or less vague

way aims at being so) should be a primary aim of the party of progress. Now this was certainly very essential to the development of modern capitalism in more ways than one. Small states with a diversity of laws affecting industry and commerce, with no uniformity of coinage, with different customs arrangements, and with Governments none of them stable as centralised Governments are, but of various degrees of instability, were obviously awkward factors in an expansive capitalism which required a free world-market for its continued existence, not to say development. Hence small independent feudal states had to go, the process being gilded over by the sentimental humbug of "patriotism."

The movement associated with the year 1848 which aimed at the establishment of centralised governments on a national basis, was the high-water mark of the bourgeois ideal of nationality. In so far as nationalism, *i.e.*, the independence and unification of nationalities was essential to progress, it was accomplished by the movement named, which reached its climax in the foundation of the German Empire. Socialism, as such, has, I contend, nothing to do with the aspirations of struggling nationalities towards independence and the attainment of "national consciousness," and a national existence—with the endeavours of Greece to enlarge her boundaries for the purpose of floating a new loan, with Armenian independence or with Polish patriotism. If a partial exception be made in the case of Ireland, it is only because English rule in Ireland is so intimately bound up with the question of absentee landlordism, and the whole Irish agrarian problem. Nationalism, with its corresponding ideological expressions covered by the word patriotism, may have had its historical justification, but with its further realisation Socialism has no interest or concern. However necessary it may have been, dynamically considered, as an element in the capitalist phase of social development, like every other essential element in that phase, it has *per se* been an unmitigated curse. The material fact of national unity and independence, whether in the case of Germany, Hungary, or Italy, has never brought any good to the working-classes of the countries in question. The moral spirit engendered by it, the idiotic self-glorification of every nationality at the expense of every other, has been fruitful in nothing but obstruction to progress, delay in the Socialist movement, and a whole shoal of red herrings of every description.

It is quite true that Socialism will have to take over the accursed legacy of existing national frontiers from the bourgeois world-order; but Socialism will take it over merely with the view of killing it off and burying it at the earliest possible moment. Here Socialism is at a disadvantage as compared with Christianity. The latter found the old local patriotisms sapped and undermined by the Roman imperial system. Unfortunately we have no international power, even though that power were despotic, to do us the service of treading under its iron heel the sham sentiment evoked by the amorphous aggregates of population embodied in the modern centralised nation or state. The ancient "city" was, at least, an organically rounded-off social entity of manageable size. The modern nation or centralised state is a hideous monstrosity, the offspring of capitalism in its various phases, in its present

shape the outcome of the developed capitalism of the great industry. We quite admit that in form it may, and probably will, survive the earlier stages of Socialism, but its ultimate disappearance is none the less certain. The sentiment of national patriotism will then, let us hope, be reduced to its last expression—the holding of annual dinners, or some harmless festivity of this sort, such as is affected by the natives of certain English counties resident in the metropolis. The Nationalist movement, therefore, is an old Radical “plank,” which clearly no longer belongs to us as Socialists.

We will now take an opposite example. We not unfrequently hear that the attack on the old theological systems, as enslaving the human mind to day, is a matter with which we have no special concern. This is, however, on quite a different footing to the foregoing. Secular education, of course, forms part of the Social-Democratic programme in all countries. But, weakened though it has been, it would be rash to say that Clericalism, in the shape of theological dogma, has ceased to be a danger, and hence is no longer to be regarded as an active enemy. The weapons of the old Radical Freethought movement in the popular attack on this evil may have been largely superseded by the weapons of modern science and criticism; and the direct onslaught may have become less necessary since the flank movement has, so to say, taken the enemy in the rear. This admission by no means says that a direct attack is even now never the right tactics to pursue. It does not exonerate us from the obligation of making such a direct attack whenever the occasion presents itself. Religion may be a “private matter,” as the German programme has it, in many cases, but it ceases to be a private matter when it stands in the way of popular intellectual progress and especially when it tends to interfere with a scientific insight into historical and social problems. The allegation that Socialism has no opinions on such questions must be taken in a somewhat Pickwickian sense. What is really meant thereby is that among persons whose theological belief is practically dead, but who may or may not have a certain sentimental affection for the old formulæ embodying that belief it is not worth while stirring up dying dogs by unnecessary gibbetting of these formulæ. But, on the other hand, let any Socialist agitator try and bring home the truths of Socialism to a body of persons possessed of any serious belief in theology, and he will soon have the necessity of taking up a determined attitude on these questions brought home to him. The practical good sense of Socialists in such cases generally gets the better of their rigid shibboleth, and their anti-theological (not merely non-theological) attitude becomes as robust and aggressive as that of an old Voltairean. In this case it is clear, therefore, that talk about aggressive atheism or aggressive freethought as belonging exclusively to the old Radicalism is nonsensical where it is not actually disingenuous. In fact, in face of the active campaign of the Roman Catholic Church, among peasants and workmen in many parts of the continent of Europe, as well as in some of the States of North America, the notion of maintaining that religion is a purely private matter, and Socialism has no concern with it, if it be a pretence is a dishonest farce, and if it were no pretence would mean treachery to the party.

It were surely a much better policy while always insisting on the avoidance of barren theological controversies or the unnecessary irritation of smouldering religious sentiment to candidly admit that Socialism, like every other system of society, has its own *Weltanschauung*, or conception of the universe, and that, rash as it would undoubtedly be at present to attempt to confine it within the four corners of any formula or set of formulæ—that nevertheless, it is, if nothing else, incompatible with the supernaturalism and with much of the ethics of the old religious systems. It is, of course, perfectly true that a man may favour any particular “planks” of the immediate party programme and vote for them while remaining a strict Catholic or Calvinist or Jew or Moslem; and the present writer would be the last in the world to choke off such extraneous aid—aid which is not merely desirable or advantageous, but, in the present position of affairs at least, is in most countries absolutely essential to the formation of a Parliamentary Socialist Party. All that is sought to be urged here merely points to a distinction between such “proselytes of the gate” and those who are definitely recognised as members of the Socialist Party. The profession of dogmatic theological beliefs by the latter can but mean one of two things—either deliberate deception, or such a hopeless nebulosity of mind as to suggest that the persons in question are extremely undesirable members of an organisation where sincerity, outspokenness of conviction and clearness of intention are of the first importance.

E. BELFORT BAX.

THE PLAGUE AND CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.

WHILE it used to be thought that the plague could not occur in the Torrid Zone, it is known, in view of outbreaks of the disease within the tropics in Arabia and India, that this rule does not hold rigidly. In Egypt the autumn seems to be the season in which the plague appears, and June the month in which it dies out. In Europe, outside of Turkey, the plague season has been summer and autumn. In India no direct connection with the seasons could be detected in the epidemics of 1815-21, the first outbreak concerning which we have trustworthy information, and of 1836-38. From all the data at hand, the general conclusion is that a moderately high temperature favours the development and extension of the plague, but extremes of heat and cold are unfavourable to its breaking out. Exceptions to this rule are many. For instance, in the epidemic at Smyrna in 1735 the heat was so excessive during the plague that many of the people who left the town for neighbouring villages died of sunstroke on the way, while in Roumelia, in 1837-38, the plague continued in many places in which the temperature fell at times to 3 degrees Fahr. Regarding the effect of atmospheric moisture there is also some doubt. Some authorities hold that a high degree of humidity is necessary for the epidemic extension of the plague, while others maintain the opposite view. Certainly the occurrence of many outbreaks at high altitudes in Kurdistan, Arabia, China, and India, makes it clear that a moist atmosphere is not always an essential in the spread of the epidemic. The present outbreak in India, coming at a time when medical men in that country and all over the world are thoroughly alive to the importance of studying the climatic relations of the disease, will undoubtedly result in giving us much added information in this connection.—*Science*, New York.

DEEP CULTIVATION.

“The first commandment of agriculture is to plough ; the second to plough again ; and the third to plough a third time.”—CATO.

“The real wealth of a nation is not money, but the productive powers of *land and labour*.”—ARISTOTLE.

“Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them. that no person, either man or woman, is ignorant of it; *they are instructed in it from their childhood*, partly by what they learn at school, and partly by practice; they being led out often into the fields about the town, where they not only see others at work, but are likewise exercised in it themselves.”—SIR THOMAS MOORE'S “Utopia.”

As old as the hills, as the saying is, there is a widespread belief, I know not why, that the plant derives all its nutriment from the soil. This is a fallacy, as I hope to prove to the satisfaction of my readers, whether they be farmers or no. The farming class badly need enlightenment, for surely they would never waste their money in artificial mineral manures, as they now do, with a negative result, so far as those are concerned, and in time of drought, severe flood, or frost, suffering a total loss of crops.

Let any farmer take a carrot, or any reader buy, beg or steal a turnip, and cremate it. Let us suppose this has been done. Well, what have we left? A small amount of residue or ash bearing but an insignificant proportion to its bulk previous to combustion. That portion of the carrot represented in the ash is termed the mineral or inorganic elements of the plant; but the great mass of its vegetable structure has gone “into the air, and what seemed corporeal hath melted like breath into the wind,” and is called the organic elements.

This is a very simple experiment, and one which any person may perform and in the doing of it satisfy himself that nearly 95 per cent. of the structure of the vegetable, be it tree, plant or moss, are derived from the atmosphere, and not from the soil.

Indeed, the same applies to all living beings, whether they be plants, animals or men. As Huxley puts it: “Oxygen, the sweeper of the living organism, becomes the lord of the dead body. Atom by atom, the complex molecules of the tissues are taken to pieces and reduced to simpler and more oxidised substances, until the soft parts are dissipated chiefly in the form of carbonic acid, ammonia, water and soluble salts, and the bones and teeth alone remain.” But these do not long remain in that condition. The animal basis that holds together the mineral elements soon decomposes, and “nothing is left but a little powder.” If man have no other than a physical nature, what a crushing satire is this fact upon our so-called greatness! The king and subject, the lord and menial, the capitalist and wage-slave, all must ultimately come to “a little powder,” and this, too, either *via* the crematorium, or the slower and nastier process carried on, in “the grave.”

My readers will now be prepared for the statement of professor Monsieur Georges Ville that—“Plants being composed of organic elements, which are

four, and mineral elements, which are ten, whence come the organic and mineral elements of the plant? The former come from the air and water; the latter from the soil."

Take, as an instance, wheat. "Its composition is known to be as follows," says Ville* :—

Carbon	47.69	} 93.55 obtained from air and water—the atmosphere.
Hydrogen	5.54	
Oxygen	40.32	
Soda	0.09	
Magnesia	0.20	} 3.45 per cent. with which the soil is superabundantly supplied, and which do not need to be restored to it.
Sulphuric acid	0.31	
Chlorine	0.03	
Oxide of iron	0.06	
Silica	2.47	} 3.00 per cent. with which the soil is supplied only in a limited extent, and which must be furnished by manures.
Manganese29	
Nitrogen	1.60	
Phosphoric acid	0.45	
Potash	0.66	
Lime	0.29	

We have thus seen that the greater part of the structure of the plant, the organic, is derived from the atmosphere and not the soil; that the lesser, the mineral portion, or inorganic, is not only derived from the soil, but also that these elements are contained in the soil and subsoil in such abundance that there is no need for the agriculturist to supply them by costly artificial manures. Phosphoric acid and potash, with that very valuable but volatile substance called nitrogen, should be supplied by good farmyard manure, chalk or lime, in suitable quantities, being supplied also to attract and hold for the plant's use the nitric, sulphuric and phosphoric acids, and last but not least, "the great dissolver," as Hoskyns puts it, carbonic acid, present either in the air, or the soil, or both.

The following valuable analysis of a surface-soil and subsoil, by Professor Eugene C. Schrottky,* will show agriculturists what they lose by not practising deep cultivation, as it demonstrates eloquently the large store of inorganic or mineral plant food available in the subsoil :—

	SURFACE SOIL.			SUBSOIL.		
Insoluble silica	59.26	53.71
Soluble silica	2.63	3.96
Alumina	3.12	3.27
Iron	6.10	7.15
Lime	5.36	8.85
Magnesia	0.02	0.21
Soda	0.93	1.02
Potash	1.53	1.89
Carbonic acid	7.00	10.36
Phosphoric acid	0.13	0.49
Sulphuric acid	0.63	0.94
Chlorine	1.20	1.32
Organic matter	12.09	6.83
	100.00			100.00		

I must emphasise here the fact that sub-soiling, as deep cultivation is sometimes called, should not be performed at one operation, but gradually, if crops are wanted; but if the farmer can afford a bare fallow until the

* S. werby's "Manual of Cultivation." Published at 72, Fleet Street.

disintegrative powers of nature have rendered the "dead" subsoil fit for the plant's use, then by all means plough or dig it up, leaving the infusoria and the other atmospheric forces to do the rest.

Farmers speak of the subsoil as being dead and foul. So it is, but as soon as those very industrious little gentlemen, the infusoria, are allowed access to it, it becomes as sweet and as productive as the surface soil.

Says Schrottky: "To increase and even double the present out-turn, it is only necessary to turn up every year a portion of the subsoil, nature doing the rest."

An experiment in deep cultivation was tried last year (1896) on the Enham Estate, but the landowner, Mrs. Earle, turned up the subsoil at one operation, and because the crops did not exceed those grown by superficial cultivation the experiment was dubbed, by interested people, a failure. This year, if cultivated, the land should tell a different tale.

I reiterate, artificial manures are not necessary; in fact, the manufacturer and importer of these have fixed themselves around the neck of the unfortunate agriculturist like a veritable old man of the sea.

Labour is what is wanted, not artificial manure. With good farmyard manure, which agriculturists could obtain in any quantity by breeding more and more stock; liming, to hold the nitric and other acids in the land, and with deep cultivation, thoroughly pulverising the soil, the British farmer could produce food for six times the present population. Soils vary from a few inches in depth to several feet. But the rock underlying must be very hard, if a greater depth of soil be desired, that will not permit of its being made by cultivation. This only applies to shallow soils. There are very few soils that will not permit of a depth of three feet being ploughed or dug. And this is the depth that all farmers and gardeners should plough or dig, thoroughly pulverising the soil, so that the air may freely have access to the roots of the plant; that the rain may go downwards, where nature intended it to go, below the subsoil, and be held in reserve there against drought. Soil in this state of cultivation in time of flood acts as a sponge, and permits of the rains reaching the rivers *via* the brooks and springs by a gradual process, thus preventing the devastation which floods cause in all civilised portions of the globe by the rain rushing over hard and impervious earth in its headlong course to the rivers, which very quickly overflow, as we see in the Thames Valley every now and then. Deep cultivation is thus a cure for floods. But it is in time of drought that the farmer is repaid the trouble and cost of deep cultivation. By this system of cultivation there is assured a reservoir of that rich food, water, at all times, and especially in times of drought, which, by capillary attraction, the roots can obtain in sufficient quantity for the plant's use. The amount of water supplied must be no more than the plant needs for its requirements; if by superficial cultivation the rain cannot descend below the roots, the plant has thus offered to it a greater quantity of water than it can absorb or take up in a given time, with the result the roots rot and the plant dies. Says Socrates: "When they [seeds] are over-watered they cannot shoot forth, and are unable to penetrate the surface of the ground; but when they

have just so much moisture as is requisite, we may behold them break through the clod with vigour." Again, in time of frost, with deep cultivation, the roots can run down out of the way of his icy majesty, and live.

To sum up, then, deep cultivation is the farmer's salvation in time of drought, flood or frost.

General Sir Arthur Cotton for some years has been engaged in experimenting in agriculture, and he has written a very valuable pamphlet on the results obtained.* In his pamphlet, Sir Arthur says: "At the present time (June 2, 1894) the wheat is 6 ft. high and in ear with from 40 to 90 ears per plant, 14½ in. apart each way, 30,000 per acre, averaging perhaps 55 ears per plant from a single seed, 3 lbs. of seed per acre."

Thus, we see, deep cultivation with the General's system of planting is a great saving of seed, and it gives us a quantity of produce far in excess of that obtained by superficial cultivation. Sir Arthur Cotton and others have obtained 100 bushels of wheat to the acre. Sir John Lawes says this is impossible, because, forsooth, by superficial cultivation and the help of his friends, the artificial manure makers and importers, he can only obtain 40 bushels per acre! He draws an illogical conclusion from imperfect premises when he says lo! my 40 bushels cannot be improved upon, and, therefore, agriculture is doomed in England!

This is a state of things that the average landowner and his friends the capitalists doubtless desire to see; for by the production of a minimum of food in these islands (which they consume, leaving the people to be fed upon foreign garbage), it leaves them plenty of room for hunting and sporting purposes.

The landowner drives the labourer into the capitalist's factory, and in return the capitalist pays a fancy price for shooting and sporting purposes generally, to the landowner. And thus we see the balance between them is kept up and assured to both. The landowner gets his rent, and every one ought to be happy from his point of view?

But the burden of our song is, we are not happy whilst such things be. We demand that the land shall be cultivated, and if there be not room in that case for hunting and sporting purposes, let those who have nothing else to do go where they can gratify their tastes. There is no room for them here. There are 21,000 hounds maintained in the United Kingdom exclusively for hunting purposes.

The Earl of Yarborough estimates there are 33,000 riders and 99,000 horses engaged in fox-hunting alone, at a cost of nearly £4,000,000 (four millions) sterling annually. And this, too, when millions of human beings in these islands go short of food six days out of every seven, the week being one day feast with six days famine, more or less; when thousands, week in and week out, never know what it is to eat "a good square meal." Look on those figures and on these:

The total gross value in 1896 of agricultural (foreign) imports was £124,912,305 sterling, and this, too, whilst millions of acres are either not

* Sowerby's "Manual of Cultivation." Published at 72, Fleet Street.

cultivated at all or cultivated unscientifically. Just imagine importing £15,344,083 sterling worth of butter, and £2,498,425 of margarine. Of this latter, what is not used in workhouses for the paupers' use—the officials get best fresh—is sold in poor neighbourhoods for best British butter! £4,184,567 represented eggs, many of them, too, not being sold till they become ancient of days and cry aloud to Heaven when broken; the remainder being represented by corn, maize, flour, hops, fruit, vegetables, poultry, &c, all of which, excepting oranges and other similar foreign fruit, could have been produced at home.

There are about 77,000,000 acres in Great Britain and Ireland. According to a return issued from the Board of Agriculture on December 4, 1896, there were only 1,693,957 acres in Great Britain devoted that year to wheat. And the individuals who hunt and shoot over the land of the people have the audacity to tell those who have not the time to look into this subject for themselves that (1) it does not pay to grow wheat; (2) the climate is unsuitable. When the first excuse fails to achieve their purpose of preserving the land for "the glorious hunt," they fall back upon the second.

Having dairy farms of their own, it troubles them but little what "the people" would do in time of war. One of these kind friends, in the event of war, would have us erect granaries to store foreign grown corn, forsooth, at a vast and ruinous cost to the nation, which, after the rats, mice, and other vermin had satisfied themselves therewith, would be found useless as human food, and "the people" would starve after all. Truly we are, in this year of grace 1897, wisely and most wonderfully governed! According to the usual weekly return issued from the Custom House, on January 25, 1897, the imports of foreign food stuffs will be greatly increased this year. Of wheat there were 1,146,700 cwts.; wheat meal and flour, barley, oats, peas, beans, in the same proportion; apples, hay, hops, onions, potatoes; butter, margarine, cheese, milk, and cream (fresh); eggs (galore), poultry and game, rabbits dead and not tinned, lard; bacon, beef, hams, pork (preserved); fresh meat—beef, mutton, and pork; and, lastly, living animals, as oxen, sheep, &c. A most formidable bill, and one, let my readers recollect, which is repeated week after week.

It may astonish those two worthy farmers, Messrs. Bacon and Pig, to learn that Sir Arthur Cotton considers it possible, with deep cultivation, in spite of the hindrances of climate, to grow maize profitably in this country. In Appendix VII. of his pamphlet he writes:—"One remarkable thing about it—Indian corn—was that last year (1894), when every leaf of the potatoes was totally destroyed by a late frost, the Indian corn was not touched by it, and it is therefore quite possible it will be an invaluable early summer fodder crop." Sir Arthur has sent me some of his matured Indian corn, which I have submitted to corn chandlers, who were unable to detect any difference when compared with American-grown maize.

It might also be grown by market gardeners, and sold when green. I am told, when boiled, the cobs eat like green peas. Perhaps some market gardener will take the hint. Seeing that we import 1,000,000 cwts. every

week, it is worth our farmers' while to try what they can do. But, as the learned Chandos Wren Hoskyns says in "Talpa":—"Once make the cultivators of the soil feel, as a body, that in the land itself they have really no interest beyond its annual produce, and you poison agriculture at its source. Shallow draining, shallow cultivation, shallow reckonings, and shallow knowledge of his business are not naturally inherent in a man because he is a 'tenant farmer;' but in a country where the law reigns supreme (as happily with us), an erroneous law applied to the land may by degrees really make it come to appear so." The landlord, the lawyer, and the parson rob the farmer, and the latter starves his labourer. "Free the soil," says Hoskyns, from the pestilent tyranny of parchment; "pulverise your soil deeply," said old Jethro Tull, the sixteenth century agriculturalist, and, say I and others, agriculture in England will be as thriving a business as any other, and, whilst we must produce for "profit," be as profitable, or more so.

Some of my readers may feel sorry I have not championed the cause of the allotment holder. The allotment is a fraud, inasmuch as the cultivator neither has the time, nor the knowledge, nor the capital to make the land produce what it should. These allotments are only granted by the earth-thief as a sop in the pan to the wage-slave, and in the granting of it usually makes it pay him 50 per cent. more than he charges the farmer.

Machinery is fast supplanting hand labour in agriculture, as in all other businesses, and a good thing too. The sooner machinery and the forces of nature perform all the physical labour needed, the better for the human family. In the department of the Tarn, France, there is an Englishman of the name of Pratt who, by electricity generated by means of a river on his estate, performs all tillage operations from ploughing downwards, only a minimum of hand labour being employed.

There is an enormous amount of force in these islands flowing away uselessly daily to the sea, which might be utilised to generate electricity, not only for all farming operations, but also for all other businesses, and illuminating and propelling purposes as well. No, we do not want the allotment holder. He stops the advance of evolution. The days of Adam and his children are passed. We want no more Noahs planting vineyards and getting drunk. We know that drunkenness, like wage-slavery, is a curse, and that man was created for something better. To be a successful agriculturist requires an education far in advance of that possessed by the average farmer. He needs to be a geologist, chemist, botanist, meteorologist, surveyor—should be a political economist, and last, but not least, a good Socialist; for he would then see it is the business of the State to raise food for use, and not that of individuals for "profit"

H. R. G. GOGAY.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF MARX'S "CAPITAL."

IN *L'Avenir Sociale*, for March, our comrade E. Vandervelde has an article on the above, in which he says:—

"Although the third volume of 'The Capital,' corrected by Frederick Engels, appeared in 1894, and gave rise to numerous discussions in Germany, it has not, up till the present time, been put into either the French or the English language. Our friend Bernstein, stated recently (*Neue Zeit*, 1896-97, B. 2) that Mr. Hyndman, perhaps the most 'Marxist' of the English Socialists, has hardly mentioned it in his latest book ('The Economics of Socialism'), although that book is largely consecrated to the popularisation of the Socialist theories on value.

"As regards French Socialists, we can say that until now the good work to which Engels consecrated the last years of his life—he was correcting the proofs when we saw him for the last time—remains a sealed letter.

"Under these conditions we think it will be useful to give a detailed analysis of the third book of 'The Capital.' We presume, naturally, that the theory of value, which has its roots in classical political economy, is understood by our readers. Marx has given it its most complete expression in the following manner in the first book of 'The Capital': 'It is the "quantum" of labour or the labour time necessary in a given society for the product of an article, which determines the quantity of the value of that article. Each commodity acts in general as an average example of its kind. Commodities in which are contained equal quantities of labour or which can be produced in the same time have consequently an equal value. The value of one commodity is to the value of any other commodity in the same comparison as the labour-time necessary to the production of the one is to the labour-time necessary for the production of the other.'

"Those who—holding exclusively to the first book of 'The Capital'—have pronounced against this theory, a condemnation which they believe to be without appeal, have pretended to refute it by showing that it seems to contradict many facts of every-day life; such, for example, as those that Emile de Laveleye signalises, in the following passage, in his book on 'Contemporary Socialism:'

"'Here are facts which prove that value is not in proportion to labour. In a day's hunting, I catch a deer and you a hare. They are the products of equal efforts put forth during an equal period of time; will they have equal values? No. The deer will nourish me for five days, the hare only for one. The value of the one will be five times greater than that of the other. The wine of Château Lafitte is worth 12s. a bottle, whilst that of the neighbouring vineyard is only worth 9d., notwithstanding that not twice the amount of labour has been spent upon the former as upon the latter. The wheat obtained from fertile ground has more value than that which is yielded by unfertile soil, although it has cost "socially," that is to say, regularly and continually, less labour. Butter is sold at 1s. 4d. the pound, and, moreover, is almost spontaneously produced from the pastures on which the cow nourishes itself. Thus, we sometimes obtain for equal efforts very unequal values, and sometimes equal values for unequal quantities of labour. Value is then not in proportion to labour.'

"It will be granted that if statements of such elementary fact suffice to refute the Marxist theory, it is difficult to understand how it is that there are still non-Socialist partisans and theorists—Professor Sombart, of Breslau, for example—who declare that whilst it is perhaps refutable it has not yet been refuted.* Only in order to understand the thought of Marx, it is indispensable to know the whole of it. It is especially necessary to seek in the two last volumes of his great work the explanation of the apparent contradictions which exist between the facts of every-day life and the abstract theoretical deductions of Book I.

"As a matter of fact, the first volume of 'The Capital' is occupied exclusively with 'The Development of Capitalist Production,' with the process of production considered in itself, an abstraction being made of factors foreign to production properly so-called, the action of competition, for example.

"But in the actual world, this process of production does not exhaust all the course of the existence of capital. It is completed by the process of circulation, whose phenomena are studied in Book II.

"Lastly, in Book III., the development of capitalist production is considered in its entirety. Instead of studying in an abstract manner the process of circulation and of production (in the restricted sense of the term) we see them in their real unity and gradually approach the forms of capitalist production as they appear on the surface of society, in competition, the action of capitals upon each other, and in the competition of the agents of production.

"Whilst in Book I. Marx reveals the hidden springs of the capitalist system, in the third, on the contrary, he shows how these 'bases' are covered and dissimulated by phenomena more apparent and more superficial which strike more directly on the sense, but which do not go to the bottom of things.

"It is thus, for example, that having to explain the formation of price, he does not refuse to take into consideration the individual motives of buyers and sellers, and admits, with all economists, that prices are determined by competition, and by supply and demand. Only—as we shall see further on—competition is regulated by the rate of profits, the rate of profits by the rate of surplus-value; and surplus-value by the value of the product, which is itself the expression of a socially conditioned act, the productive force of social labour.

"In going thus from the external to the internal, from the surface to the bottom of things, we obtain the following series: Price—competition—profit—surplus-value—value—social labour.

"In the analysis of Marx, on the contrary, this same series is presented, but in an inverse sense: Social labour—value—surplus-value—profit—competition—price.

"To recapitulate, we learn from Book I.:

"(1.) That the value of a commodity is determined by the quantum of labour crystallised in it, by the social time necessary to its production, or, more exactly, to its reproduction.

"(2.) That the capital employed in production is composed of two parts, constant capital and variable capital.

"In the course of production the part of capital which is transformed into means of production, that is to say, into raw materials, auxiliary

*Zür kritik des ökonomischen Systems von Karl Marx; Braun's Archiv für soziale Gesetzgebung und Statistik, Viertes Heft, 1894.

materials, and instruments of labour, do not modify its value. Therefore, this portion of capital is called "constant capital."

"That portion of capital transformed into labour-force, on the contrary, changes its value in the course of production. The capitalist buys the labour force of the workers, whom he exploits, at its exchange-value, and makes use of it as use-value. It reproduces its own equivalent, and a surplus, a surplus-value which is variable. This part of capital is transformed then constantly from a constant amount to a variable amount. Thus we call this portion of capital variable capital.'

"We have thus the two first terms of our series—value—surplus-value, which are treated in chapters i., ii., vi., and vii. of Book I.

After this preliminary explanation, Vandervelde goes on to deal with Book III.* to show how surplus-value is transformed into profit, and how, under the action of competition, profit is transformed into average profit (*Durchschnittes Profit*).

"In the capitalist régime the value of each commodity is expressed by the formula: $C = c + v + s$, that is to say, that the value of each commodity equals the capital—constant capital (c) and variable capital (v)—consumed in order to produce it, + the surplus-value (s), resulting from the unpaid labour which is incorporated in the commodity.

"If we cut off this surplus-value, from the value produced, we obtain a value which replaces, purely and simply, the value of the capital ($c + v$) expended in the production. This value expresses what the commodity has cost to the capitalist, and constitutes, consequently, for him, the cost of production (*Kostpreis*) of that commodity.

"There is then an essential difference between the value of a commodity and its cost of production.

"The cost of production represents what this commodity costs to the capitalist, that is to say, the capital expended for its production; the value, on the contrary, expresses what it really costs—that is to say, the labour expended in its production.

"That element of the value of the product, which constitutes the surplus-value, does not enter into the cost of production; it costs nothing to the capitalist, because it arises from the unpaid labour of the worker.

"Such is the reality, the bottom of things; but it is quite otherwise in what Marx calls *Die Erscheinungswelt*, the world of appearances.

"In the capitalist régime, he who holds the capital appears as the real producer of the commodity, and, from his point of view, it matters little what expenditure of labour the production of this commodity costs; he considers only the expenditure of capital that it requires; and this cost in capital (*Kostpreis*) constitutes in his eyes the real cost of the commodity, its natural price and its intrinsic value. He seems, then, when he makes a profit, to sell his commodity above its value, and, thanks to this operation, creates himself the surplus-value, in the course of the process of circulation.

"Only let us not forget there is here an illusion, a pure appearance, which hides the reality and serves to dissimulate the exploitation of labour. The surplus-value is not derived from the difference between the value and the sale price, but from the difference between the value and the cost of production. It is realised, under the form of profit, in the course of the process of circulation; but it is born out of the labour taken for nothing by the capitalist in the course of the process of production.

* "Das Kapital," Buch III. Der Gesamtprozess der kapitalistischen Produktion I. S. 1-119. Hamburg, Verlag von Otto Meissner, 1894.

"To give a résumé, the cost of production does not represent the value of the commodity, but only the value of the capital ($c+v$) expended in order to produce it, and if we designate by K this cost of production (*Kostpreis*), the formula $C=c+v+s-v$ is changed into $C=K+s-v$.

"In this new formula, constant capital and variable capital are confounded under the same title, and this confusion perfectly corresponds to that which takes place in the mind of the capitalist.

"The capitalist, who translates all his expenses into money, makes no distinction between the part of his capital which he pays in wages (variable capital) and that with which he buys raw material, auxiliary materials, and the other means of production (constant capital).

"In his eyes the only distinction which has any importance is that which exists between constant capital—of which a part only is devoted to the process of production—and variable capital, whose value passes entirely into the product.

"We have already seen that surplus-value, although arising exclusively from a change in value of variable capital (v) forms, however, during the passage of the process of production—if we look at it from the capitalist point of view—an increase in the value of the whole of the capital spent in the production ($c+v$). The formula $c+(v+s-v)$, which indicates that $s-v$ is derived exclusively from v , is replaced then by $(c+v)+s-v$.

"It is necessary to remark that—again, from the point of view of the capitalist—this surplus-value ($s-v$) constitutes an increase, not only in the capital actually spent, but in the whole of the capital engaged in the production, even if this capital is not entirely consumed in the course of this production.

"Surplus-value springs, then, not only from variable capital, transformed into labour-force, and from fixed capital actually consumed, but indifferently from all the portions of the capital engaged in production. It becomes, under these conditions, the profit which the capitalist draws from the whole of his capital.

"The formula $C=c+v+s-v=K+s-v$ is changed into $C+K+p$ or value of the commodity + cost of production + profit.

"In consequence profit, as it appears at the present moment of our analysis, is nothing else but surplus-value in a mystified form, which develops and must necessarily develop in the régime of capitalist production. It is surplus-value, put into relation with the whole of the capital engaged in production, instead of being put into relation only with the variable portion of this capital.

"In these conditions, if the commodity, realised by the process of circulation, is sold at its value ($K+s-v$) the profit is equal to the surplus-value. Only we shall see soon that, according to Marx, one of the characteristics of the capitalist régime is precisely that, as a general rule, commodities are sold not at their value, but at a price higher or lower than this value. Under the action of competition between capitals, which tends to carry itself toward those branches of production where the profits are most considerable, these profits tend to equalise themselves and to be transformed into average profit. It goes, then, without saying, that profit is distinguished from surplus-value, as price is distinguished from value.

" III.—THE RATE OF PROFIT.

"We have just seen that, if the commodity is sold at its value, the profit is only surplus-value expressed in a different manner.

"The rate of surplus-value, determined by the relation between surplus-value and variable capital, becomes the rate of profit when it is put in relation with the whole of capital.

"Instead of $\frac{s-v}{v}$ rate of surplus-value, we obtain the rate of profit: $\frac{P}{CAP.} = \frac{P}{C+V}$

"This rate of profit is determined by two factors: The rate of surplus-value and the composition (*Werthzusammensetzung*) of capital; that is to say, the more or less relative importance of constant and variable capital. It is evident that, all other things being equal, the rate of profit will be high in proportion as that portion of capital, not productive of surplus-value, is low.

"Let us suppose, for example, a capital of 100 ($c=80$ $v=20$), producing a surplus-value of 20. The rate of surplus-value, in relation with the variable capital (20 v) will be 100 per cent.; the rate of profit resulting from the relation of this surplus-value with Cap. 100, will be 20 per cent. If later the surplus-value and the variable capital remain the same, and the constant portion of capital is reduced by one half, the profit, which was only a fifth of the capital considered in its entirety, would be raised to a third of it.

"Consequently, the rise in the rate of profit could result either from the augmentation of surplus-value or from the reduction of constant capital.

"This is the result in either case, as we shall enumerate briefly below:—

"(1) The rate of profit rises—all other things being equal—when surplus-value increases—on account of reductions in the time of exchange (*Umschlagszeit*).

"We learn from Book II. that the reduction in the time devoted either to the process of circulation, or to the process of production, raises the amount of surplus-value produced, by the same capital, during a given period. All that has been said in Book II. ought to be repeated for the rate of profit, because this depends on the relation between P, equals s-v, and the whole of the capital engaged. The two great influences which act in this manner in the sense of the increase of the rate of profit are, on the one hand, the development of the means of transport—which reduces the time of circulation—and on the other hand, the augmentation of the productivity of labour, which is designated under the name of the progress of industry, and which reduces the time of production.

"(2) The rate of profit increases—the composition of capital, the number of workers, and the nominal wage remaining the same—when surplus-value is increased by the lengthening of the labour day.

"It is otherwise when the number of workers or the greater intensity of labour necessitates the employment of larger works, of more costly machines, and consequently necessitating a considerable augmentation of fixed capital. The rate of profit then tends to augment on one hand and to diminish on the other; whilst the lengthening of the labour day does not necessitate an augmentation of constant capital, and only leads to a relatively small increase in circulating capital (cost of lighting, raw materials, etc.).

"(3) Supposing surplus-value to be invariable, the rate of profit increases, if the cost of constant capital diminishes, supposing that its mass remains the same.

"The diminution of fixed cost results principally from the progress of technique, from the division and organisation of labour, in the branches of industry which furnish the capitalist with raw materials, auxiliary materials, and the means of production which he needs. What benefits the capitalist

in this case are the improvements produced by others, in every branch of social labour which affects the industry in which he has invested his capital.

"(4) Profit can increase—even when the different elements of constant capital remain invariable—by a decrease in its bulk resulting from economies realised in its employment.

"These economies can be of a very different nature :

"(a) Economies in the conditions of labour, affected generally to the detriment of the health and security of the workers, *e.g.*, insufficient ventilation of the workshops, insufficient precautions against accidents, defective conditions of workshops as regards cubic space, lighting, aeration, &c.

"(b) Economies realised in the production of motive power, the transmission of this power and the more reasonable management of the installations.

"(c) Economies realised by the use of the waste resulting from production (clippings, residue, &c.), and from consumption (rags, &c.)

"(d) Economies resulting from new inventions, conditioned by the progressive socialisation of labour which alone renders them realisable.

"It may be noted in this respect, that the introduction of these inventions in practice is often very onerous for those who take the initiative. It sometimes happens, when important inventions are concerned, that those first introducing them are thereby bankrupted, and that only those who are skilful in the acquisition of their material manage to obtain a profit.

"To resume, then, it is labour, which, under all different forms, really supports all the charges of the increase of profit ; the labour of the workers, whose labour day is prolonged and whose health and security is compromised by sordid economies ; the labour of inventors and of the agents of production in other branches of industry, who increase the productivity of labour, develop the means of transport, and reduce the cost of production, or the sum of fixed capital ; the labour, simple or complex, manual or intellectual, including that of the capitalists themselves when they are acting as captains of industry receiving the wages of superintendence.

"But here still, and more and more profoundly as the method of capitalist production develops, reality is dissimulated under appearance, and the workers seem to remain foreign to the different factors which tend to increase profit.

"(1) The means of production which serve to form constant capital only represent the money spent by the capitalist in order to acquire them, while the workers serve only as use-value—means of labour or material of labour. It is then natural that the increase or decrease of the exchange-value of fixed capital, appears absolutely indifferent to them, and they do not trouble to occupy themselves with it.

"(2) In the same way the worker considers the social character of his labour, and his combination with the labour of others in order to realise a common end, as a power quite foreign to him. The conditions which permit him to realise this combination, and to draw from collective labour all its advantages are the property of others, and he will not scruple to waste them if they are not guarded by a constant supervision. It is quite otherwise in the workshops belonging to the workers themselves, as at Rochdale, for example.

"(3) In the mind of the capitalist it is the sale of the commodity which produces surplus-value ; the realisation of this in the process of circulation makes him forget, or permits him to dissimulate, the fact that it is created,

in the process of production, by the unpaid labour, the excess-labour of the wage-worker whom he exploits. Moreover, this surplus-value remaining the same, the rate of his profit depends on the skill, the experience, and the economy with which he buys and uses the means of production engaged in his business. He resorts, in fact, to the statement that we have just made—namely, that profit is so much greater in proportion as the raw materials are bought cheap, as the waste of the means of production is better prevented by supervision, and as the direction of the whole of the different stages of the business is better understood.

“So it is natural that these circumstances induce the capitalist to believe—nay, even to arrive at the conviction—that his profit is caused, not by the exploitation of labour, but more or less by other factors independent of this, and especially by his own individual acts.

“We shall see in Section II. how this appearance is consolidated by the transformation of profit into average profit.”

THE CASE FOR THE TRANSVAAL.

UNDER this title F. Reginald Staltram contributes an article to the *National Review*. It consists, as he says, of “rejected evidence.” Up to 1890 “the Transvaal Government and Volksraad were animated by a sincere desire to consult the interests of the foreign population in every possible way;” but about that time Mr. Rhodes became Premier of Cape Colony, and “suddenly the air became alive with rumours of strained relations.” Not only were demands made by the High Commissioner (Sir Henry Loch), but made in a dictatorial and arrogant manner. It was evident that the policy pursued was that of Mr. Rhodes, and not of the Imperial Government. “All the defensive measures which the Transvaal has been compelled to adopt are the result of Rhodesian aggression,” made manifest in 1895, when “the Rhodesian group of capitalists spent a quarter of a million in organising a revolution in Johannesburg.” Among the *real* grievances from which all the inhabitants suffer is a bad and inefficient water-supply. (N.B.—Mr. Barnato’s is the controlling influence of the Water Company.) The complaint that British subjects and Cape Colonists are excluded from holding office under the Transvaal Government is groundless. The Auditor-General in Pretoria, the Postmaster at Johannesburg, the Sub-Director of Telegraphs, the head of the Telephone Department, and the Sheriff are English-born or Cape Colonists; several instances also are found in the Civil Service of the Transvaal.

With regard to the language question, if Dutch is the official language (and why not?) English is universally understood, and very generally spoken.

As to the franchise, “it is surely obvious that there can be no franchise without naturalisation. . . . It is idle for people to complain of the denial of the franchise when they have neglected to take the simple legal steps to qualify themselves for obtaining it.” The famous petition with 38,000 signatures is an impossibility, the adult male population being rather over 25,000.

“If war should come, how many months would it be before the whole country awoke to the fact that, at the bidding of a handful of Stock Exchange manipulators, mostly of foreign origin, it had committed itself to the most disastrous crime in the whole of English history? . . . the influence of the Rhodesian group of speculators is monstrous and abnormal. Let it be repudiated.”

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE *Nineteenth Century* has an article by Ernest Bennett entitled "Side-lights on the Cretan Insurrection." He says that we are really ignorant of the facts, here in England, for the telegrams have been "a *mélange* of falsehood and exaggeration." Many of the stories that have reached us are absolutely groundless, and in other cases, when the matter has been honestly inquired into, the Turks must be often completely exonerated from all blame, and the action they took justified. For instance, to consider the case at Kissamo Kastelli, where some houses belonging to Christians were demolished. The truth is that under cover of these houses the insurgents were trying to mine the fortifications!

The Moslems have suffered much more than the Christians have; and "as far as shooting is concerned the aggression comes almost entirely from the Christians."

Mr. Bennett relates an incident of a Christian church, the congregation of which had fled, and yet the building was uninjured, not even a window broken, and this in the very midst of troops of Moslem soldiers! "Even amongst ourselves, how long in, say, an Ulster village, would a Roman Catholic chapel, deserted by its congregation, keep its doors and windows intact?"

The stories told of the starvation of the insurgents in Crete are "as ludicrous as pernicious." There is no scarcity of food, and if there were the blame rests with the Greek Government. Those who are in danger of starvation are Moslems.

Then, as to the "atrocities." "I was told," says Mr. Bennett, "on good authority, that some of the wives and daughters of Moslems were violated by Christians;" and he gives, further, a terrible story of mutilations inflicted on Moslem women and boys, which the Christians declared the Moslems had committed themselves. "One wonders if they seriously expect this tale to be believed."

"Enthusiasm for the freedom of Crete is a very thin veneer upon the schemes of Greek ambition. . . . It is certainly high time that this beautiful island enjoyed some measure of peace and prosperity. . . . Revolution after revolution has left its cruel memories behind it."

M. F. de Pressensé (*Nineteenth Century*) in "The Powers and the East in the Light of the War," says: "To my mind, the present situation is one of the most critical, I do not say only in the history of the Eastern Question, but in the fabric of modern Europe."

At the end of last century, there was, too, put before the states and the statesmen of the period a difficult and redoubtable problem. I dare to say the partition of Poland—that is to say, the suppression of a legitimate, living, historical state, with a nation full of life, and wanting to remain free—was for the Powers who took part in it, or who allowed the crime to be consummated under their eyes, something of a trial and a judgment. . . . For the nineteenth century, in its death throes, it seems the Eastern Question is fated to play the part of the Poland business for our forefathers."

The *Contemporary* has two articles bearing on the Eastern Question. In the "Concert of Europe" we read that "an energetic newspaper lately described the Concert as 'three despots, two vassals, and a coward.' The

Eastern Question," says the writer of this article, is "the question of the dissolution of Turkey."

The Czar is described as a "dull, good man, sunk in autocracy and obscurantism," who "could not be made to understand what three out of four men in England think of such questions as have arisen in Armenia or Crete. To the Czar, an Emperor, even in Turkey, is an Emperor, but a people is nothing, and freedom is an impertinence."

"The paralysis of Europe," he continues, "would be comic if it were not fraught with disasters."

"There is, at this moment, only one Power in Europe which is quite free to form new combinations." That Power is England, and a *temporary* combination with Russia is not impossible, though this would not answer the present question."

"War is largely made with money, nowadays. All the world knows that we could put down ten millions for every one that any other Power could raise if there were need."

The writer of the "Sultan and the Powers" says: "The most significant feature of the situation here (Constantinople) is the assurance of the Sultan, which he freely expresses, that his policy has been a triumphant success. It is probably true that he has never been so strong as he is to-day." Egypt and Arabia are applauding him, and even the "enlightened Mohammedans of India" have not condemned his massacre of Christians. In Turkey "the old spirit of fanaticism has risen to fever heat." In spite of financial difficulties, loss of territory, and other troubles; in spite of the fact that his policy is condemned almost unanimously by the whole of Christendom as the policy of "a madman or a bloodthirsty tyrant," the Sultan continues to maintain his position.

The Concert "stands between public opinion and the Sultan"; but what is this Concert, and what has it done? In its present form it has existed a year, and its business is "to deal with the Sultan." It has not only been powerless to prevent massacres, but it has not even punished one person concerned; it has, indeed, materially "strengthened the position of the Sultan." The result in Crete is "that Greece and Turkey have massed great armies in Thessaly, with consequences which cannot be foreseen; while the Cretans have defied the Great Powers, and General Vassos rules the greater part of the island." In the opinion of the writer of the article some of the Powers forming the Concert would prefer that the matter should not be settled. The truth seems to be that in this Concert (!) everyone plays his own separate tune. "It would be delightful to set out the ridiculous side of this Concert."

The *Century Illustrated Magazine* has an article by Demetrius Kalopothakes, "Crete, the Island of Discord." Nothing but union with Greece, in his opinion, can give peace to Crete. "This must not be understood," he adds, "as implying that Greek rule is even approximately a model one. The present plight of the Greek kingdom, politically and financially, is indeed sorry."

"A Turkish Patriot" contributes to the *Fortnightly* a "Study in Turkish Reform." He summarises these reforms somewhat as follows:—

I. The despotic absolutism of the Sultan to be destroyed.

II. The military and civil services to be thrown open to Mussulman and non-Mussulman subjects of the Sultan.

III. A Supreme Court of Justice to be constituted, composed mainly of Europeans, to form a judicial control of the whole Ottoman Empire. The "Law of the Vilayets" to be modified.

IV. A Civil Service Commission to be created, to direct not only the competition for public services, but also the whole educational system of Turkey.

V. A free Press to be established.

VI. A High Council of Finance to be appointed.

"Russia—and I do not blame her, she also has her own interests to care for first—will never, save under compulsion, allow Turkey to be effectively reformed. That would mean her way in this part of the globe barred for ever. Will that compulsion be applied or not?"

So many persons have spoken or written on the various phases of the Eastern Question that it goes without saying we have a proportionate number of opinions. On one point, however, they all agree—it is high time something was done. With regard to the Cretan episode, it must be remembered that Crete was the last Turkish conquest in Europe; it has been in a more or less disturbed condition for 600 years, and has risen eight times during the present century.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM.

"A STATE has been defined," writes the Hon. Perry Belmont, in the *North American Review*, "as a political community of free citizens organised under a Government sanctioned and limited by a written constitution, and established by the consent of the governed." He asserts that the antagonist and assailant of American democracy is European Socialism. He accuses writers and experts of failing to, or objecting to, define Socialism, and says we "profess to think that individual industrial liberty, the present organisation of capital, and cut-throat competition will breed social, economic, and political anarchy, degrade wage-earners, increase idleness and vice among the rich, promote cheap and bad workmanship, and adulteration of food and drink." In his opinion the evils which Socialism proposes to remedy "have never existed" in the United States; in America "individual freedom has been the rule;" in Europe, "State coercion." "Britain has political, social and industrial evils yet to be remedied, which we have not, and never had."

"A protective tariff is the exception to perfect freedom from Government control in industrial matters."

Mr. Belmont goes into the question of "Trusts," and says that when, ten years ago, an attempt was made by some sugar-refining Corporation to form a "trust," it was "quietly, but very effectively, stamped out." Sherman, Cleveland, and McKinley have all condemned "trusts." He distinguishes between monopolies granted by the State and a corporate franchise. "Trusts" cannot live in New York under the present Civil Code, but "why should not a Corporation be permitted to do what an individual could do if he had enough capital?"

Trusts imperil healthy competition. "The report just made in Albany by the Legislative Committee" is disappointing, even contradictory. He concludes by saying:—"May not New York rest awhile from meddling legislation, regarding either capital or labour, excepting so far as may be needed to adequately execute the laws we have? Such abstinence in law-making, and such pressure of capable law-administering, would give the *coup de grace* to Socialism."

A STREET MAN-OF-WAR.

THE subject of our illustration is an American invention for use against popular risings. How effective this would be in "suppressing" strikes and demonstrations can easily be imagined. It is a manifestation of the hate and fear the capitalist class have of the workers. It is to be hoped that it will be an object-lesson to teach the latter to hate back. It is a lesson sadly needed in England, as well as in the States. We take the following from an American exchange:—

This unique craft, built as an experiment at Fitchburg, Mass., is thus described in the *Electrical Review*, December 2 :

"This pioneer of all land craft is not to be despised when it comes to a question of force. Dainty 'barkers' peep out through her port-holes, prototypes of the smiling faces that gleam from the sides of the flag-ship, 'New York.' This trolley man-of-war, or white cruiser on wheels, has been dignified with the name of 'President-elect William McKinley.' While her mission is not that of protection, so far, she is quite likely to be utilised for that purpose in the days that are to come.

"The 'McKinley' is designed to run on electric roads of standard gauge, and it is very likely that the queer craft will have many imitations before long. She is, in appearance, a miniature, to a great extent, of the big cruisers that have followed Admiral Bunce's flag for so many months. Her superstructure is painted green, her hull and sponsons white, her guns and ironwork black. She carries 100 men, officers and crew and is 37 feet long, 9 feet wide, 12 feet high. The lines on which she was constructed were taken from the model of the battleship 'Brooklyn,' by Naval Architect Henry P. Lapointe.

"Originally, the 'McKinley' was a flat car, and she was extended fore and aft so that finally her length from stem to stern was 37 feet. She has a double row of port-holes on each side, and as she advances toward you, you see the sullen countenance of two grim six-pounders, while peeping from the tiny turret on the gun-deck is a ferocious-looking 18-pounder. The craft is equipped with two 30 horse-power motors.

"The builder believes that the 'McKinley' demonstrates the fact that it is possible to construct a car for operation on street railroads in cities that would be of infinite use in case of riot. It is not beyond the range of the ability of modern mechanics to build a car that would be bullet proof, and really constitute a travelling fort. Such a car might carry several pieces of artillery, or be equipped with the light guns that are used in the navy, the recoil of which would not be sufficient to damage the fort on wheels in any way.

"Indeed, it is believed that a car constructed on the same model as the 'McKinley,' only, of course, of substantial material, would form a very effective protection for a company of men whom it was necessary to move from one part of the city to another. Certainly it would be very much easier to transport guns and men in this fashion, in case of riot, than in the ordinary way, and it is also true that movements could be made from one point to another with far greater celerity."

LIFE IN A FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN the *Contemporary* for March, Mr. Robert Donald gives an interesting description of French peasant life under the above title. His French Commune is in the Côte d'Or, about twelve miles from Beaune. He says:—

“A visitor to the village will be struck by the presence of many old women and the absence of young men. There are old men, too; in fact, every other one you meet appears to be ‘an oldest inhabitant.’ But the women show the greater vitality. These old women are not pensioners on society. They are workers, whether they are sixty, seventy, or eighty, they are workers. If they are not working in the fields, doing something to the crops, they are herding the cows or knitting at their doors. Everybody works. All are up at four in the morning in summer and five in the winter. Not that they need to slave for a living. Wealth is well distributed in the commune, and if there is apparently little comfort there is a good deal of stored-up wealth. Every one is a proprietor of something; if not a bit of land, then of a house or a garden. There are no poor people in the commune. The people never heard of a workhouse; never made the acquaintance of the poor-rate. In a population of 450, over 300 are registered proprietors at the *mairie*, where the big *cadastre* shows every house and every field in the commune. As there are no poor, so there are no criminals. When every one owns something there is no cause for any one to steal anything. Consequently you never see a policeman. There are no policemen. There is a *garde champêtre*, who takes a walk round the woods and fields now and then to see if mischievous boys are not breaking the trees or damaging the crops. The *garde champêtre* also discharges the functions of town crier, and is only paid £20 a year for both positions. There are no beggars in the commune. Occasionally a licensed beggar will pass through when on tour, but he must not stop without the permission of the *maire*. I should also add that there are no drunkards; a drunkard would be as great a phenomenon in the commune as a pauper. Not that the people don't drink, or because there are no public-houses. On the contrary, every one drinks. Teetotalism is unknown. And there is no limit to the number of public-houses which may be opened. The only formality required is to pay a tax of 8s. a year – just as if the business were in dealing in grain or in cloth. The system is complete local option, but in a way which Sir Wilfrid Lawson would not like. Yet there is no drunkenness. People drink rationally and in moderation, and do not get drunk.”

“Equality and fraternity are more than mere empty words in our village. Everybody salutes everybody else, not as a mark of deference or inferiority, but as a sign of respect. Master and labourer appear to be on the most fraternal terms. All members of a household take their meals at the same table—the master and the mistress, the sons and the daughters, the servants and the boarded-out children.”

“Let us enter one of these peasant-proprietors' houses. The door opens right into the room. There is no superfluous lobby or hall. As the door is generally left open to assist the only window in lighting the room, it is sometimes made of two flaps. The lower one is kept shut to exclude the hens, and the other half left open to admit the light. The room is a large

composite compartment, inasmuch as it serves as kitchen, dining-room, parlour, and bedroom. Frequently there is no other bedroom. Two or more beds with tent-like coverings stuck in the corners, two huge wardrobes with elephant feet, a table, and a few wooden chairs constitute the whole of the furniture. The floor is of stone. There is an enormous open fire-place, and, in the larger houses, a small charcoal stove for cooking. The cooking utensils and the dishes are stowed away in one of the elephantine wardrobes, which serves as a larder."

"So much for the general appearance and character of our village commune. Let us consider some aspects of its life more closely. That the standard of education is not high will readily be understood. Most of the people can read; some of the peasants' sons have been to college; but education is not too highly appraised. There is a communal school for boys, where elementary subjects are taught. The rules for attendance are not very rigid. The girls are taught at a school conducted by nuns. There is no religious instruction, as we understand it, in the boys' school, but the pupils receive moral training, and are taught their duty to their parents, to the community, and to God. There is a small school library consisting mainly of works of travel and history. The *maître d'école* is, as is usually the case in country districts, secretary to the communal council. He is the registrar of births and deaths, and keeps the *cadastre*. The *mairie* consists of a small room over the school. After the church, the school house is the most conspicuous and important building in the commune. The church, too, is communal property, and is kept in repair at the public expense."

"The Bourignon peasant is not extravagant in the matter of clothing. The women make most of the things they wear. A great deal of knitting is done, but, strangely enough, no spinning, as is found amongst the Highland cottars and the Irish peasants. The implements of husbandry are not of the latest pattern; some of these, too, are of home manufacture. Fuel is cheap. It consists of wood. The neighbouring woods are continually being thinned of their undergrowths, and the trees are cut down every twelve years. Light is an expensive item. Petroleum costs 8d. per litre, candles nearly 2d. each, and bad matches are 1d. per 100. Other things which are dear, owing to protection, are sugar, which is 6d. per pound; salt, 1½d. per pound; coffee, 2s. 6d. per pound; needles, thread, and, indeed, most manufactured articles, are dearer than in England. Clothing is about the same price as in an English village, only the quality is inferior. Almost all the ordinary articles of food are cheap; eggs are ½d. each, butter is 6d. per pound, a chicken is 10d. or 1s., beef is 8d. The peasants cure their own bacon. All vegetables and fruit are remarkably cheap. On the whole, necessities are much cheaper in the French commune than in an English rural parish. A comparison is not easy, as the conditions are entirely different. The French peasant has an independent means of existence. He owns the soil he tills. If he employs labourers they, at least, will own a house and garden, and hope to own a plot. The English villager is either a small tradesman or a labourer."

"On the whole," the author concludes, "these Bourignon peasants, while they live in a somewhat primitive way, cultivate the land with old-fashioned implements, eat plain fare, and lead a simple life, are nevertheless eminently contented, and have no higher ambition than to gather in francs which they never spend. As the *curé* said to me—though he was not an Irishman:—*Notre paysan travail toute sa vie pour avoir de quoi manger après sa mort.*"

THE ' ENFANTS ASSISTES ' OF PARIS.

EDWARD COOPER contributes to the *New Review* a paper bearing the above title. Although much is done in England now for children, "the French rightly claim to have been first in the field." In 1360 a home for children was founded in Paris, and in 1638 St. Vincent de Paul established his orphanage; in 1790, 6,000 children were cared for by that institution.

"In 1849 the Service des Enfants Assistés became a department of the Assistance Publique. It is now certainly in theory, and perhaps in practice, the most perfect system in the world of dealing with pauper children—except the Scots method of having none. . . . The Hospice which receives the lost and abandoned children of Paris is fitted up with every conceivable necessity for child-life. . . . The whole charitable world of Europe, and all the cranks and faddists in it, might be defied to find anything missing from this well-planned home."

Children under sixteen, if convicted of a crime, are not sent to prison direct. They go to one of the homes, and though allowed a certain amount of liberty, are under closer surveillance, and are kept apart from the other children. If after a period of probation the report is unsatisfactory, they are then sent to prison; but it was only necessary to resort to that in the case of 46 out of 284 such children under the age of sixteen last year.

"The work done in England by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is included in the work of the Service des Enfants Assistés

C. R. W. Offen contributes to the *Westminster Review* an article containing some objections to the "Boarding-Out" system. It is a mistake to imagine that the Committees or even the Board Inspectors are cognisant of all the facts concerning the children. Miss Mason, the Local Government Inspector for Boarding-Out under the Poor Law, only visits about 400 out of the 1,800 children so boarded. "The Denmead Committee were living unsuspectingly among a number of children covered with itch and body-lice."

"It has been urged that Miss Mason is too particular in her requirements of foster-parents." What does she say herself on this point? She has not been shocked at finding even four children (if of the same sex) occupying one bed; she has not reported bedding as dirty unless almost black, and not even then. Any mattress she is satisfied with, and the coverings may be patched or ragged sheets and blankets eked out with old coats or petticoats. She only reports a child as "dirty" if it has evidently not been bathed or washed for more than, say, five weeks. Clothing is not considered unsatisfactory if it is just sufficient and holds together. In the face of this we shall hardly accuse Miss Mason of being "too particular."

Miss Lee, ex-Inspector for Boarding Out of Waifs and Strays, says she found a boy of fourteen, a girl of fifteen, and two boys from Dr. Barnardo's all sleeping in one room.

"Finality or perfection has not been attained by any existing system for dealing with pauper children."

"EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME."

JOHN ANNERSLEY and George Triscombe were friends. There was a difference of ten years in their ages and their tastes and inclinations were dissimilar. They were friends, nevertheless. They were both employed in the office of a commercial establishment, John, the elder, having been there nearly fifteen years. When George Triscombe's father, who had worked with Annnersley in the same office, died, he asked John to be a friend to his son, who was just fresh from school, and was, as his father said, rather inclined to be "racketty." That was nearly five years ago, and John himself was then little more than a youth. But he, quiet and studious, had always been old for his years. George Triscombe's father had been his friend, and he took a kindly, almost a fatherly, interest in the lad for his father's sake.

Besides respect for the youth's father and affection for himself, there was an additional reason for John Annnersley's friendship. George Triscombe had a sister, but a few years older than himself. Annnersley had made her acquaintance before her father's death, and the same qualities which had endeared the youth to him had special attractions when reflected in a charming young woman. Annnersley found himself in love with her before he had quite made up his mind why he so much enjoyed those quiet Sunday afternoon visits to the Triscombes. He did not discontinue those visits, however, when he had discovered the secret. Contrary to the proverb, the course of true love in his case ran smoothly enough. Nelly Triscombe smiled approval upon his suit, and Mrs. Triscombe, herself an invalid, was delighted to have so good and steady and respectable a young man as John Annnersley for her prospective son-in-law. The fates, therefore, being thus propitious, John Annnersley was recognised as the future husband of Nelly Triscombe, the distance of that future having to be determined by the rapidity or otherwise of his promotion.

But just now John was worried about other matters than his own matrimonial prospects. George had borrowed several small sums of money from him and had not always repaid them. Annnersley soon found out that these pecuniary difficulties arose from the youth having contracted the foolish habit of backing horses. He expostulated with him, but was only laughed at.

"What do you know about it?" George asked; "You never went in for sport, did you?"

"No," said the other. "I am pleased to say I never did. But I don't call betting on horse-racing, or betting on anything else, sport; do you?"

"Of course it's sport! That's just where the sport comes in. What sport do you think there would be if it was not for betting?"

"All I can say is that if sport depends on betting, it is so much the worse for sport. Betting is wicked and demoralising. It has already led you into difficulties. You lose what you cannot afford to lose. If you win you gain something from someone else for which you give nothing in return."

"Don't preach, old man; it is not such a terrible crime as you seem to fancy. Everybody bets; or, at least, those who don't bet gamble in some other way. I shall pull off a *coup* one of these days, and then I'll turn it up."

The matter dropped at this, but Annnersley was not satisfied, and as time went on it was evident that Triscombe had not pulled off his *coup*, nor had

he given up trying for it. He did not borrow any more money of Annersley, however, and when the latter asked him if he wanted any the reply was a curt negative. Since their conversation about betting a sort of estrangement had sprung up between them, and little was said on either side.

A few weeks later both Annersley and Triscombe were called into the principal's private office, and the end of the interview was that George Triscombe left in custody of a detective on a charge of forgery and embezzlement.

It appeared that a cheque on the account of the firm had been forged for a considerable amount, and it was traced to George Triscombe, who had used it to pay a small account he had been sent to settle, and had retained the balance given in change. He had at first denied all knowledge of the transaction, but, finding such denials useless, he admitted that he had forged and negotiated the cheque, but hoped to have got it back by repaying the money before it reached the bank.

The arrest of Triscombe, whom he had regarded as in a sense his ward, was a terrible blow to Annersley. He reproached himself a thousand times for not having more strenuously attempted to break him of the gambling which had led to such terrible consequences.

The examination before the magistrate, which took place the following day, was very formal and brief. The facts, as stated by Mr. Grindley and the detective, were very simple, and were admitted by the prisoner. Mr. Grindley said he was very sorry to have to take the course he had taken, and had no wish to press the case harshly against the prisoner, but he felt it to be his duty, in the interest of the young man himself, and of his fellow-clerks, to prosecute him.

The magistrate graciously approved of the very excellent sentiments of the prosecutor, and committed the prisoner for trial. He, however, took a very decided view as to the gravity of the offence, and refused bail.

Nelly Triscombe and her mother were inconsolable. The former had gone to the court with Annersley, who led her, crying, from the place when her brother was taken down in charge of the warder. The latter was too ill to stir from the house.

Only two weeks went by before the trial, and in that time Annersley had secured counsel to defend his friend, and had done all in his power on his behalf, and on that of his mother and sister with his employers. He did not feel very hopeful himself, however, and every day he saw his sweetheart growing more thin and pale through fretting over her brother's disgrace and imprisonment, and the worry of their sick mother, who was now seriously ill, and every day getting worse. At last the day of the trial came. Annersley, who had grown peculiarly quiet and reserved during the past few days, was there, more silent and thoughtful than ever, with Nelly.

There were one or two cases of minor importance taken before George Triscombe was placed in the dock, and Annersley nervously watched the face of the judge as he summed up and passed sentence in each case—sentences unduly severe, as Annersley thought. Then George Triscombe was charged, and Mr. Grindley stepped into the witness box.

The evidence was very brief, and the counsel for the prisoner asked few questions. He made no attempt to rebut the evidence, but contented himself with appealing for the prisoner on account of his youth, his previous good character, and the length of service of his father. The jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their box, and the judge was proceeding to address himself to the prisoner, when John Annersley rose from his seat at the back of the court and shouted :

"It is all a mistake ; he is innocent."

All eyes were turned towards the disturber of the peace of the court ; the ushers cried "silence," and the police officers in attendance made their way towards Annersley.

When the hubbub occasioned by his first exclamation had somewhat subsided, he called out again, this time more quietly, but firmly :

"The man in the dock is innocent ; I am guilty ; and I wish to give myself up."

He moved towards the police as he spoke, one of whom took him by the arm.

The judge turned to the jury :

"Really, gentlemen," he said, "this is a most unusual and extraordinary, I may say unprecedented, experience. You have declared the prisoner in the dock guilty of the offence with which he has been charged, and there was nothing left for me to do but to carry out my duty and pass upon him a sentence commensurate with his offence. Now, however, another person, who has not been charged, comes forward and publicly accuses himself of the crime. Under these circumstances, gentlemen, I can only adjourn the court and order that both these persons be kept in custody until after the adjournment. In the meantime, I will consult the counsel for the prosecution with reference to this extraordinary development."

The case did not come on again that day, however. The legal formality of a free pardon had to be gone through before Triscombe, as a convicted prisoner, could be discharged from custody, and the same day that he was dismissed John Annersley, who had been charged before a magistrate and duly committed, was placed in the dock. Pale, but with a slight smile on his face, he stood there, as Mr. Grindley again repeated the story of the forged cheque. When Mr. Grindley had finished, the prisoner stated that, as he had previously declared, he alone was guilty. Triscombe had simply acted as messenger, and knew nothing of the forgery.

Having said this as quietly and in as few words as possible, Annersley glanced round the court. He was looking for the girl whose side he had left but a few days ago. She, at any rate, would understand that he was sacrificing himself for her brother, her mother, and, above all, for herself. She would understand and appreciate the motives which had prompted his self-accusation and self-sacrifice. He looked for her in vain. She had left the court immediately he had been arrested ; her only feelings being delight at her brother's innocence and resentment towards Annersley for permitting him to be thus unjustly condemned. No one had been more readily deceived by Annersley's self-accusation than Nelly Triscombe. This, then, was the reason he had been so silent and so thoughtful. He was smitten with remorse, and it was remorse only which had prompted him at the eleventh hour to save her brother from a shameful punishment.

His countenance fell as he found that she for whom he sought had shown such indifference to his fate. The judge briefly summed up, the jury pronounced the prisoner guilty, and then came the sentence. Had the prisoner who was previously condemned been really the criminal, the judge said, he should have considered it a case in which the exercise of mercy would have been justified. A young man subject to the temptations of youth might reasonably have been dealt with leniently for a first offence. But with regard to the present prisoner the circumstances were different. He was a man of mature years ; he filled a position of trust and responsibility, and he had grossly betrayed that trust. It was true that he had voluntarily surrendered himself, but he had only done so at the last moment, up till

which time he had appeared quite willing for an innocent man to suffer in his stead. Under the circumstances an exemplary punishment was called for, and he could pass no less a sentence than one of five years penal servitude.

Annersley listened to the sentence unmoved, and quietly left the dock with the warder. He hoped that Nelly, or at any rate George, would come to see him while he was waiting in the cell beneath the courthouse. But he was disappointed. He had not long to wait, however, but was soon driven off in the prison van to the five years of a living death that lay before him, without a single word of love or friendship to console him in his voluntarily imposed martyrdom.

Everybody had been completely deceived by Annersley's self-accusation, and George Triscombe did nothing to undeceive them. At first he was overwhelmed with a glow of admiration and gratitude for the man who had so unselfishly sacrificed himself for him; but when his sister came and condoled with him and blamed her lover for his perfidy, when Mr. Grindley came and shook hands with him, and expressed his regret at what had happened, and a determination to make amends to the young man by future promotion, George thought it best to say nothing beyond attempting a few half-hearted excuses for the man who was gone to penal servitude for his fault. "After all," he said to himself, "I can do no good by blabbing now. Annersley has given me a proper start. A good deal may happen in five years, and when he comes out I may be able to make it up to him."

So he remained silent, and all regarded him as the much injured hero of a malignant friendship. He gave up gambling—he had had his lesson. His promotion at Grindley and Snell's was rapid, and was earned, for he was smart and assiduous in business, and when Mr. Grindley died, some four years after Annersley's trial, George was made junior partner. He and the second partner, William Grindley, were fast friends; and it was not long before a closer tie was established between them, when Nelly Triscombe, whose affection for John Annersley had been turned by resentment into contempt, became Mrs. Grindley.

Annersley's five years passed slowly enough for him; but everything has an end, even the seemingly interminable years of penal servitude; and at last he found himself outside the walls of Portland, a free man. How strange it seem to be free again! How strange, yet how familiar, everything he saw in the outer world, which for five whole years had been to him nothing but a dream and a remembrance! Five years! It seemed an eternity in passing. Yet now, as he looked back, he could fancy it was but yesterday that he first entered the gates of Portland.

He was not long in getting to London, and at once made his way to his former place of employment. It was in the dusk of a spring evening, and the clerks were just leaving the office. He approached one whose face he seemed to know.

"Has young George Triscombe gone yet?" he asked.

"Young George Triscombe? Oh, you mean the governor. No, you'll see him come out in a minute. But what do you want with him?"

The other looked at him curiously for a moment.

"No," he went on, "I am not mistaken; you are John Annersley, I'm sure? Well, I'm sorry for you, John; you'll excuse me, I know, but it wouldn't do for me to be seen talking to you here. I must be off—good-bye."

Annersley walked up the office steps and entered the swing doors. "Is Mr. Triscombe here?" he asked of a porter standing inside.

"Here is Mr. Triscombe," replied the man, and Annersley, turning, saw George just on the point of leaving the office.

"What is it?" he asked.

Looking up his eye caught Annersley's, and the recognition was mutual.

"Do you want to see me?" he asked, leading the way into the private office. "Well, what do you want? Why do you come here?" he asked, when he had closed the door.

"I have just left Portland," the other replied, "after five years of silent torture and suffering, self-inflicted through your folly. To whom should I come, George Triscombe, if not to you?"

"Don't let us have any melodramatics, Annersley. You always were too fond of preaching and declamation. I am very sorry for you, of course, but, after all, it was your own fault; you shouldn't have been so quixotic; you should have let me suffer for my folly, as you call it. As it is, I have profited by yours, and I should have been a fool if I hadn't."

"But didn't you tell anyone the truth?"

"What would have been the good? It would only have made matters worse and have made your melodramatic self-sacrifice useless. As it is, I have done very well, and that should be some compensation to you. My mother died believing implicitly in the innocence and goodness of her son — and you would not have had it otherwise, would you? And Nelly—"

"What of Nelly?" interrupted the other, "surely you told her."

"No, I thought it was better not. I knew you were a bit gone on her, and that you would wish her to be spared any pain and suffering; so I let her go on believing in her brother's innocence."

"And her promised husband's guilt," broke in Annersley.

"Well, I knew she couldn't marry you, don't you see, when you were an ex-convict. And now she has just recently married Grindley, so you see it has turned out for the best for all parties."

Annersley groaned as he sank into a chair.

"Come, old fellow," said the other, "I must be going, I can't have you here, don't you see; so I hope you will go right away and do well. I couldn't stand having you about the place at all; but here's half a sovereign for you, and if I can put in a good word for you anywhere I'll do so. Why not go to America and make a fresh start out there. I've no doubt you could raise the passage money among your old friends. I wouldn't mind putting my name on the list just to show there's no ill-feeling,"

"But suppose I told the truth?"

"Nobody would believe you, my boy. You'd only get yourself laughed at. And don't threaten, or I will immediately charge you with attempting blackmail. Be reasonable. Take this half-sovereign and clear out."

Annersley gave a blow to the outstretched hand of his companion, which sent the coin spinning under the desk.

"Keep your dirty money," he cried, spitting in Triscombe's face, and turning on his heel, walked out of the office.

Triscombe picked up the coin and put it in his pocket.

"Phew," he said, wiping his face, "I never thought old Annersley had such a temper."

"Just see that that man never comes in here again," he said to the porter, as he walked out at the door. "He is a disreputable character, and you can put the police on to him if you see him about here again."

FAREWELL OF THE "NEW RHENISH GAZETTE."

(May, 1849.)

No open blow in an open fight,
But with quips and with quirks they arraign me,
By creeping treachery's secret blight
The Western Calmucks have slain me.
The fatal shaft in the dark did fly;
I was struck by an ambushed knave;
And here in the pride of my strength I lie,
Like the corse of a rebel brave!

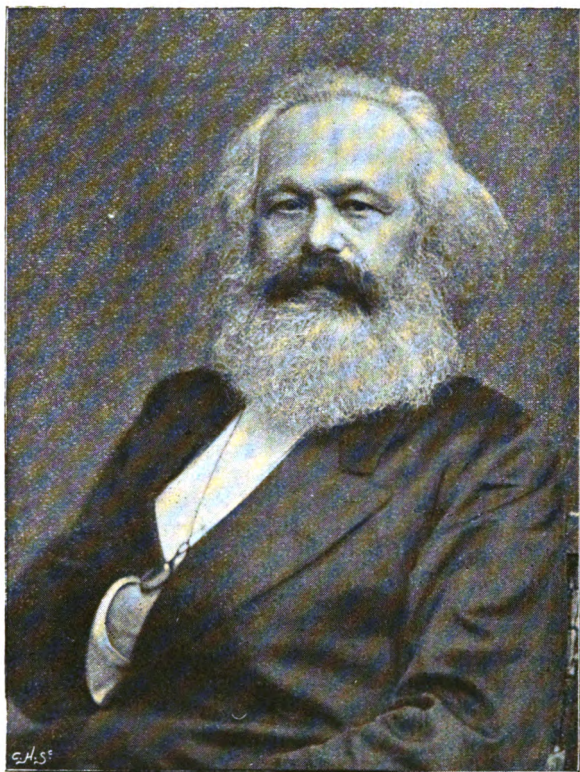
With a deathless scorn in my dying breath,
In my hand the sword still cherished;
"Rebellion!" still for my shout of death,
In my manhood, untainted, I perished.
Oh! gladly, full gladly, the Pruss and the Czar
The grass from my grave would clear;
But Germany sends me, with Hungary far,
Three salvoes to honour my bier.

And the tattered poor man takes his stand,
On my head the cold sods heaving;
He casts them down with a diligent hand,
Where the glory of toil is cleaving.
And a garland of flowers and May he brought
On my burning wounds to cast;
His wife and his daughters the wreaths had wrought,
When the work of the day was past.

Farewell! farewell! thou turbulent life!
Farewell to ye! armies engaging!
Farewell! cloud canopied fields of strife,
Where the greatness of war is raging!
Farewell! but not for ever farewell!
They can *not* kill the spirit, my brother!
In thunder I'll rise on the field where I fell,
More boldly to fight out another.

When the last of crowns like glass shall break,
On the scene our sorrows have haunted,
And the People the last dread "guilty" shall speak,
By your side ye shall find me undaunted.
On Rhine, or on Danube, in word and deed,
You shall witness, true to his vow,
On the wrecks of thrones, in the midst of the freed,
The rebel who greets you now!

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (*Translated by* ERNEST JONES).



KARL MARX.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 6. JUNE, 1897.

KARL MARX.

(Reprinted from "*Progress*," May, 1883.)

THERE is no time, perhaps, so little fitted for writing the biography of a great man as that immediately after his death,* and the task is doubly difficult when it falls to one who knew and loved him. It is impossible for me to do more at present than give the briefest sketch of my father's life. I shall confine myself to a simple statement of facts, and I shall not even attempt an exposition of his great theories and discoveries, theories that are the very foundation of modern Socialism, discoveries that are revolutionising the whole science of political economy. I hope, however, to give, in a future number of *Progress*, an analysis of my father's chief work, "*Das Kapital*," and of the truths set forth in it.

Karl Marx was born at Trier on May 5, 1818, of Jewish parents. His father—a man of great talent—was a lawyer, strongly imbued with French eighteenth century ideas of religion, science, and art; his mother was the descendant of Hungarian Jews, who in the seventeenth century settled in Holland. Among his earliest friends and playmates were Jenny—afterwards his wife—and Edgar von Westphalen. From their father, Baron von Westphalen—himself half a Scot—Karl Marx imbibed his first love for the "Romantic" school, and, while his father read him Voltaire and Racine, Westphalen read him Homer and Shakespeare. These latter always remained his favourite writers. At once much feared and loved by his schoolfellows—loved because he was always in mischief, and feared because of his readiness in writing satirical verse and lampooning his enemies—Karl Marx passed through the usual school routine, and then proceeded to the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, where, to please his father, he for a time studied law, and to please himself he studied history and philosophy. In 1842 he was about to habilitate himself at Bonn as "*Privat Dozent*," but the political movement arisen in Germany since the death of Frederick William III., in 1840, threw him into another career. The chiefs of the Rhenish Liberals, Kamphausen and Hansemann, had founded the *Rhenish Gazette* at Cologne, with the co-operation of Marx, whose brilliant and bold

* Marx died on March 14, 1883.

criticisms of the provincial Landtag created such a sensation that, though only twenty-four years old, he was offered the chief editorship of the paper. He accepted it, and therewith began his long struggle with all despotisms, and with Prussian despotism in particular. Of course the paper appeared under the supervision of a censor, but the poor censor found himself powerless. The *Gazette* invariably published all the important articles it wanted to, and the censor could do nothing. Then a second, a "special" censor, was sent from Berlin, but even this double censorship proved of no avail, and finally, in 1843, the Government simply suppressed the paper altogether. In the same year, 1843, Marx had married his old friend and playfellow, Jenny von Westphalen, to whom he had been betrothed for seven years, and with his young wife proceeded to Paris. Here, together with Arnold Ruge, he published the *Deutsch Französische Jahrbücher*, in which he began the long series of his Socialist writings. His first contribution was a critique on Hegel's "Rechts-philosophie," the second an essay on the "Jewish Question." When the *Jahrbücher* ceased to appear, Marx contributed to the journal *Vorwärts*, of which he is usually said to have been the editor. As a matter of fact, the editorship of this paper, to which Heine, Everbeck, Engels, &c., contributed, seems to have been carried on in a somewhat erratic manner, and a really responsible editor never existed. Marx's next publication was the "Heilige Familie," written together with Engels, a satirical critique directed against Bruno Bauer and his school of Hegelian idealists.

While devoting most of his time at this period to the study of political economy and of the French Revolution, Karl Marx continued to wage fierce war with the Prussian Government, and as a consequence, this Government demanded of M. Guizot—it is said through the agency of Alexander von Humboldt, who happened to be in Paris—Marx's expulsion from France. With this demand Guizot bravely complied, and Marx had to leave Paris. He went to Brussels, and there, in 1846, published in French his "Discours sur le libre échange." Proudhon now published his "Contradictions Economiques, ou Philosophie de la Misère," and wrote to Marx that he waited his "*férule critique*." He did not wait long, for in 1847 Marx published his "Misère de la Philosophie, réponse à la Philosophie de la Misère de M. Proudhon," and the "*férule*" was applied with a severity Proudhon had probably not bargained for. This same year Marx founded a German Working Man's Club at Brussels, and, what is of more importance, joined, together with his political friends, the "Communist League." The whole organisation of the League was changed by him. From a hole-and-corner conspiracy it was transformed into an organisation for the propaganda of Communist principles, and was only secret because existing circumstances made secrecy a necessity. Wherever German working-men's clubs existed the League existed also. It was the first Socialist movement of an *international* character, Englishmen, Belgians, Hungarians, Poles, Scandinavians being members. It was the first organisation of the Social-Democratic Party. In 1847 a Congress of the League was held in London, at which

Marx and Engels assisted as delegates ; and they were subsequently appointed to write the celebrated "Manifesto of the Communist Party," first published just before the Revolution of 1848, and then translated into well-nigh all European languages. This manifesto opens with a review of the existing conditions of society. It goes on to show how gradually the old feudal division of classes has disappeared, and how modern society is divided simply into two classes—that of the capitalists or bourgeois class, and that of the proletariat ; of the expropriators and expropriated ; of the bourgeois class possessing wealth and power and producing nothing ; of the labour class that produces wealth and possesses nothing. The bourgeoisie, after using the proletariat to fight its political battles against feudalism, has used the power thus acquired to enslave the proletariat. To the charge that Communism aims at "abolishing property," the manifesto replied that Communists aim only at abolishing the bourgeois system of property, by which already for nine-tenths of the community property *is* abolished ; to the accusation that Communists aim at "abolishing marriage and the family" the manifesto answered by asking what kind of "family" and "marriage" were possible for the working men, for whom, in all true meaning of the words, neither exists. As to "abolishing fatherland and nationality," these *are* abolished for the proletariat, and, thanks to the development of industry, for the bourgeoisie also. The bourgeoisie has wrought great revolutions in history ; it has revolutionised the whole system of production. Under its hands the steam engine, the self-acting mule, the steam hammer, the railways, and ocean steamers of our days were developed. But its most revolutionary production was the production of the proletariat, of a class whose very conditions of existence compel it to overthrow the whole actual society. The manifesto ends with the words :

"Communists scorn to conceal their aims and views. They declare openly that their ends are only attainable through the violent overthrow of all existing conditions of society. Let the governing classes tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose by it but their chains. They have a world to win. Proletarians of all countries unite !"

In the meantime Marx had continued, in the *Brüsseler Zeitung*, his attack on the Prussian Government, and again the Prussian Government demanded his expulsion—but in vain, until the February revolution caused a movement among the Belgian workmen, when Marx, without any ado, was expelled by the Belgian Government. The provisional Government of France had, however, through Flocon, invited him to return to Paris, and this invitation he accepted. In Paris he remained some time, till after the revolution of March, 1848, when he returned to Cologne, and there founded the *New Rhenish Gazette*—the only paper representing the working class, and daring to defend the June insurgents of Paris. In vain did the various reactionary and Liberal papers denounce the *Gazette* for its licentious audacity in attacking all that is holy and defying all authority—and that, too, in a Prussian fortress ! In vain did the authorities, by virtue of the

State of Siege, suspend the paper for six weeks. It again appeared under the very eyes of the police, its reputation and circulation growing with the attacks made upon it. After the Prussian *coup d'état* of November, the *Gazette*, at the head of each number, called on the people to refuse the taxes and to meet force by force. For this, and on account of certain articles, the paper was twice prosecuted—and acquitted. Finally, after the May rising (1849) in Dresden, the Rhenish Provinces, and South Germany, the *Gazette* was forcibly suppressed. The last number—printed in red type—appeared on May 19, 1849.

Marx now again returned to Paris, but a few weeks after the demonstration of June 13, 1849. The French Government gave him the choice of retiring to Brittany or leaving France. He preferred the latter, and went to London—where he continued to live for over thirty years. An attempt to bring out the *New Rhenish Gazette*, in the form of a review, published at Hamburg, was not successful. Immediately after Napoleon's *coup d'état* Marx wrote his "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," and in 1853 the "Revelations Concerning the Cologne Trial," in which he laid bare the infamous machinations of the Prussian Government and police.

After the condemnation at Cologne of the members of the Communist League, Marx for a time retired from active political life, devoting himself to his economical studies at the British Museum, to contributing leading articles and correspondence to the *New York Tribune*, and to writing pamphlets and flysheets attacking the Palmerston régime, widely circulated at that time by David Urquhart.

The first fruits of his long, earnest studies in political economy appeared in 1859, in his "Kritik zur Politischer Economie"—a work which contains the first exposition of his theory of value.

During the Italian war, Marx, in the German paper *Das Volk*, published in London, denounced the Bonapartism that hid itself under the guise of liberal sympathy for oppressed nationalities, and the Prussian policy that, under the cloak of neutrality, merely sought to fish in troubled waters. On this occasion it became necessary to attack Carl Vogt, who, in the pay of the "midnight assassin," was agitating for German neutrality—nay, sympathy. Infamously and deliberately calumniated by Carl Vogt, Marx replied to him and other gentlemen of his ilk in "Herr Vogt," 1860, in which he accused Vogt of being in Napoleon's pay. Just ten years later, in 1870, this accusation was proved to be true. The French Government of National Defence published a list of the Bonapartist hirelings, and under the letter "V" appeared:—"Vogt, received August, 1859, 40,000 francs."* In 1867 Marx published at Hamburg his chief work, "Das Kapital."

Meanwhile, the condition of the working-men's movement had so far advanced that Karl Marx could think of executing a long-cherished plan—the establishment in all the more advanced countries of Europe and America of an International Working Men's Association. A public meeting to express sympathy with Poland was held in April, 1864. This brought together the

* "Vogt, il lui a été remis en Août, 1859 . . . 40,000 francs," is the literal text.

working men of various nationalities, and it was decided to found the International. This was done at a meeting (presided over by Professor Beesly) in St. James's Hall on September 28, 1864. A provisional General Council was elected, and Marx drew up the Inaugural Address and the Provisional Rules. In this address, after an appalling picture of the misery of the working classes, even in years of so-called commercial prosperity, he tells the working men of all countries to combine, and, as nearly twenty years before in the Communist Manifesto, he concluded with the words, "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" The "Rules" stated the reasons for founding the International:—

"Considering—

"That the emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means, not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class rule;

"That the economical subjection of the man of labour to the monopoliser of the means of labour—that is, the sources of life—lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms of social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence;

"That the economical emancipation of the working classes is, therefore, the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means;

"That all efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from the want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labour in each country, and from the absence of a fraternal bond of union between the working classes of different countries;

"That the emancipation of labour is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution on the concurrence, practical and theoretical, of the most advanced countries;

"That the present revival of the working classes in the most industrious countries of Europe, while it raises a new hope, gives solemn warning against a relapse into the old errors, and calls for the immediate combination of the disconnected movements;

"For these Reasons—

"The International Working Men's Association has been founded."

To give an account of Marx's work in the International would be to write a history of the Association itself—for, while never being more than the corresponding secretary for Germany and Russia, he was the leading spirit of all the General Councils. With scarcely any exceptions the Addresses—from the inaugural one to the last one, on the "Civil War in France"—were written by him. In this last address Marx explained the real meaning of the Commune—"that sphinx so tantalising to the bourgeois mind." In words as vigorous as beautiful he branded the corrupt Government of "national defection that betrayed France into the hands of Prussia"; he denounced the Government consisting of such men as the

forger Jules Faure, the usurer Ferry, and the thrice infamous Thiers, "that monstrous gnome" the "political shoe-black of the Empire." After contrasting the horrors perpetrated by the Versaillists, and the heroic devotion of the Parisian working men, dying for the preservation of the very Republic of which M. Ferry is now Prime Minister, Marx concludes:—

"Working men's Paris with its Commune will be for ever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society. Its martyrs are enshrined in the great heart of the working class. Its exterminators' history is already nailed to that eternal pillory from which all the prayers of the priests will not avail to redeem them."

The fall of the Commune placed the International in an impossible position. It became necessary to remove the General Council from London to New York, and this, at Marx's suggestion, was done by the Hague Congress in 1873. Since then the movement has taken another form; the continual intercourse between the proletarians of all countries—one of the fruits of the International Association—has shown that there no longer exists the necessity for a formal organisation. But whatever the form, the work is going on, must go on so long as the present conditions of society shall exist.

Since 1873 Marx had given himself up almost entirely to his work, though this had been retarded for some years by ill-health. The MS. of the second volume of his chief work will be edited by his oldest, truest and dearest friend, Frederick Engels. There are other MSS. which may also be published.*

I have confined myself to strictly historical and biographical details of the man. Of his striking personality, his immense erudition, his wit, humour, general kindness and ever-ready sympathy, it is not for me to speak. To sum up all—

"The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a Man!"

ELEANOR MARX.

* Since this was written, in 1883, the second and third volumes of "Das Kapital" have appeared in German, and the fourth and final volume of that work is being prepared for publication. Of the "other MSS." there has appeared Marx's articles on the "Revolution and Counter Revolution, or Germany in 1848" (Swan Sonnenschein), and there will shortly appear a collection of articles, pamphlets and flysheets, written during the years 1852-56, on the "Eastern Question."

THE LABOUR PARTY OF QUEENSLAND.

AUSTRALIA is such a far away country that, were it not for an occasional visit from her cricketers, the generality of people in England would forget the existence of that Britain of the Southern Seas. Now and again a few lines will appear in one of the dailies announcing another rich discovery, a prelude to the formation of a wild cat company, into which money pours on the strength of wildly exaggerated reports; or else reports reach England of how, at the mention of the Queen's name, the members of the Legislative Assembly rose to their feet and sang the National Anthem—not that there is harm in such a proceeding, only it must convey an idea to people here that Australians are in a state of effervescent loyalty; or else some globe-trotter, who has graced Australia's shores for a week or two, returns home to publish a book thereon, most of his or her knowledge gleaned from official sources, and in society where the worker and labour problems intrude not.

However, I am not going to write a book on Australia, or to refute the lies which have been written about it. It would take too long. I have been asked to write something about the labour movement in Australia. Well, it is a great task, embracing the industrial and political history of the colonies, and I feel my inability to do justice to it, so I shall deal more particularly with Queensland, the youngest of the Australian group, with a rank Tory Government, and a well-organised labour party, and a labour press second to none. The Colony, where William Lane, the founder of Cosme Colony, spent his colonial life, labouring in the cause of the people with that earnestness so characteristic of the man, scattering broadcast the seeds of Socialism, which took root, the fruits thereof being the Australian Labour Federation, with its official journal, the *Worker*, making possible the existence of a Labour Party decidedly Socialistic, which has twenty representatives in the Legislative Assembly, where six years ago it had none.

The General Election of 1888 was the last occasion on which old political parties battled for supremacy, and the workers, like sheep, followed either one side or the other—the Squatters, or Conservatives, led by Sir Thomas McIlwraith, who at this time suffered an attack of Republicanism, almost broke the silken bonds, and styled his party Nationalists; or the Liberal Party, led by Sir Samuel Walker Griffiths (now Chief Justice of Queensland, at that time the Tribune of the People, author of an article, "Wealth and Want," pronouncedly Socialistic), who was looked upon by the bulk of wage-earners as the man who would lead the way to the Canaan of industrial and political freedom. That election saw the triumph of McIlwraith, the pseudo-Nationalist, and the ultimate apostacy of Griffiths, his final relegation to judicial power, and virtual banishment from political life. This was really the last of the Liberal Party. Most of Griffiths' followers, frightened by the growing strength of the Labour Party, joined the Ministerialists, and

now the two great parties in the State are the Ministerialists—Tory Anarchists, as they are dubbed—opposed by the Labour Party, or Socialists.

The new order of things which gave rise to the Labour Party in the various Colonies was the bitter lesson taught by successive defeats in industrial struggles for fair conditions of labour. The gigantic power wielded by federated capitalism convinced the workers that something was wrong with the social structure, which gave power to the few to enforce whatever conditions it chose upon those whom necessity compelled to accept any terms. Freedom of contract was certainly allowed—the wage-slave was free to accept or starve. The great maritime strike, which took place in 1890, ending in the defeat of the men after a long and determined struggle, showed the men the weakness of unionism, as opposed to capitalism backed by all the resources of Government, with an army of unemployed from which to obtain labour. The struggle for labour's rights was resumed on another field, for the New South Wales elections, following shortly after the maritime strike, saw the formation of a Labour Party which in its first attempt gained over thirty seats, and, with varying success at recent elections, still holds the balance of power in the New South Wales Assembly. It is able to force the hands of the old political parties to pass laws which would remain off the Statute Books for years to come, were it not for the presence in Parliament of a Labour Party, pledged to a platform decidedly Socialistic, composed of men who are members of Industrial Unions and the Socialist Leagues, well read in questions of social and political economics, whose influence in the House and out of it helps forward the cause of the people, and makes for industrial freedom. The same party, with slightly different platforms to deal with local matters, exists in Victoria and South Australia, so that, in every Colonial Parliament, labour, as a power, has got to be reckoned with in all political questions.

Coming to Queensland, with which Colony I am more intimately acquainted, the history of the Labour Party, which first took the field for political honours in the General Election of 1893, dates back to the formation of the Australian Labour Federation, which was formed in 1889, and soon had a membership of nearly 20,000, embracing all classes of labour, and, with District Councils in all parts of the Colony, its success in settling industrial disputes, caused dismay among the employing class, and caused them to form those powerful Employers' Federations, shipping and pastoral, whose strength is always called into power to crush unionism, whose members occupy positions in the Government, and use the machinery of the State to win industrial disputes against organised labour. The first General Council meeting was held in Brisbane in August, 1890, during the time of the maritime strike. Delegates from all parts of the colonies, representing bush workers, miners, and all classes of labour, attended. Among other business, the following was agreed upon as the political aims of the Federation:—

(1) The nationalisation of all sources of wealth, and all means of producing and exchanging wealth.

(2) The conducting by the State authority of all production and all exchange.

The reorganisation of society upon the above lines to be commenced at once, and pursued uninterruptedly until social justice is secured to each and every citizen.

These were the principal ideas embodied in the aims of the Federation. They were submitted to the various unions, and agreed upon.

These ideas were seized upon by the capitalistic Press to goad to the fullest extent the passions of the wealthy classes. Day after day appeared leaders full of vitriolic abuse against the men who were spreading such dangerous doctrines among the people. The editor of the *Telegraph*, an ex-Methodist parson named Brentnall, almost created a reign of terror by his distortions of the truths of Socialism—the teachings of the Master he vowed to follow when he took holy orders. The owners of property were appealed to to form defence associations, and even the wage-earning sixteen-perchallotment owners were virtually up in arms against the Australian Labour Federation, with its communistic faith, like those slaves who, in the American war, fought on the side of their masters. In 1891 occurred the great bush strike; and the dispatch of troops by the Government, glad to avail themselves of the chance to break the power of the Labour Federation. Union officials were arrested, and condemned to two or three years' imprisonment, under the old conspiracy laws of George the Fourth; Government spies were sent among the men to trap the unwary into something that would give the Government an excuse to arrest unionists. Capitalism triumphed once more, but the power of the Australian Labour Federation still remained. An effort was made by Thomas Glassey, now leader of the Labour Party in the Assembly, to get the whole strike made the subject of a Royal Commission, but without avail, the Government fearing disclosures which would have proved the whole affair a huge conspiracy between the Government and Pastoralists' Union to burst up the Shearers' Union.

Once again the workers turned to politics as a means to obtain some recognition of their rights. Heartily sick of old parties, Liberal and Conservative, they determined to form a party of their own, under the auspices of the Labour Federation. Workers' political organisations were established all over the Colony, for the purpose of selecting and running candidates for Parliament, who in all cases must be members of a workers' political organisation or industrial union for at least twelve months, and be prepared to sign the labour platform, agreed upon by the Convention held in Brisbane in 1892, with the following principal planks:—Electoral reform, universal and equal adult suffrage, labour rights; State Department of Labour, to which men can apply for work at a minimum wage as a right; State pension for all persons over fifty-five, or of invalids who have been in Queensland for fifteen years, and of all orphans until leaving school—not as a charity, but as a right; abolition of State aided immigration; abolition of all conspiracy laws and Master and Servants Act; abolition of Nominee Justices, all magistrates to be elected; Referendum: submitting

of measures for approval or rejection by the people; Federation of Australasia on a democratic as opposed to an imperialistic basis. This was the policy with which labour took the field to win political power in the General Election of 1893. Most of the old Liberal Party had become absorbed in the McIlwraith or Boodle Party. The great Liberal leader, Sir Samuel Griffiths, was given the chief justiceship for betrayal of the people, so the real struggle was between the Ministerialists and the Labour Party. Out of the struggle labour emerged with sixteen representatives returned, this, in the face of the great odds against them, was cause for congratulation in the labour camp, and dismay among the party of Boodle, who had strained all their resources to ensure defeat of the labour candidates. McIlwraith openly stated that unless he was returned to power, financial ruin would overtake Queensland. Employees were coerced into voting against their conscience, and yet, in spite of all this, and the fact of the vast majority of bush workers being without votes, the number recorded in favour of labour was over 20,000, against the Ministerialists 32,000. The first session of Parliament was hastily called to legislate on behalf of the banks who had suspended payment, for, in spite of McIlwraith being returned to power, bank after bank had failed. Luckily the Labour Party was not in a majority, or these failures would have been laid at their door. The career of the labour representatives was watched with interest, their ability was proved in many a tedious debate; many of their number commanded the attention of the whole House, and many were the debates which almost lapsed into a controversy on the merits of Socialism, a pet subject with one Ministerialist, who, for his continuous attacks upon the principles of the Labour Party, as seen through his diseased imagination, obtained the first vacancy in the Cabinet as his reward. However, during the three years, the Labour Party maintained their party independence, and if they sometimes did disturb the serenity of the Assembly, notably in their opposition to the Coercion Bill, introduced by the Hon. T. J. Byrnes, Attorney-General of Queensland, which led to the suspension of eight of their number, their presence in Parliament had a purifying effect upon the politics of Queensland, and saved it from becoming altogether the prey of the boodlers who govern it.

The dissolution of Parliament led to preparations for another struggle. The Government appealed to the country. They had no policy, but raised the red spectre of Socialism as the cause of all the evils that had overtaken unhappy Queensland. Even the terrible floods were laid at the door of the Labour Party, and the base trick of rousing religious bigotry was resorted to by the Ministerialists in order to win power. As Sir Hugh Nelson, Premier of Queensland, said in his manifesto, there are only two parties in the State, the party of law and order and preservers of individual liberty, as opposed to the Socialist or Labour Party, with its policy of confiscation. On these lines was the battle fought, and out of it labour emerged with a gain of four seats. Considering the efforts put forth by the Government, I do not think they were pleased with the result. They certainly had a strong docile party, but then the Labour Party was still in Parliament, stronger than ever,

and this in spite of hundreds of known sympathisers with labour being off the roll, and the many obstacles placed in the way of bush voters. A station employing a few hands made a polling booth, whilst the request of the Opal-town miners to have their camp proclaimed a polling station was refused, and nearly a hundred miners had to journey a distance of fifty miles to record their votes, which, needless to say, were cast for labour. Thus far we have followed the progress of the Labour Party in Queensland, brought into existence by the futile efforts of wage-earners to win their rights by industrial strikes and the growing knowledge among the people of social economics and their disbelief in old political parties to do anything to grapple with the growing evil of modern industrialism. The propaganda work of the labour movement is carried on industrially by the Australian Labour Federation, politically by the workers' political organisations, whilst, doing the work of both, the *Worker* newspaper, the property of the Labour Federation, penetrating into every part of the bush, spreads the glorious truths of Socialism, and renders invaluable service to the cause of labour.

Many attempts have been made to break down the solidarity of the party. Trimmers of principle would change the name from Labour to Democrat, or form a coalition with the Liberals; but the organisations have refused all overtures. The motto of the party is, "Who is not with us is against us." The party is open to all who conform to its rules and will sign the political platform. The man who thinks he resigns his liberty by so doing can keep away; the time is past, as far as Queensland is concerned, when labour will blindly follow some political leader, no matter how dazzling the promises he may hold out.

The great danger to the cause is the party itself. Those who are taken from the ranks of labour and sent as delegates to Parliament must never forget the wrongs they are sent there to redress. There must be no dalliance with the enemies of the people, who will try every possible means to wean labour members from a rigid adhesion to labour principles. The glamour of Parliamentary life, the daily intercourse amidst cosy surroundings with those who formerly would denounce you as a loafing agitator, inclines to too much toleration of existing evils. Too often has Parliament been the tomb of labour's representative. He who would carry forward the banner of progress must never hesitate to attack the principles of mammon, or to overthrow those who by force, fraud, and cajolery, help to maintain present conditions. There are many obstacles to overcome before labour will be returned in sufficient strength to conduct the Government, and any false move or dissension in the ranks of the Labour Party will cause reaction and keep back for a time the march of progress.

The vast majority of wage-earners in Queensland are sick of the old order of things; many of them left old lands to escape from the evils of competition and surplus-labour, only to find the evils existent in the new land. The great spread of Socialistic doctrines during the past ten years has educated the workers into a knowledge of the causes of which overstocked labour markets, under consumption, grinding poverty, and fabulous

wealth are but effects. Old political parties have carried on the game of political gammon too long; they offer the shadow, but the workers now demand, and intend to get, the substance.

In these Old World cities, with their ancient institutions, and deep-rooted belief on the part of wage-earners that what is, always has been, and cannot be altered, the task of teaching the people the way to political and industrial freedom is great. Not so in Queensland, which already is possessed of a Labour Party of twenty members, which a growing knowledge among the people, and a more equal electoral law, will increase at each successive election, until a majority is attained; and then, what is to hinder them from passing measures for the benefit and happiness of the people, constitutionally effecting a revolution, on the lines agreed upon by the Australian Labour Federation in 1890?

The labour movement is confined to no country or race; it is world wide. Whatever successes or failures a section of it meets with affects all. Under many names the cause of Social-Democracy is being pushed forward in many lands. The change from private enterprise and industrial anarchy to State control and industrial order may be far distant, but it is coming; and who shall lead the way?

Social-Democrats should rejoice in the knowledge that in that country where the search for gold holds sway, the search for a remedy for social injustice proceeds also. The political quackery of party politics is nearly played out. The hope of the wage-earner is in the Labour Party. To it he looks for deliverance from oppression. With unity in the ranks, things talked and dreamed of a few years back may be realised a few years hence.

D. LEVEY.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE AND THE MODICUM OF LIBERTY.

WRITING in the *Westminster Review*, Horace Seal traces the growth of co-operation and association for the purposes of hunting down to the community or State of a later age. At first the community could hardly be distinguished from the Government. The stronger ones have always borne the responsibility, and by degrees the interference by the people has gradually decreased. Nowadays "the sovereign power exists in, and is ultimately identical with, the sovereign people or State . . . The monstrous metaphysical phenomenon, or, rather, noumenon, has been of late begotten at Berlin that the State is an abstraction, and entirely apart from the members composing it."

"It will be said, the sovereignty of the people is all very well, but how does freedom fare under its régime, and where does liberty come in? . . . We have still only gained a modicum of liberty; but we, Radicals, Liberals, and Democrats, believe in, and look for, the increase of the modicum."

‘ BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH ’ IN THE “RECORD REIGN.”

IN studying the history of this record reign, we find, on opening the volume that deals with India and the East, the very earliest pages darkened by a story of military defeat and disgrace—soiled with “blots of impolicy and consequent disaster.” The disgrace, we are told, was wiped away, the losses caused by our unwisdom were retrieved. At Meeanee, and Hyderabad, at Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat our arms were victorious; we annexed Scinde and the Punjaub—and we suppressed the Mutiny. Already, since the Queen’s accession, there had been the Canadian rebellion (which occurred in December, 1837), the Afghan War, two Sikh wars, the Burmese War, and the Crimean War; and we were still embroiled with China when the Sepoys in Bengal mutinied.

This mutiny, or rebellion, was but an episode in the history of the great Hindustan peninsula. However, since with it a new chapter in India’s story begins, it may not be uninteresting to glance at some of the events that led to it, and the means by which Christian England quelled the outbreak.

A line of policy blind, aggressive, imbecile, and insolent, produced the outbreak among the native soldiers, and the story of its suppression is one of revolting, ghastly, hideous butcheries, of cold-blooded, dastardly murder, and of fiendish revenge.

Mount Stuart Elphinstone, writing to Sir Edward Colebrooke, gave it as his opinion that the natives of India had been driven into revolt by the very thought of being made Feringhees. In 1851 we had taken a step which was, at best, injudicious. On account of the different castes, prisoners had hitherto been allowed a certain sum of money, and permitted to provide and cook their own food; but it was thought that this led to irregularity and breaches of discipline, so the prisoners were divided into messes according to caste, and a cook appointed to each mess. Now, if the cook were of a lower caste than the eaters, the food was contaminated, the whole mess lost caste, and became *Pariahs*! The Brahmins (many of whom had been deprived of office and salaries under our rule) readily seized on this to persuade the people that the British Government *intended* to destroy their caste and to convert them to Christianity. In many places the prisoners broke out into rebellion. The Government next proceeded to deprive the prisoners of their lotahs. A lotah is a brass drinking vessel, which is held sacred, and preserved most piously against all defilement. The reason assigned for taking this cherished article from the prisoners was that in the event of an outbreak it might prove a formidable weapon. Earthenware was to be substituted, and, as in the question of the food, riots were the result. Suspicion and religious fanaticism were now aroused.

In 1856, Lord Dalhousie, after annexing Berar and Nagpore, took advantage of an outbreak between the Moslems and Hindus in Oudh to

depose the king, and take over his dominions. A large number of Court functionaries were reduced to destitution by this act, and by the way in which it was carried out. Men and women of high birth are known to have gone out into the streets at night to beg. This annexation of Oudh also caused considerable excitement among the Sepoys, many of whom had come from that kingdom.

In 1857 a story was circulated that Government had issued cartridges, one end of which was to be bitten off by the soldiers, and this end was greased with fat—either the fat of the pig, that abomination of the Moslems, or of the sacred cow of the Hindu. The story was perfectly true. “A shudder ran through the lines,” says a historian, “each trembled at the thought of the pollution that lay before him. It was so terrible a thing that if the most malignant enemies of the British Government had sat in conclave for years, and brought an excess of devilish ingenuity to bear upon the invention of a scheme framed with the design of alarming the Sepoy mind from one end of India to the other, they could not have devised one better suited to the purpose. But now the English Government had placed in the hands of their enemies, not a fiction, but a fact—offensive, insulting, appalling, disgusting.”

When it was explained to the troops that it was a mistake, that they might pinch off the end of the cartridge instead of biting it, a fresh difficulty appeared. The cartridge paper looked like, *and was believed to be*, parchment, which, being the skin of an animal, was also in the highest degree revolting to the native mind. Colonel Carmichael Smyth forthwith held a parade, and commanded his men to handle the cartridges. Only five obeyed, and eighty-five were ordered for court-martial, tried before a native tribunal, and sentenced to imprisonment and penal servitude for ten years. Had these Sepoys been Roman legionaries who chose death in the arena sooner than throw a few grains of incense on the altar fire of a heathen god—or, living in the sixteenth century, had they gone to the stake because they held by two sacraments instead of seven, they would have been venerated as martyrs. In the eyes of the English Government they were mutineers.

On May 10 of that year the 3rd Bengal Cavalry attacked the prison where some of their comrades were incarcerated, liberated them, set a number of houses on fire, killed several Europeans, and then marched on Delhi, where they set up a descendant of the Great Mogul. The Mutiny began to assume the character of a rebellion; we had successively alienated rulers, officials, nobles, populace, and soldiers, and now set about extinguishing the conflagration we had kindled.

On June 10 one hundred and twenty mutineers of the 55th were condemned to be blown from the guns! Only forty, however, suffered. And now martial law was proclaimed. British soldiers and citizens tried, condemned, and executed natives, young and old, men, women, and children, who were entirely guiltless of any offence whatever against the Government. Of course there was retaliation, but it has been estimated that six thousand *innocent* natives were hanged, shot, nay, even burned! To quote the author already mentioned, “An Englishman is almost suffocated with indignation

when he reads that Mrs. Chambers or Miss Jennings was hacked to death by a dusky ruffian ; but in native stories it may be recorded against *our* people how wives and mothers and children fell victims to English vengeance, and these stories may have as deep a pathos as any that rend our own hearts." To Englishmen the horrible massacre at Cawnpore in the following July is perhaps the most terrible incident in the whole ghastly story. Hideous it is to read the account of that slaughter, when 200 defenceless women and children were hacked to death in a few hours ; but it must not be forgotten that it was the direct outcome of the atrocities related above, and the blood of our murdered women and children must be laid to the charge of the English Government. It was not an act of mere ferocious lust of blood, or of wanton cruelty—partly, doubtless, one of retaliation ; but it is certain that the Nana thought our women would be able to identify the rebels, and had we not given them cause to dread our vengeance ? Neither let us forget that at any rate *some* of the Nana's soldiers would not carry out the sentence, and recourse was had to butchers who were accustomed to slaying defenceless animals.

After Cawnpore it was no longer a question of suppressing mutinous soldiery, or of putting down a rebellion. It was one of retribution. How was this carried out ?

Any Sepoy who had mutinied and been captured was compelled to go through the defiling process of wiping up part of the blood, after which he was blown from the cannon's mouth. This punishment was not reserved for the murderers ; it was not chastisement, but vengeance.

Major Blind fell with his detachment on a party of natives, and slew one hundred and eighty, their complicity in the rebellion being doubtful. There was no proof, whatever, that the Shahzadas had been instigators of, or prime movers in the rebellion, and yet Hudson, taking upon himself the office of executioner, shot these princes with his own hand, and left their bodies exposed to public view until they rotted and stank. It was suggested that a Bill be brought into Parliament for the flaying alive, impalement, or burning of the murderers. " I would inflict," said General Nicholson, " the most excruciating tortures, with a perfectly easy conscience." Could the ferocity even of the inhuman Nana have gone to greater lengths ?

Nearly one hundred years previously a mutiny broke out in the Bengal army, and twenty-four Sepoys were tried and blown from the guns. The details given of this outrage are fully as gruesome in their way as those of Cawnpore.

Thus was the Mutiny suppressed at a great cost of blood (most of it innocent) and money, and a system of administration set up which culminated in 1876 by the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. By this she claims the position held by the Grand Mogul before the Mutiny. She thus celebrates this year her Diamond Jubilee as Queen of Great Britain, and her majority as Empress of India.

KATIE J. KIRKMANN.

TOM MANN ON "SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND."

WE are pleased to find an excellent article by Tom Mann, on "Socialism in England," in the April number of the *Sozialistische Monatshefte*. The tone of the article is optimistic, while not concealing the difficulties and drawbacks of the situation in England. Tom Mann, although an energetic member of the I.L.P., is studiously fair to the S.D.F., notably in the figures he gives. These, by the way, coming as they do from an important official of the I.L.P., will probably surprise some of our German friends when they compare them with the reports of "impartial" compatriots who profess to know something of English matters. The serried ranks of the Fabian Society, the I.L.P. with their relatively colossal membership and influence, and the poor handful of hapless Social-Democrats, here resolve themselves into figures approximately representing the facts of the case. The membership, by the way, of the S.D.F. is here stated by Mann at ten thousand. We believe we are not wrong in putting the actual number of *paying* members at somewhat over eleven thousand.

The whole tone of the article, written as it is by an indisputably practical, hard-headed, representative of British labour, must be rather a facer to those hard-riders of the Marxian formula about following "the general working-class movement" (*Gesammte Bewegung*) who would have English Socialist bodies grovel on their bellies before every whim of trade union reactionists, who would like to see the English Socialist movement piously bowing the knee to the general ruck of an up to now (alas!) ignorant and apathetic working-class. Gentlemen, for example, like Karl Kautsky, must perforce condemn the I.L.P. and Tom Mann for fighting a forlorn hope for Socialism in Halifax, for in so doing they were obviously committing the sin of attempting to "schoolmaster" (to use Kautsky's expression) the "general working-class movement," as represented by its Broadhursts, its Fenwicks, and its Wilsons—that sublime movement as compared to whose insight *unsere* [sozialistische] *Weisheit Einfalt ist*. It is really extremely naive of certain of our friends in Germany to lecture us on the duty of not opposing but following the "general working-class movement" when their experience is exclusively confined to a state of things in which the "general working-class movement" is *itself a product* of the Social-Democratic movement. The absurdity of their position, when applied to a country possessing an old but in the main reactionary working-class movement embedded in a solid mass of apathy, only illustrates once more the danger of *Prinzipreiterei*. We give below an extract or two from Mann's article, and can only say we wish our German comrades always got as good information concerning English matters as they have in this case.

Hear Tom Mann on the success of our socialistic agitation among the trade unionists—in other words, on the success of the so much despised "school-mastering" policy!

"It has been an extremely difficult task [agitation among the unions], and is so still, but without doubt it has been a great success, little as it may seem so to the casual observer, more especially if he be a foreigner. Ten years the Socialist unionists have been on the job, devoting special attention to certain societies, such as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the London Society of Compositors, as well as to the general Trade Union Congresses. In none of these large combinations of workmen has a Socialist majority existed up to date, but it may neverthe-

less be confidently asserted that in some unions a third of the members would be prepared to declare in favour of scientific Socialism, and against any other system, whatever it might be. As regards the trade union movement in general—i.e., the million and a half of men who now constitute the membership of the various trade unions in Great Britain and Ireland—we need not hesitate in placing the number of Socialists at 25 per cent. This is obviously only a small percentage as compared with the Continent, but seven years ago it could not have been said that even 10 per cent. of the trade unionists of this country were Socialists."

We venture to regard Mann's estimate of the number of Socialists among the trade unionists as somewhat too sanguine, though undoubtedly the last ten years has seen a large increase. But if the pace is to be quickened, this can assuredly only be done, as it has been in the past, not by blindly following the lead of the non class-conscious proletariat, but by a good deal more "school-mastering" of that entity (so holy to our neo-Marxist pedants) called the "general working-class movement," on the part of Social Democrats who understand the principles of their faith.

After deploring the paucity of Socialist organs in the English press as compared with that of the Continent, Mann concludes: "This will also be soon altered, and however hard the struggle is, and will be, those who were the first to proclaim revolutionary Socialism in this country twelve [? fifteen] years ago have every reason to be satisfied. . . . In all trade unions the Socialist members are gaining in influence, and branches of one or other of our Socialist organisations are to be found in half of the parliamentary electoral districts into which the country is divided. For such a capitalistic land as England this is surely not bad for twelve [? fifteen] years? We are going forward, and we shall go forward at an ever-increasing rate in conquering those powers which exploit, blood-suck, and oppress, and in furthering the onward movement of those principles destined to prepare the way for social conditions in which the requirements of existence are easily to be satisfied for all, and in which our conceptions of life have reached a higher and nobler level than is possible in a society based on a rapacious capitalism."

E. B. B.

"THE SIAMESE VISIT."

THE *Cornhill* and the *Nineteenth Century* have each a paper from the pen of Percy Cross Standing on this subject.

He epitomises the history of France in connection with Indo-China from 1774, and says that "France has proved alike her ability and anxiety to strike a decisive blow at British commercial supremacy in this direction," and that "the visit of King Chulalongkorū to England has a well-defined political significance." The King of Siam is a man of broad and enlightened views, and has encouraged the introduction of English customs and language, electric light, electric tramways, &c., into the capital, and "for his broad and enlightened views he has been requited by the wholesale and utterly unjustifiable plunder of his most fertile lands."

Now the question arises, what can Britain do? The King of Siam is not likely to look in vain to England for assistance in his present difficulty.

"The European has planted his foot firmly in a region where he has not the faintest shadow of right or title to spread himself—and the Asiatic has, as he always has had, to pay the price. Reasons of high politics have more than considerably dictated the Western tour of the Siamese monarch in 1897. Let us hope that the Royal visit will not have been undertaken for nought."

‘ DO FOREIGN ANNEXATIONS INJURE BRITISH TRADE ? ’

IN an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Henry Birchenough answers this question in the negative. Nay, further; so far from injuring our trade, “it is far better that a country should be settled under an orderly Government, even though that Government imposes a hostile tariff.” He also maintains that although the figures relating to our exports to foreign colonies are not large, and do not show a large increase, there need be no anxiety as to the future of British trade, as these figures are not decreasing, but increasing, though slowly. “The Spanish possessions take almost as much from us as from Spain herself. Our exports to the Dutch East Indies are greater than our exports to the Austrian Empire.”

But to consider modern annexations, or extension of foreign spheres of influence. “Where social order is secured British trade will flourish and increase.” To bear this out, Mr. Birchenough shows that since 1881 the value of our exports to Indo-China (in spite of the hostile tariff imposed by France) has increased almost tenfold. Most of our exports to new colonies consist of cheap textile fabrics, in the manufacture of which we excel. Again, in West Africa, where the annexations have been on a huge scale, what has happened? Since 1881 the average value of British exports to French West Africa has risen from £131,752 to £260,292, and this is more than one-third of French exports to the same district.

“British trade has been able to obtain a strong foothold, and the prospects of future increase are decidedly promising.”

The value of our exports to the Portuguese colonies in Africa is more than double the value of Portugal's exports of *her own domestic produce* to those colonies.

The hostile tariffs, intended to discourage trade with other than the mother-country, may ‘hamper our trade,’ but “cannot destroy it.” We possess advantages over our rivals in our “financial position, and enormous loanable capital,” and again in the fact that we “produce on a large scale and at very cheap rates just those articles which are required to satisfy the demands or to assist in the development of uncivilised communities.” As to our rivals in trade, the Germans, Mr. Birchenough says we shall fight out the industrial battle “under the same conditions, so far as tariff is concerned,” but, of course, the tariff wall surrounding German colonies “might be more effective than those which surround the possessions of France and Portugal.” While he admits that our own colonies and possessions are our best markets, he concludes by saying: “The practical experience of the last fifteen years teaches us plainly that foreign annexation does not carry with it the extension of our trade. British enterprise is vigorous enough, and British commerce has vitality enough to overstep, in some measure, at all events, any barriers that are likely to be erected against them.”

"THE THESSALIAN WAR OF 1897."

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "The Thessalian War of 1897," Mr. Charles Williams, correspondent for the *Daily Chronicle* with the Greek army, says: "Until the end of March this year, in spite of the proverbial uncertainties of war, and of the tendencies among the Powers, no one in Greece doubted that the time was at hand for the extension of the rule of King George, not only over part of the old Macedonia, but over, with a longer or shorter interval, the whole realm of King Minos. The latter aspiration may yet be realised; the former has been dissipated for many a day like a cloud on Hymettus when a summer sun rises over the Egean. The people who assume to be the Hellenes have proved unable even to defend the Thessalian province which was given them by, and in pursuance of, the Treaty of Berlin, and from which the Hellenes originally came to mould the destinies of the Greek world, and form imperishable and glorious records in arts and arms. I am unable, for one, to accept the theory that the modern Greeks are in any real sense either the true representatives of the ancient Greek race, or the repository of its traditions. There are more true Greeks in Constantinople itself than in the whole of King George's realm; almost as many in Smyrna. . . . If there be, as there unquestionably is, left in Athens a remnant of the Greek spirit, it is shown less in art (or in arms) than in the unrest and the desire for 'some new thing' which St. Paul, in common with the best minds of ancient Greece, satirised and deplored. 'They spend their time in nothing else,' said the Apostle of the Gentiles, than discussing or inventing the news of the day. They live in a perpetual fever of what a British tar, the day of my arrival, called 'jaw.' . . . People who jabber so much have no time for thinking. They live on illusions, the product of their verbosity." Mr. Williams certainly does not take the same rosy view of Greece and all things Greek as does his journal. "Had Greece," he says, "known how to exercise some self-restraint, to abate talk, and calculate her chances, there is little doubt Crete would now belong to the Greek kingdom. That was not to be. Greece not only threw an armed force into Crete, but her secret societies, in their own way and unrestrained by the Government of Athens, declared war on Turkey on the frontier of Macedonia. These secret societies in Greece control alike the court and the camp." Of these, he says, they, acting in combination, force the hand of the Turk, and induce him to "exhaust himself and his resources in parrying the thrusts of the 'irregulars,' armed with Greek Government rifles and cartridges and implacable hate. This time they outran the constable. The Turk gathered what is left of his strength and struck back."

The Greek Government prepared to back up its irregulars by collecting its "army." Of this army, Mr. Williams says: "They were simply a conglomerate armed mob, officered by men, mainly, because, to use an American expression, they had a political pull." He says "the unwearied industry at headquarters might have done much in time. But the Turks did not give it time. Before it was ready they struck in. They had found that patience and endurance did not save them from the 'irregulars' and secret service men, so, without declaring war, they began making regular war."

"It was surprising," says the writer, "to see how little the Greeks relished sauce for the gander which they had thought so excellent for the goose. To begin fighting under such circumstances was an infamy that was only equalled by the employment of German officers, both to advise and direct the Turks. The Greeks were organising a foreign legion, but that was

another thing, and really it was so frankly in breach of International Law that the thing cased to astonish."

Mr. Williams puts the retreat from Tyrnavos in a much better light than it has hitherto been represented, and says that taking it all in all it was admirably done. There was evidently no intention to defend Larissa.

Of the battle at Pharsala, he says that it looked like nothing so much as a bit of a war game played by volunteers. The two forces never got nearer to each other than from 800 to 1,200 yards, and "even the artillery, handled again better in aim on the side of the Greeks, but tactically better on that of the Turks, preferred 5,000 or 4,000 yards to any nearer distance." The attack was made before noon, and before sunset the Greeks were in retreat. At Domoko, Mr. Williams says: "The Greek staff declared, of course, that here they would stand for ever, and a day longer; and they made their dispositions very prettily, as though they had been following some plan drawn at leisure by an engineer for an academical exercise, without reference to the number of forces engaged on either side." Of the fighting at Domoko, Mr. Williams says, if the Turkish plan of attack was not successful on the right, it was only because the Greeks had there placed the Italian or Garibaldian Volunteers of the Foreign Legion. "The only real fighting at Pharsala was made on behalf of the Greeks by a couple of scratch companies of the British, French, and Italians, who had up to that time arrived, and were by that time pretty well disgusted with what they had seen. So the duty of rolling back the Ottoman right fell to the red-shirted battalions." The writer, who congratulates newspaper correspondents with the Turkish forces on the information and facilities which were afforded them and which were sadly wanting on his own side, concludes by declaring the attack on the centre at Domoko as a mistake on the part of the Turks, which "enabled the Greek army to save its honour by a sort of stand at last."

INSURANCE AGAINST LABOUR ACCIDENTS IN BELGIUM.

By a law passed July 21, 1890, a department for the prevention of labour accidents, and for the assistance of the victims of such accidents, was instituted in Belgium. During the first four years of its existence this department was supported entirely by subscriptions and donations, but, the receipts being insufficient to meet the numerous demands for help, the Chambers decided to grant an annual subsidy of £4,400. A report published in the *Moniteur Belge* gives the following figures as indicative of the work of the department:—

Year.	Number of accidents.	Number of cases in which assistance was given.	Amount distributed. Francs.	Average amount given. Francs.
1890-91	3,867	2,667	96,510	36 19
1891-92	4,066	3,409	120,660	35.40
1892-93	5,666	4,863	161,965	33.30
1893-94	5,934	4,420	135,224	30 59
1894-95	6,630	5,606	176,364	31.46

These figures deal only with the accidents reported to the administration of the department; they deal neither with the numerous accidents which have not been reported, nor with about 1,500 cases of death, or injuries which lack of funds has rendered impossible of assistance.

Classified by industries, the accidents assisted were as follows:—1 617 cases among miners; factory workers, 890; agriculturists, 249; sailors and fishermen, 241; quarrymen, 197; home workers, 178; unclassified workers, 2,234.

—*L'Avenir Sociale*.

AN INDICTMENT OF ORGANISED CHARITIES.

The time has come when some plain and pointed words need to be said in reference to our whole system of public and private charities. We have seen them grow in number and revenue, till they now have become great machines, disbursing in the aggregate immense sums of money. The public has come to believe in their necessity, and responds to their annual appeals with increasing generosity, and the result is that we are gradually allowing our charitable giving and distributing to be done for us by societies. The individual as a factor is fast disappearing, and some sort of organised agency takes his place, and worse than this, it is an accepted belief that the latter is indispensable. Is it all right? It is a criticism of the system we are proposing, which surely its upholders and advocates will not resent. It is a challenge of largely accepted and extending methods of charity, and not of the motives of those who have adopted them, which we offer. We are strongly of the opinion that the tendency to exploit charity distribution as a science and a profession, is one which should be checked, rather than encouraged. The number is daily augmenting of those who are ready to call a halt, and who are beginning to see the evil results of the prevalent system.

The truth of the matter is that the whole modern method of organised charities is based on a wrong principle. It is the outgrowth of sentiment; it proceeds on the assumption that the present condition of things is inevitable, and therefore must be accepted. The problem of poor relief is essentially economic, not charitable; and thus far the dealing has been wholly with the wrong end of it. The study most imperatively called for is not how best to administer charity, but how to make charity more and more unnecessary. Poverty, we are told, is increasing, and well it may, for we are making no general economic effort to dry up its springs; we are not dealing with the causes of it, nor are we seriously trying to make charity superfluous. On the contrary, we are, by our relief methods, seeking to make people endure what ought not to be endured, and are giving out doles to help them eke out an existence that should not, and need not, be tolerated. Ministering now and then to individuals and to families brings no permanent relief to the class to which such belong. The labour problem comes before charity, and it is because we have shirked the former that we have had so much of the latter.

Decent home life costs more than herding together like pigs, the apology for which is its cheapness. It is because the cost or standard of living controls wages, that the maintenance of the former marks the type of civilisation. The economic problem of society is, therefore, not one of reducing rents, regulating interest, or abolishing profit, but it is a problem of increasing wages, and the latter depend ultimately on the desires, character, and opportunities of the labouring classes. Charity does not deal with this problem, it rather complicates and delays its economic solution by expedients to alleviate the consequences of a low wage. Charitable relief given to low wage-workers makes it possible for them to compete with self-supporting working men, and such a struggle is contrary to all conditions of economic competition, since the cheaper labourer succeeds not through any superiority, but solely because of his social inferiority, and this takes away the incentive for the ill-paid toiler to rise, and defeats all

progress. Fewer work hours have also an economic significance ; they cannot come in response to the appeal for charity ; they imply increased leisure with diminished exhaustion and enlargement of opportunity for a greater variety of social life. Regarding the labourer, as has been usual, as only a physical factor in production, while ignoring him practically as a social factor in consumption, explains his slow progress, and has neutralised the advantages he has had under our republican institutions. It was Dr. Johnson who said, "I have found men more kind than I expected, but less just," for after all it is easier to be charitable than to be just ; easier to give a contribution to some benevolent society than to pay a fair wage to employees. Our charity organisations have educated the people to shunt their responsibility for social conditions they sadly acquiesce in, and yet which they condemn. One tithe of the effort now spent on equipping their plants and in administering what is entrusted to them by the benevolently-disposed would, if devoted to the getting at and removal of the causes of poverty, have radically improved the social and industrial outlook.—*Guntton's Magazine*, New York.

"THE BRITISH MONARCHY AND MODERN DEMOCRACY."

AN article, by W. S. Lilly, bearing this title, appears in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Starting with the idea (as Sir Robert Filmer did in his "Patriarcha" some two hundred years ago) that fathers of families were the first kings, the patriarchal rule the earliest, and the patriarchal state the primitive condition of civil society, Mr. Lilly shows that the "regal power is but the paternal power in a wider sphere." He goes on to say that the "distinctive characteristic of our age is democracy." "A question-begging word, indeed, is that same democracy. The rule or government of the demos, or people. But what is the demos or people ? . . . Does it mean, in practice, the absolute sway of a popular assembly . . . or are we rather to conceive by the demos, or people, as the nation in its corporate capacity." Further on, Lilly says : "A majority of the adult inhabitants of any country is not the true demos or people. Such a majority is not the nation ; it is not even the most considerable element of the nation." While our author recognises the justice of universal suffrage, he endorses the opinion of John Stuart Mill that "equal vote is on principle wrong," and adds, "inequality and liberty are inseparably connected." As democracy is the state with which "the future of civilisation is bound up," what part has monarchy in it, and what is its function ? "Legitimism, in its old sense, is happily dead and gone. Kingship, as the vast Jubilee celebration witnesses, is very much alive. . . . England has realised the true idea of modern monarchy, and has assigned to the Throne its rightful place in modern democracy." Mr. Lilly draws attention to the fact that Queen Victoria is descended from Ardie, of the West Saxons, king, who landed in this island fourteen hundred years ago, and also that our present constitutional government is the result of the policy of Henry II., of Simon de Montfort, and of Edward I. "The growth of English freedom, however thwarted at times, has been continuous and triumphant." In France, the result of a Republican Government has always been disastrous. "America is given over to self-government by the basest . . . Wherever we look throughout the world we find ample reason to justify our loyal passion for our temperate kings."

THE WAY TO STUDY THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

UNDER the above title, M. Georges Renard contributes to a recent number of *La Revue Socialiste* an article which is, at the present moment, when so much general sentimentality is being indulged in by the professors of "brotherhood," and the like kinds of so-called Socialism, both opportune, interesting, and valuable.

What is the social question? "It is," says M. Renard, "to find a method of social organisation such that every human being can develop himself as fully and as freely as possible without hurting, but rather by aiding in, the development of others and of the whole of society. . . . It reduces itself practically to a complete reorganisation of the attributes of the individual and of society." "There exist . . . gentle and generous souls who still believe in human kindness, who, for the suppression of discord and struggle, count upon love, and the miracles that it effects, and upon mutual sympathy, which can reunite beings of the same species and reconcile them in a passionate emotion of fraternity. And certainly it is not I who will deny the incalculable power of sentiment, the high value and the fruitful impulsion of pity. It is not I who will rebuke whoever whispers in the hearts of men the desire for peace and harmony, and recalls to them the beautiful and simple words which contain, perhaps, the whole secret of future happiness—'Love one another.' The misfortune is that these words have been constantly repeated for the last nineteen centuries, which compels one to think that their power of penetration is exceedingly small. I know well that the word fraternity is paraded on the walls of our public monuments. Only it resembles, alas! the word liberty, which shines on all sides, even on the prisons. Which of us does not know that it is a long way from the bottom of the soul to the brink of the lips, from the living sentiment to the lying symbol which represents it?"

"The best intentions often result in producing evil. The merciless charity of the Inquisitors burnt the bodies of heretics under the pretext of saving their souls. Indiscreet alms-giving debases, degrades, and throws into idleness those that it pretends to relieve. The best intentions need to be enlightened to save them from becoming sterile or dangerous. Yes, without doubt, tenderness for all who live and suffer, compassion for the weak and oppressed, love of humanity, in short—these are noble and precious stimulants of activity. They are to social progress what steam is to the propulsion of vessels—the motive force, but they are not the directing force. . . . In order to ameliorate a system so complicated as society, sentiment is useless without the concurrence of science."

To pursue a thorough and effective line of study, the subject is classified under three heads, as follows:—

- (1) The study of present and past society—of man as he is, or has been.
 - (2) The study of man as he could and ought to be, and of future society.
 - (3) The study of ways and means which could lead from what exists at present to that which will be.
-

I.

"Science reveals to man his place in the series of entities, and enables him to understand his rôle in the universe; it instructs him in dignity and

modesty, for it shows him how he has risen from animality to humanity, and how it is also possible for him to again descend to primitive brutality. It teaches him in what direction he has travelled since the dark ages when he was still a savage, and, in a certain measure, predisposes him to continue the route commenced. It lends in the same way to the desire of progress and of well-being the authority of a secular tradition."

"In effect the method of observation, which is the method of all concrete science, furnishes us only with facts, still with facts, and always with facts. What is called in scientific language a law is nothing but the statement of a general fact, *i.e.*, such circumstances being given, things will happen in such or such a manner. He who wants to be on the side of science can only verify indifferently everything which offers itself to his view. From the moment that he begins to judge, to opine that a thing is good or bad, he introduces a new element, a personal subjective element borrowed from his mind, an idea. He has, if he knows it or not, compared the thing that he is valuing with an ideal pre-existing in himself."

"Thus the criticism of the present and the past is essential to those who believe in an ideal. . . . It is vain to pretend to know, with infallible precision, whither present society is tending and where it will end. It is vain to say that to-morrow is contained in to-day, as the plant in the seed, and that consequently to-morrow will realise itself by itself. This theory is false in this, that it forgets in its calculations an essential element—the more and more conscious will of the members of society. This will could throw back or accelerate the movement of the whole to which it belongs, and before working in one or the other sense it will naturally demand if the direction followed by this whole is good or bad. If this doctrine of historic or organic fatalism were true, it would only be possible to fold one's arms and to regard with impassible resignation the flow of the inexhaustible river of life. Immobility would be the last word of wisdom."

"From all that I conclude that the study of what is and of what has been, even if it gives us clear ideas on the probable direction of society, can only suffice to stimulate our action. It is necessary to add to that the study of what ought to be."

II.

In the second part of the article our author commences by discussing the ideal. Having shown that it is but a reflection of human life, and that it is born out of reality itself, he continues: "Has this ideal an absolute value? Evidently not, since it is human. It varies in height and nature, with the people, the time, and the country. . . . It reflects faithfully the imperfections of our knowledge and our morality. . . . Does that mean that it is useless to make present society better? Certainly not. What will prevent future generations from going still further? They will be free—let us say better. They will be obliged in their turn to conceive another ideal, which, born of a reality less imperfect, will be, consequently, more beautiful, more grand, more noble, more luminous. There is an evolution of the ideal, parallel and correlative to the evolution of the reality. The ideal in the measure that it realises itself, reforms, rectifies, and perfects itself, and it offers this remarkable characteristic—that it always advances and rises before the view of those who approach it. . . . Human society is an organism which develops itself spontaneously, following the laws that it must know and respect, willingly or unwillingly; but by the single fact that this organism is composed of reasonable beings, capable of reflection and of calculation, it

becomes and tends to become, more and more a mechanism whose arrangement men could, and ought to, modify by their reason."

Here arises, says the author, a very grave difficulty, namely, how to determine what is the ideal which should serve as guide; and to surmount this we must have recourse again to science, and must study the science of what ought to be. Although such a science at first seems strange, in reality it would be found to be no more difficult than many other sciences. It resolves itself really into instituting in the domain of moral and political sciences an abstract science holding a position analogous to that held by geometry to the material sciences, and to superimpose on existing sciences a science of human idealism. This resolves itself into two branches, *i.e.*, the individual ideal and the social ideal. It is with the latter that the article proposes to deal, and anticipates difficulties of a practical kind only. For the theory of justice is simple, and can be understood by all. It is the practice of justice that is difficult.

It may be objected that such a science would be dangerous; and assuredly it would be to existing iniquities and to the old abuses with which it is convenient to play, saying that they are eternal. There is no doubt that of all the objections to such a science that objection will be the most powerful.

All the problems of the social question present themselves under two aspects: to seek a maximum of utility; to seek a maximum of justice.

Having thus arrived at a clear method of dealing with the social problem, "all that remains is to study the ways and means of realising the ideal; to conduct the transition from to-day to to-morrow, to bring forth as easily as possible the future society from the womb of existing society, where it exists in embryo, and for the good of the mother as of the infant, to reduce the pains of childbirth to a minimum."

"On the other hand, it is incumbent on the men of science and on the theorists to indicate for each part of the problem preparative measures and progressive reforms which will pave the way towards the distant ideal. A vast field where the practical mind has ample with which to exercise itself, where pure speculation is corrected at each step by living reality, where the considerations of justice and utility ought to combine harmoniously. It is the domain of applied science."

"On the other hand, it is for the men of action to choose among the means proposed those which are the best, the surest, the best adapted to the needs of the present hour, and to put them on their immediate programme, to impose them on the distracted attention of the public, to make them be understood, approved, and accepted. It is the domain of political action."

MUNICIPALISM.

BRESLAU (Germany) has recently established a municipal restaurant. The local authorities have provided the premises gratuitously, and have bequeathed to the institution a sum of £1,500.

The principal object of this restaurant is to supply the needs of the working class. It consists of two large halls, one reserved for the use of women, furnished with small tables.

A plate of soup and a portion of meat, with vegetables, costs 2d.; twice the amount costs 3d. On Sundays stewed fruit is added without increase of price. A sandwich of meat or sausage costs 1d.—*L'Avenir Sociale*.

"TEMPORARY INSANITY."

HE was a very fortunate young fellow to drop into so good an opening. That was what he thought, and what he wrote home to the old folks in the little village where he had served his apprenticeship, and which he had left to take the situation offered him in the establishment of Mr. James Parkinson, builder and decorator of Homerton. And he was quite right; he had been fortunate enough to secure a very good job. His employer was a thriving tradesman with a good business, who at once took a kindly interest in the somewhat raw country youth, for whom he found a lodging in his own dwelling.

Tom Carson fully appreciated the favour of his patron. It was rather different to the treatment he had been accustomed to. The child of very poor parents, he had had a terrible struggle even to scramble into the ranks of the aristocracy of labour. When he commenced work there appeared to be nothing before him but the deadly-dull career of an unskilled labourer in a country village. His employer, however, who was a shrewd man of business, saw that there were certain possibilities in the lad which would make it profitable to himself to apprentice him, and he accordingly induced the boy's parents to agree to this. Tom's period of apprenticeship was a time of long hours, hard work and scanty pay. But he bore up manfully, put his heart into his work, and although it did not increase his wages, nor help to fill his belly, it gratified him considerably to hear his employer remark on more than one occasion, that "the boy," as he was called, was the best man in the place. He made the best use of his time, and when his apprenticeship was over he had, in spite of many difficulties, thoroughly mastered his trade, and at once sought employment in that promised land of so large a number of our rural youth—London.

In his new place Tom found much that was new and strange to him, but his position and surroundings were a great improvement on what he had formerly been accustomed to, and he was greatly elated at the change. The business, though good, was not a large one, and most of the principal work was carried out by Carson and his employer. The latter was delighted with the knowledge, cleverness, and business aptitude displayed by his new assistant, and Tom felt more and more each day how true it was that he was a very fortunate young fellow to drop into so good an opening. He felt he had now a career before him, and determined, by attention to his work and diligence in business, to fully justify and deserve the good opinion of his employer. At the Parkinsons' Tom was treated as one of the family. Mrs. Parkinson, a young woman of about thirty, seemed to take as great a liking to him as did her husband. They had no children, and the lady laughingly said she should consider Tom as a grown-up son of her own. Altogether Tom found himself very comfortable, and congratulated himself on having his lines cast in so very pleasant a place.

He found Mrs. Parkinson as good as her word in her treatment of himself. It was his duty to be at the shop first in the morning, and he would be back home first in the evening, unless there was any special business on hand. Mrs. Parkinson was generally down in the morning to give him his breakfast before he went out, and he always found tea ready for him on his return. In many ways he noted those little attentions bestowed upon

himself, which a mother will give to a favourite son, and was duly grateful for them.

He had been with the Parkinsons some six months when one day his employer said to him, "I shall have to get you to take the missus to that dance to-night, Tom. I have to run down to Hadleigh to see Mr. Weston about that job of his down there, and I know I shall not be back till very late, and may not be able to return till the morning. It's a beastly nuisance, and I know that she has set her heart on going, so I should be very sorry to disappoint her. I suppose you won't mind going?"

"Oh, I shall be very pleased to go, if it will be of any service to you; but I am quite a duffer at dances, or anything of the kind. I am sorry you are not able to go yourself."

"As to that I am not much of a one for that sort of thing myself, but the wife likes to go, and I like to humour her sometimes. But I don't care about her going alone, as she will have a long way to come home afterwards, so I shall be glad to have you go with her."

The dance was an annual function of some importance among the smaller tradespeople of North London, and although it took place in a hall several miles from where the Parkinsons lived, they had made a point of going every year for some years past.

When Tom Carson told Mrs. Parkinson that her husband had been called away on business, and had asked him to accompany her to the ball, she did not appear nearly so disappointed as he had expected her to be. She said she did not really care much about going, and would certainly not go if it would put him to any trouble.

"Oh, but I should much prefer to go than that you should be disappointed."

"It would not be much of a disappointment. I think I would as soon stay here, if you would rather stay," she replied.

However, she decided to go.

This was the first time Tom Carson had ever been to a gathering of the kind, and, as he said, he was not much of a dancer, and could take part in none but the simplest dances; but Mrs. Parkinson declined almost every other partner. As they were sitting together watching the dancers he said:

"I am afraid I have quite spoilt your evening. I would much rather see you enjoying yourself."

"Oh, but I am enjoying myself. I like so much better to sit here and watch the others," she replied, adding, as if to herself, but loud enough for him to hear, "with you."

He felt an involuntary thrill of pleasure at the softly-spoken words, which brought a blush to his cheek, but which he pretended not to have heard.

She, watching him, noted the effect of her words with a smile, and went on:

"Don't you think we find the greatest pleasure in witnessing the pleasure of others?"

"I have never thought about it," he replied, naively. "I never had much pleasure, as the word is generally understood. Indeed, I may say, I never knew what pleasure, other than the pleasure of work, meant, until I came to Homerton. But I suppose one does take pleasure in the pleasure of others; at least, it is pleasant to please others."

"And so you were pleased to come here because of pleasing me?"

"Certainly; but then, also, it was my duty to do so, as it was my employer's wish."

"I am sorry your employer's wish should have imposed upon you a disagreeable duty. I hoped you had come to please me," she said, with a slight frown.

"So I did. I never said that it was a disagreeable duty, but that, apart from any pleasure it might give me, it was my duty to serve you. But surely it is a very small matter whether I am pleased or not."

"I wish you wouldn't say such nasty things."

He looked at her in surprise. She had never spoken to him like this before, and he was at a loss to understand it. Her eyes fell before his gaze.

"Don't be stupid," she went on. "You needn't look at me like that. I think you are very disagreeable."

He looked more surprised than ever at this inconsequent speech.

"Really, madam," he began, when she interrupted him.

"Come," she said, "let us go. You must be tired of this stupid affair, and I am sure that I am. Let us go."

He waited while she got her wraps. As they stepped out into the night air she shivered. He turned and drew her shawl more closely round her, she passed her arm through his, and nestled closely to him. It was already past midnight; the streets were almost deserted. Presently a cab passed them.

"Call that cab, Tom," she said. "Let us drive home; it is too far to walk."

Tom did as she suggested, and, having assisted her in, seated himself by her side. For a few minutes they rode on in silence. Presently she said, "Then you have found it pleasant while you have been living with us?"

"Very pleasant indeed," he replied simply.

"I am glad. I have tried to make it pleasant for you. Tom, dear, don't you think you could care for me a little? I am not so very old and ugly, am I?"

"Of course I care for you," replied Tom, astonished. "You have been very kind to me, and, as my employer's wife, you are entitled to my respect."

"Don't be so unkind, Tom," she said, almost sobbing.

He felt her arm steal round his neck, and the blood tingled in his veins as her soft fingers stroked his cheek. She drew his head down upon her shoulder, her soft, warm breath stirred the hair on his forehead. The perfume of her dress intoxicated him. She laughed lightly.

"Don't you think it strange, Tom, for a young man and a woman to be riding together in a cab through the darkness like this and never to have a kiss?"

His head sank lower on her bosom, she clasped her hands about his face and kissed him passionately.

"Kiss me, kiss me, Tom," she whispered.

He was mad, intoxicated; he threw his hands over her head, pressed her face down on his and kissed her again and again. Then he dragged himself free from her embraces and covered his face with his hands.

"How could you? How could you?" he murmured, incoherently.

She endeavoured to take hold of his hands, but he shook her off roughly, almost fiercely.

When the cab stopped he got out and waited while she entered the house, then he paid the cabman and followed her. As he closed the front door behind him she ran down the stairs.

"Oh, Tom," she said in a low voice, "Jim has not come home."

He did not answer, but endeavoured to walk past her; but she placed herself in front of him, and threw her arms about him.

"Tom, don't you understand what I say? Jim has not come home, and I have you here all to myself, Tom, and I love you. Oh, how I love you. No, no, do not go from me," she cried, as he tried to release himself. "If you only knew how I love you, how I have hungered for you, you would not be so cruel, so indifferent. Oh, Tom, will you not love me?"

She clung to him, but he gradually freed himself from her embrace and pushed her from him.

"Mrs. Parkinson," he said hoarsely, "you forget yourself. I am very sorry for this, and I am ashamed that I should have forgotten myself as far as I did. It is not for me to reproach you, but think of your husband, who has left his honour in your keeping. We are both to blame so far as we have betrayed the confidence he has reposed in us. No one shall ever hear from me of this, but I will go to my room now, and to-morrow I will seek another lodging."

The woman started forward in fury, her face crimson, her eyes blazing.

"You, you scorn my love and dare to lecture me on my duty. I was a fool; I loved you, but, much as I loved you, I hate you the more. Dearly shall you pay for this."

She raised both her clenched hands and dashed them full into his face with all the force of which she was capable. Then she sank down on the floor, sobbing hysterically, while Carson slowly turned and walked up the stairs.

The next day Carson was alone at the shop; his employer did not come there all day. Tom thought that when he did he would tell him he intended to get fresh lodgings. He thought he could find a plausible excuse for so doing without telling the actual reason. Mrs. Parkinson would, of course, for her own sake, say nothing. He was mistaken. She was frightened, and, moreover, she felt the bitterest hatred towards him. He had rejected her proffered love. She had debased herself before him, as few women would have done, and he had repulsed her. Her blood boiled to think of it. She hated him. She dared not trust him. And to live in fear of him! She could not do it. Yet what could she do?

Her husband returned late in the day. The business had taken longer than he expected, and he returned straight home, instead of going to the shop. As soon as she met him she burst into tears. For a long time he vainly tried to console her, and over and over again he pressed her to tell him what was the matter. At last she said:

"Do not say anything about it, Jim, but promise me that you will never again leave me here alone with Tom Carson."

"Why, whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, I can't tell you, Jim," she sobbed, burying her face on his breast, "he—he insulted me, and—and I am afraid of him!"

"Insulted you!" cried he, incredulously. "Why, but Tom is a mere boy; you, my dear, are almost old enough to be his mother. It is too absurd."

"Don't you insult me, too, Jim. It is true, I tell you. Coming home in the cab he kissed me, and here in the hall I struggled with him. He tried to hold me, to keep me from going upstairs. At last I freed myself. I pushed him away from me with all my might, and he fell with his face against the hand rail. I ran upstairs and locked myself in my room, and did not come down till long after he had gone this morning. He must leave this house, and you must get rid of him altogether, Jim, or I shall have to go."

Parkinson was sorely troubled, for he liked the lad very much; but there was no possibility of doubting his wife's word.

It was in no very cheerful mood that Tom Carson left the shop that evening. He was sorry not to have seen his employer at the shop. It would have been so much easier than meeting him at home as if nothing had happened. And, still more than his employer, he dreaded meeting Mrs. Parkinson again.

As he entered the hall Parkinson met him. His employer looked him in the face. It was swollen and discoloured where the woman had struck him. It was evidence of the truth of what she had said.

"Come in here," said Parkinson, leading him into the little-used front room. "I wonder you are not ashamed to come inside this house again," he went on.

Tom looked at him in amazement, not knowing what to say. At last he hesitatingly asked, "Why?"

"You need not ask why! My wife has told me all about your conduct. You are an infamous young scoundrel to behave like that after all my kindness to you. However, I did not call you in here to talk to you; I could not trust myself to do it. If you were a man I would thrash you within an inch of your life, but I can't fight with a boy. All I have to tell you is that you must clear out of this house at once. Go and get your things at once, and never let me see your face again—I am glad she marked it for you," he added, with a contemptuous laugh. "Go!" he shouted, holding the door open, as Tom attempted to speak. "Go! or it will be worse for you."

Tom walked up to his room and commenced putting his few things together in his box, his mind in a whirl of conflicting thoughts. There was nothing for him to do but go. To attempt to explain the truth to Parkinson would be worse than useless. He was eternally disgraced. What should he do? where could he go? He knew no place in London to go to. Yet how could he return to his parents with this disgrace resting upon him? His head throbbed and his brain grew dizzy, as he thought, and thought, and thought, leaning over his little box, turning things over and huddling them together in speedless haste to get gway. Suddenly a bright object at the bottom of the box caught his eye. He took it up. It was a revolver. He had always had a morbid fancy for firearms, and when he came to London, with the fear of the London streets weighing on his rustic mind, he had purchased this weapon for self-protection. He soon grew tired of carrying it about, and had put it in his box, where until now it had lain forgotten. Now, as he looked down the bore and examined the loaded chambers, a new idea struck him. Would not this afford him a swift, simple, and effective way out of all his troubles? Only a moment, and it would be all over. It seemed a special interposition of Providence that he should have left it there loaded, and should have found it, like a friend in need, forgotten until this moment of dire misery. He pressed the muzzle firmly against his burning forehead, just a light touch with the finger—

* * * * *

At the inquest the Parkinsons testified that the youth, for whom they had both a great regard, had madly tried to force his attentions on Mrs. Parkinson, and when she resented his advances and ridiculed his protestations of love, he had become very despondent.

She had endeavoured to bring him to a more reasonable frame of mind, and her husband had strongly remonstrated with him, but nothing seemed to have any effect on his insane infatuation. The jury mercifully found that he had committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAIA.

Hanged, April 15th. 1881, for helping to rid the world of a tyrant.

I.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn,
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipped her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Upspeaks one human soul.

II.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Inspired with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free.
Yet e'er before him yawn the black
Siberian mines! And oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!
The blood upon the snow!
The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
Fight o'er the fallen so!

III.

And this that one might wear a crown
Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown,
From high thrones climbing higher,
To where the parricide looks down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost, living thing,
That long line stretches black and far
Till buried by death's wing!
And great men praise the goodly czar—
But God sits pitying.

IV.

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
The clean red lightning leapt!
And lo, a prostrate royal form!
Like any blood, his crept
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
And Alexander slept!
Yea, one lies dead, for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red;
While exiles endless go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so!

V.

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
Her martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Poor exile, see! from dark deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn!
A thud! a creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!

VI.

The czar is dead; the woman dead,
About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head—
Her's in a place abhorred;
Yet I would rather have her bed
Than thine most royal lord!
Yea, rather be that woman dead,
Than this new living czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles tow'rd their star.

JOAQUIN MILIER.



SOPHIE PEROVSKAIA.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 7. JULY, 1897.

SOPHIE PEROVSKAIA.

As most of our readers are aware, the phase of the Russian revolutionary movement represented by the woman whose portrait we give in this issue is now, to all intents and purposes, a thing of the past. The old Nihilist movement of from fifteen to twenty years ago represented the form without the matter, the ideal aspiration without the material basis to work upon, just as to day the various shiftless proletarian movements of North America represent the blind economical pressure without the unifying ideal to direct them. The one, as the other, must necessarily prove abortive. The old movement in Russia has been succeeded by a proletarian movement really representing the new working-class created by the great industries of the large towns, and inspired, as we understand, by the principles represented by the Social-Democratic party throughout Europe. But the first and abortive stage in the new Russian political life must always have a charm for those who can appreciate absolute self-sacrifice in the interest of an ideal.

Among the fighters against absolutism and, as they believed, in the interests of Socialism, one of the most prominent was the woman whose name heads the present sketch, and who was, perhaps, the chief instrument in the execution of Alexander II. Sophie Perovskaia was born on the 13th of September, 1853, in St. Petersburg, of an ancient family of Russian nobles. Her parents kept up a princely establishment, so princely that in spite of their enormous wealth the old general, Governor Perovskaia, soon became involved in enormous debts. His failure to prevent the attempt of Karakosow on the life of the Czar in 1866 caused him to fall into disfavour and eventually to lose his position. With what was saved from the wreck of their fortune the family retired into private life, and Sophie obtained leisure enough for her studies. Perpetual quarrels with her father led, however, to her fleeing the parental roof and settling down as a St. Petersburg student in a lodging of her own. She soon became the centre of a group of revolutionary students of both sexes, who undertook the task of Socialist propaganda in the universities, the sphere of influence being afterwards extended to workmen and peasants. From this time forward Sophie devoted her whole energies to the cause of the people. At the time Sophie

Perovskaia was awakening to an interest in social questions, which was during the early seventies, *i.e.*, shortly after the Commune, the Russian advanced movement came strongly under the influence of the Bakounine section of the old International. An extraordinary revolutionary activity suddenly developed itself. Revolutionary groups, Socialist and (as we should now say) Anarchist, sprang up everywhere. The idea was to utilise the still existing agrarian communism of Russia as the basis of the new social order. Not without a trace of chauvinistic sentiment piercing through his international principles, the Russian Socialist of that date pointed out that while Western Europe had been thoroughly conquered by capitalism, and all traces of primitive communism had disappeared, the Slav race still had the basis of a socialistic organisation—a basis which only required developing along the new lines, and hence which obviated the necessity, unavoidable elsewhere, of beginning *de novo*.

The fallacy of this notion, resting as it does largely on the utopian idea of a sudden reconstruction of society, is apparent to us now, though we can well understand how seductive it was to the Russian, accustomed to the *Mir*, with many of its forms still intact, and only recently eviscerated of its true inwardness as a social institution. The inevitable consequence of this idea was the cry of the new propagandists, "Go among the people!" and the prodigious outburst of missionary activity which ensued, and lasted for the next few years. Sophie Perovskaia did not fail to take her part in the new movement, wandering from village to village in the capacity of vaccinator, sleeping in the poorest cottages with the inmates, and eating and drinking nothing but oatmeal and milk. In the summer of 1874 Sophia was arrested in St. Petersburg, and suffered a year's imprisonment, followed by exile for three years in a distant province, during which she completed her medical and surgical education, and acted with great success in the foregoing capacities amongst the peasantry. At the great Nihilist trial of the 193 in 1877, in which Sophie was involved, she was one of those of the accused who refused to recognise the competency of the tribunal. Notwithstanding this, as the political trials were then still public and by jury, she had to be acquitted from want of evidence. In order, however, to avoid being again arrested, and sent into administrative exile, as was invariably the practice of the police in cases of acquittal, Sophie now passed over into the ranks of the "illegal," taking a false name and a false passport. A journey to the Crimea to visit her mother resulted in her arrest and sentence to deportation to a northern province. She escaped, however, while on the way. She hid herself some time in a wood, and came disguised as a peasant woman to St. Petersburg. In October, 1878, she undertook the gigantic work of freeing the political prisoners in the fortress of Karkow. But this plan, notwithstanding the assistance of a band of devoted friends, failed, owing, it is said, to the inadequate support of the central Nihilist organisation of St. Petersburg.

About this time (the end of 1878) a change came over the Russian movement. The excessive hopes placed in the Russian peasant had not been

realised. He seemed to prove hopelessly obtuse. With a remarkable suddenness, therefore, the tactics changed. The Terrorist succeeded the propagandist movement. At first Perovskaia opposed the new direction, notably at the party congress held in July, 1879. She was, however, overruled, and threw herself energetically into the policy regarded as necessary by the majority. She was subsequently active in all the terrorist *coups*. In the affairs of the Moscow mine to blow up the Czar's train she took the house on the Steppe where the explosion was prepared. The last year of her life she, for the first time, fell in love, and entered into a permanent relation with one of the party. Her husband was arrested in February, 1881. A fortnight later followed the great act of Nihilist justice, which made an end of the "Czar liberator." Sophie Perovskaia, who had given the signal by the waving of a handkerchief from a window, was hanged on the 15th of April, 1881, after having suffered untold tortures in prison, where she steadfastly refused to sue for a pardon.



SOCIAL QUESTIONS IN AMERICA.

"PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Oberlin, Ohio, says:—The housing-reform movement is a plea for self-help on the part of workers themselves, and for the voluntary interest of all the members of a community in each other, for business reasons if for no other. 'Civilisation,' says Professor Giddings, 'is menaced by dangers perhaps as grave as those that overshadowed it at the beginning. It was threatened then by the barbarians beyond its walls. To-day it is threatened by savagery within its gates.' If the present barbarism is not fought, the barbarians in our midst will overturn us or drag our society down into ruins upon which humanity or God himself may erect some better form of civilisation. America, of all countries, should take the lead in this very matter. Why should we deliberately allow areas of dwellings to be erected that will have—at the cost of the public money, and to the public shame, with a view to public safety—to be mown down to the ground. European cities have grown from small beginnings, from the bottom upward. American cities we begin to build with all the resources of modern science, all the experience of the old world, all our unspeakable and justifiable civic and national pride behind us, and with the unspeakable future of humanity before us."—*Public Opinion*, New York.

"The working men of the country seem to be uniting in a campaign for shorter hours. One of the fundamental reasons for this is the increased capacity of workmen operating labour-saving devices. The working men ask for an adjustment between the old hours and the new capacity, and therein lies an economical problem that must sooner or later be solved."—*Denver Times*.

PITY THE POOR LANDLORDS!

" Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates, *but rents decay.*"

DURING the recent period of "Jubilunacy"—now happily over—our current literature contained quite a surfeit of statistical articles, written to demonstrate the "progress" made by the nation during the "record reign." The various writers were unanimous in declaring the "Victorian era" to have brought unprecedented prosperity to "all classes." All classes with one exception—for while the merchants, manufacturers, stockbrokers, and working men of our time have been amassing untold riches, the landed interest boasts only a reduced income. And this, from the landowner's point of view, is not well. To him all our boasted progress is but as vanity, when, with vexation of spirit, he considers his diminished rental. Nor have the literary friends of the landlord omitted to express sympathy with him in the Jubi-literature. In "Agriculture During the Queen's Reign,"* and similar articles, the landlord's "losses" have been lengthily referred to, always, be it said, with sympathy, and sometimes with tears. And yet, when the matter is looked into, the position of the landlord is not quite so bad as might be imagined from the many tales of woe inflicted upon us. It is true that rents are falling, and that during the last twenty years the depreciation averages about 25 per cent. But why limit the periods compared to a quarter of a century, as is usually done by landlord apologists? A more extended view of the history of the landed interest reveals the fact that within the last three or four hundred years the appreciation of land values, the *rise* in rent, is at once phenomenal and outrageous.

In support of this contention, *all* the authorities upon the question could be quoted did space permit. Two or three, however, must suffice. Thus Hallam, in "Europe During the Middle Ages," states that in the thirteenth century the rent of arable land was 6d. per acre, and that of meadow land 1s. per acre.

Writing of the fifteenth century, Thorold Rogers declares that "it is certain that at this time the rental value of average arable land did not exceed 6d. an acre." By the middle of the fifteenth century, from being 6d. or 1s. an acre, rent had increased enormously, so much so that Arthur Young set down the average rent at that time as 9s. 11d. per acre. To-day the average rent of land in England and Wales is not less than £1 per acre. Perhaps, however, the following table, taken from "Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics," will best convey to the mind of the reader the manner and extent of rent fluctuation:—

RENTAL OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Year.	£	Year.	£
1750	12,000,000	1870	47,800,000
1800	22,500,000	1880	51,800,000
1815	34,336 000	1888	44,470,000
1848	40,170,000		

The present day gross annual value of agricultural land in England and Wales is officially computed to be about £40,000,000.

The foregoing figures show very clearly that, apart from the recent depreciation, there has been a steady rise of land values extending over a period of two hundred and fifty years. And here it may be well to raise the question as to how this enormous rise in land values is accounted for—what is the factor producing the difference between 6d. and £1 per acre? Is it due to the character or capacity of the person appropriating this difference? The answer is—not at all. The difference between £12,000,000 and £40,000,000 represents an increment practically unearned by the class into whose exchequer it flows. The factors which (apart from the natural fertility of soil) create and enhance land values are social and communal in character. They imply, mainly, the need and use of land. That is to say, land is needed for food, and labour is employed upon land in food production. It is these factors which the landlord has exploited. Rent has risen because the landowner's monopoly has enabled him to take undue advantage of needs of a growing population and the increased efficiency of agricultural production. His function, however, it must be insisted upon, is merely that of exploitation. Nor, in the course of the exploiting process, has any consideration been shown for the rights or convenience of the community. Agriculture and the community alike have been regarded by the landowners as existing mainly for the purpose of supplying them with revenue. No other estimate of their position can explain the brutal persistence with which rents have been artificially inflated. An instance of landlord policy and methods may be obtained by referring to what happened between the years 1793-1815. The period named was one in which almost incessant war raged between this country and France. War at that time, coupled with occasional bad seasons, induced a scarcity of grain, the price of which went up by leaps and bounds. The necessity of the people was the landlords' opportunity. They enacted the corn laws, by which they hoped to permanently maintain the artificial price of grain, and then insisted upon the principle that prices should determine rents. To such an extent was this principle applied that, to quote from a speech delivered by Sir W. Curtis, in the House of Commons, "rents were in all cases doubled and in many cases trebled during the war."

Nor were the landlords satisfied with a doubled rent. From 1815 onwards to 1880 rents were continually raised whenever opportunity presented itself. Since the last-named date, however, there has been a "slump" in land values, so that to-day the poor landlords are *only* in receipt of some £40,000,000 per year. It may be urged, however, that although the gross annual value of agricultural lands is estimated at £40,000,000, the net rent accruing to landlords is much below that sum.

Well, let us make all reasonable deductions. A recent "return" to the Local Government Board shows that about 15 per cent. of land in England and Wales is farmed by those who own it. Let us assume that all of this belongs to peasant proprietors and small owners—which it does not—and deduct 15 per cent. from the gross rental. Let us further allow 10 per cent. for arrears of rent which are never paid, or which the landlord remits. This makes 25 per cent. to be deducted (we will ignore the set off involved in the fact that land is notoriously under assessed in many parts of the country), which still leaves £30,000,000 as the sum annually taken from a depressed industry, and for which no service whatever is rendered.

Thirty million pounds, an amount equal, at least, to the yearly wages of the whole agricultural labouring class, paid to a handful of people who yet complain of poverty! Who plead poverty and deplore a diminished rental, despite the facts that *their* land has been unjustly acquired, and that in most cases it has been paid for in full over and over again by the community in the course of years! Bewail a 25 per cent. reduction of an artificially inflated rental, when the mere increased purchasing power of the money they receive is, as compared with sixty years ago, equivalent to at least a 40 per cent. rise in rent! Bemoan the depressed condition of agriculture, while as ground landlords or shareholders in chartered companies they are waxing "rich beyond the dreams of avarice!" Faugh! what knaves these landlords, and what fools the people are! "Rents are falling!" Let them; the landlords have bled the community enough already. As Socialists, we view the "depreciation of land values" with perfect equanimity. The sooner rent falls to zero the quicker will land be owned and controlled by the people. Most minds are now free from any doubt as to the soundness of the principle of land nationalisation. The difficulty is rather a financial one. Compensation blocks the way. However, in the proportion that land depreciates in value the difficulties of nationalisation are lessened. With economic development undermining the very existence of commercial agriculture, a further extensive fall in rent is a foregone conclusion. Therefore, let the landlords weep!

W. G. PEARSON.



SOME CURRENT FALLACIES ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

IN the following remarks on the above subject, I should premise that my intention is only to appeal to those persons whose minds are warped in favour of Feminism* by certain plausible-sounding arguments, which they have been in all sincerity accepting because their fallacy has never been pointed out to them. The ruck of hysterical molluscs, who are imposed upon by hollow sentimental whines anent their "mothers and their sisters" (why not their grandmothers, their aunts, their female cousins, or their mothers-in-law?), may be fairly left to stew in their own rather thin juice. As for myself, when I hear of injustice, say, of prison brutalities practised on men (brutalities from which women are exempt), my indignation, I say, is intensified, when I think it is the sex to which my father and my brother belong (or did belong) who are their victims. But I should never think of trotting out this purely personal sentiment as an argument for the special favouring of men in this connection, in any discussion on the relative treatment of men and women. I therefore propose confining myself to certain popular statements which one commonly hears and which are supposed to make for the views promulgated by women's rights advocates—statements which, if they were true, or if the implication conveyed in them were true, would undoubtedly afford some grounds for a serious consideration of the conventional view of this question put forward by the aforesaid advocates. They are, in fact, the only semblance of argument which the latter seem able to produce.

These argumentative statements consist very largely of variations on two main contentions—both of them, as I maintain, in the nature of false analogies. The first is the assumption that the relative position of the sexes bears some analogy (it is commonly represented as a very close analogy) with the relation between employer and workman—the employer representing the man and the workman the woman. The talk about "the proletarian in the household" is founded on this assumption. Now, as I have often pointed out before, the very basis of an analogy is wanting in this case. The difference between man and woman is not an economical or social one: it is an organic or biological distinction from which, as contended by non-Feminists, is deducible the difference in capacity between man and woman, both as to quantity and quality. The distinction between capitalist and proletarian is, on the other hand, *not* biological, but purely social, being simply one of class, based on economical circumstance. But what is further amusing is the way in which this

* It seems to be decided now by the usage of the majority that the above, and not "Feminism," is the correct form of this word.

preposterous analogy is worked, so that the woman is represented as the oppressed side of the equation in the case. Now, it is quite clear that if we are to fake up an analogy at all between sexes and classes, it is the man whose labour is exploited and not the woman. It is the duty of the husband to *maintain* his wife, not the wife her husband. The husband is compelled, by custom and by law, to do *corvée*, or to yield up such portion of his earnings as may enable his wife to live in comfort—just as the villein was compelled to do *corvée*, or to pay his lord a proportion of the produce of the fields worked by his labour. The lord had the practical monopoly of the villein's means of existence—the land. Under the most favourable circumstances, he exacted from him a toll, in the shape of a rent, in kind or money, and other dues, for the privilege of working the land. The woman possesses the monopoly of what is, if not a primary, at least a secondary necessary of life to the great majority of men—the means of sexual satisfaction, her body; and for allowing him access to which the law entitles her to demand a rent and dues in the shape of food, clothes, shelter—in short, provision in accordance with the station of life occupied by her “villein,” the husband, without any exertion on her part. But, it may be said, she has her duties to perform in the household, which may sometimes involve not inconsiderable labour. But so had the feudal lord *his* duties to perform. He had to go out to battle to protect his tenants against foes from without—an operation which might easily cost him his life—and to see that justice was administered on his estate. It is true there was often no adequate power to prevent the lord from neglecting the welfare of his tenants, but there is no power at all in modern English law to prevent the wife from neglecting her duties to her husband and family. The husband remains even more hopelessly the slave of a worthless wife than the mediæval serf was of a tyrannical and rapacious baron. I do not press the foregoing parallel myself, as I consider the whole attempt to establish an analogy between class and sex-opposition to be fallacious, *ab initio*. But I think I have sufficiently shown that if we are to have the analogy forced upon us at all, it will work out in quite a different sense to the “proletarian-in-the-home” theory.

Yet it is in the class of argumentation of which this theory is a specimen that it is considered incumbent upon all democrats to champion the pitch-forking of women into every sphere of activity which, from its lucrative or honour-bearing character, happens to excite their envy, quite irrespective of their suitability therefor. As against this, all that is contended by myself, and other democrats and Socialists who think with me, is that the cumulative experience of the human race through at least three thousand years establishes a case for what is termed, in legal phraseology, a “presumption” that the woman is less capable than the man in those spheres of activity in which she has hitherto not shone. It is true that this presumption is rebuttable, and has in individual cases been rebutted. But the onus of rebuttal, it is contended, rests with the individual woman who aspires to the post or occupation in question. If she has given clear and unmistakable proof of her capacity, it would be absurd to exclude her on the ground of her sex alone.

But, on the other hand, one swallow does not make a summer, and the fact that an occasional woman is to be found to which the presumption will not apply is not by any means sufficient to rebut it as a general principle. Therefore, it is insisted, such isolated cases ought not to be regarded as establishing a precedent for reversing a practice resting on such a widely established induction as that of the inferiority of women to men in so many departments of executive and directive activity. The induction referred to is strengthened rather than weakened by the theory, so dear to woman's rights advocates, that gynocracy (the supremacy of the female) was universal in the earliest stages of human society. There is, of course, another theory, that the so-called gynocracy was peculiar to certain races, and hence cannot be regarded like other institutions belonging to the same period as forming an essential stage in social evolution generally. But, assuming the former theory to be right, it is obvious that women in primitive times enjoyed a governmental and executive authority which they were unable to maintain, presumably owing to inherent incapacity. I say presumably owing to inherent incapacity, since the fall of gynocracy, wherever it has existed, is too widespread a phenomenon to be accounted for by local or special causes; and the hypothesis that the victory of private over tribal or communal property-holding had anything to do with it is manifestly absurd when we consider that personal property-holding and inheritance is just as possible through females as through males, a state of things which actually obtained concurrently with other gynocratic institutions, in some cases long after the ancient primitive communism had broken down (*e.g.*, in Lykia, as also to a large extent in Egypt), and yet that, in spite of all, either the gynocratic institutions perished, or the races subjected to them went under before non-gynocratic civilisations. If the above be in any way admitted, it follows that the appeal to democratic sentiment and democratic analogies in support of the so called "claims" of women is entirely beside the mark. It yet remains to be proved that women have any "claim" at all to the exercise, say, of the suffrage, or of any other responsible function. It may be an open question if you like, but it cannot be decided off hand on the basis of "natural rights," "social equality," or any of those grounds which are urged in the case of classes, or of nations on approximately the same level of development.

Would people but abstain from quite going off their heads, in considering this question, they would be compelled to admit that women have never been oppressed as subject classes have been by dominant classes, or even as subject races have been by dominant races. The superficial disabilities to which women have been subject have always been more than compensated by other privileges. The woman has always been queen in her own sphere. She has always had very substantial rights, and exercised authority in a very substantial manner. The distinction of rights between the sexes has always been more as between spheres of influence rather than as between domination and subjection. Nevertheless, that an *organically* inferior being should not be in certain matters subject to the relatively superior, is a

proposition which I for one am not prepared to endorse off-hand. But the inferiority of women has not been proved, it will be said ! True, but as already pointed out, the course of history, from primitive times upward, makes out a strong case of presumption in favour of the inferiority. And that presumption has certainly never been, as such, rebutted. Those who doubt this may be referred to the painfully-laboured special-pleadings of Bebel in a certain chapter of "Die Frau." The forlorn defence of an able advocate is always the best indictment of an untenable position.

As things are, women, by considering themselves in the light of a class, and agitating, not for equality, but for supremacy (the "equality" is a mere pretence) in class-fashion, are really creating a sex-antagonism which ultimately means the sacrifice of their strongest weapons. They are flinging away that moral power by which they have hitherto, for good or for evil, swayed men, wholly unchallenged, for the sake of a brute force wielded by men in their favour, which they may lose at any time. They are resigning the psychological magic by which they have bent men to their will for the privilege of being allowed to invoke the brute force of the policeman, the prison warder, the judge, and the bailiff. The fact would seem to indicate a female degeneracy, if that were possible, since the exchange, one would think, could only benefit women who united in their persons the attributes of badness, ugliness, and stupidity. The absence of any one of these qualities has generally sufficed, hitherto, to enable them to work the oracle themselves. They have now invoked the phantom of the brute force of the state to settle their quarrels with men, thereby calling into existence a sex-hostility which will one day recoil on them as sure as men are men and women are women.

Meanwhile, middle-class public opinion still continues in favour of the oppression of men, and the immunity of women from all control. It is a "revolting injustice" to subject public women to sanitary measures. It is perfectly in order to mutilate men who have contracted disease from these unexamined women. It is a monstrous iniquity that a man should exercise any power over his wife's property or earnings. The latest "right" claimed by the "advanced" political women of New Zealand is the confiscation for the wife's exclusive use of half the husband's property on marriage ! Sir John Bridge, doubtless, aptly expresses public sentiment when, in discharging a young man against whom a bogus charge had been brought by a prostitute, after she had first of all assaulted him, admonishes the young man—that he give the sweet creature ten shillings compensation ! Truly a nice way of fulfilling a police magistrate's duty of protecting harmless citizens on their way home at night ! Another police magistrate, Mr. Francis, is severely hauled over the coals by certain hysterical Feminist organs for not passing a vindictive sentence on a husband charged with administering to his wife what, for aught they knew, may have been a thoroughly well-deserved thrashing. As the same magistrate said, when dealing with another similar case, if all husbands were sent to gaol for trivial assaults on their wives, there would not be enough prisons to contain them. Yet this is exactly what our Feminists are aiming at. The chief function of the magistrate, according to

them, ought to be to act as assistant-bully to brow-beating wives. We have already got some way in this direction. A friend of mine heard a manifestly bogus charge—of indecently assaulting a daughter—tried (the prisoner apparently being only convicted owing to a misunderstanding of the jury), where the judge put it to the wife whether it would not inconvenience her to be deprived of the labour of her husband-slave, and on the creature answering in the negative, sentenced him to a month's "hard."

The second main-root of a number of fallacies as to the possible capacities of women, both as regards quantity and quality, in various departments where they have not hitherto distinguished themselves, is expressed in the view that modern woman is the product of "centuries of oppression," and hence cannot be expected, at present, to show forth the latent glories of her intellectual and moral character. Now, for my own part, I should certainly demur to the fact of the centuries of oppression, but the granting of them does not help the Feminist case. In the first false analogy we had the confusion between sex and class; here we have the confusion between sex and race. For the advocates of the theory forget that, were it true that women have suffered under a special oppression as women, the effects of such oppression would necessarily, on the average, be divided equally between both sexes of their descendents, and could not possibly be inherited after the manner of what someone has called a "hentail," in the female line only, and hence could not affect women more than men. Women no more constitute a race or species by themselves than they do a class by themselves. Nevertheless, this preposterous argument has been repeated over and over again, until to many people it is an unassailable truth upon which it is perfectly safe to base speculation as to an infinite vista of untold feminine achievements. Really Feminists would do well to drop argument, and confine themselves to blithering about "mothers and sisters"! It is so touching!

In addition to the foregoing sources of fallacy, there is a feeling among Socialists, in itself perfectly natural and legitimate, to the effect that the change from Capitalism to Socialism must involve considerable alteration in the condition of women. So it certainly will, but it by no means follows that the changes involved will be along the lines of the modern Feminist movement, as so many take for granted. That the position of women must change is obvious; but to assume that it must take the form of the female prerogative prevailing in the more advanced capitalist states of to day, or even of a mechanical equality which takes no account of organic differences, is a mere assumption which the wave of Feminist sentiment has hitherto allowed to pass unchallenged within the ranks of our party on the Continent as well as here. It is this assumption which will have, in the future, to be subjected to a rigorous criticism, a criticism very different from the one-sided *plaidoyer* for the Feminist position contained in the, in other respects, excellent book of August Bebel, "Die Frau und der Sozialismus." Men will perhaps learn in time to approach this woman question with an open mind, unbiassed by that blind hatred of their own, and blind worship of the other sex, which at present characterises Bebel as well as so many other writers on the subject.

E. BELFORT BAX.

PREVENTIBLE DISEASE.

IN its omniscience, our Government, as responsible representative of the acts of society, has from time to time decided that various diseases are preventible. In its beneficence, it has undertaken to prevent them.

But it would seem that knowledge and good intentions are functions of two distinct Governmental departments: At any rate, the way this beneficence goes to work proves that neither omniscience, nor any other kind of science, has anything to do with its practical efforts.

The method adopted appears to be something of this kind. The first thing to be done is to found a department. "When in doubt, found a department!" is a time honoured maxim of the game of politics.

"Hallo!" says a Right Honourable, athirst for distinction. "Here are a lot of diseases the doctors say are preventible! Let's prevent 'em."

"Hallo!" say the supporters of the Government, "Here are a lot of nephews, friends, sons-in-law, and other less reputable connections, all recommended by persons of position in society, and all out of a job! Let's find 'em one."

Then, in an eloquent speech which carries conviction to all hearts, a popular Government orator reveals to the public the existence of these diseases. He shows that they cost the country, say, £500,000 annually. He further demonstrates that, if a Department of Preventive Hygiene is established, and even if its cost amount to £499,000 a year, an annual saving of £1,000 will be effected and a virtuous action performed.

This speech is received with tumultuous applause, the Government realising that some of that £499,000 is coming their way in the form of patronage, and the Opposition foreseeing that their turn at the good thing will also come.

Of the annual £499,000, £490,000 is then set aside for the expenses, salaries, and pensions of the central secretarial and expert staff, and the balance allotted to the payment of those who, at the risk of life and health, perform the comparatively unimportant duties of facing loathsome and infectious diseases, of caring for the victims, and checking the spread of the diseases by the various processes of disinfection. As large as possible a number of overpaid and underworked "persons of position in society" constitute the controlling body, and as small a number as possible of underpaid and overworked "lewd fellows of the baser sort" do the work.

Here, then, we find the Government, already recognised as omniscient and beneficent, at the work of creation, and consequently in possession of a third great attribute of Almighty Jove. Have we here the answer to the old-world conundrum "Who is the unknown God?" But, as we are men of business, and merely for form's sake, of course, before we decide to fall

down and worship, we say to each other, "Let's see what sort of work he turns out first!"

In order to do so let us take one of those diseases which are recognised as preventible, and examine the method adopted by our new omnipotence.

Syphilis, like the other diseases of its class, can be stamped out of the community in the same way as typhus (gaol fever) has been made to disappear from London during the last generation. That is, by the simple means of isolating all cases actually suffering until the risk of contagion is past, *and by abolishing the insanitary social conditions which give rise to it.*

The method adopted in the past—it is now again under consideration, I believe—is to take charge of all *females* found to be suffering from this disorder until the danger of transmission is past. Excellent so far as it goes, but it does not go very far! For the extreme difficulty of detecting this disease in the female in its earliest and most contagious stages largely nullifies the good intentions of the examination. And are the infected males to go scot free, and spread the disease at will? Apparently so.

The enforcement of such an Act as this can only result, not in the eradication of the disease, but in rendering syphilis a Government monopoly.

Carrying the examination a step farther, we inquire as to the origin of prostitution—the source and disseminator of syphilis. Prostitution flourishes to-day because present economic conditions prohibit a majority of the young people of both sexes from assuming the responsibilities of matrimony until many years after nature's imperious voice has pronounced that it is fitting for them to do so.

Clearly, then, all the successive Governments which have *neglected to remove these insanitary social conditions* have made themselves indirectly responsible for the continuance of the disease. But, further, by compelling the celibacy of great numbers of men in the army and navy, the Government also assumes a direct responsibility in the matter. For this implies that an equal number of women, whose only hope of maintenance to-day lies in marriage, are thus deprived of a livelihood and rendered desperate. In this fashion the Government manufactures the prostitutes which it now proposes to licence. The soldier has always been a potent factor in the spread of syphilis. In old times he naturally preferred ripping up pregnant women or tossing babies on to the spear-points to facing a well-armed adult.

The modern soldier of civilisation—one is tempted to say of *syphilisation*—kills the unborn babes and young children in another way. For this syphilis, in the propagation of which he is so active, is a cowardly sort of disease, wreaking its fatal effect for the most part upon the unborn babe and the young child.

Viewed in this light, Governmental attempts at dealing with syphilis are less like the acts of omnipotence than those of a kitten which amuses the onlookers by incredible exertions to catch its own tail, but is all the time most careful not to succeed for fear of sticking its claws into itself.

The question next arises as to whether many other diseases, not recognised as belonging to the preventible class, could not be prevented if our Government possessed a department which happily combined the qualities of omniscience and beneficence.

And rheumatic fever appears to be one of these. It is responsible for a small immediate death-rate, but its chief importance lies in the fact that from 30 to 50 per cent. of those who recover from it are afflicted with incurable disease of the heart. And heart disease terminates fatally sooner or later; in the meantime, it impairs the health, happiness, and usefulness of the sufferer.

Now, the causes of rheumatic fever are exposure to cold and damp, especially in overworked and underfed adults. It is, in fact, typically the disease of the "slavey" class. The slavey has no definite hours of work—these depend entirely upon the clemency of her employer. No eight hours' bloke is she. She feeds upon such scraps as are left from the family table; she sleeps either in an attic or a cellar; hatless and ill-clad she runs errands, scrubs steps, and cleans windows in all weathers. What wonder, then, if in her rheumatic fever finds its easiest victim?

It really seems as if legislation might do something towards diminishing the frequency of such a disease. But, unfortunately for them, the young male slaves and female slaveys possess no vote, and so are unable to excite the interest of persons of standing in society.

Finding our god thus both directly and indirectly responsible for syphilis, and indirectly also for rheumatic fever—the omniscient beneficent omnipotence begins to assume a somewhat saturnine complexion to our hitherto admiring gaze. Of a surety, if god at all, it is Saturn with whom we have to deal—with Saturn, devourer of his own children! For where syphilis, economic bars to marriage, with consequent Malthusian practices, and prostitution fail to keep down the birth-rate, with his own hand he slays his children—slays them with diseases prepared by himself.

It is impossible in a short article to take more than the most cursory view of so wide a subject, but the following brief analysis, which gives the causation (where known) of the commonest diseases of each class, should suffice to verify the truth of this statement to the mind of the most bigotted worshipper of things as they are.

With most of the members of the first group—the specific infectious or germ diseases—some attempt is made to cope. How abortive such attempts necessarily prove in present economic conditions will be best realised by remarking that depressed general health predisposes to the attack of diseases of this class, and lessens the chances of recovery. Indirectly then, present economic conditions which depress the health of the well-to-do by overfeeding and underworking them, and of the poor by overworking and underfeeding them, is responsible for a considerable percentage of these cases.

As with syphilis, which is also a member of the group, the only attempt made is at the destruction of the germ—no thoroughgoing effort at the abolition of the insanitary economic conditions which foment them is undertaken.

In the second group—of diseases of the nervous system—the commonest members of which are probably apoplexy, the various paralyses arising from spinal diseases, epilepsy, and insanity, it is true as a generalisation to say that, where the causes are known, in every case syphilis, alcoholism, or mental overstrain, with any general depression of health, figure as the principal predisposing or exciting causes. For mental overstrain we may substitute the word competition. On the question of syphilis our god is already a defendant; and alcoholism largely depends upon overstrain, uncertainty of livelihood, and depressed general health, for which an unequal distribution of wealth is responsible.

In the diseases of the organs of respiration are included consumption, with its complications, bronchitis, asthma, and pneumonia. By depressed health, by the vitiated atmosphere of our manufacturing towns, by the befouled air of crowded workshops and tenement houses, and by unhealthy trades, our god slays us with both hands.

The fourth group—that of diseases of the organs of circulation—embraces the diseases of the heart and blood vessels. As causes of the commonest varieties of these we find:—Rheumatic fever, long continued over-indulgence or overstrain, privation, and syphilis.

Among the diseases of the organs of digestion which are not secondary effects of other diseases, improper feeding is the main culprit. Improper feeding includes food too great or too small in quantity, too rich or too poor in quality, insufficient time devoted to meals, and irregularity of intervals between meals. Everyone of these causes depends directly or indirectly upon an unequal distribution of the good things of life.

Of the diseases of the urinary organs, the commonest are the various forms of Bright's disease. The most important of these depend upon the good old competitive causes, overstrain, exposure, over-indulgence, improper feeding, &c. Other varieties are, secondary to heart disease, syphilis and other diseases with which we have already dealt.

Diseases of the organs of locomotion (*i.e.*, of the bones, muscles and joints) constitute the seventh class. Acute rheumatism, its chronic forms, gout and rickets are salient members. Gout depends mainly upon over-indulgence; rickets, upon improper feeding in infancy and generally defective sanitary surroundings. On rheumatism I need not enlarge again here.

The class of chronic intoxications (poisonings) include alcoholism, lead poisoning (the lead worker's colic), and mercurial poisoning, the latter commonly due to careless administration in cases of syphilis. Comment on this class is surely needless.

Among the last class of diseases—those of the skin—we find many so rare as to be merely medical curiosities, and a very large number whose causation is imperfectly understood. Many, again, are so trifling as hardly to merit the name of disease. For the rest, a large class due to animal or vegetable parasites, depend upon want of personal cleanliness (in its turn dependent upon defective education) and the impossibility of isolating children in crowded tenements.

Another large class depend once more upon syphilis, gout, and improper feeding.

Such a catalogue of disease as is here briefly sketched constitutes the gravest indictment possible of our present economic conditions. Men, women and children are daily slain and disabled with a disregard of human life that is cynical in its recklessness.

And when one reflects that, inasmuch as their causes are for the most part removable, the diseases are themselves preventible, conformity with the system that perpetuates them is no longer possible. We turn to Socialism as inevitably as the sun-flower turns from gloom to sunshine. For Socialism and Socialism alone can hope successfully to cope with disease. It is the hygienic condition of the body politic and its success in the contest is therefore assured.

It is the only economic system which involves at the same time such a distribution of the means of existence as to render over-indulgence or privation equally impossible, an organisation and equal division of labour that makes over-fatigue and over-exposure superfluous, and promises an average education too high to admit of personal uncleanness and neglect.

Prostitution vanishes with the economic dependence of women upon men, and this, combined with a system which terminates marriage with the termination of affection, thus doing away with adultery, eradicates syphilis, that foulest blot on the scutcheon of modernity.

And so at last, the Golden Age is come.

LAWRENCE BUSS.

CASTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. J. E. CHAMBERLAIN has a paper in the *Nineteenth Century* on this topic. "American social classes or castes," he says, "are mainly in a state of formation." American aristocracy is never reinforced by Government appointments; it originally consisted of a nucleus of "certain families of more or less inherited wealth," which had "always occupied a superior position in the community."

People who have no hope of themselves entering the magic "circle" will strive for years to get their children inside it.

The local "sets" are small, rarely consisting of more than 150 families. In Chicago of probably not more than 40. "These families are poor as compared with those of commercial people outside the circle." "A frank worship of social position" exists in many parts. "Social details of this sort," says Mr. Chamberlain, "may not appear very important in themselves, but if taken with other facts they point to a prospect of an eventual triumph by a social arrangement founded on caste over a democratic impulse, which had a highly favourable opportunity for its development. . . . Caste questions are seldom studied by economists. . . . The perfectly voluntary growth of caste feeling is apparently the inevitable outgrowth of the organisation of society on the basis of the family."

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION THE ROOT OF DEPRESSION.

DEALING with the question of trade depression, the *New York Journal of Commerce* argues that with the industrial revolution, represented by declining agriculture and increasing manufacture, has come over-production, which protective tariffs only aggravate. The *Journal* furnishes data to show the industrial revolution that has taken place. Between 1880 and 1890 the census shows an increase of about 25 per cent. in population. In persons employed in farm work the gain is but 10.2 per cent., while in manufacturing the gain is 49 per cent. and in mining 49.3 per cent. That is to say, the agricultural workers have increased at only about one-fifth the rate of the gain in the manufacturing and mining employments. The figures of leading crops and stocks of animals tell also of low progress in farming; there is a decrease of 5 per cent. in wheat acreage, a gain (15.5 per cent.) in corn area of a little more than half that of the national population; hop increase only 20.3 per cent., and sheep but 1.9 per cent. With this apparent decadence it may be fairly assumed that the same rule applies to the interests directly dependent upon disbursements of the farming class. The *Journal* goes on to say:

"It is not needful to our purpose to explain, at length, the causes of this relative decline of farming. It plainly means that farming in this country has been restricted by the limitations of the domestic and foreign markets for its products. Also, in view of the largely increasing production of food staples in other countries, it was clearly impossible that the United States could continue indefinitely to increase its production of these commodities at a ratio equal to the increase of its general population. A halt must come some time; and the foregoing figures prove that it had arrived in 1890. When this point was reached, the basis was laid for a radical change in the distribution of the employments of the labour and capital of the country. The large share of the increase of population which had formerly gone into agricultural pursuits must henceforth be divided among other industries, which would naturally be principally those connected with manufacturing and mining. The same rule must also apply to the distribution of the new accessions of capital, which have been wont to increase at a much higher rate than population. The census records demonstrate that such a change of distribution of productive resource has already actually occurred upon a stupendous scale.

"The production of pig iron has increased during the decade 142 per cent.; of copper, 477 per cent.; of lead, 47 per cent.; and of coal, 120 per cent. Comparing these high ratios of increase with that of 25 per cent. in the population, it will be seen how much more largely than formerly the augmentation of population and capital has been absorbed by the production of staples which lie at the basis of our mechanical industries.

"A similar expansion in the production of manufactures in excess of the rate of increase in population is apparent in our industries at large. . . . The ratios of increase of products in 1890 over 1880 would be about as follows: Cotton goods 65 per cent., woollens and worsted goods 49 per cent., and silk goods 153 per cent. Thus we have an increase in the production of textile

fabrics at more than double the ratio of increase in population ; which affords another illustration of the extraordinary diversion of population and capital to the manufacturing industries.

"Perhaps, however, the most striking evidence of the great expansion of our industries other than agricultural is afforded by the progress in the use of steam power. In 1880, the aggregate steam capacity of the country was 2,185,458 horse-power ; in 1890, it had risen to 4,662 029 ; an increase at the rate of 113 per cent. ; which is the best possible indication of the extent of the growth of our mechanical industries."

The Journal insists that it is important to have a clear comprehension of the magnitude of the change and the many grave dislocations it entails :

The wealth invested in farms is fourfold that invested in all mining and manufacturing interests combined, 17,947,000,000 dols., in the former ; 4,349,000,000 dols. in the latter ; an excess of farms over manufactures (1890) of 13,598,000,000 dols.

"These statistics afford some conception of what it means to the country at large when our agriculture has reached a point at which its progress is only two-fifths of the rate of increase in the general population. Had our agricultural industry expanded, between 1880 and 1890, in the same ratio as population, viz., 25 per cent., the valuation of that interest would have been 20,500,000,000 dols. instead of the 18,000,000,000 dols. above stated. This relative decline in farming therefore means that, during the last census decade, some 2,500,000,000 dols. of the increment which would otherwise have accrued on agriculture was diverted to other industries—an amount which is equal to 57 per cent. of the entire valuation of our mining and manufacturing industries in 1890. This comparison is given to facilitate a conception of the magnitude of this diversion of production from farming to other industries. The change is no mere transient accident ; it is based upon the natural limitations of the food requirements of the world and the expansion of agricultural production in other countries. Judging from the reports of the Department of Agriculture, the contraction of this branch of production is likely to prove even greater in the current decade than it was in that of 1880-1890. The change, then, is to be accepted as a permanent broad revolution in the distribution of the productive forces of the nation.

"Beyond this enormous relative diversion of capital and labour to other than agricultural industries, there are other causes having a similar bearing upon mechanical production at large. There has been no abatement of the extraordinary new creations of plant due to the economising of motive power, and to the improvements in machinery. The new plant has not displaced an equivalent of old, but the latter has been largely retained in losing competition with the improved, with the effect of abnormally depressing prices. The pressure upon prices of this sort of mechanical revolution may be inferred from the fact that, according to Sauerbeck's calculations, average prices of commodities have fallen from the index number 111 in 1873 to 61 in 1896—a decline equivalent to 45 per cent.

"At the same time, within recent years, our railroad system seems to have reached a point of comparative sufficiency and completion. Between 1880 and 1890, we built 73,402 miles of road, or an average of 7,340 miles yearly ; for the last six years the average construction has been only 2,684 miles per year ; which amounts to a reduction of two-thirds in the construction outlays of an industrial system which values its property at over 8,000,000,000 dols. The effect of this comparative suspension of railroad

building has been to withdraw one very important source of demand for capital and labour, and thereby greatly to stimulate the employment of both in other industries."

"The inevitable effect of these sweeping changes in industrial development is obvious," says *The Journal*, and this description follows:

"The diversion from agriculture and from railroad construction has virtually compelled an abnormal increase of plant in other departments of production. Labour and capital cannot afford to lie idle; and in order that this surplus might find employment, it has drifted into every kind of industrial opening that seemed to offer the semblance of an opportunity. The advantages afforded by improvements in machinery and by other forms of economy in production have acted as a stimulus to such investments; and to that large number of propertied persons who have faith in the theory of protection, the high tariff duties have given assurance that they would enjoy the advantage of high prices and exemption from foreign competition. The result of these joint inducements is expressed in the immense increase in production which the statistics we yesterday cited fully demonstrated. That increase has ranged from twice to four times the rate of growth in our population. The increase of production, however, has not equalled the extension of plant, for a considerable portion of our machinery has been kept idle to escape the larger loss on running it. This disproportion between our plant and the consumptive capacity of our markets has been running for the last five years; and our ability to deal with such a state of things has been lessened by the disturbances of confidence created by acute political demoralisation and the grave derangements in the public finances. Added to the influences tending to an inflation of production, there has been a severe curtailment of the demand for manufactures from the farmers, the same influences as have caused them to curtail their production having impoverished them and diminished their purchasing ability—a fact which, considering their great numerical importance, has had a very contracting effect upon consumption, of the more staple commodities especially. The result of all this has been a continuous fall in prices, which for the last five years has ranged between 15 and 25 per cent.; and there is no evidence as yet that the downward drift has reached its end. These are the broad underlying causes—over-supply of plant and over-production of goods—to which we mainly owe the stubborn depression of business."



"WILLIAM THE CAD."

IN an article in the *University Magazine*, under the above title, Herr Von Seckendorff says of the present Emperor of Germany: "William discarded Bismarck only because he seemed to be in the way of his ambitious aim, but he is one with the old Chancellor in his contempt for the people, which, like Napoleon, he considers as *Kanonenfutter*; his one great fault is vanity, and his one great defect cowardice. These two constitute the cad. I had an exceptional opportunity of studying personally the case of the young man from the beginning of his career. . . . The mental and moral deficiencies of William have developed to an alarming extent with the growth of militarism in Germany." The author says the mainspring of the Kaiser's actions is

unbridled vanity : "That kind of vanity which is fostered by the Prussian military system. The *Beamtenwelt* (official world) in Germany, is permeated by the same spirit which fills the empty heads of the military class, and the conflict, which seems unavoidable, will be between the people of Germany and the official class, which is more numerous in the Fatherland than in France or England."

"A palpable result of the extension of the military spirit has been the falling off of genuine literary productions, the disappearance of poets, philosophers, and great writers. The era of William I., Bismarck, and William II. has not produced one single man of eminence, no Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Heine; no Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Kleist, but an abundance of mediocrity. Amongst a great number of scientific men Germany has not produced one single individual whose genius could be compared with that of Spencer, Darwin, Wallace, or Huxley."

"There is no spark of generosity in William's character," says Von Seckendorff, "and the self-confidence which a powerful army of slaves inspires, leads the ruler of Germany from one foolish act to the other. In word and deed he daily offends the people of Germany, and the feeling of revenge is uppermost in his mind wherever he believes that his authority is questioned, or where an imaginary offence has been committed against his person." His military code of honour, we are told, may be summed up in a sentence : "That the civilian has no honour to speak of, and that it is the duty of every soldier to kill or maim that contemptible creature who dares to offend him." The extent to which the curse of militarism and duelling, encouraged by the Kaiser, has eaten into German social life may be seen from the following incident : "In a restaurant in Carlsruhe a German officer with his brother officers enjoyed the gift of Gambrinus, when a civilian, an operative, by inadvertence knocked against his chair in passing without immediately begging the officer's pardon. The man of honour sprang to his feet and assaulted the unhappy man, who, unarmed, fled into the courtyard of the restaurant, when the officer followed him, with drawn sword, and killed the defenceless victim in the presence of the terrified spectators."

On a question being put in the Reichstag on the subject, the Minister of War, who is supposed to represent the spirit of the Emperor, declared that the mere mention of the matter in Parliament was an "incitement to class hatred," and said that the officer would have neglected his duty if he had not avenged the offence.

Of the prosecutions for *Majestätsbeleidigung*, the writer says : "This law of *lèse majesté* has been adopted from the Roman law—it was a terrible weapon at the time of Caligula. Tacitus writes that under this law no Roman citizen was safe from denunciation and prosecution. It was then, as it is now in Germany, the safest means of private revenge. The son accuses the father, the wife the husband, the brother his brother, of having spoken disrespectfully of the Kaiser, and the public prosecutor forthwith arraigns the culprit, who invariably is sent to prison, as one single witness is quite sufficient to prove the offence."

The writer sees no hope of any improvement in the near future, and declares that "only through the horrors of a revolution may an effective cure be expected."



THE FATE OF GREECE.

WHAT has brought about the present state of affairs, and who is responsible? Mr. E. J. Dillon, in the *Contemporary*, says: "It is admitted on all hands that the present acute phases of the Cretan question are the outcome of the severe but righteous attitude of European diplomacy towards Greece and Crete since the Congress of Berlin." After commenting on the reluctance of Europe to use brute force against Turkey, he says, "Among other practical consequences of Europe's scrupulous adherence to the principles of strict morality, it had the effect of clearing the ground and preparing it for the war which has well-nigh ruined the cause of Greece. . . . If only Europe could have relaxed her moral principles ever so little, and insisted on the introduction of the promised autonomy, all would have been well. The Powers, however, remained firm." Mr. Dillon traces the action of the Delyannis Cabinet with regard to Crete, and points out that the majority of Greek politicians held the opinion, and not without reason, that Lord Salisbury would help the Cretans, "though this theory goes but a little way towards justifying the wild policy struck out by the Delyannis Ministry." Blunders, hesitation, failure, and humiliation succeeded each other. "The Greek Government hugged the fond delusion that 'all would end some strange way right at last.'" In a word, Micawberism was raised to the dignity of a political system." And so Greece drifted into a war, out of which, except by a miracle, she could not expect to emerge victorious. The state of the army, its discipline, its officers, its training, its equipment, were all open to criticism, but when one of the principal journalists in Athens ventured to point out that this state of things was a source of danger, his windows were smashed and his printing presses destroyed." When the war began plan of campaign was there none, and the navy acted quite independently of the land forces. The Ministry was supplied in a casual way with information as to the movements of the troops. One of the superior officers was "too old and infirm," another could not ride, a third devoid of military instruction. And yet Delyannis refused to recall Colonel Limbritis, and entrust to him the defence of Thessaly. The commissariat department was in an equally unsatisfactory condition, and the "spectacle offered by the navy was, if possible, still more bewildering."

Of course, the question of "responsibility" arose, and when the Cabinet fell, this question entered on a new phase. The late Premier and the Marine Minister complain that they had not a free hand, and hold the Court responsible.

As to "Government" in Greece, we read that "there are no political parties. . . . When a political leader becomes Prime Minister, he is the soul of the Government, and virtually dictator. . . . Along with him come his faithful followers, and their name is legion. They fill every post of emolument, every nook, cranny and crevice in the machine of State." It is said of a late Prime Minister that "wherever a place fell vacant his study was literally inundated with applications. . . . Ultimatums were not infrequent. 'Here am I, and six of my friends with me, who want that place for X. If you see your way to appoint him well and good, if not, you know the consequences.'" And again, "'Do you mean to say you were not imprisoned for that gross libel you published against X?' I asked some time ago. 'Of course I was not.' 'But you did publish the libel?' 'Oh

yes.' 'And you admitted it?' 'I did.' 'And how did you escape punishment?' 'I went to my friend, the Prime Minister, and he told the Court to non-suit the private prosecutor.'"

There are 17,235 civil servants; 21,472 soldiers, and 8,707 marines, and the "entire adult male population of Greece is about 500,000." The work transacted by these civil servants is carried through in a very slovenly manner, while corruption is widespread. The administration of the law is equally corrupt. Unless all this is changed "Greece will soon cease to play a part in history as an independent State." If M. Ralli "does not succeed in saving his country, the task may be regarded as hopeless. He is a thorough constitutionalist of the Girondist type. . . . Solicitous for the public welfare, and indifferent to mere private interests. It is to be hoped that his efforts will be crowned with success, and that Greece may follow the example set by France after 1870, and profit by a bitter but salutary lesson."

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, writing in the *Fortnightly*, says: "Discipline has long been at a low ebb in the Greek service. Sergeant or private never hesitate to argue with an officer. I have repeatedly seen privates refuse to obey their captains and colonel, and even proceed to openly discuss with them, and always without any attempt being made to punish the men for insubordination." "The Greeks could have won and taken Macedonia and Epirus had things been better managed." Mr. Burleigh concludes by saying: "For the moment the Greek is rather abased in his own conceit. He has, in seeking to hoodwink the world so utterly bamboozled himself that he scarcely knows which way to turn. . . . There is no more bombast nowadays about his fighting Turkey, and all Europe, too, if need be, single-handed, and draining his blood to the last drop in the struggle. He prefers to live and keep his blood, even if Crete has to go hang. . . . And what next? Another change of Government? Are the Greeks past praying for? Who knows?"

"THE SOUTH AFRICAN BUBBLE."

"THE collapse of the South African Committee is not only a fact of Imperial importance, but is also a very curious conundrum in contemporary history." So writes "Quaesitor" in the current number of the *Contemporary*. He enumerates the chief points connected with the South African question, from the concession of self-government to the Transvaal after Majuba, and notes specially the action of the Chartered Company with regard to Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and Bulawayo, and the conversation between Messrs. Beit and Rhodes, "out of which grew up the whole preposterous plan" of invading the Transvaal, which was the only territory left to annex, and which possessed gold in abundance.

The greater part of the paper is devoted to discussing in what way and to what extent Mr. Chamberlain is implicated. "From the very first, it was believed in many quarters, both here and in South Africa, and on the Continent, that Mr. Chamberlain was 'in it';" but "the first fact that appeared was that, as soon as Dr. Jameson had actually 'ridden in,' the Colonial Secretary cabled to Mr. Rhodes a furious telegram actually threatening the revocation of the Charter. . . . This thunderbolt took Mr. Rhodes altogether by surprise." Mr. Chamberlain has cast all the blame on Dr.

Jameson and declares that he is absolutely innocent, while the Rhodesian party assert that he (Mr. C.) *was* "in it." What is the truth of the case? The Committee shirks the enquiry, which is one of vital importance. "The position, then, stands thus. The Colonial Office conceals its own documents. The High Commissioner has not been examined. The most important cables are refused by Mr. Rhodes' order, and the Committee decline to exercise their power to compel the production of them. . . . It is said in circles usually well-informed, that when the Raid occurred it became necessary to give assurances to foreign Governments, and in particular to Germany, that the Queen's Government was in no way compromised. These assurances, it is said, were given. It is even said they were given expressly in the name of the Queen . . . That documents exist which are supposed to be compromising is a fact past hiding. It casts, unless it is cleared up, a damning doubt. It seems to be the duty of all honest men, and above all of the Parliament of Great Britain, to see that the truth, whether it suits Mr. Rhodes, or Mr. Chamberlain, or neither of them, be told at last. This is a high question of privilege, and the whole House is concerned in it. It is for the House to act."

Major Willoughby contributes to the pages of the *Nineteenth Century* an account of the Jameson raid. He particularly insists on the pacific nature of the expedition. Dr. Jameson explained to his men that "no hostilities were intended, no persons were to be molested, they were only to fight in self-defence," and they also informed all Boers whom they met that the Raid was to be conducted on an entirely peaceful principle. And this "pacific expedition" was one consisting of officers, armed men, and Maxim guns! At the first glance this does not appear very "pacific," but they were not to fight unless in self defence—if the Boers objected to the invasion of their territory. Read this:—"I forwarded a note to the Commandant of the Forces in Krugersdorp to the effect that, in the event of my friendly force meeting with opposition on its approach, I should be forced to shell the town." He adds that he sends this notice in order that the women and children might be removed to a place of safety.

Major Willoughby attributes the failure to reach Johannesburg to the non-arrival of the expected force from that town, and consequent misunderstandings.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S COMPENSATION BILL.

THE New York *Tribune* says:—"A social question has been taken up by the Government, and it will be settled in a democratic way. Let the responsibility of any class of employers for any and every accident be established, and compensation for all accidental injuries is only a question of time. What is a trade charge for one occupation will become in time a common burden upon all employers in England. Mr. Chamberlain, in carrying out his social programme, has begun with compensation for accidents; but the logic of that primary concession is far-reaching. If employers, when not at fault, can be called upon to insure their workmen against accidents, why may they not also be compelled to insure against sickness, chronic invalidism, and the infirmities of old age? That is State Socialism in Germany. It may be the Tory democracy of England in the twentieth century."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says:—"This is one way to keep down Socialism in an imperial country—a country that is the despair of continental Socialists, though possessing all the elements essential to the spread of their propaganda. There is no longer any yeomanry in England, the population is crowded in the big cities, and the land is held by comparatively few. There, too, as here, the control of commodities has been assumed by powerful combinations of capital. England is the wealthiest nation in the world, and yet it has been estimated that every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper. The Poor Law reports show that one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad, and medical reports to the Privy Council have demonstrated that large classes of working men in the cities are not fed well enough to guard against what are known as starvation diseases. Yet, singularly enough, the English people have not displayed the same evidences of restlessness that have been apparent on the Continent, nor have they created the impression that they are not able to work out the amelioration of their lot in their own way. This legislation is a step in the direction of State Socialism, a confession on the part of the Government that it must do something to offset the discontent that during the past five or ten years has asserted itself to a greater degree than ever before. There can, of course, be no doubt that the change in industrial conditions, brought about by the development of machinery, has multiplied the vicissitudes of trade and increased the insecurity of the labourer's tenure. No one, however, will dispute the assertion in these days that improved machinery has been the means of providing labour in larger amount than that which it has superseded, and that, while individuals in the first instance have suffered, the class or community as a whole has been the gainer. It will not be surprising if legislation akin to that in the House of Commons sooner or later makes its appearance here. There have been many things of late going to show that in the general drift toward State Socialism we are by no means behind the times."



"ENGLAND'S FOOD SUPPLY IN TIME OF WAR."

THE current number of the *North American Review* contains an article by H. Seton-Karr, M.P., on this subject. He says, "though an invincible navy is a necessity," it is not an altogether sufficient safeguard against all the possible risks of war. 'Provisions are as necessary as ammunition. "The dependence of the United Kingdom on foreign imports for the necessities of life is now a well-known and established fact," and it is, moreover, "unexampled and unprecedented in the history of the world."

"As regards our reserve of bread-stuffs, it may be safely stated that it never exceeds three months' supply, and frequently sinks as low as one month's supply or less." Think what this would mean in time of war. "France is self-maintained; Germany, Austria, and Italy produce three-quarters of their national requirements of the necessities of life; Russia and the United States are self-supporting. . . . England alone lives from hand to mouth." In 1843 Cobden estimated that we produced 20,000,000 quarters of wheat at home, and now, with 15,000,000 more mouths to feed, we have less than one half the wheat area we had fifty years ago, and this is steadily declining. Then, of course, comes the inevitable question, "What

is to be done?" and it is idle to deny that it is a question of the greatest importance. Look at what happened during the American Civil War. The Southern States were in a state of absolute blockade. Salt is said to have been sold at £340 a ton. Now, if grain and meat had also been imported, to what prices would they have run? It is also possible, Mr. Seton-Karr points out, that "Britannia might, by her navy, still remain mistress of the seas for all general purposes, and yet the domestic economy of millions of British homes be very seriously affected."

Our author advocates some form of protection, and the establishment of national granaries in which to keep a reserve of wheat.

The serious nature of the case is, it is to be presumed, admitted by every one, but the remedies Seton-Karr proposes are, like all non-Socialist remedies, either mischievous or inadequate.

THE GROWTH OF GERMAN CITIES.

THE report of the Württemberg Statistical Department gives the following figures in reference to twenty-eight German cities having, on the 28th December, 1895, a population of more than 100,000:

	1895.	1875.	1816.
Berlin	1,677,351	966,858	166,584
Hamburg	625,552	264,675	106,920
Munich	407,174	193,024	46,396
Leipzig	398,448	127,387	32,492
Breslau	373,206	239,050	63,020
Dresden	334,066	197,295	49,074
Köln (Cologne)	321,431	135,371	38,844
Frankfort-on-the-Main	229,299	103,136	40,485
Magdeburg	214,397	87,925	30,250
Hanover	209,560	106,677	24,000
Düsseldorf	176,024	80,695	11,844
Königsberg	172,391	122,636	55,197
Nürnberg	162,380	91,018	49,459
Chemnitz	160,991	78,209	10,835
Stuttgart	158,321	107,273	21,124
Altona	148,944	84,097	23,085
Bremen	141,937	102,532	47,797
Stettin	140,731	80,972	21,143
Elberfeld	139,168	80,589	18,071
Strasbourg	135,313	94,306	49,902
Charlottenberg	132,393	25,847	3,223
Barmen	127,002	86,504	23,104
Danzig	125,639	97,931	44,511
Halle	116,302	60,503	19,747
Brunswick	114,686	65,938	29,050
Dortmund	111,235	57,742	4,000
Aachen	110,489	79,606	27,164
Krefeld	107,278	62,905	8,319
Totals	7,271,708	3,880,701	1,065,640

At the commencement of the present century there was practically only two large cities in the whole of the present German dominions—Berlin and Hamburg, the principal towns of the Great Northern States and the principal seaports, both of which had comparatively very modest populations. The present cities of Krefeld, Düsseldorf, and Chemnitz were very small country towns, while Charlottenberg and Dortmund were unimportant villages. In 1875 only 11 cities had a population of 100,000. At the head of these was Berlin, whose population from 1816 to 1875 had increased 800,274. In the 24 years—1871-95—the population had increased 851,010, or more than the increase of the first two-thirds of the whole century. The principal towns of the other great federated states of the kingdom have developed in like measure. In the period 1816-95 Munich has risen from the ninth to the third position among the cities of the Empire, Dresden from the seventh to the sixth, and Stuttgart from the twenty-first to the fifteenth. Cities, such as Königsberg, Strasburg, and Nürnberg, boasting a glorious antiquity, were included at the beginning of our century in the six cities of Germany; now they have sunk to the twelfth, twentieth, and thirteenth positions. Eighty years ago 1 per cent. of the entire population dwelt in large towns; to-day the number has increased to 14 per cent.

The census taken on the 1st December, 1890, gives the following figures in reference to the number of persons living in the large towns who were not town born:

	PER CENT.		PER CENT.
Munich.....	64	Königsberg.....	56·8
Hanover.....	62	Magdeburg.....	55·8
Stettin.....	62·4	Brunswick.....	55·4
Dresden.....	61·8	Nürnberg.....	54·9
Frankfurt.....	61·7	Düsseldorf.....	53·2
Stuttgart.....	59·9	Hamburg.....	52·5
Leipzig }.....	59·8	Danzig.....	49·4
Strasburg }.....		Köln.....	47
Berlin.....	59·3	Bremen.....	45·2
Altona.....	59·1	Elberfeld.....	42·7
Halle.....	58·5	Krefeld.....	41
Chemnitz.....	58·4	Barmen.....	38·7
Breslau.....	57·4	Achen.....	37·6

It is seen that in only seven of these towns the majority of the population were town born, and of these seven the majority was in no case two-thirds.
—*Vorwärts.*

“WE don't think that Queen Victoria indulges in much self-deception about this Jubilee. She knows probably better than anyone else that her principal business on the throne has been to do nothing and do it well. She knows that her own share in the extension of the British Empire has been very small. She knows that she has made a very creditable figurehead in some respects. She probably does not realise that there have been occasions when she could have done great service to humanity and failed to raise a finger to do it. As for the relationship of the United States to the Queen and the Jubilee, it cannot be more than one of the courteous interest which politeness between nations require. Neither Victoria nor her country have at any time put themselves out of the way a particle to help this country or the people of this country. We don't owe anything to them as a nation, and we don't wish to owe anything.”—*The News* (Pop.), Denver.

BREAD AND SHOWS.

THE night was hot and stifling, scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees in the Borough Road, or flickered the gas-jets which flared gaily over the portals of the neighbouring public-houses in anticipatory celebration of the Jubilee. Every window in Queen's Buildings was open, for the rooms were like an oven, or, as one of the inhabitants remarked to a neighbour, "as hot as hell." In a room at the top of the Buildings a woman sat at a sewing machine. The close atmosphere of the room, heated by the glare of the sun on window and roof all day, was polluted with the fumes of a small paraffin lamp which burned on the stand before her, and threw its dull light on the work over which she leaned. At her side was a cradle in which a baby lay, and by the side of the cradle, on a low stool, sat a child of about three.

"I'm so hungry, mammy," said the child, whimpering, and rising from the stool and taking hold of his mother's arm, "Won't you gie me some bread, mammy? I'm so hungry, I want some bread."

"Don't cry, my dear, go and rock the baby; mother will give you some bread presently, when she can get some. Go and rock the cradle, there's a dear."

"Baby's crying," answered the little fellow, as the child in the cradle set up a feeble wail. "Baby wants some bread, too. What's the matter baby?" he went on, turning round and leaning over the cradle as he rocked it gently. "Want some bread, baby? I want some bread."

Rocking the cradle he kept crooning to the baby, half crying and half singing, the burden of his song being, "I am so hungry. Is you hungry, baby? Want some bread, baby? I want some bread."

The woman bent steadily over her work. Presently the child came to her again.

"When will you give us some bread, mammy!" he asked.

"As soon as I have finished this work and taken it home for the lady, I shall be able to get you some bread, my dear."

"Will the lady give you some bread, mammy?"

"No, my dear, she will give me some money for this work, and then I shall go to the baker's and buy bread."

"Why don't you go to the baker now, mammy, and get us some bread? Hasn't the baker got any bread now, mammy!"

"Yes, darling, I expect the baker has some bread now, but he won't let mammy have it without money."

"Isn't he a nasty baker, mammy? I wish my daddy was here. He'd make that nasty baker give us some bread, wouldn't he, mammy?"

"Yes, but your poor daddy won't be here any more."

"No, they put him in the pit-hole away from us, didn't they, mammy?"

"Don't talk now, rock the cradle, there's a dear," answered the mother, with a sigh, "Mammy is busy."

The child again turned to rocking the cradle, in which the baby was crying feebly. Presently, overcome with the heat and weariness, in spite of his hunger, the little fellow fell across the cradle asleep.

The woman got up from the machine and laid him on the bed which occupied a corner of the room. The child in the cradle cried louder. For a while the woman sat at the machine, busy with scissors and needle,

while she rocked the cradle with her foot. Still the child cried. At last she took it up and walked up and down the room with it while she laid its face against her breast. There was poor consolation for the hungry little one. The woman herself had tasted no food all day, and as the child hungrily dragged at her dry breasts it seemed to be tearing her heart-strings. She walked to the window and looked out. The narrow street into which the window opened was dark and deserted, but at the end, where the main road crossed it, gay crowds were gathering to gaze on the preparations for the morrow's show. She turned from the window with a sigh, laid the child again in the cradle, and resumed her work. But the baby cried again, and she took it up and laid it across her knees while she worked at the machine. So she worked on through the slow hours of darkness; the hot, heavy stillness of the night broken only by the swift clicking of the machine and the feeble wailing of the child as she lay across her knees, or by the faint sound of revelry in the street beyond.

Gradually the sounds of merriment in the street became fainter and fainter, the child at last fell asleep. She laid it once more in the cradle, and again resumed her work. She felt stiff and tired; her limbs trembled with work and weariness, her head and eyes ached for want of sleep; yet still she worked on. She did not feel drowsy, and never once did she close her eyes. All her faculties were absorbed by the work on which she was engaged, and her feverish haste to get that finished was too great to permit her to think of rest or sleep. Presently the stars one by one faded out, and the grey mist of early morning spread over the sky. The woman shivered slightly as she rose, put out the lamp, and walked across the room to the child sleeping on the bed. Then she went back and resumed her work.

Steadily she worked on as the hours passed. Soon the life and bustle of the world outside recommenced. The milkman and the newsboy going their rounds; the rattle of carts and vans going to and from market; then the cabs and omnibuses. Presently the murmur of many voices told her that crowds were gathering in the streets. Then the children woke up and began to cry.

"Give me some water, mammy, please," cried the elder, as he scrambled down from the bed and came to his mother's side. She went to a scullery outside and brought the child a cup of water. Then she knocked at another door on the same landing.

"Can you lend me a little drop of milk for the baby until I can go out, Mrs. Smith, please?" she asked as a woman opened the door.

She obtained the milk and some warm water and half a loaf of bread. She gave the baby the milk, with a little warm water, and shared the half-loaf with the boy. He ate ravenously, and seemed hardly satisfied when he had finished.

It was about nine o'clock when the woman had finished her work, and, making it up into a parcel, took the baby in her arms and went out. She found the streets thronged with people, and it was not without difficulty that she made her way through the crowds to the Elephant and Castle. Pushing through the people who were at this point hurrying in all directions, she made her way along the Walworth Road and, turning down a side street, came to a public-house. She went in at a side door, and handing the parcel to a young woman standing behind the bar counter, said in a low voice, "I have brought Mrs. Brookes's dress."

"It's a good job you have brought it," replied the girl. "Mrs. Brookes has been in a rare way about it. You promised to let her have it last night; you knew she wanted it to go out with to-day."

"I am very sorry, but I could not possibly get it done last night. I have had to sit up all night to finish it, and brought it along the minute it was done. I hope it is not too late."

"Why, you must be making a fortune, Mrs. Brant, if you are so busy as all that. Why ever didn't you give somebody else the job if you couldn't do it?"

"It wasn't that I couldn't do it. I only wanted more time. I don't believe anyone else would have done it so soon. And I have not been busy. This is the first job I have had for a fortnight, and I couldn't afford to let it go."

"Well, I'll take it up to the missus," said the girl. "She's been carrying on terrible about it, I tell you. Does she know how much it is?"

The woman nodded an affirmative as the girl took the parcel and left the bar. In a few minutes she returned.

"Mrs. Brookes says I am to tell you that she is very much annoyed at having been kept waiting for the dress. Had she not wanted it for to-day, you should take it back and pay for it. You have made her late, and almost spoiled her day, and she says it's the last job you'll get from her."

"Did she send the money?" the woman asked.

"No, she said as you had kept her waiting for the dress you must wait for the money."

"Couldn't you get her to let me have part of it?"

"I shouldn't like to ask her now, I can tell you, and I'm sure it would be no good. You'd better call again."

"When shall I call?"

"Oh, I don't know. She may be back this evening, but I don't think it would be any good calling then. I should leave it for a day or two if I were you."

The woman's lips quivered and she turned pale, as though about to faint, but, steadying herself for a moment by the counter, she turned and walked out of the house. With uncertain steps she made her way along the road towards home. The crowds had grown thicker, and the people turned to look at her as she passed along.

"She's started her jubilee by times," remarked one man.

"Yes, looks as if she'd took mor'n she can carry properly," was the reply.

"I do think it's disgusting to see a drunken woman in the streets," said a well-dressed matron to her neighbour. "It's bad enough in a man, but for a woman it's shocking. And with a baby, too."

The object of these uncomplimentary remarks passed on unheeding. She scarcely noticed the crowds about her, and heard not a word that was said. Dazed and stupified as one walking in her sleep or really drunk, she stumbled along, her steps mechanically keeping time to a sort of jingle, sounding in her head, made up of the words with which the barmaid had dismissed her: "You'd better leave it for a day or two," coupled with the cry of her hungry child: "Give me some bread, mammy; I want some bread." And that was the cry which greeted her when, faint and worn out, with a feeling of despair at her heart, she had climbed the seemingly interminable stairs, and entered her dwelling.

The little boy was crouched on the floor by the cradle. He got up as she came in.

"Oh, mammy," he cried, "have you been to the baker's mammy? I'm so hungry, mammy; I want some bread."

The mother shook her head silently, and sank down into the only chair.

in the room. The child in her arms woke up and began to cry ; the boy came and leaned his head on her knees, saying again :

"Gie me some bread, mammy ; I am so hungry ; I want some bread. Baby's hungry, too, mammy ; she wants some bread."

The woman looked round despairingly. She had relied absolutely upon getting the money from Mrs. Brookes for her dress, and now, having failed, there was nothing. The room was almost bare. Besides the chair on which she sat, the cradle, the sewing machine, a small table, a little low stool, and the bed in the corner there was nothing, neither furniture nor ornament, which she could pawn or sell. The machine ? Yes, she might get something on that. She would go and try and see someone who would take it, and then when she got some money she would get it back. But first she must rest. She lay down on the bed, dressed as she was, with her two children beside her, and in a few moments, despite their cries, she, faint, weary, hungry, and hopeless was fast asleep.

Presently she was awakened by shouting in the street below. She opened the window and looked out. In the Borough Road, at the end of the narrow street on which the window opened, the crowd were waving hats and handkerchiefs and cheering loudly. Above the cheers could be heard the strains of martial music, the blare of trumpets, the whistling of fifes, the roll of drums, the rattle of gun carriages, and the steady tramp of armed men.

"What is it, mammy !" asked the boy. "Is it soldiers ?"

"Yes, Willie, this is the Jubilee."

"What's that, mammy ? Let us go and see that mammy. I would like to see a Jubilee."

Partly out of curiosity, partly to please the child, and also because she thought she would take the opportunity to try and find some one to take the machine, she took the baby in her arms, and, leading the boy, made her way down the stairs and into the street. She pushed through the crowd with little difficulty and got into the front. There she stood while the show went by. But the heat and the hunger were too much for her. As the royal carriage passed there was a sudden movement forward of the crowd ; she turned giddy and slipped to the ground, and in a moment the child at her side was borne from her by the surging crowd, under whose feet she and the child in her arms fell. It was but the work of a few moments to drag her from among the throng and place her on an ambulance. "Only a woman fainted." was the remark as the crowd turned indifferent away ; but at the hospital to which they bore her and her baby it was found that both were dead.

THE SONG OF HATE.

(Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Georg Herweg)

Up, comrades, arm ye for the strife ;
The red dawn summons us abroad ;
One last kiss to the trusty wife,
Then gird ye on the trusty sword.
Our hand shall clasp and hold it fast
Till we be numbered with the dead.
We've had enough of love at last ;
Oh, let us learn to hate instead.

Love cannot drive our foes away,
Love cannot ease us of our pains ;
Let Hatred hold her judgment day,
And burst asunder all our chains.
Let tyrants quake and stand aghast,
And seek in vain to hide their head ;
We've had enough of love at last ;
Oh, let us learn to hate instead.

Whose heart soe'er beats true shall swear
To make his hate his only aim ;
Dry fuel find we everywhere
To feed the fury of our flame.
And ye whom Freedom's life makes glad,
Cry out to them that are as dead,
"Enough of love ye long have had ;
Oh, learn at last to hate instead."

We'll fight against the deadly weight
Of tyranny the wide world o'er,
Till holier shall be our hate
Than ever was our love before.
Our hand shall clasp the sword-hilt fast
Till we be numbered with the dead ;
We've had enough of love at last ;
And hate shall be enthroned instead.



DELEGATES TO THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE S.D.F.

[From a photograph by the Photographic Co-operative Society.]

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 8. AUGUST, 1897.

SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT OR SOCIALIST ?

NAMES and terms have frequently given rise to bitter and sometimes to bloody disputes among civilised men. This may be very unphilosophic and unwise, but we do not need to go so far back as the history of Alexandria and Constantinople to discover evidence of its truth. And it will be found that behind the name, or modification of a name, which occasions the heated or even murderous discussion, there is generally some conflicting idea which has sunk deep into the minds of the disputants—little as this may be recognised in after ages. We have all smiled over the petty change in a vowel which deluged great cities with blood in theological conflicts, and have marvelled that human beings should have been so senseless as to cut one another's throats on such a trifling metaphysical issue as to the like nature or the same nature being the more correct description of the incomprehensible persons of an incomprehensible Trinity. Yet there can be no doubt that to the Greeks of those days the difference represented something which went to the root of their common Christianity. It meant as much to them as the red or white rose to partisans of York and Lancaster in the past; and was quite as tangible as the colour distinction between green and orange to Irishmen to-day.

Undoubtedly, it is very foolish to allow mere names to draw us aside from the consideration of things, and to permit the past to influence the present and the future, merely because we have become accustomed and attached to certain forms of speech. But where such names express and cover the assertion of definite principles of religion, morals, art, or politics, men can scarcely be blamed for attaching great importance to a slight change of terms which may easily betoken a complete change of meaning. A Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Methodist, and a member of the Greek Church claim to be Catholics, and undoubtedly are Christians. But they would all be astonished indeed if they were asked to act in common accord as "Followers of the Lamb"; on the ground that this was a fine comprehensive name, and that really such points as the immaculate conception and divinity of the Virgin Mother, the worship of images as against the worship of pictures, the celibacy or otherwise of the priesthood, and the infallibility of the Pope, were matters of no moment

in comparison with the common belief in the Crucifixion and the general acceptance of the Lord's Prayer as a method of invoking the deity. They would truly say that the differences of principle began immediately at the point where the narrow common ground ended, and that such a title as that proposed would lead to misapprehension. Other illustrations might easily be drawn from politics. But it needs no elaborate exercitation to prove that when men and women have adopted and long used a distinctive name, which to their minds fully expresses a definite set of principles, they are very reluctant to part with it in favour of a more vague appellation; which may even give the impression that they have abandoned those principles when they have done nothing of the sort. These few remarks lead me to the immediate subject of this paper, which, of course, has a direct bearing on the Socialist movement in Great Britain at the present time.

I.

The general impression is that the terms Social-Democrat and Social-Democracy, like a good many other things nowadays, were imported from Germany into this country. This is a mistake. The composite name Social-Democrat was first used, and made to a certain extent popular, by the famous Chartist leader Bronterre O'Brien, in his *People's Guardian*, nearly sixty years ago—that is to say, some time before Marx, Engels, and Lassalle were heard of. O'Brien was a Catholic and a paper-currency man, but he was in some respects the ablest and most far-seeing of the Chartists. He held the opinion, for example, that trade unions, being composed of what he called "the aristocrats of labour," with all sorts of rules for restricting the number of apprentices in the skilled trades, and possessed with a distinct desire to constitute a privileged class among the workers, would inevitably develop into a more or less reactionary force as against the interests of the mass of the labouring population. Can anyone deny that his fears have been to a large extent justified? He also declared vehemently against Free Trade as being any panacea for working-class wrongs, and pointed out clearly that such free trade as was proposed by Fox and Villiers, Cobden and Bright, was distinctly a capitalist measure. No good, or very little, could come of it for the people unless land were nationalised and machinery socialised beforehand. His predictions have been amply fulfilled. In short, O'Brien, with all his drawbacks, was what we should ourselves call a Social-Democrat to-day, and he proclaimed the class war as inevitable with quite as much vigour as any Continental Socialist either before or after him. His religious and economic errors did not affect the main truths which he set forth.

A Social-Democrat, then, according to O'Brien, was a man who regarded social questions as of paramount importance, and desired to solve them by collectivist and democratic action. Democratic action might not by any means necessarily be collectivist; and collectivist action might not by any means necessarily be democratic. For the questions which arose at the beginning of the Queen's reign were not very different from those which

press for a solution at the end of it ; though the great economic development of the past two generations renders our task easy indeed compared with that of the Chartists who held Socialist views. And, moreover, in the ranks of the advanced party, then as now, were men who wanted to substitute personal dictation from above, for voluntary democratic discipline on the same level ; and other men who resented anything like interference on the part of a majority with the somewhat conceited display of what they were pleased to call their own individuality, as a direct attack upon personal freedom. O'Brien took and used the term Social-Democrat to express the views of those who wished to bring about a complete social reconstruction under democratic forms.

Of course, much has happened since O'Brien's day. Social-Democrats and Social-Democracy represent now a series of much more clearly defined opinions and a far greater array of disciplined forces than it was possible that they should in 1839. Yet the ideas which those words represent are not much changed from what they were when they first saw the light. The great and growing Social-Democratic parties of Germany and Austria, the Social-Democratic parties of Denmark and Holland, the increasing numbers who demand the democratic and social Republic for France, as well as the Social Democratic Federation of Great Britain, all tell the same story and all mean the same thing. The work of Marx and Engels, and in less degree of Lassalle, systematised and formulated the ideas which prevailed at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century throughout Europe, and gave a scientific and historical basis to the teachings of St. Simon, Robert Owen, and the socialistic Chartists. Their theories are now being extended, adapted, modified, and applied by Social-Democrats in every civilised country. But much of the original conception remains, and at this hour a Social-Democrat means a man or a woman :—

1. Who recognises the class war between the proletariat and the possessing class as the inevitable historic outcome of the capitalist system and of the direct economic and social antagonisms which it has engendered and fostered.

2. Who sees that those antagonisms can only be resolved by the complete control over all the great means of production, distribution, and exchange, by the whole people, thus abolishing the class State and the wages system, and constituting a Co-operative Commonwealth or a Social-Democracy.*

3. Who observes that the preliminary changes which must bring about this social revolution are already being made, unconsciously, by the capitalists themselves, and is anxious to use political institutions and forms to educate the people and to prepare, as far as possible, peacefully for the social revolution which must result in national and international Communism.

* Kropotkin, with that curious disregard for the truth which all Anarchists show in controversy, has repeatedly stated that Social-Democrats wish to retain the system of paying wages. He knows perfectly well that this is not, and never has been, so, and he has been often told as much. But it suits him to misrepresent us, and of course he never stops to consider whether it is right or fair that he should. This is anarchical morality or individualist ethic, I suppose.

4. Who holds that the methods of giving legal expression to this great Socialist change should be completely democratic in every respect ; such democracy, however, not excluding, but rendering essential, thorough voluntary discipline.

5. Who, lastly, is of opinion that close international understandings and agreements between the various national Social-Democratic parties, in order eventually to weld them into one great whole, are to be carefully fostered.

This, I think, is a fair description of the opinions held by a conscious Social-Democrat at the present time in every country.

II.

The terms Socialist and Socialism were, I believe, first used by Robert Owen to describe the views of those who, like himself, were in favour of the substitution of universal and ordered co-operation for universal and anarchical competition. At any rate, the names are at least forty years older than that of Social-Democrat, and always have been, as they are to-day, of much wider signification. They embrace practically, now, all those who, being discontented with the present state of society, are anxious to re-organise it on a co-operative or communist basis. Thus we have the Christian Socialists, the Socialists of the Chair and Arm Chair (Professors and Fabians), Municipal Socialists, Radical Socialists, Socialists of the type of those who found the so-called Socialist Colonies of Paraguay, Topolobampo, &c., Shaker Socialists, Free Love Socialists, and so on, and so on. Indeed, I believe many Anarchists now call themselves Socialists ; while Social-Democrats also, who are the consistent and steady opponents of Anarchism in all its forms, come under this wide designation of Socialists, too.

The drawback to the term Socialist is, therefore, that it is not sufficiently definite. Nobody could reasonably say that Christian Socialists, as Christians Municipal Socialists, and Free Love Socialists have the same ends in view as, Social-Democrats, or anything at all like them. The differences are manifest without further discussion. But more than this, useful as the word Socialist may be as a rough generic popular name, it does not necessarily carry with it the notion of democrat as well. Far from it. Socialists are, indeed, frequently accused of wishing to impose their arbitrary will on the whole population. This is not true, as I believe, of the great majority of them, whether they are Social-Democrats or not. But nobody can truly say that State or Bureaucratic Socialism is not a danger of the immediate future in more than one country. Nobody, I think, also, can question that the experiment of a Cæsarist Socialism—a perfectly possible temporary solution of the politico-economic difficulty in the transition stage—might meet with acceptance from the mass of the people crushed, as they are to-day, under the monopolist tyranny of a set of unscrupulous capitalists. The general, vague term, Socialist, therefore, charitable and Catholic as it may be, can be used to cover too many schools of thought to constitute a proper appellation for a well-organised, disciplined array of class-conscious revolutionaries, who are confident of victory for their party in the near future.

III.

Now the obstacles to the constitution of a consolidated party of the people in Great Britain on a Socialist basis seem to be narrowed down to this one point of difference between Social-Democrat and Socialist. The Social-Democratic Federation, which has just held its Seventeenth Annual Congress, and which has had the title "Social-Democratic" since 1884—having in those sixteen or seventeen years beyond all question done the bulk of the work, the uphill, dangerous, depressing work of Socialist propaganda in Great Britain—contends that, whatever be the name of the combined Socialist organisations, the word Social-Democratic must appear in it. As a matter of fact, our main difficulty has been to teach the English workers how to be democratic. Our task has been to show them "democratic" does not mean servility to a vigorous personality on the one hand, or petty endeavours to pull everybody down to a low general level on the other: to prove also by experiment that democracy does not lead to anarchy or go-as-you-please, but that it brings with it thorough voluntary discipline, and the choice of leaders absolutely controlled by the organisation. This the S.D.F. has done, and a more Socialist or a more Democratic body cannot exist. The discipline to-day is enforced by the whole of the members, who sometimes go in this direction beyond what the older men in the organisation would have thought of suggesting.

It is easy to understand, therefore, that a body with such a record and such an organisation does not wish, and indeed cannot, cut itself off wholly from its past by giving up its distinctive appellation of "Social-Democratic" any more than it could abandon the principles which underlie that name. Short of that, I believe our members will be willing to do anything to come to an amalgamation with the members of the I.L.P., as we have already come to a political understanding with them. The word Socialist is too vague. But it can hardly be contended that the term Social-Democratic (modified by any prefix or appendage that may be desired) is too exclusive to form a portion of the title of what must eventually be the United Social-Democratic Party of Great Britain. And the hopeless incapacity of the Liberal and Radical factions at the present time, their entire inability to rouse anything like enthusiasm among themselves or the people at large, renders it quite possible that ere many years have passed the whole of the advanced political sections in this island may be found fighting side by side with us in such a party for a complete social transformation on democratic and republican lines.

H. M. HYNDMAN.



JAMES LEIGH JOYNES : SOME REMINISCENCES.

EVENTS change rapidly in the Socialist movement ; and here, as elsewhere, there is a danger that while excessive attention is paid to the leading figures, the quiet devoted worker who has fallen by the way may be too readily forgotten. For this reason I am glad to comply with the request of the editor of the SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT, and write some personal reminiscences of my brother-in law, the late J. L. Joynes, whose name, though probably unknown to the majority of recently-enlisted Socialists, is very familiar to those who bore the brunt of the battle in the early days of the S.D.F. Of his actual work, and of the value of his work, at that period, there are others who are better qualified to speak than myself ; but of his Cambridge and Eton life, which had an important bearing on his subsequent Socialism, I may be able to contribute some particulars that are not without interest. If in this connection, writing simply and without reserve, I sometimes mention myself, my readers will not misunderstand me, or suppose that I am a victim of that flattering illusion to which so many biographers are prone.

James Leigh Joynes was born in 1853, at Eton, where his father was an assistant master for many years. When about twelve years old, he was elected to one of the Foundation Scholarships, and after several years as a "Colleger," went on to King's College, Cambridge, in 1871. His health had been delicate in boyhood, and owing to this he had lived much at home and was little known to his schoolfellows, in whose games and amusements he seldom took part. He was shy, silent and retiring ; yet I think it was in the long run an advantage to him *not* to have caught the facile Etonian manner, for the true strength of his character lay in quite different qualities. Certainly for myself, who, though nominally his schoolfellow at Eton, had not really known him till we met at King's, it was a surprise and profit to see one so genuine and unsophisticated, who had not the least respect for the humbug of "appearances," whose abruptness and angularity were in marked contrast to the Etonian polish, and whose bluntness of speech was only less notable than the kindliness of his heart.

I think we were brought together by our common impatience of the petty routine and respectability then dominant at King's ; a system well calculated to make rebels and freethinkers. Imagine a small college, small in numbers and small in tone, with a code of unwritten yet tyrannical observances which it was "bad form" to neglect, and you will understand why the conjunction of Learning and Silliness, so often found among the academical, was in "the full bloom of its imbecility" in the King's College of a quarter-century ago. An epigrammatical professor once summed up a fellow-academician as "a damned fool with a taste for the classics." King's was pre-eminently a classical college, and the imbecility bacillus was rampant within its walls.

Amidst this cultured circle the "freshman" Joynes, characteristically indifferent to "what people thought," proceeded to take his own course with imperturbable serenity. Our friendship was a mutual alliance against the Respectables, pursued with a youthful regardlessness of consequences which, looking back, I feel to have been highly beneficial. While reading very hard on our own lines, we were guilty of every species of "bad form." We did not row on the odoriferous Cam (rowing was regarded as a patriotic duty), but devoted our afternoons to long country walks and the study of natural history, in which we always gave the preference to those woods and fields where it was stated that "Trespassers will be Prosecuted." We wrote heretical articles in the *Undergraduates' Journal*. I have before me the number for November 19, 1873, containing an article by Joynes on compulsory chapel, in which he inveighs against the ordinance of full choral service, where the unfortunate "man without an ear" is doomed, for two long hours, "to sit, stand, and kneel in wearisome succession." When it was our turn, as King's Scholars, to read the lessons in chapel, we irreverently docked and shortened Holy Writ to suit our private purposes. "Here endeth the Lesson," we cried, when we had read, perhaps, half-a-dozen out of a score or two-score verses; and immediately the great organ would sound and the pompous ceremonial continue. (I think they secretly blessed us for *that* illegality.) As a protest against the exclusiveness of the Senior Fellows, a few old gentlemen who allowed none but themselves to cross the College Lawn, we let out a mole; and no greater consternation could have been caused by the pollution of the Holy of Holies than by the appearance one morning of a chain of earth-heaps on that hitherto flawless expanse. In this outrage we had as an abettor a fellow-undergraduate who is now head master of an important school, but I forbear to publish his name for fear of injuring his reputation. I may mention, however, that when, a few years ago, this reverend gentleman discovered one of his pupils reading Socialist pamphlets, he could think of no more weighty warning against such pestilent heresies than to tell the boy that the only two Socialists whom *he* had known had both "come to a bad end," and he did not scruple to name them.

In 1875 Joynes took his degree in the Classical Tripos (he was seventh in the first class, next on the list to Gerald Palfour, the present Irish Secretary), but he did not obtain a Fellowship at his college, as the Respectables, who had the award of such honours, seized this opportunity of paying off old scores, and avenging the memory of the mole. A little later we were both Assistant Masters at Eton, and here the same revolutionary process went on, though in a less open manner, for the Eton Master is a more decorous and responsible person than the Cambridge undergraduate, and the atmosphere of the place, intellectually, is about as depressing as that of a London fog. For several years Joynes was an exemplary tutor, diligently doing for his pupils, in accordance with what is euphemistically known as the Eton "tutorial system," the work which they were too lazy to do for themselves, and writing or revising about thirty thousand Latin verses per annum. This is the way to win golden opinions (and, what is

more valuable, a large income) at Eton ; but unfortunately we were both under suspicion as radicals and freethinkers, also we had adopted vegetarianism, which was felt to be a dangerous and immoral practice, and then, again, we rode tricycles, which was thought to be almost as bad. (Everyone cycles at Eton now.) So gradually our friend's affairs were drifting towards a crisis—and it came.

What brought matters to a head was the visit paid to England and Ireland by Henry George in 1882. We had all read "Progress and Poverty," and Joynes had been greatly impressed by it ; and when, in the summer holidays of that year, he met and travelled with George in Ireland, a friendship at once sprang up between them which had an important influence on his life. It is unnecessary to tell at length a story that has often been told. By a ridiculous blunder of the Irish Constabulary, under the infamous Coercion Acts, the two travellers were arrested and locked up as dangerous conspirators ; and, though they were quickly discharged when the magistrates discovered the error, the whole Press of the country rang with amused comments, including a parody, by J. K. Stephen, of Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," evidently written up to the one line, "To snatch a fearful Joy(nes)." The incident, however, was a serious one. The Government had to apologise to Henry George as an American citizen ; and a brilliant account of the *fiasco*, written by Joynes, was published in the *Times*, and caused great scandal in Etonian circles, where publicity is regarded—not without good reason—as the thing of all things to be deprecated. Great, then, was the horror of the Eton authorities when, a few weeks later, an advertisement announced Joynes' forthcoming volume, "Adventures of a Tourist in Ireland." In hot haste he was informed by the head master, Dr. Hornby, that he must choose between his mastership and his book. He, of course, chose the latter, and resigned his post at Eton at the end of 1882. Then and there terminated his academical career, and his career as Socialist began. It was the "bad end" to which his old fellow collegian, the head master of —, so tearfully and tastefully alluded.

Probably if an estimate of Joynes's character were written by one of his academical colleagues, and were compared with another written by one of his Socialist fellow-workers of a later period, the contrast would be absolute and complete. The reason is that the escape from Eton, to a man of his sympathies, was something more than a mere change of occupation ; it was a veritable passing from death-in-life to life. Everyone used to notice the surprising improvement in his health, spirits, and appearance ; due to the fact that in Socialism he had at last found work in which he thoroughly believed. I say Socialism, because his clear mind necessarily did not stop short at Henry George's measure of Land Nationalisation. If I remember rightly, it was an invitation received by him from Champion and Frost, who wished to entertain him at a complimentary dinner after his retirement from Eton, that first brought him into contact with Socialists. The S.D.F. had been instituted in 1881, and Joynes threw himself with ardour into

the work, attended the committee meetings at Westminster, and was on terms of friendly association with Hyndman, Champion, Frost, Bax, Morris, Quelch, Carpenter, Scheu, Burns, Burrows, Williams, Foulger and others well known in the movement. He was co-editor and founder of the *Christian Socialist* and *To-Day*, which were started respectively in 1883 and 1884, and he was also a contributor to *Justice* and the *Commonweal*, and author of "The Socialist Catechism," one of the most successful pamphlets that have been issued by the Socialist press. In short, there was very little S.D.F. work at that early period in which Joynes did not take a part.

Others, as I have said, are better able to describe this phase of his character; but I think I am right in saying that it was his honesty, candour, and fearlessness that made him a valuable propagandist. If a thing, however disagreeable, had to be done, he would get up and do it, and what he undertook to do was never forgotten or neglected. These are the strong, sincere, homely qualities that make themselves respected, perhaps more than any others, in revolutionary propaganda, where there is generally so much profession that does not harden into practice. Even among the people who most disliked Joynes's views, and were irritated by his tart manner of expressing himself, I never knew one who personally distrusted him. Sincerity was written in every line of his face, and heard in every syllable that he uttered.

Nor was it to Socialism only that he gave his support, for there was scarcely an advanced cause to which he did not in some measure contribute. In addition to *Justice* and the *Commonweal*, he wrote at different times in a number of reform journals, besides those which he himself edited, such as *Progress*, *Our Corner*, *The Food Reform Magazine*, &c. For some years he was a regular diner at the vegetarian Wheatsheaf Restaurant in Rathbone Place, often in company with Bernard Shaw, for whom he always felt a strong regard and liking.

His literary work was pretty equally divided between poetry and prose. To be frank, I do not think his writings were the best part of him, though he had a clear, trenchant, analytical mind which made him at times a very damaging critic. His poems are very unequal; and in this respect the extreme facility of his pen was far from being an unmixed benefit to him; though one could not but admire the inexhaustible energy with which, at one period, he used to write almost every day a copy of verses for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His "Socialist Rhymes" contained one or two good pieces; but in his later and more critical years he expressed to me the dissatisfaction he had felt on re-reading these early verses, and I think this judgment was a sound one. On the other hand, his translations from the German, "Songs of a Revolutionary Epoch," have always seemed to me exceedingly good, and it is to be regretted that this volume is so little known among Socialists. Let us hope it may some day be reprinted.

In 1884 and part of 1885 he carried out a long-cherished wish by travelling for some months on the Continent and making a lengthy stay in Germany, where he had relatives. (He was himself German on his mother's

side.) During his absence there occurred the secession from the S.D.F. which led to the formation of the Socialist League; and after his return Joynes was less closely associated with the active work of the party. This was not owing to any change of feeling on his part, personal or political, for his views did not alter in any way, and he remained on most friendly terms with all his former comrades, in whichever branch of the party they might now be ranked. Indeed, I cannot remember an instance of anyone quarrelling with Joynes—it would scarcely have been possible to quarrel with one so disinterested and dispassionate by nature, so catholic in his friendships, and so determined to make the best of men and circumstances, whatever their attitude towards himself. While not in any degree devoid of strong feelings and emotions—he was, in fact, keenly sensitive—he possessed the most unruffled and dignified temper that I have ever seen.

I must not forget to mention his love of nature and the country, of children, and of all simple and beautiful things. He was never more happy than when living a quiet and hardy life in a country cottage, among his bees and his flowers, and spending whole days in the open air. Burnham Beeches was one of his favourite haunts when he was living at Eton, and he was fond of visiting the Cumberland mountains at all seasons of the year. Though certainly not strong in constitution, and not practised in athletics, he was, outdoors as indoors, a man of eminently helpful and self-reliant habits; could shift for himself under any circumstances, and help others as well. In his own family he was the one to whom all came for advice and assistance, from the most important matter to the most trivial. He was a good walker, and a most expert and daring mountain-climber; fond also of boating, swimming, driving, cycling, and all open-air occupations, except those which consist in murdering one's fellow-creatures under the name of "sport." In these he never had any share whatever at any period of his life, to which fact he was doubtless indebted for the true manliness that distinguished him.

A strong leaning towards scientific and medical studies led him, about 1887, to enter himself as a student at the Middlesex Hospital, and the subsequent break-down in his health was mainly caused by the overstrain of a severe course of reading, in which he unwisely tried to pass his examinations in less than the ordinary time. He had had one or two indications of a weakness of heart, but did not sufficiently attend to them until it was too late. In the summer of 1889 began the long illness which disabled him from all active work for the rest of his life; yet even during this weary time of suffering and disappointment, borne with the quiet humorous patience so characteristic of him, his thoughts, and even his pen, were busy. In his cottage at West Hoathly, on the mid-Sussex hills, a wild upland district in which he much delighted, he wrote or revised the poems included in his last volume, "*On Lonely Shores*," which far surpass any of his earlier verses in form and workmanship, but are perhaps too closely modelled on certain favourite authors. The last letter written by him was one to William Morris, whose friendship he valued as greatly as he admired his genius.

He died at West Hoathly in January, 1893, and was buried in the beautiful churchyard which looks across the weald to the line of the Sussex Downs.

I cannot conclude better than by quoting from Sydney Olivier's stanzas, "To a Revolutionary Poet," which admirably sum up the character of him to whom they were in fact addressed :

" Because you could not choose to cramp
 Your stripling soul in custom's mail,
 Nor prate the catchwords of the camp,
 Nor strive to shine, nor fear to fail,
 Therefore your soul was made aware
 Of many secrets of the air.

" Because your heart was wont to move
 Less for its own than other's pain,
 Because you did not fear to love
 With only loving for your gain,
 The tedious years have had no power
 Your sturdy cheerfulness to sour.

" Comrade, because your soul was free,
 Because in strife with gloom and wrong,
 Your ear and pen learnt mastery,
 Because your heart was blithe and strong,
 Therefore for us these songs of yours
 Breathe of the beauty that endures."

HENRY S. SALT.

[While expressing my thanks to our friend Salt for the above article, I cannot let this opportunity pass without offering my personal testimony to the life and work of my dear friend and comrade J. L. Joynes. I first met him in 1882, when I was first elected to the General Council of the S.D.F.—then the Democratic Federation. He and H. H. Champion were then acting as joint secretaries of the organisation. Previous to that I had, however, made his acquaintance through his writings and his adventures with Henry George in Ireland. At first I was disappointed in him. It was difficult to believe that this quiet, gentle, unobtrusive man, tall and fair, with rather stooping shoulders and ruddy, almost boyish, face, was the man who had written the letters and articles I had read; had been arrested as a "suspect" in Ireland; had set himself in open opposition to all authorities; and had given up a good position and a career, rather than play the hypocrite and hide his opinions. I soon got to know him better, and to know that behind his almost timid reserve and kindly gentleness there was a sterling manly courage, a determination and a steadfastness of purpose which I have never seen surpassed. Tender and sympathetic as a woman to all who claimed his comradeship or counsel, he was stern and unbending wherever he came into contact with opposition or wherever a

principle was in question. Yet I do not think he ever made an enemy. A more lovable man I never met, and he had the love and respect of all the comrades with whom he worked. In the spring of 1884 E. Belfort Bax and I were elected to attend a Congress of the French Party at Roubaix, and our friend Joynes accompanied us. There was some talk at the time of the old law against the International—under which Kropotkin had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in France—being enforced against us. As a matter of fact, there was some slight disorder once or twice, and we ran some risk of being arrested; but not the slightest hesitation or perturbation was manifested by our friend Joynes, who was as calm and unexcited as when sitting on the lawn at a little cottage at Burnham Beeches, where I spent a few days with him a little later in the same year. That brief holiday will always be one of the brightest memories in my life.

To Joynes's work for the movement it is impossible to do justice. For several years, and those were years of stress and difficulty, and uphill pioneer work, he laboured unceasingly and indefatigably—lecturing at Radical clubs and other places, addressing open-air meetings, writing in *Justice*, the *Commonweal*, and *To-day*. He was always doing something for the cause for which he had sacrificed so much. There is scarcely a number of *Justice* which appeared during those years but contains a contribution, either in prose or verse, from his pen.

The last time I saw him was at West Hoathly, only a few months before his death. He was kindly, cheerful, and sympathetic as ever, thinking more of others than of himself. It was hard to believe that he, with his youthful-looking, ruddy face, was stricken for death, and would never be with us in the active work of the movement again.

With characteristic modesty Joynes never had a photograph taken of himself, and therefore it is impossible to give in THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT the portrait of one of the best and noblest workers in the Socialist movement.
—H. Q.]

CAPITALISM AND LABOUR IN RUSSIA.

RUSSIA, this enormous country, with over 120 millions of population, has, until quite recent years, been under a patriarchal *régime*. The great mass of the population, consisting almost exclusively of peasants, was in a state of serfdom, and the property of the landlords. The needs of both classes were satisfied by the servile labour of the former, who worked a part of the week, three days, or even less, for themselves, and the rest for the landlords. Besides this land labour, the serfs were obliged to furnish their owners with certain quantities of the products of their home industries. This system came to a legal end with the emancipation of the serfs in 1863, and since that time Russia has rapidly passed into another system of life and industry—namely, the system of town life and factory labour. In our limited space we cannot enter into the details of the development of the latter system in Russia, and must be content with giving here only a few figures clearly demonstrating our statement as to the change which has taken place.

The first condition necessary for the success of the present dominant industrial and commercial system is the growth of the means of communication, and notably of the railways. Now, in 1880 the length of the railways in the Russian Empire was only 3,000 geographical miles; at the beginning of 1896 it was nearly 6,000 miles, which shows an increase of 100 per cent. in a period of fifteen years. This enormous railway system has a total value of £240,000,000. The increase in the movement of passengers for the same period is 55 per cent., of goods an increase of 163 per cent. The railways are the nerves of the capitalist production, its brain is the machinery. Thirty-five years ago Russia did not possess any home-made machinery; in 1892 the number of our mechanical factories was 569, with a yearly product of the value of $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions of pounds sterling. Our mining industry and metallurgy show a growth not to be compared with those of any other country. Take, for instance, cast iron, coal, and petroleum. In 1880 the quantity of cast iron founded in our ironworks was $9\frac{1}{2}$ million hundred-weight, in 1895 30 millions—*i.e.*, an increase of 213 per cent. The coal industry increased in the same period more than 163 per cent., and that of petroleum nearly 500 per cent. Our sugar industry gives a yearly output of a value of £18,000,000, that of gutta-percha of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling; the match industry, and some other chemical industries, show an increase of 300 per cent.

But the most important of our great industries is the textile manufactures, which has a production of a yearly value of about one third of the total value of all Russian factory industries—that is to say, of about £200,000,000—and it employs about 600,000 workers. Our textile industry dates but from 1842, when the prohibition of the export of spinning machinery was abolished in England. In 1843 the total number of the

spindles in Russia was but 350,000, with a yearly product of 40 pounds cotton from each. In 1893 - 50 years later—this number reached five million spindles, with more than 80 pounds of cotton from each. The yearly production of all our large cotton mills has a value of 40 millions sterling, being 27 per cent. of the value of the English, and over 40 per cent. of the American. Our cotton industry not only entirely satisfies the needs of our own country, but has an export which is growing bigger and bigger every year, and which begins to be a keen competitor even with the English in the Asiatic market.

These few figures are sufficient to show to how great a degree the industrial development of Russia has already reached, and how this country, having been but a few years ago an importing country, now becomes more and more an exporting one.

For this development of industrial activity Russia needed a town proletariat—industrial workers, and, as we have already said, before 1863 this proletariat did not exist, the whole mass of the population having been peasantry in a state of serfdom, bound to a landlord caste. Now, the same emancipation of the peasantry which formed the line of demarcation between the old order of serfdom and the new order of industrialism and commercialism, this same emancipation created the proletariat. For the peasants were freed not only from the landlords, but also from the land. The reform granted by the so-called "Czar-Liberator," Alexander II., was nothing but a lie and a delusion. The peasants were robbed of their land, having received but very small allotments, for which they have had, and have, to pay enormous ransom and taxes, and from which they cannot get a living, and what is worse, great numbers of them were left without any land at all. Then, too, commenced a process of concentration of the land in the hands of village usurers (the so-called "koulaks") on the one side, and the development of a large town and land proletariat on the other, a process hastened by other not less important factors. First, the old system of gathering taxes and of general administration* being put aside with and by the emancipation, the new ruling of our enormously large country demanded an extensive bureaucracy, which in its turn demanded by its sustenance enormous sums of money. The population consequently was during all that time more and more heavily taxed, and thus impoverished to the last degree. At the same time the Russian absolutism, which was formerly based on serfdom and semi-patriarchal barbarian village-communism, now having lost this basis, sought for another one in the newly-born Russian bourgeoisie. Therefore the Russian Government inaugurated a strong protective system with many export and other premiums, which system, protecting the home market from foreign competition, at the same time ruined our small home

* "You are our father, we are your children," or "father benefactor," cried the serf-peasant to his landlord, while obediently going to be whipped in the stables. To be just we feel bound to say that the administration of the *knout* is no longer, as it is generally believed, a general *modus regni* in Russia, our rule at the present time being rather a punch in the mouth as a more expeditious means. However, the opinions of our administrators on this question are divided.

industries and transformed millions of our handicraftsmen (so-called "koustari") into proletarians submitted to the most atrocious sweating *régime* by the town and land koulaks.

By all these means the Russian capitalistic industries were able to steadily develop themselves, and at the present time this development has acquired tremendous headway, and thus we have now in Russia the same state of things as exists in other European countries. We have a highly developed industry with two opposing classes, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

Now, what are the labour conditions in Russia, and principally the wages and the hours of labour? There are not any well-elaborated labour statistics in Russia, and therefore it is not easy to draw parallels between the amount of wages in Russia and in other European countries. But, at any rate, we will take as our base the official figures of the Government, which at least cannot be accused of exaggerating in the direction of showing the state of things to be worse than it is; on the contrary, the interest of the Russian Government is to make it look much more favourable.

In the report on Russian industries presented by the Russian Government to the World's Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, the average annual earnings of a workman in Russia are calculated to amount to £18 15s. 2½d., counting a year of 288 full working days, and a working day of twelve working hours—which is, in fact, far below the real working year and day—which is equal to a sum of 1s. 3½d. per working day, or under *three halfpence* per hour; in other words, the average Russian worker gets for himself and family 7s. 2½d. per week. Further, the report gives the smallest annual earnings, on the average, as £8 17s., or 3s. 2½d. a week! In the same report, an ardent defender of the Russian capitalistic system, Professor Mendeleef, a man who would not willingly paint our labour conditions in their darkest colours, states that the annual earnings of an English coal-miner are two and a half times as great as those of a Russian worker of the same trade. If we compare the average earnings in the more developed industrial district of Russia, the Muscovite, with those in England and in Massachusetts, we find that these latter are respectively four and five times as large as those in Moscow. The earnings of English cotton-spinners and weavers are three and a half times as great as those of the Russian.*

This, then, is the miserable wage of a Russian worker, a wage which keeps him and his family in a state of chronic starvation. Now, let us see what is its situation with regard to the hours of labour. In a report presented to the Russian Commercial and Industrial Congress held last year at Nijni Novgorod, a factory inspector says: "In entering into a well-organised factory a stranger would be puzzled with two, at first sight incompatible,

* These are the wages expressed in money form; but the real wages are still less—first, because of the very high price of provisions, lodgings, &c., in our industrial centres; and, further, because the workers, in most cases, are obliged to supply themselves from the stores belonging to the factory owners, who adhere to the sacred principle of selling the worst things for the best prices.

phenomena, on the one hand, the extreme orderliness and cleanliness of the factory halls, the brightness of the machinery, the warm and dry atmosphere, and, principally, the light nature of the work, which is such that even a woman or a child could perform it without much exertion. It seems more a walk than a work. On the other hand, the miserable aspect of the workers—their looks are haggard, they are very small in stature although of mature age, their body meagrely developed; men with a fresh and healthy appearance are very sparse exceptions.” The principal cause which hinders the physical development of our working people is overwork. Says the report: “That which acts in the most oppressive and pernicious way on the organisation of the factory worker is the extreme duration of his working day, and particularly night labour. . . . Our factory workers, beginning from the age of 17 years, work ordinarily over 12 hours a day.” The statistical figures on the hours of labour in Russia are very expressive, only 14½ per cent. of all our factories have an average working day of less than 12 hours, 72½ per cent. of 12 to 14, and 13 per cent. of 14 to 18 hours. The average for all factories is of 12 hours 40 minutes.

But, besides this undue length of the labour day, there is also the most irregular distribution of the hours. In those factories where night work is carried on, the night time counts in Russia from 10 o'clock in the evening till 4 in the morning. The working time is ordinarily so distributed that the workers have six consecutive hours of labour, then six of rest, then another six of labour, and six again of rest, the changes being at 4 and 10 o'clock in the morning and the evening. Taking into consideration the time necessary for going home, dinner, tea, &c., the worker of the first set has but four hours for rest at each interval, but the first one being in the day time he cannot use it for sleeping, so that altogether he sleeps but four hours. For the worker of the second set the matter is worse, both intervals being during daytime.

There is no Sunday rest for the Russian workers in general. He works on Sunday as well as on any other day in the week. In the sugar, paper and some other factories the work is never stopped, and the workers have their holidays only in case of accident or grave illness. In the paper factories, where the work is done by sets, every worker has once weekly to work eighteen consecutive hours; the meals are taken in a hurry, and without interrupting the work. (Such superhuman work is done under the worst hygienic conditions, such as respiration of poisonous gases, a temperature of 100 degs., &c.) Other factories give their workers one holiday in three weeks, and thus this latter have but fourteen days in the year when they can sleep properly or go to church. But what long holidays those are, while here in England the worker has a consecutive rest of 40 to 41 hours once weekly; the few holidays which some Russian factory-owners accord their workers consist but of 24 hours, and beginning in many cases only from five o'clock on Sunday morning. And of these 24 hours, moreover, a few must be spent in the cleansing of the machinery and other extra work. The worker who still has his Sunday, says a factory inspector, “cannot rest

as befits a human being, nor go to church, nor take a bath, nor attend a Sunday class, &c."

Such are the frightfully bad conditions of labour in Russia. But the Russian workers are not only oppressed economically, but politically as well; they are deprived of any right to struggle for a better future. They have no union, and legally they cannot have any union; there is no liberty of speech or of meeting for them. The Russian laws and the Russian Government ask from the working classes a complete silence and an unconditional subjection, and cruelly persecute them for any attempt at organisation. In Russia there reigns the will of the Czar and of his officials, which acts entirely in the interests of the capitalists and landlords.

These are the economical and political conditions of the working classes in Russia. But can these always remain as they are, can they exist without awaking some protest on the part of the workers? Certainly not. There in Russia the case is absolutely the same as in any of the other European countries which were once in the same position as is Russia at the present time. The centralisation of industry in the large towns, which leads to the formation of a class of proletarians deprived of all means of production, which they possessed under the former patriarchal and semi-patriarchal *régimes*, creates at the same time in the minds of the workers a class consciousness, a consciousness of the unity of their interests; the bitter competition among them ceases, and they commence to understand that the only way to the improvement of their conditions as to their final emancipation lies in themselves, in their union. They commence to understand that united they will become an enormous power, which will be able to break down all oppression, both political and economical.

The Russian workers, and especially the more intelligent and better educated among them—those of St. Petersburg—have awakened from their long sleep, and entered upon a hard and bitter struggle against their economical and political oppressors. Of course, at the beginning of this struggle, this awakening of its class-consciousness manifested itself but in isolated efforts of the workers to gain here and there from their employers some concessions, some little amelioration in conditions of labour; but further and further on the St. Petersburg workers concentrated more and more their efforts in one unique movement against the real cause of their unfortunate situation. They have already fought and won their first battle.

L. SELITRENNY.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION.

WE give as our illustration this month a copy of the photograph of the delegates to the Seventeenth Annual Conference of the Social-Democratic Federation. That Conference, though not so large numerically as that held in London last year, was one of the most successful that the organisation has ever held. There are few organisations which can look back over such a record of sixteen years work as the Federation has accomplished. Starting in January, 1881, as the Democratic Federation, to rally the democratic forces disgusted by the reactionary policy of the Liberal Government, it soon found itself forced along the line of social reform, and in 1882 made a definitely Socialist pronouncement by issuing a manifesto called "Socialism Made Plain," which embodied the palliatives now contained in the S.D.F. programme. This manifesto was circulated broadcast throughout the country, and created considerable stir, as up till that time the popular view of a Socialist was that he was a red-handed rebel, maddened and driven into exile by the crushing tyranny of the European despotisms. That there were any Socialists in this country other than foreign refugees had hardly been dreamed of by the average Britisher, so that the manifesto came as a bolt from the blue, and the complacent British citizen received a most unexpected shock. In 1884 the organisation adopted the title of Social-Democratic Federation, and formulated a thorough-going Social-Democratic programme, which in all essential points is its programme to-day. From that time on the S.D.F. has steadily propagated Social-Democracy; and if the growth of the organisation has not been rapid, it has been a sure and steady growth; and still more important is the growth of public opinion in a Socialist direction. We have witnessed a complete change in current thought on social questions since the Federation first began its labours; and a number of the immediate reforms we advocated, which were laughed at as wild utopian dreams, have been either adopted or brought within the pale of practical politics. At the Conference just held there were fifty-six delegates present, who dealt with the matters brought forward in a serious, capable manner, which was creditable to all concerned. Besides the ordinary business, the following resolutions were discussed and adopted:—

"That this Conference counsels all members of the S.D.F., as far as possible, to become members of their respective trade unions, and to work harmoniously with trade unionists and co-operators as representing organisations having for their object the improvement of the status of the workers, whilst nevertheless insisting upon the fact that in the socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange lies the only hope of permanently bettering the condition of the wage-earners; and claims the political support of all trade unionists and co-operators for the realisation of Social-Democracy as the only ultimate solution of the social problem."

"That a Court of Appeal, composed of three representatives of the S.D.F., and an equal number representing the I.L.P., shall be formed, and that when the two organisations are seeking to put forward candidates in opposition to each other for election to Parliament or any local elective body, and where no agreement can be come to locally, the dispute shall be referred to this Court of Appeal for decision, such decision to be binding upon both parties, and in the event of a deadlock arising in the Court of Appeal, the matter in dispute shall be referred to an arbitrator mutually agreed upon by the parties represented, whose decision shall be final and binding."

"That the Annual Conference decide to at once organise an agitation in favour of the Abolition of Child Labour and of Free Maintenance of School Children."

"That the only payments to be made to lecturers for the S.D.F. shall be out-of-pocket expenses, which shall include wages for time unavoidably lost; that this Conference discourages in the strongest possible way anything like a custom of payment for lecturing as a business, and recommends that all paid lecturers for the party be engaged through the Central Office."

"That the Seventeenth Annual Conference of the S.D.F. demands that all persons accused of sedition in India should be given a fair and open trial, protests against the despotic treatment of leading citizens of Bombay, and expresses its entire sympathy with the people of India in any efforts they may make to put an end to our present shameful and ruinous rule."

THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.

AMONG our French neighbours the population question is yearly assuming a position of more and more serious importance, is compelling the attention of public men of all shades of opinion, and is bidding fair to become a "practical plank" of the platform of more than one of the political parties. For many years past it has been observed that the population of France has been practically stationary, that in comparison with the progress made by surrounding nations in the matter of increase of their peoples the people of France were actually undergoing a relative decrease. During the last few years, however, it has become incontestably a fact that the decrease of the population has ceased to be relative, and has become an absolute decrease. That, in point of fact, the number of infants born in France, as each of the years rolls by, is actually less by some thousands than the number of persons who pass away.

That such a state of things should be generally recognised as extremely serious is quite natural, and it needs very little argument to convince most reasonable people that a continuous decrease in a nation's population must eventually lead to a weakening of the position such a nation holds among the surrounding nations. In this connection an article lately appearing in *La Revue Socialiste*, from the pen of Gustave Rouanet, will be appreciated by all those who take an interest in the question.

M. Rouanet gives the following figures covering a period of thirteen years as indicative of the proportion between births and deaths in France during that period:—

FIRST PERIOD (1883-1889).					
YEARS.		BIRTHS.		DEATHS.	EXCESS OF BIRTHS.
1883	...	937,944	...	841,141	96,803
1884	...	937,758	...	858,784	78,974
1885	...	924,558	...	836,807	87,661
1886	...	912,838	...	860,222	52,616
1887	...	899,333	...	842,797	56,537
1888	...	882,639	...	837,967	44,772
1889	...	880,579	...	794,933	85,646
Total	...	6,375,649	...	5,872,741	503,009
Yearly average		910,007	...	838,948	71,058

SECOND PERIOD (1890-1895).					
YEARS.		BIRTHS.		DEATHS.	EXCESS OF BIRTHS OR DEATHS.
1890	...	838,059	...	876,505	— 38,446
1891	...	866,377	...	876,882	— 10,505
1892	...	855,847	...	875,888	— 20,041
1893	...	874,672	...	867,526	+ 7,146
1894	...	855,348	...	815,620	+ 39,768
1895	...	834,173	...	851,986	— 17,813
Total	...	5,124,476	...	5,164,407	— 39,891
Yearly average		854,086	...	860,734	— 6,648

*. The sign + indicates the excess of births. The sign — indicates the excess of deaths.

"Economists and statisticians," says M. Rouanet, "agree in recognising the evil which the foregoing table points out, but on the causes which have produced or aggravated such a state of things, or the remedies which it is necessary to employ in order to ameliorate the consequences, the most contradictory statements are put forward by the different parties. However, the evil is there, visible, pressing, increasing in intensity every day. What do the scientists kept by the bourgeoisie propose in order to defend their orthodox doctrines."

M. Leroy Beaulieu has lately devoted two articles to this subject in *L'Economiste Francaise*, and the conclusions at which he arrives are, to say the least, curious. In his eyes the fall of the French birth-rate is not an isolated fact in the development of the population in other countries. We are nearing, according to him, a general sterility produced by the development of the democratic régime. "The modern democratic ideal depopulates," says he. "The democratic conception of existence and of the organisation of society, ambition, absence of resignation to one's lot, the desire for well-being, all these new factors, joined to several others equally recent, the interdiction of the labour of children, compulsory education, a loosening of family ties, constitute the chief moral and social cause of national sterility." So that we may not be accused of exaggerating the inhuman nature of the proposals of this economist, we quote the following passage :

"As a means (of raising the birth-rate) it will be necessary to repeal the sacred education law. The education law, strengthened by the factory laws, makes those infants, who were formerly from the age of seven or eight years a profit for a family, a charge until the age of at least thirteen or fourteen, and more often to the age of sixteen or seventeen years. It is very necessary to understand this truth ; formerly children were lucrative at seven or eight years in agricultural work, at eight or nine years in the workshops, earning at least their keep, and three or four years later effectively assisting their parents. Paternal egoism was interested in augmenting the family. . . . The school gave in the majority of cases a very elementary instruction, which terminated at ten years, or at most at eleven, and left the child at this age lucrative in professional work. Now, the spirit of the school has become completely changed. What school develops to-day is only ambition."

"Thus," continues M. Rouanet, "it is necessary, in order to increase our birth-rate, to return to the horrible industrial conditions which obtained before the prohibition of child labour by the State."

In reference to the statement of M. Beaulieu, that all European countries are suffering from a decrease of population, the following figures are interesting :—

NUMBER OF BIRTHS PER ANNUM PER 1,000 INHABITANTS.					
			1841-1850		1881-1890
Germany	38	...	38
Austria	38	...	38
England	33	...	33
Italy	37 *	...	38
France	27	...	24 then 21.6

* 1865 to 1870.

Thus, although "the democratic ideal" has made considerable progress in each of these countries, it is only in France that there is a decrease in population.

Dealing with the question of hygiene, the author goes on to show that it is incontestable that thousands of lives could be yearly saved if sanitary science was organised and administered on a sound basis. "If, in 1895, the mortality of France had been the same as in England, the census of that year would be as follows: Births, 834,173; deaths, 737,986; excess of births, 97,187, in place of an excess of deaths to the number of 17,813."

But here, again, the opposition of orthodox economists and scientists is thrown in the scale against progress. Yves Guyot, for example, has designated the disinfection of disease-affected apartments as "a violation of the home," and the following case cited by M. Bertillon shows clearly the powerlessness of modern science to protect life unless aided by legal measures: "The Committee of Public Hygiene of France, of which I have the honour to be a member, was consulted at its last sitting by the Minister of the Interior in reference to the petition of a maternal society which desired the abolition of the use of tube-feeding bottles. The committee was unanimous in renewing the denunciation which it had uttered a hundred times before against this deadly instrument. It was also unanimous in declaring that, thanks to industrial liberty, the manufacture cannot be prevented; thanks to commercial liberty, the sale cannot be prevented; and, thanks to the liberty of fathers and mothers, the use of these articles cannot be prevented. It is only possible to give advice, which has been given for twenty years without success, for the feeding bottle is handy, and the public listen to quacks more willingly than to the advice of the Academy of Medicine."

"M. Bertillon," continues Rouanet, "is right in showing the profoundly anti-social character of economic liberalism. In their theories the economists have always exalted foresight and conjugal prudence, and have proclaimed that the precarious lot of large families was merited. If the workers produced too quickly, more rapidly than the amount of work and wages increased, competition, so taught the manuals of political economy, inflicted upon them a merited lesson; supply of hands exceeds the demand, and want of work compels the worker to the rules of prudence which he ought not to have transgressed. The depopulation of France is only the consequence of the conjugal manners recommended by political economy, and the professors of this science are powerless to deal with this state of things, to which, if theoretical dissertations have any influence at all, they have contributed in so large a part."

"TORYISM AND TOIL."

"THE poorer classes, we are told, may be badly placed as against the rich; but see how much is done for them! If you re-adjust the national machine more in their favour, you will be cutting away the ground from the feet of charity. Just so; the institution of poverty is to be kept up to allow those who are not poor the opportunity of making a display of Christian graces, and of inward congratulations on their superiority to those they benefit. . . . Whether we admit or not that it should be possible to claim as a right what is now given as a favour, we ought at least to be able to understand how in many cases those who are receiving charity feel less gratitude than is looked for, from the bitter conviction that they are being given what ought to be their own. Charity is at best but a palliative."

—C. G. HAY AND HAROLD HODGE, in the *Fortnightly*.

"FROM INSIDE JOHANNESBURG."

LIONEL PHILIPS, the chairman of the Reform Committee, gives an account in the *Nineteenth Century* of the Jameson raid from a very different standpoint to that of Major Willoughby, which we noticed in our last.

The Pretoria Convention of 1881 and the London Convention of 1884 were intended "to safeguard the interests of Her Majesty's subjects and those of natives in the Transvaal, leaving the internal administration of the country in the hands of the Boers." The discovery of gold led to an enormous influx of Europeans and the investment of much European capital. In 1895 the Uitlanders were much more numerous than the Boers, and they contributed nine-tenths of the State revenue, but were denied all share in the councils of the State. For some time they had been carrying on an agitation to secure political rights. Mr. Philips declares that the Boer Government was an incapable one, and hostile to the new-comers.

In 1886 the Rand had been a bleak and almost uninhabited stretch of plains. "The average value of a farm of 6,000 acres was about £200." The Boers were ignorant, crude, slothful, but kindly and hospitable to travellers. "Imagine," says Mr. Philips, "a population of this order suddenly brought face to face, as the sovereign people, with a bright, cosmopolitan population such as that which flocked to the goldfields. . . . A strong, capable, and honest Government is required to cope with and resist many insidious temptations offered by schemers and adventurers, seeking, on all sides and in devious ways, to fleece such an industry. This, in a nutshell, is the respect in which the Transvaal Government failed." (Considering much that has recently come to light, some expressions in the above read strangely—"honest Government," "schemers and adventurers," and so on.)

A hint was thrown out by a member in the Rand that "if the Uitlanders wanted any rights they must fight for them." The insurrection was resolved on, *but under the Transvaal flag*. In November, 1894, Dr. Jameson visited Johannesburg, and received the letter of invitation. He was only to go to the help of the Uitlanders when summoned. "So far," continues Mr. Philips, "from calling upon him to come when he did, we sent numbers of telegrams, and two of his own officers as emissaries to curb his impatience, and forbid any premature action." 2,500 rifles were to be smuggled into Johannesburg. "About the middle of December, intelligence arrived from Cape Town that the rising was to take place under the British flag, and not under the Transvaal flag." A gentleman was sent to Cape Town to ascertain the truth, and returned saying it was. A meeting was held, and the matter discussed. The conclusion was come to that "there was no justification for such a course," and Mr. Charles Leonard and Mr. Hamilton were sent to Cape Town to make this perfectly clear.

"The news of Dr. Jameson's precipitate action caused us the greatest surprise and concern. Some three or four days previously I had personally telegraphed to Cape Town predicting absolute failure if he took the initiative."

The chairman of the Reform Committee, of course, speaks with a degree of authority, and he says: "I felt the association with an external force was a weak point in the plan of campaign." He is also of opinion that the President was not aware of what was going on.

About three o'clock on December 30 news of the raid reached Johannesburg, preparations and a scheme of defence were hurried on—numbers of men, women, and children flocked into Johannesburg. There were about 2,700 men in the trenches, but "undisciplined and undrilled. The whole of our mounted force consisted of 130 men. This should dispose once for all of the absurd suggestion that any responsible person could have promised support, or contemplated despatching a force to Krugersdorp. . . . The whole essence of the arrangement with Dr. Jameson was that he should come to our assistance and not that we should go to his. . . . I think to-day as I thought at the time, that it would have been an act of the grossest folly to send out a force on foot . . . in direct opposition to the commands of the High Commissioner, and, moreover, as a declaration of hostilities against the Government which we were hopelessly unprepared to fight. The mere fact of the invasion having occurred prior to the intended rising put us hopelessly in the wrong." After giving an account of the visit of the High Commissioner, Mr. Philips says, "the motives of all concerned were perfectly honourable. The goal aimed at was a just and reasonable one. The enthusiasm of the people in Johannesburg was unbouded. . . . I cannot find justification for Sir John Willoughby's statement that 'the force had been urgently called in to avert a massacre,' which they were assured would be imminent in the event of a crisis such as had occurred, seeing the only crisis which had occurred was caused by their forbidden invasion."

"TWENTY YEARS OF TRADE."

In the current number of the *Contemporary*, M. G. Mulhall points out that the "sum total of British imports and exports in 1896 is the highest on record. . . . The trade of the whole British Empire is 37 per cent. of that of the whole world. . . . During twenty years there has been an increase of 70 per cent. in the weight of food imports, and of 72 per cent. in raw material." Mr. Mulhall dwells with some satisfaction on the facts first, that we import for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom seven times his or her own weight in food, and secondly, that "this island of Great Britain is in fact a great workshop." As regards our customers, he shows that the United States' share of our trade is 18·6 per cent., against 14·4 twenty years ago; France, 9·8 as against 11·5; Germany, 8·5 against 8·6; India, 7·4 against 8·5.

"The official returns as to imports and exports of precious metals for fifteen years, ending December 31, 1895, show as follows: Gold imported, 277 millions; silver imported, 141 millions; total, 418 millions. Gold exported, 221 millions; silver exported, 152 millions; total, 373 millions. This shows a considerable surplus of gold, and a small outflow of silver."

The trade of the British Empire has increased 23 per cent. in 20 years, Germany 16 per cent., United States 35 per cent. France shows a slight decline. The total value of food imports in 1896 was £158,000,000, as against £130,800,000 in 1876.

SCHOOL CHILDREN AS WAGE-EARNERS.

THE current number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains a paper by Mrs. Hogg, which she says "is based on information collected by a special committee called for that purpose by the Women's Industrial Council. . . . The committee included head teachers, representatives of three 'Settlements,' and of the Toynbee Economic Club. . . . Fifty-four schools were selected, of varying type; the figures apply exclusively to children who are earning a wage, however nominal; it does not cover the number who are employed by their own parents unpaid, and it touches only those who are in theory working full school hours." Out of 16,000 boys and 10,000 girls, it has been ascertained that 729 boys and 523 girls are working for wages. Also that more than five per cent. of boys over eleven, "boys, that is, who have just come to the age when the advantages of education are beginning to multiply, are spending their time out of school as newspaper or errand boys and what not." On Saturdays, in a great number of cases, the boys work twelve hours, and some sixteen and over. Imagine a child beginning work on *school days* at 5 a.m., or even 4 a.m., and probably some hours in the evening.

Boys are paid at the rate of a halfpenny to three halfpence an hour. Sometimes food is given in addition. "A boy of eight delivers morning milk for 1s. 6d. a week. It is in the home industries that we find the lowest pay combined with the longest hours." When we turn to the girls we find "M. B., aged ten, minds a baby six hours and a-half daily, and 13 hours on Saturday, for sixpence and her food. . . . B. P., aged seven, helps a landlady to clean for several hours daily, for a few pence a week," and so on. "In one especial centre for feeble-minded children almost all boys and girls alike are reported as working, and as staying away occasionally to do the work." As regards irregularity of attendance, Mrs. Hogg says it is "due to the evil influences *in* the house rather than the work done outside it." "It may be urged," she continues, "that it is better for the children to begin learning the practical business of life instead of going on cramming their heads with useless knowledge." "But how much of the 'practical' business is being learnt?" "On one point, and only one, does it seem that there is absolute unanimity of opinion, *i.e.*, in the condemnation of street-selling as an occupation for children." In Prussia no children under 14 are allowed to sell in the streets. "In England street-selling by children is regulated by the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 1894, which forbids it for those under eleven years; but these returns show that there are many under eleven years who are street sellers in spite of the Act."

Mrs. Hogg concludes by showing that though the inquiry has been necessarily incomplete, it shows that it is impossible for the best educational results to be obtained under the present state of things; that the money earned is too small to be considered, and "that the whole matter ought to be seriously taken up and thoroughly examined into officially, with a view to obtaining a completeness and accuracy of information necessarily out of reach of any unofficial council or association."

THE REFERENDUM IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

In the *Contemporary* for this month Lilian Tomlin discusses the above question, which is coming within the range of practical politics in these colonies. In South Australia a referendum on the education question was taken in April last year. "The constitutional interest of the Australian referendum lies in the fact that it is an attempt to incorporate into a monarchical government of a parliamentary type a highly democratic expedient peculiar to a republican and federal state, and its organisation may therefore prove an object-lesson to the mother country." All the Bills brought forward on this subject provide that when a measure should have twice passed the Lower House, and have been twice rejected by the Upper House, or have been amended in such a way as to amount to a virtual rejection, or if the other House should fail to pass or reject the measure within a certain time, then it was open to the Lower House to pass a resolution submitting the measure to the referendum." The opponents of referendum say "the remedy is worse than the evil," "that Parliament must, from the nature of things, do its work better than any substitute," "that the referendum would not obviate the evils of the party system," that the people lacked time and inclination, and, finally, that no one but lawyers understood detailed Bills. Much that was urged both for and against applies to the same question in England. "To sum up, the referendum is to be introduced to settle questions of dispute between the two Houses. The people are to be arbiters."

"For my own part," concludes the writer of the article, "I do not think it will often be resorted to, and the result would probably be the victory of the Upper House."

SENTIMENTALISM v. ECONOMICS.

"It is not often that attempts to adjust the relations between capital and labour have any satisfactory result. Capital has tried to combine and labour has tried to combine; and neither so far can say that it has triumphed over, or has come to amicable terms with the other. And those who are not content to let logic take the place of sympathy, or economics rid them of all sense of responsibility for the suffering in the world, find themselves in no slight measure unsatisfied with the actual conditions which surround human lives in civilised countries. That something is wrong in the existing structure of society most fair-minded persons will frankly admit. But how is that structure to be changed? Empiric remedies are worthless. Socialism, communism, all the hypothetical millenniums of altruistic philosophers, cannot be tried—at least, on any large scale—and would certainly fail if they were tried. Mere sentimentalism, of course, will avail very little. . . . Nevertheless, the Consumers' League has done something. It has increased the number of so-called 'fair' houses in New York from five to thirty. It has created a healthy sentiment against sweating. It has shown that when sewing women receive only 36 cents a dozen for making shirts, 22 cents a dozen for aprons, 12½ cents a pair for trousers, and other prices in proportion, a cruel wrong is being perpetrated somewhere, and that 'bargain hunters' cannot shift the blame entirely upon others' shoulders." —*The Journal*, Providence.

ISABEL'S INTENTION.

By MARIETTE.

MRS. GRANGER was an excellent specimen of the British Matron. She was large, handsome, well-preserved, fashionably, yet not too fashionably, dressed for her fifty-five years, with three or four valuable rings on her fingers, and had the air of supreme and absolute self-satisfaction which is peculiar to the type. If the British Matron has brought a large family into the world, this self-satisfaction is greatly increased, the mere fact of the production of extra human beings seeming to her an excellent thing, *per se*. Whether these extra human beings could be done proper justice to, or whether their presence would add to the cruel struggle and stress already existing, are the last questions she would ask herself, although one would suppose that they would be the first.

This particular matron, however much to her disappointment, had *not* been the mother of many. She was a widow and lived in her luxurious and artistic house in South Kensington with her only child, Isabel, a girl of twenty.

Mrs. Granger's religious opinions and political creed could be pretty well divined from her personal appearance. With regard to the former, the questions as to whether it were historically and scientifically true, and whether it satisfied the highest needs of the noblest minds, were as nothing, so long as it was professed by the best people, including of course the bishops, while morality in her eyes consisted more in ignoring vice, and suppressing all mention of it, than in trying to eradicate it.

With regard to politics, she considered that the convenience of the comfortable classes to which she herself belonged should be not only the chief aim of all legislation, but the rule and measure of the entire universe.

The education of the lower orders was to her like a red rag to a bull. She was unable to see that the increasing prosperity and culture of the classes below her own was at all a good thing, if it in the least interfered with her comfort; only so much education for them as might possibly conduce to ministering to her own needs was allowable. The good old saying of "Put yourself in his place" was foolishness to a woman of Mrs. Granger's calibre, and she could not see the force of any abstract argument about "improving a person's faculties all round," so as to make him a better human being.

So long as the regulation number of servants could be ensured to her, she would gladly have kept an enormous number of fellow-creatures in an undeveloped condition.

You could be quite sure that Mrs. Granger's feelings were eminently well-regulated. Given any set of circumstances, she would be sure to have the proper and appropriate set of emotions suitable to the occasion, ready to be turned on at a moment's notice. To the British matron the *conventional* is the only safe and reliable standard of right and wrong, and the idea that she can by any possibility ever make a mistake she considers truly ridiculous.

Mrs. Granger's brother, Colonel Maitland, was calling upon her; he was in command of a regiment of Foot Guards stationed in the South-west district. Very like his sister, and governed to a certain extent by the conventional views which were almost inseparable from his position, still his

expression was different from hers. The self-complacency was absent, and the clear cut, manly face had the look of one who was in some degree a reader and a thinker.

"Where is Isabel?" remarked the Colonel. "I suppose she enjoys her first London season?"

"I'm sure I don't know where she is," returned Mrs. Granger. "She is just like her poor father. I never knew where *he* was, which, perhaps, was just as well, considering the sort of places he used to go to, or I should have been in a fever of nervousness as to what he might bring home in the way of infection, and things. He liked nothing better than to be investigating abuses, such as East-end seamstresses, or something of the kind."

"Yes," replied Colonel Maitland, "Joe was a conscientious sort of fellow, and *someone* must do that kind of work."

"Oh, yes! and it is *so* good of people," said Mrs. Granger. "Only I'm dreadfully afraid Isabel has inherited that sort of thing from her father."

"Well, a little of it won't do her much harm," said Colonel Maitland, smiling.

"But I consider my daughter's true place is by her mother's side," replied Mrs. Granger. "And her real duties are at home, and in the society where Providence has placed her."

"Perhaps she will marry," said the Colonel, "and as a wife and mother—"

"I'm afraid she will *not* marry," interrupted Mrs. Granger. "Young men don't care for a girl who is oppressed by the problems of life, and always making plans for the reclamation of the race as Isabel is so fond of doing. They like a girl to make herself attractive, and lay herself out to amuse them."

Colonel Maitland did not make any reply to this, so Mrs. Granger continued, "In fact, I don't mind telling you that Isabel is a terrible disappointment to me. Instead of having my daughter always with me, dressed as she ought to be, and making herself agreeable to my friends, she is out, Heaven knows where, "taking the part of those who have fared worst in the battle of life," as she calls it. Talk about a London season, I can scarcely get her to go anywhere with me. She has not been to half-a-dozen entertainments since she first came out. I might just as well have no daughter at all."

At this moment Isabel entered the room. Rather tall, thin, and pale, the features with nothing very distinctive about them, she certainly was not pretty. Her redeeming points were an abundance of naturally waving brown hair, large grey eyes, and a prettily shaped mouth, which however had a certain hardness and determination about it, and looked as though she never smiled.

She held herself with a kind of nobleness, and had an unmistakable air of birth and breeding. One felt somehow obliged to look at her, and the longer one looked, the clearer one saw that here was a very decided and unusual personality.

Her expression was defiant and restless, as of one already perplexed and thwarted, who hourly expected to find some fresh difficulty to be reasoned out, some new obstacle to happiness in her path. For the owner of that face could never be happy. Unable to accept things as they are, filled with a desire to dive below the surface, to seek for causes, to inquire for first principles, the lighthearted carelessness of other girls who were content to take life as they found it, was an amazement to her.

Her chief characteristics were a keen sense of justice, a strong will, a power of intense sympathy, and an enormous capacity for self sacrifice; but

her mind was keen and analytic, rather than broad and comprehensive, given to run wild after an idea, and probably contained the lurking germs of fanaticism.

"Have you been to the library?" said her mother, coldly glancing at the books Isabel had under her arm.

"Yes, mother, I have got Fowler's 'Deductive Logic,' and Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.'"

Mrs. Granger looked her disapproval, and Isabel continued defiantly, "I like a book that teaches me how to think, and helps me to go to the root of things, so as to see them as they really are."

"But what is the use of seeing things as they really are?" rejoined Mrs. Granger, "it doesn't make people a bit happier."

"No, mother, you are quite right, it does *not*."

"Then why try to do so? When I was a girl I was satisfied with what my elders thought, and I never wished to inquire any further," said Mrs. Granger, who considered that the point of enlightenment which was reached by her own generation was the furthest permissible limit of progress, anything beyond that being dangerous, if not actually immoral.

Colonel Maitland, who disliked these arguments between his sister and her daughter, now rose to go, saying "Well, well, things have got on a bit since you and I were young."

As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Granger said sharply to her daughter, "And where else did you go?"

"To Green Street," replied Isabel, slightly colouring, and with a war-like gleam in her eye.

In Green Street was situated an institution which Isabel was deeply interested in, and which she frequently visited. It was a night refuge for women of the unfortunate class, where they were made welcome at any hour of the night, and efforts were made to lead them into better ways of life.

Isabel felt the need of some outlet for her energies and her sympathies, which were discouraged and repressed at home. Parish work and Sunday school teaching were impossible to her, as she could not honestly either directly or indirectly, teach dogmas she did not believe in. East-end slumming she had taken up for a time, but here in Green Street she indeed seemed to have touched the very lowest depths of misery and degradation, and some of the histories she learned here nearly broke her heart with compassion.

In reply to Isabel's announcement that she had been to Green Street, Mrs. Granger said in an acid voice and manner, "It is incredible to any person of real refinement that you can endure even to be near such vile and abandoned wretches."

"But, mother, they are not all like that; some of them are, oh! so different," said Isabel eagerly. "You don't know them —"

"I should think not, indeed," interrupted Mrs. Granger.

"Let me bring one of them here, Emma Marston; she is so young, so innocent, really so —"

"To my house!" almost shrieked Mrs. Granger. "How dare you suggest such a thing!"

"But you don't understand," pleaded Isabel. "You have never been hungry and desperate; let me tell you her story."

"If you were to I should not listen," said her mother, "such creatures must exist, so of course it is better not to think about the subject at all."

"*Must exist?*" gasped Isabel, with a scarlet face.

"Yes, *must exist*," repeated Mrs. Granger in an exasperated tone, "they are absolutely necessary; society could not get on without them. You yourself are greatly indebted to them."

"But, mother, if—" cried Isabel.

"Silence," said Mrs. Granger, in a loud and angry voice, "I forbid you ever to mention the subject to me again." And with these words, she swept out of the room.

Isabel stood quite still for a minute, she had received a shock, and felt as if she had been suddenly struck. She was sure that her mother had spoken truly, in so far as she had stated the honest belief of the world in which she lived. She knew that Mrs. Granger was a keen student of the men and manners that came within her ken, and while despising her mother's principles of action, she accepted her verdict in things concerning that world of which she herself was almost quite ignorant.

She was very young, and was as yet only upon the threshold of knowledge and experience, and had no means of knowing whether that verdict were superficial or not, she only knew that in matters of mere worldly wisdom she had never found her mother wrong, and therefore believed that in this case she must be right also. Words and hints from others now rushed in upon her mind, and she stood there overwhelmed with a new and horrible shame. Life seemed to turn black. It was really true, then, that a number of her sister women must be thrust down below, kept underneath, as it were, in the darkness and dishonour, in order that she and her own class might enjoy the honour and the light.

Well, the world was full of similar horrors. What was natural history but a record of the strong preying upon the weaker? Botany told the same story, for even the plants were eternally trying to live at the expense of other plants by crowding them out.

Even her own narrow experience had taught her that the absolutely straight and narrow path was one which it was impossible to follow. Some expediency was sure to start up, and with unanswerable argument compel you to deviate from that path. This new horror, then, was only just one more to be put up with and made the best of.

But she felt as if she could never have another happy moment, for she seemed to have discovered that the house in which she lived had its foundation laid in underground chambers of sorrow and degradation.

An overwhelming pity swept over her for those who rendered an odious service to the world, and instead of thanks, received nothing but contumely from the very ones they were most benefiting.

Surely they ought to be thanked, praised, honoured exceedingly.

Oh! the cruel injustice of it! Then it struck her that her work in Green Street must be all wrong, she was doing harm instead of good, she ought to urge her protégés to return to their old way of life, instead of trying to wean them from it. But this she instinctively shrank from, though she felt that the feeling was illogical.

What was to be done? Ought she not to show these poor sisters of hers that she appreciated and valued the lives of sacrifice which they were leading? Ought she to raise an agitation, lead a movement to force the world to see this class in its true light, and give it the recognition and gratitude which was due to it? But how? How?

At last, unable to bear up any longer against this rush of feelings, she threw herself upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

After this Mrs. Granger found her daughter even a more unsatisfactory companion than before. Less inclined than ever for the kind of small talk

her mother indulged in, very pale, with a strained, worried look, she was absorbed by a haunting problem for which she was trying to find some solution.

One evening she was standing by the window watching Mrs. Granger drive off to a ball, which was expected to be one of the events of the season. As her mother got into the carriage, stately and self-complacent as usual, Isabel envied her her power of ignoring disagreeable things. She herself had declined to go to this ball, for she felt she could not endure the sight of a crowd of fashionable women, many of whom she felt certain, must know of, and acquiesce in the degradation which was the price of their own purity.

For the same reason she was getting to dislike Sundays more and more, feeling it impossible to join the throng of smug and elegant worshippers, who seemed to her so hypocritical. A bitter antagonism to the other sex for being the cause of all this misery was taking root in her heart, and the poor girl was nearly distracted.

One Sunday morning when Isabel had flatly refused to go to church, Mrs. Granger said to her, greatly scandalised, "If you don't take care, Isabel, you will become an atheist, never accompanying me to church. I am tired of making excuses for you. You can't have a headache *every* Sunday, you know. And it does look so odd, I don't know what people will think."

"Oh, mother! you don't know how dreadful it would be to me. Besides, the church isn't in touch with the times, it has nothing to say to the questions which torment me."

"Do not say such wicked things," exclaimed Mrs. Granger. "Read your Bible and your Prayer Book," and saying this she sailed out of the house churchwards.

But we must return to the evening of the ball. Isabel stood looking out of the window, feeling as if a crisis had arrived.

Within the last day or two a resolve had been gradually forming itself in her mind. These unhappy sisters must certainly be countenanced and upheld. She must stand by them, help them to bear their awful burden, no longer leave them despised and outcast, that was quite clear. But to do this it was necessary to penetrate into the very midst of this under world, and this she had now determined to do. There was a house of evil fame which she had only too often heard of at the Green Street Institution. This house was situated in a fairly quiet, and outwardly respectable street, a long distance from where she lived, but it would be easy enough to find it by inquiring. She would go there that very night, and then—

She turned ghastly white, and shivered, and for a moment felt quite sick. But there must be no shirking, there was only one thing possible, only one path to be followed. She must share the life of those victims, join their ranks, no longer with calm selfishness accept unnumbered benefits from them without making any return. *She would sacrifice herself with them in the same manner that they were sacrificing themselves every day.*

She would offer herself, her womanhood, and take the place of some unfortunate whom she would thus restore once more to home, to peace, and to happiness.

Her mother took so little interest in her movements now, that her absence from home would not excite much comment from her.

(To be concluded.)

PRESS CENSORSHIP.

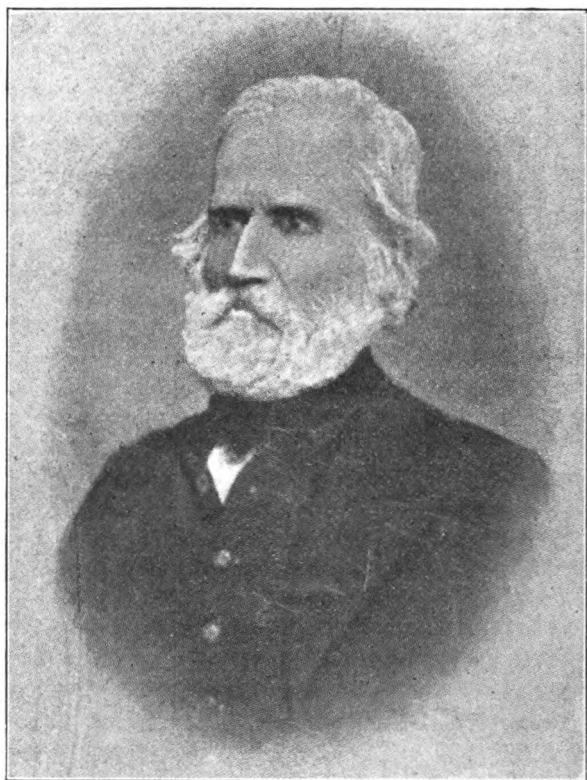
(Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.)

OLD tales of bygone ages tell
That hangmen rude and rough
Have hurled their rope and axe to hell,
And cried, "It is enough :
The ghost of Murder haunts our bed,
Knocks nightly at our door ;
Yourselves your traitors may behead,
But we'll behead no more."

When will the people dare to say
To high-placed hangmen here,
No more shall they have leave to slay,
And put our scribes in fear ?
When will they tell the rascal knaves,
Whate'er be sold and bought,
Our bodies though they sell for slaves,
They shall not chain our thought ?

Nay, never—may the cur that claims
To mutilate our verse,
And wield the pen that mars and maims,
Be crippled with our curse !
For whoso'er with guilty hands
Would thought's free range control,
Attempts to bind in impious bands
That Holy Ghost the soul.

And if the soul indeed has sinned,
The soul ye cannot slay :
Come, point your pikes against the wind ;
Bid cannon clear the way !—
Nay, throw your ink-pots on the sand,
Your scissors in the sea ;
Henceforth shall none in all our land
A Censor dare to be.



AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 9. SEPTEMBER, 1897.

AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

THE different shades of Socialist thought, as we find it to day, may be broadly classed into the sentimental and the scientific. The Socialists of a sanguine temperament not only hope, but yearn for a happier state of life than the one they at present enjoy, or are subjected to. The Socialists of a cool and scientific turn of mind have reason to think that a more rational order of things must surely emerge from the present anarchical chaos of society by the very principle of evolution.

The Socialists by virtue of sentiment, who keenly feel their present degradation, are looking fervently for the early advent of freedom, beauty, and happiness, and throw themselves with ardour into any work which they imagine could possibly further their ends and make even present life more endurable; the Socialists by the grace of science know that they are floating with the rising tide, and are therefore inclined to take things comfortably and without effort. And whilst the sentimentalists are glad of any guidance they can get, ready to do anything within the meaning of their duty, the scientists (as well as the would-be scientists) are willing enough to direct them—and let them do the work.

The doctrinaires of the movement assert that without scientific thought no one can be a real Socialist, or indeed of any use to the cause, whilst the sentimentalists on their part vow that without brotherly feeling a Socialist is merely a pretender, whatever his theoretical knowledge may be, and that without the use of emotional power the propaganda for our cause cannot be carried on with success.

The plain truth is that both are right, and that those only can call themselves true Socialists, who not only can boast a head, but who also have a heart; who are not only possessed of the economical and historical knowledge of social development, but who also love mankind enough to throw themselves into the furtherance of their cause with the intensity of their whole conviction.

Such real life-and-blood Socialists are rare among us, and hence there is division and disagreement where there should be unity of being and harmony of action. With all the greater thankfulness must we turn to the memory of one who so eminently knew what he wanted, who so fervently worked and so deeply suffered for the social freedom of his race—to the life of Auguste Blanqui.

Auguste Blanqui was not only a man of science and of deep and noble sentiment, but he was also a politician of keen insight and foresight, a Frenchman, who, with the traditions of a glorious revolution in his mind and temper, strove with all his might to emulate the great example of his forefathers—on a higher plane. That in his life struggle he committed errors of judgment goes without saying, that he has paid more dearly for them than any leader of the people we know of, has endeared his memory to our hearts.

Auguste Blanqui, born on February 1, 1805, at Puget-Theniers, in the neighbourhood of Nizza, inherited from his Italian father a capacity for steady work, from his French mother the bold, energetic, and burning temperament which drove him forward in the service of the cause. Unlike his brother Adolphe, who became an economist of the bourgeois type, Auguste had scarcely passed his High School examination when he evinced interest in political events, and took his stand against the restoration of the monarchy by the Bourbons. His political activity began with the year 1827, when he went to the University of Paris.

He took a share in students' demonstrations against the mounting of the throne by Charles X., and on one occasion was wounded in the neck by a gunshot.

When in the July Revolution the bourgeoisie rose against the reactionary Ministry of Polignac, and Charles X. was replaced by the bourgeois king Louis Philippe, Blanqui went forthwith into action against the new ruler. His manifesto (of 1831) against that progressive bauble brought him, besides disciplinary punishment, three weeks' incarceration; and at the first anniversary of the July Revolution he was arrested for "conspiracy against the security of the State."

His programme then was, "Revolt, rising, more passion!" He was convinced of the possibility of overthrowing the existing powers through an attack in arms by a few intelligent and devoted men, whose good example must needs inspire the whole population, which latter he would, however, not take into his confidence. Hence his fatal inclination to conspiracy, which, at first, he carried on after the fashion of the "Carbonari."

When, in 1832, the jury had acquitted him, he was by the judge sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the speech which he made in his defence, and in which he showed how clearly he knew then already that at the bottom of the political battle lay the oppression of the proletariat through the social order. After his liberation he continued his fight as before, and his marriage in 1834 (with a former pupil of his) seems only to have strengthened his determination. The Republican rising in June, 1832 (during Blanqui's imprisonment), had failed, and the following rising, in 1835, resulted in a terrible butchery of the revolutionary forces and a State trial, in which almost all the leaders became involved. Blanqui then undertook, together with Barbès, the leadership.

His first conspiracy, the "Powder Affair," was discovered by the police, and, besides the conspirators, several workmen in the factory of powder and

cartridges were arrested. Blanqui was sent to prison for two years. After eight months, however, he was released in consequence of an amnesty, but was put under police supervision and forbidden to enter Paris. He retired, with his wife and his only little son, to Jancy, on the river Oise, where he lived a short period of quiet and happy life.

But even there he could not rest from the pursuit of his passion—conspiracy against the enemies of the people. His repeated defeats had not in the least shaken his belief in the efficacy of his method of revolt. He ascribed his failures to the want of circumspection. Only *more caution* in the preparatory work—and the result must be certain!

He therefore set to work on the improvement of his secret organisation. His hitherto "Society of Families" he altered into the "Society of the Seasons," by dividing his groups into "weeks," "months," and "seasons." Six members formed a "week," under the headship of a "Sunday." A "month" (four groups) was commanded by a "July," a "season" (three times four groups) by a "spring."

When Blanqui, at the beginning of 1839, returned to Paris, about a thousand "seasonites" were awaiting his orders. They had made their own cartridges (alas!) from powder bought in the market. The arms were to be fetched by storming the Government stores. On May 12, 1839, the thing came to a head. Blanqui had purposely selected a Sunday. The armoury close to the Perfumery was taken right enough, and rifles obtained. But the groups remained somehow isolated, and the attack on the Government building was repulsed. At last the Town Hall was taken by the united forces, and kept for a while, during which Barbès, Blanqui, and Bernard, with three others, were proclaimed "Commanders of the Republican Army." The mass of the people, however, remained impassive, most of the scared Sunday promenaders ran away, and after a few hours the long and carefully prepared action had come to a sad end. Barbès and eighteen comrades were taken prisoners red-handed, and Blanqui was arrested five months later in the moment of mounting the mail coach for the Swiss borders. The two leaders were sentenced to death, but their sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. They and their fellow conspirators were sent to Mont St. Michel, a mediæval fortress on the coast of Normandy, where they underwent most infamous treatment at the hands of their gaolers. But whilst some were driven mad, and others committed suicide, Blanqui remained firm, and stoically suffered the indignities of his tortures. The most cruel blow, to which he nearly succumbed, came from without: it was the death of his beloved wife. His reason trembled in the balance—but after an agonising struggle he recovered, and set to work to improve his mental powers for further battles by diligent study. Of course, he prepared a plan of escape; it failed, however, although his mother had intelligently and devotedly helped him from without.

In 1844 his gaolers in Mont St. Michel had to relax their clutches. Blanqui fell seriously ill, and had to be sent to the prison hospital in Tours. There, in December of the same year, he was reached by "royal pardon," which, however, he refused to accept. He could not have left, anyhow, as he was confined to his bed for twenty months, in half liberty. Whilst there

they accused him of having incited (from his cell!) a grain riot in Blois. He was, however, found innocent of that charge, and in 1847 he left the prison hospital, only to be imprisoned in the town of Blois. There he lived for a time, a prematurely old and physically broken man. But his character had ripened, and was stronger than ever.

The February Revolution of 1848, which swept Louis Philippe from his throne, brought him at once to Paris. The conspirators of February 25 had hatched a plot, and asked Blanqui to take the leadership. But he refused, and succeeded in convincing the firebrands that, although the Republic was not of their liking, yet to rise against the popular government merely because it was not socialistic would secure, as a consequence, the triumph of reaction, as France was by no means even yet Republican. And as long as Blanqui remained at liberty under the Second Republic he was against attacking by *coup de main* an administration elected by popular vote.

A Central Republican Society was formed, in which Blanqui's influence soon became paramount. His power as a speaker was tremendous. The subdued strength of his metallic voice, the methodical manner of his argument, and the impassioned sincerity of his appeals never failed to impress and rouse his audience. He had the gift of overlooking the political situation, however complicated it might seem, and of prognosticating its logical development. He was against universal suffrage at that moment, as he feared the vote might endanger the Republic, and he organised the demonstration of March 17 (1848), and of April 16, against the elections for the National Assembly. When these movements failed he predicted the ensuing defeat of the social revolutionary proletariat.

At this time he was savagely attacked by a hireling of the police named Tascherau, who published in the *Revue Rétrospective* what purported to be informations given by Blanqui to the Government about the rising of May, 1839. These "disclosures" were so clumsily fabricated that Blanqui, in his eloquent and impassioned reply (in the same periodical), exposed their lying infamy. Nevertheless, they left traces of mistrust in the mind of some of his followers, and one of his fellow-leaders, Barbès, out of sheer rivalry, made use of that piece of villainy in order to lessen Blanqui's influence with the people.

The Parisian proletariat had no great trust in the National Assembly, with its preponderating reactionary provincial interest. Its attitude towards Poland was not to the taste of Paris Radicalism, and hence, on May 15, a spontaneous movement was set on foot against the Assembly. Blanqui, with clear insight, had opposed the manifestation, but was drawn finally into it against his will. Yet he tried to give it a Socialist character when speaking from the platform of the Assembly, flooded to excess by the populace. According to a report of Professor Lorenz von Stein*, Blanqui then said, in conclusion of his splendid little speech:—

" . . . Let me add, citizens, that it is nearly three months since the people said they would wait and suffer three months in the service of the

* "The Socialistic and Communistic Movements Since the Third French Revolution" (Vienna, 1848).

Republic. They demand now that this Assembly occupy itself without delay with such measures as will bring work and bread to those who need it. (Hear, hear.)

"You say that the troubles in the streets prevent industry and commerce from developing their activity. There may be some truth in that, but the reason, the real reason for the want of work lies deeper, it lies in the present social organisation. The men who are most attached to the cause of the people have been systematically excluded from this Assembly and the government."

Several voices: "Speak of Poland."

Blanqui: "To return to the Polish question, we demand the reconstitution of a democratic Poland."

For his share in this demonstration, which was, according to Stein, "the first open battle of the two elements of society which fought for supremacy in the State," Blanqui was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He was forcibly removed from the fight of 1848, and when the battle of June raged in the streets of Paris Blanqui was once more sitting behind prison walls alone with his teeming thoughts dreaming of liberty.

The defeat of that battle brought him company, as several hundreds of the insurgents were brought to the citadel of Belle-Isle-en-Mer. He met his comrades during his walks in the prison yard, and was even allowed to lecture to them twice a week. He found consolation also in the books sent to him by relations and friends. His favourite studies were geography and astronomy.

It was there that he began his "Hypothesis of the World," a book which was to be finished twenty years later in a prison. He followed the events of the day with a keen eye, and in a letter dated November, 1851, he already predicted the *coup d'état* of Napoleon.

Of course, he was busy also with plans of escape, in which his old mother faithfully helped him. This time the plan was laid excellently and with great circumspection. It succeeded very well, up to a certain point, when Blanqui and a fellow prisoner who broke out with him reached the port of embarkation, and were betrayed by the skipper. He was then brought to the prison of Corte, in Corsica, where he passed the last two years of his sentence, after the expiration of which he was deported to Algeria, from where the general amnesty of 1859 brought him back again to his much-beloved Paris, his Mecca of the Revolution. But (one should almost feel inclined to say, of course) there he was met by a great sorrow. His son Eusèbe, now twenty-four years old, had, after the death of his mother, been brought up by her pious bourgeois parents in the hatred of his father and his father's ideals. Eusèbe proposed to his father to go with him to his inherited estate in a corner of the province, there to have all he wanted, on condition that he should renounce politics and keep quiet. Blanqui did not reply to this proposal; he merely considered himself without a son.

Again he threw himself into the work of his life, political agitation and

secret propaganda, this time against the Second Empire. The younger men of his adherence enthusiastically admired the "old man" who had remained young in mind and aspiration, and who had, during his imprisonment, kept abreast, not only with the scientific development of theory, but also with the appreciation of events. His sufferings had indeed made him distrustful, and his severe taciturn behaviour lost him many a friend; but the better natures among his disciples were attracted to him by his strong personality, the martyrdom of his convictions, and the keenness of his critical mind. This was his life fruitful again. Alas, that it should not be for long.

The political police of Napoleon III., past masters, as they were, in political intrigue, soon found their opportunity to accuse Blanqui of conspiracy. In one of their domiciliary visits, they had found at his sister's a list of addresses, taken from the directory for the distribution of secretly printed pamphlets. Blanqui vanished for a time, but was discovered and arrested in 1861. They put him on his trial before the "learned" judges of the Second Empire, who found him guilty, and sentenced him to four years' imprisonment.

This time he was confined in the prison of St. Pélagies, in Paris, where he had sometimes the comfort of visits of friends and relatives. In 1864 his health was such as to necessitate his transference to the free hospital, Necker; from here he immediately set to work again at the political machine. He saw in the prominent men of Napoleon's opposition already the reactionary statesmen of the coming republic, and advised attacks on them by pamphlets. At the same time he kept well in hand the threads of organisation against the empire, advising the young revolutionists to bridle their desire for battle, and to make the best of public propaganda. He even edited from the hospital for some weeks the paper *Candide* (appearing twice weekly), which published philosophical, anti-religious and social political articles. The paper was, however, suppressed at its eighth number, and its contributors were punished with fines and imprisonment.

To avoid his threatened banishment to Cayenne (by the "law of public safety"). Blanqui escaped from the hospital to Brussels before the end of his term.

In Brussels he soon became the centre for a conspiracy against Napoleon. From time to time he went secretly to Paris, where he used to live hidden in a sort of cell.

He was now 60 years of age, but nothing he had endured had been able to damp the revolutionary ardour and optimism of his soul. Although his secret societies had about 2,000 members, and his plans of action were well matured, he advised his followers not to strike by force of arms, but to wait for the best moment of public commotion. That moment seemed to have arrived after Napoleon had, in 1870, lost his first battles against the German army. On August 12, after the Olivier Ministry had fallen, the conspirators marched forth again in arms, but were, in spite of the great bravery of their leader, beaten again, as in 1839. The population kept passive, although the Empire was thoroughly rotten, and fell finally to pieces three weeks later.

The proclamation of the Republic on September 4, 1870, saved the conspirators from the scaffold.

When, after the rout of Napoleon's army, the Germans invaded France, and were marching on Paris, Blanqui started his paper *Patrie en Danger*, in which he wrote day by day, in language of unsurpassed vigour and beauty, the history of the invasion and the siege of Paris in advance. He denounced the inactivity and cowardice of the Napoleonic generals, in whose hands the defence of Paris was laid, and advised steps and measures which, if taken, would have made Paris invincible!

But, as usual, he preached in vain. The great masses seemed not to understand his reasoning, and left him unsupported; and with No. 89 the *Patrie en Danger* ceased to appear.

How little the Parisian populace knew and understood him is clear from the fact that in the elections for the National Assembly he was defeated with 52,000 votes. When, a little later, he was elected member of the Paris Commune (twice!) he was already in prison again. He had been arrested in the provinces on March 17, 1871, just one day before the proclamation of the Commune, which needed him so much!

Again he had vanished behind prison walls, this time at Castle Taureau, on a rocky island by Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany, where the tools of Thiers and his Republic kept him, without warrant, without inquiry, without even a hearing!

In a dark, damp cell, watched by soldiers, he returned again to his works of science, and wrote his beautiful book, "Eternity Through the Stars," which appeared in 1872.

The County Court which finally condemned him, for the attack of October 21, 1870, to *imprisonment for life and loss of civil rights* had no authority to do so. It was a crime against justice—a sentence of revenge!

In consequence of the alarming state of his health, they transported him to Clairveaux, where they found that a dangerous malady of the heart had developed. In 1877 the governor of the prison asked for instructions in Paris as to whether Blanqui's body might be handed over to his family. But he was to come back yet again!

After the victory of the Republicans over MacMahon, a movement in favour of Blanqui ensued, and in April, 1879, he was elected member for Bordeaux. The Chamber, of course, annulled the election, but President Grévy could not resist the verdict of the electors, and on June 10, 1879, Blanqui was set at liberty, and his civil rights restored.

The man of seventy-two fought his second election in Bordeaux personally, and his journey to the provinces was a triumphal procession. Now, in the face of another Republic, he abjured conspiracy, and advised his young friends not to waste their forces, but to join hands in public agitation for the acquirement by the workers of political power.

In 1880 he founded a daily paper, which he called *Ni Dieu ni Maître* (Neither God nor Master!).

But his sands had run low, and his hour of departure had come. On

December 28, 1880, he had returned from a meeting at two o'clock in the morning, when he spoke a few words to the comrade with whom he lived, and fell back paralysed. On January 1, 1881, he had ceased to live, to fight, and to suffer.

He died as poor in material riches as he always had been. All he possessed was his bed, his table, his chair, and his bookshelf. He had gathered no "moss," although he could not be called a "rolling stone." At his funeral revolutionary Paris gathered to him at last, and over 100,000 marched behind his coffin to lay him finally to rest. At last he was free, after having spent forty years of his life in imprisonment.

Love and honour to his memory !

ANDREAS SCHEU.

THE "CONSERVATIVE" COMPENSATION BILL.

IN an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on this subject, Theresa, Marchioness of Londonderry, displays quite a pathetic solicitude for the disastrous effects which she fears the measure will have for working men and their friendly societies. One could almost fancy the Marquis, her husband, to be a working-man. "It is obvious," she says, "that no employer of labour will, after the Bill becomes law, continue to find work for any except able-bodied, strong men in the prime of life, and, if possible, without dependents, so as to lessen the chance of accident and consequent compensation. What is to become of many of those who have been employed in the past years?"—if employers are not to be allowed to kill them off without compensation, the writer might have added. The Marchioness laments the fact that according to a statement made by the chairman of the London and North-Western Railway Company, the insurance society of that company will come to an end through the passing of the Act. "Thus," she says, "the society established in 1871, comprising on December 31 last 45,154 members, with an income of £49,337, of which the railway company contribute in the form of an annual subscription £17,497, must be broken up, and this contribution discontinued."

The writer does not seem to see that here, according to her own showing, the men have been contributing nearly two-thirds of a fund raised to insure their employers against liability for accident! Lady Londonderry goes on to argue that from friendly societies the workpeople enjoyed greater benefits than those obtainable under the Bill. That may well be so, but if the workpeople themselves had to pay for all these benefits, which in most instances was unquestionably the case, their great advantage is at least doubtful. The conclusion to which one is forced by this and similar articles on the same subject is that hitherto the employers have found the slaughter and maiming of workmen profitable.

FILIBUSTER CECIL RHODES AND HIS CHARTERED COMPANY.

A CURIOUS change has, during the last few years, come over the literature dealing with Central and South Africa. The literature concerning Africa, until these last few years, almost entirely concerned itself with the geography of the continent and the ethnology of its aboriginal inhabitants. But now, in these last days of the capitalistic system, with its expiring convulsions that take the form of mad and often reckless dashes into the few territories still left unexploited and of infuriated grabs at the last fragments of the world market, the *fin de siècle* literature concerning Africa reflects, for the most part, the struggles of capitalists and the struggles of capitalistic nations with the forces of nature—the aboriginal Africans and one another.

The first book in English that really attracted the attention of English people to the problems presenting themselves and pressing for solution in South Africa was Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." This most remarkable book dealt, however, in the main with æsthetic and moral problems rather than with immediately economic problems. The materialistic conception of history that we owe to Karl Marx has taught us that the ultimate basis of æsthetics and morals and a good many other things is the economic factor or factors. Olive Schreiner, recognising this, gives us now-a-days, instead of the prose poem "An African Farm" and the charming allegories in "Dreams," the very pregnant pamphlet on South African affairs—which she wrote in collaboration with her husband—and her latest novel, "Peter Halket, Trooper." Personally, I think it is to be regretted that the novel was not written in collaboration with her husband. A novel is one thing; an allegory is quite another thing. A hybrid between the two is an attempt to reconcile irreconcilables, and the attempt is foredoomed to failure. On the other hand, Mr. F. Reginald Statham's "Mr. Magnus" is no allegory, and would be quite a novel, if it was not a novel with a purpose. Mr. Magnus, let me say at once, is Mr. Cecil Rhodes. In "Peter Halket," also, Mr. Rhodes is the central figure. He is not attacked in either book. He is only described; and I doubt whether the people of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, reading these descriptions, will believe that any more infamous, unscrupulous villain ever walked this earth. In both books the matter-of-fact portrayal of this horrible man is so matter of fact, so calm and temperate, so clearly accurate, that it is no wonder both books are suppressed in South Africa, where, as Mr. Statham says, "Mr. Magnus is the Government."

Personally, again, I feel more than half angry that Olive Schreiner did not deal with the very practical question in South Africa practically instead of sentimentally. The vital mistake of "Peter Halket"—a mistake effecting its artistic value, scarcely less than its practical value—lies in the form in which the book is cast. Roughly speaking, the form adopted is that

Peter Halket, an ordinary trooper, is encountered and talked at by Jesus Christ, *redivivus* in the nineteenth century, which is in no sense and cannot be in any sense, any more than the twentieth and succeeding centuries, an age where Christ is possible for good. It is bad enough to have the inartistic people dragging in Christ as a possible immediate factor in the evolution of to-day. But that Olive Schreiner, of all people in the world, once so great an artist, should have made this irretrievable blunder, is terrible. The blunder is of the same kind as that made by so many well meaning inartistic and uneconomic people who speak of the founder of the Christian religion as a Socialist. Until the capitalistic system had not only started, but got into full swing, both of which events certainly occurred some centuries after the time of Christ, Socialism was impossible, and Christ, through no fault of his own, could no more have been a Socialist than a Darwinian, or a believer or non-believer in Weissman's theory of the continuity of the germ plasm. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

On the other hand, Mr. Statham's book, "Mr. Magnus," goes the direct way to work. It deals with things, not dreams. It is infinitely the more valuable contribution of the two towards the understanding of the South African question.

If there could be any doubt whether "Mr. Magnus" is a work of art, there can be no question whatever as to it being a very human document. Under various *noms de plume*, more or less transparent, places and people, most of which have attained recently a world-wide and unpleasant notoriety, are described. Camberton is Kimberley, and in two or three pages its history is graphically told. Bergstadt is pretty nearly a German translation of Cape Town. The steamer in which Nellie crosses, the Dumbarton Towers, is one of the Castle Line, under the management of Sir Donald Currie. "Porters" is the Chartered Company, "Mr. Magnus" is Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Possibly in both these cases the author has completely changed the names with some dim idea of avoiding an action for libel. Benjie Benoni is not only by alliteration, but almost literally, Barney Barnato. Perhaps, in this case, the very thin nominal disguise is due to an appreciation of the apparently very genuine good nature of that second-class millionaire (Rhodes is a class by himself). At the time the book was written, the bloated corpse of the second-class millionaire was not yet floating face downwards in the Atlantic. "Beddings" is the notorious W. T. Stead. The summing-up of Stead by Rhodes, even if it is done in a sense at second hand by the author, is so acute and exhaustive that I quote it in full. "Beddings, you know, you couldn't square him with a cheque. Besides, if you could, he'd want a devilish big one."—"But how do you square him?"—"Why, flatter him up. It's easy, and it's cheap. Beddings thinks he's an awfully great man; a sort of Pope God Almighty himself, as cocksure as infallibility can make him. So when I go to see Beddings I don't talk about cheques or anything of that kind. Not a bit of it. That wouldn't fetch him. No, I go and sit at his feet as if he were a sort of—. What was that fellow's name that some one sat at the feet of?"—None of the company seemed to know.—"Well, never mind.

Names don't matter. I go and sit at his feet, and listen to all his jaw, just as if it were gospel, and just put in a word now and then to show I'm on the same tack as himself, and then he feels as pleased and as happy as Punch, and thinks he's using me as an instrument for good, as the parsons say. I daresay he goes home and prays for me, damn him. Well, that's how I square him. Damn it, you can square anyone if you only know how. There's a good story I could tell you, if I chose, about how I squared the Prince of —." The Prince of — is, of course, the Prince of Wales, who is, equally of course, one of the "very big people, very big people, indeed, who have by his aid been able to avoid very grave financial scandals." The Attorney-General of the Cape Parliament is Mr. Schreiner. Redmanns, "those exalted people of whom it has been said that, when it suits their purpose, they make war to cease in all the world," is a queer half-German, half-English adaptation for Rothschild. Hartman, "a dark complexioned, thin faced man with a gloomy expression of countenance, whom Mr. Clayton at once recognised, by the patch of white hair on the side of his head," was the business factotum of the late Barney Barnato.

The appalling general atmosphere of Kimberley is most dolorously realised. To give the reader some idea of it I quote freely. "The merciless hours of work, twelve hours shifts, practically lengthened out to fourteen hours; the suppression of all freedom of opinion among those employed; the animal herding together of natives; the universal espionage over every man by his fellows; the atmosphere of theft and suspicion; the disregard, in the presence of the interests of the company, of every humane consideration; the terrorism kept up by sudden dismissals; the setting aside of legal obligations for the sake of mere greed; the brutal sentences inflicted on men trapped into the illegal possession of the precious products of the mine." Here are passages bearing upon the almost impossibility of showing up the infamies and horrors of Kimberley. "No one in the employment of Porters ever knows from one day to another how long his employment will last. Porters never give any notice, never give any reason, and never give any character. . . . There is enough to be 'shown up,' goodness knows; only the man who tries to do it runs risks which people in England have no notion of." . . . "Was it that poor Ray's imprudent speeches, his hints about 'showing up' somebody or something had marked him out as a person to be got rid of in the interest of Porters?" It appears that Ray "knew something about the way in which a nigger convict—well, happened to die." Here is a passage that will give some idea of the dirty work to be done in the interests of the Chartered Company. It is Philip Winter's daily work. "Up at five every morning . . . to arrive at his work at six. . . . That consisted in sitting for twelve hours at a stretch from six to six in the early morning cold, in the crushing heat of the afternoon, in rain, or hail, or thunder and lightning, doing nothing, precluded by the most stringent rule from having in his possession a book or a newspaper, watching those wretched niggers as they turned over, and broke up, the clods of gravel, watching them like a hawk, lest one of them should, by some sudden sleight of hand or foot, appropriate one of the rubies of the great Mr. Magnus."

Such a place as Kimberley, such a company as the Chartered Company, such a man as Rhodes, necessitates spies. "Yes, young Blain's nothing else but a company's spy . . . and when young Blain had got all out of Ray Wolston that he was likely to get, why, they just put that parcel of rubies in his pocket."

One or two more quotations bearing upon the utterly demoralising atmosphere of the place, where, "what seemed like the movements of life were merely the crawling processes of corruption." As concerning freedom of voting, "'It's only my orders to vote at the election. See here!' And he pulled out a small white card with a number printed on it in large black figures."

Here are one or two notes bearing upon the administration of justice in Kimberley. The charges of illicit diamond buying are "tried in a court in which there is no jury, the president of which is usually a strong sympathiser with the policy of the great mining company, if not himself a shareholder therein . . . By some curious and special perversion of the principles of English law in these cases, the accused, deprived of an appeal to the jury, is assumed to be guilty unless he can prove himself innocent. . . . Conviction before this court was a moral certainty, and that conviction was usually followed by brutal sentences to penal servitude, carried out under heart-crushing conditions, for five, for seven, for ten, for even fourteen years . . . Such a thing as an acquittal in that court was unknown. . . . The accused had not the benefit of the doubt; it was the Court that had the benefit of the doubt. And which way did the sympathies of the Court lean? Always towards the interest of Porters, the interest of Mr. Magnus, and always against those who might be even under the suspicion of transgressing against those interests."

"'The law,' Mr. Bodley explained, 'was originally passed to protect the individual miner against the sharks who were always ready to prey upon the fruits of his industry.' . . . 'The individual miner has absolutely disappeared.' . . . 'The result is that this law, originally framed to protect the individual miner, has become capable of being a most frightful instrument for oppression in the hands of a corporation, which regards itself as above all law, and which, owing to the position which Mr. Magnus has attained, practically is so.' . . . 'If in its own interests the company known as Porters found it desirable to drive six coaches-and-four through the clear provisions of any Act of the Local Parliament, it would do so.' Small wonder that living in Kimberley is, as one of the characters puts it, 'like living in hell.'"

The two most interesting personal sketches naturally are those of Benjie Benoni and Magnus. The former, *i.e.*, Barney Barnato, seems really not to have been a bad sort of fellow. Starting life at Kimberley as a banjo player and conjuror, he "gradually developed into a force. And at last it came to this—that Benjie and Mr. Magnus stood over against each other as rival claimants for the supreme domination of the Camlerton mine . . . Either Benjie would swallow Mr. Magnus, or Mr. Magnus would swallow Benjie . . . Mr. Magnus swallowed Benjie . . . However, there were

conditions . . . Mr. Magnus was a member of the local parliament; Benjie should go there, too. Mr. Magnus was a member of the Camberton Club; Benjie should also belong to the Camberton Club." Benoni appears to have been "this kind of man—if you was having a big deal with him up to a few hundreds of thousands or so, you'd have to be precious sharp to get the better of him, and he'd get the better of you if he could, even if you was his own brother. But where it's a smaller matter—why, then I've known him to do kind things enough. The only thing is, he must be able to do it without any trouble. He doesn't like taking trouble about anything . . . He never kept an appointment in his life." Very lifelike is the picture of the second-class millionaire receiving a stranger in his shirt and trousers, with a pair of richly embroidered braces dangling from the back buttons, walking about the room during the conversation with a large tumbler of soda and milk, or rocking the baby in its bassinette.

Naturally, the most interesting figure is Rhodes; and perhaps the most interesting thing about him is his absolute brutality. "It was Mr. Magnus who had said that sooner than sacrifice a single grain of what he regarded as his own interests, he would see the grass growing in the streets of Camberton." Here is a personal description of the man. "In general appearance a very ordinary-looking man, and still more ordinary-looking by reason of the cheap suit he was wearing. Broad in the shoulders and bull-necked. A face perfectly impassive, like a mask, the lowering brows leading down to an aquiline nose, and the nose leading down past tightly closed lips to a chin of massive firmness. But perhaps the most striking characteristics of his appearance were the unusual width between the ears, and the utter want of any trace of sympathetic feeling in the face." "He is very clever at shirking responsibility." "A kind of licensed law-breaker." . . . "The incarnation of unconditioned acquisitiveness." Instead of soda and milk, apparently, Mr. Rhodes drinks, and drinks a great deal of, soda and brandy.

Some interesting light is thrown upon the nature of the receptions, and ovations to, Mr. Rhodes. "Reaching the station about ten minutes before the train was due, he found an open landau standing outside. The horses had been taken out, and two or three men, whom Philip immediately recognised as employees of Porters, were engaged in making fast a stout rope to the front of the vehicle, while some eighty to a hundred men of the same type stood round. One of these latter clapped Philip on the shoulder as he passed.

"'Come on, Winter,' he exclaimed, 'and help to drag the old —— to the devil.'

"When the great man arrived, he shook hands with two or three of them in an absent sort of way, and made not the slightest reply to inquiries after his health and his journey." The only remark he makes is, "Why the hell don't the beggars start?" He is dragged off by his enthusiastic supporters, a short dialogue between two of whom, as they pull the carriage along, speaks volumes. "'Look out!' he said, 'You nearly had the thing over!' 'And why shouldn't I give both the —— a spill if I like?' was the response."

Here is an interesting passage bearing upon the raid upon the Transvaal. "You know that we are, in Camberton, only a few miles away from the borders of an independent State. Suppose important ruby mines were discovered in that State that seemed to threaten the existence of the monopoly maintained by Porters, and suppose Magnus, with the resources of Porters at his back, were to get up a bad feeling against the State, and were to organise a raid into it for the apparent purpose of gaining control over the newly-discovered mines—well, I think that in such a case as that, having regard to the fact that the people who mostly keep Magnus in office are closely related by blood to the population across the border. I think that in such a case as that, Magnus might find the end of his tether." The cynical selfishness and brutality of Rhodes are strikingly shown in his flight when the terrible mine accident occurs. This is the note he leaves: "Have returned to Bergstad by special train. Send on my servant and luggage to-night." "This was not the first time he had suddenly and unexpectedly left the place in which the foundations of his own fortunes had been laid."

Finally, the condition of public opinion in Kimberley and in England is shown remorselessly by the author. "'But surely there must be some check to all this from public opinion,' suggested Mr. Clayton. Mr. Bodley laughed outright. 'Public opinion!' he exclaimed, 'why, there isn't such a thing in the country!'" "'Are you certain,' asked Mr. Bodley, 'that such an expedition as the raid would be condemned by public opinion in England? You have to allow something for the effect upon that public opinion of a steady and persistent misrepresentation of facts in this part of the world. Then remember who he has behind him. There are the Redmanns, for example, who govern public opinion in financial and journalistic circles more than ordinary people have any idea of. Then he has certain leading journals on his side, and that means a great deal. Then he has managed to rope in some of the religious lot—bishops who are as innocent of politics as babies, and whom he keeps in good humour with the idea that he is advancing the interests of the Church; men, too, like Beddings, who is said to derive his inspiration from spooks upon the hearth-rug. And then, it is said, that he has managed to make himself financially useful to some very big people, very big people, indeed, who have by his aid been able to avoid very grave financial scandals.'" E. AVELING.

COLLECTIVISM, COMMUNISM, SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY AND ANARCHISM.

IN an article under the above title, in the *Revue Socialiste*, Saverio Merlino says :—

“Socialism has during the last few years made considerable progress. In growing it has become disunited. From its gigantic trunk have sprung several schools and parties which have developed themselves in different ways, labouring to separate and to draw extreme consequences from principles and methods, which are really the complement of one another. From this have arisen discords and struggles which have made a great noise, and which appear to have arrested the progress of Socialism during several years. But at the present moment a change of opinion is being produced ; Socialist schools and parties, after being greatly too much separated, are tending now towards reconciliation, perhaps even towards amalgamation. The reconciliation would be easy if we could only strip Socialism of that rich flora of doctrinaire formulas and secondary theories which obscures the ideal and throws doubt and confusion on our minds. It is our object to attempt this.

“In the first place, let us clear away the confusion which so largely exists in reference to the words communism and collectivism. Marx called himself communist, Bakounine collectivist. Their disciples have reversed the rôles ; the Marxists liking, for the most part, to call themselves Collectivists, whilst the Bakounists prefer the appellative of Communists. What, then, is the real difference between these terms ? Is there a real difference ? Communism and Collectivism are often presented as systems corresponding to opposite principles. But, then, they are both utopian.

“‘To each according to his work.’ This collectivist formula would never be able to be carried to its logical conclusion, for the labours of men are of different kinds : some are repulsive, others are agreeable. It is not possible to make all labour agreeable, as some Socialists or Anarchists wish ; neither is it possible to measure all labour by hours and minutes. Nor is it possible to clearly separate the degree of merit which comes from the work of the savant, the inventor, the miner who draws the raw material from the earth, the constructor of the machine, the machine worker, and the worker engaged in transporting the finished commodity. A direct appreciation of the intrinsic value of the products of labour cannot be made, not even approximately ; and such an appreciation, if it was possible, would not then suffice to regulate exchange, for it is necessary to take into consideration the other element of value—utility, which varies even more than cost. The mechanism of exchange would have to be sensible enough to mark all the differences and variations of cost and utility, at least in an approximate manner ? That is why we believe that in organising general conditions of production in the collective interest, and in equalising the conditions of existence, the collectivity must leave the organisation of the production and distribution of wealth to the free arrangements of individuals and associations, without desiring even to exclude the possibility of competition which would serve to obtain a valuation of the utility of things, and the difficulty of various forms of work.

"The idea of concentrating in the hands of the State the great industries, of constituting in the midst of society an administration having jurisdiction over the whole national economy, drawing up the annual budget, distributing work, and fixing the proportion between the labour time and the products, ought also to be discarded for another reason; for such an administration, even if it was elected by universal suffrage and all its acts submitted to the approbation of the people, would have in itself enough power to impose upon the mass of the people to make partisans and to exercise an insupportable tyranny. These are, we think, serious arguments against the rigorous and exclusive application of the collectivist formula, 'To each according to his work.' On the other hand, we must not presume that the formula has no value, that would be quite erroneous. On the contrary, it indicates that equality of conditions being established in society, all that is necessary is to leave to the individual the choice of his work, and the objects of his consumption. (It is in this sense that Bakounine called himself collectivist.) Consequently supply and demand would be greater for certain objects and for certain work than for others; in other words, there would exist a limited competition such as we have pointed out above. Remuneration would be in proportion to the amount of work and intensity of demand, whilst those who would not work at all, would, unless incapable, be unable to supply their wants.

"The principle of merit—or of reciprocity—is the essential concomitant of the collectivist formula, and inasmuch as it is an expression of this principle the formula is exact. But it does not oppose the communist formula "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs," or principle of solidarity which is its necessary corrective and complement.

"Nor must, in effect, the principle of solidarity be applied in an absolute manner. Men ought to help one another, for in a well organised society each will profit from the well-being and suffer from the misfortune and incapacity of the others. But solidarity must be bilateral. If I ought to work for my neighbour he ought to work for me; if I ought to take care that his needs are satisfied, he ought, except in the case of incapacity, to do the same for me. Without such a reciprocity solidarity would be only a new form of exploitation of man by man. In other words, it is fitting that in reality each should work as much as his power permits, and should consume not more than is necessary for the satisfaction of his wants. Would this happen in a communist society? Can we hope that each will work to the full extent of his power and not consume more than his needs demand? We do not believe it, for power and wants are very elastic terms. How would we know what are the needs and what is the labour-power of each individual? Would we establish an equal measure for all? Or would we make a special valuation for each individual? If such a valuation were made by the community we would have a communist government still more despotic than the central administration of the collectivists. There remains, then, only individual valuation, in individualistic communism, in other words, nebulosity?

"But it is not necessary to reflect much to see that this system is not realisable. The individual, being called upon to fix the quantity of his own pleasures and of his own work, would be necessarily led to fix the work and consumption of others; for it is evident that the more the others work and the less they consume the more fully can we live; and if, in a society where all worked as they desired, and took *au tas*, an individual began to live a little more fully and to work a little less conscientiously than the others, and if others imitated him (through envy, perhaps) the other

members of the society would be compelled to limit their proper pleasures—indeed, even to submit to privations, or even to be compelled to overwork themselves. They would soon begin to quarrel as to the amount of work to be executed, and the extent of the needs of each individual, each making more of his needs and of the needs of his friends and relatives than of those of persons who are strangers to him, because one sees the things that are near to him much clearer than distant objects.

“However, even if everyone acted in the most perfect spirit of fraternity, they would have great difficulty in maintaining accord. How could the individual know what portion of the products he could consume without encroaching upon the portion of his neighbour? What quantity and kind of work would it be necessary for him to execute? The individual could not define the sentiments nor the needs of the millions of men having relations, direct or indirect, with him; he would act by hazard, consuming sometimes more, sometimes less, than was just, would not know what was expected of him, what he could produce most useful to society in a given moment. An organisation with ever so little *rationale* of industry and of exchange would not be possible in such conditions; in any case, it would happen that honest and conscientious men would give themselves a great deal too much hardship in working and supporting many privations, fearing to harm their fellow-citizens, whilst the impudent and the egotistic would make good cheer.

“In order to avoid this conclusion it is necessary to fall back upon the argument of the absolute abundance of all desirable things which will arise in the society of the future. But such an abundance is not probable. Man will always labour, and will incessantly create new wants, but will never be completely satisfied, and will never pass his life in *dolce far niente*. Under an amorphous communist *régime* there would not be even a relative abundance, for it would not be possible to give that system or *rationale* organisation to the business of life which might augment the productivity of labour, diminish, if not eliminate, the waste of the present system of distribution, and increase the sum total of general well-being.

“It is not, then, possible to abandon to the arbitrary will of the individual or to combinations of individuals the organisation of production and of exchange. It is necessary to have a permanent organisation of labour, as of all the great social interests. The basis of this organisation must be the principle of solidarity—equality of conditions assured by the collective ownership of the instruments of labour, with free access thereto by the workers. This basis agreed, work and consumption must be free; economic relations and the organisation of industry and exchange would result from the free arrangements between individuals and associations. Here the principle of reciprocity finds its application. Society, moreover, must maintain the action of this principle within proper limits, hold in check too selfish tendencies, assure justice, assist the incapable, and supervise the other general interests. There would be different organisations, some giving to each according to his needs, others giving to each according to his work. For the affairs of the general indivisible interest the communist principle would operate; justice, social defence, public hygiene, etc., cannot be organised in a manner giving to each according to his work. But other relations, notably exchanges between individuals and between associations, could scarcely be organised according to the communist principle. It would be necessary to maintain a proportion between work and remuneration, between what one gives and what one receives, and between supply and demand—in a word, to determine the value of things and services, and that

would give place for organisations whose business it would be to assure justice in exchange by the publication of statistics relative to production and consumption, by putting consumers and producers in direct communication, and by a sort of mutual assurance.

"We have, then, to reconcile communism and collectivism—to give to each its part in the future social organisation—by distinguishing between necessary or fundamental social relations, and relations of a voluntary and variable kind between individuals. A good social organisation would not stifle the energy of the individual by taking from him all initiative and all liberty of action—but it would assure the harmonic action of individual activities."

Merlino urges that: "There are interests which are beyond the life of the individual, and which are wider than the small circle of his existence. The humanity of one generation must safeguard the interests and prepare the well-being of following generations; the individual has no such interest. The community has an interest in doing justice and in seeing that justice is done, each man has no such interest, many have a contrary interest. The collectivity has an interest in favouring the intellectual development and the material well-being of each individual, in assuring the harmonious action of individual activities, and making them converge toward the public good, whilst the individual finds it more easy if he is physically better endowed than another to pounce upon him and to wrest from him a part of the product of his labour.

"All the great social interests—instruction, public hygiene, exchange of ideas and commodities—have a superior position to the corresponding interests of an individual, or even of many individuals. The number of collective interests is continually increasing, because human life becomes more and more complex, and reciprocal influences are constantly augmenting. Society is organising itself. There was a time when the suppression of crime was a private affair; it has now become a national—nay, international—business. To-day nearly everything which has reference to economic activity is regarded as a private matter, but already we see the organisation of credit in the system of international exchange. The organisation of labour is, without doubt, a private matter; to-day it is the business of the capitalist, to-morrow it will become the business of associations of producers. Moreover, on the side of the interest of the producers there is the interest of the consumers, who to-day are not organised, and exercise only an indirect influence on the organisation of labour. Lastly, the relations between industries are to-day regulated by those having the strongest power. There are industries—such as the railways, for example—which affect the existence of several others, and which exercise a real tyranny over dependent industries and over entire populations. It is expedient that all these relations be systematised above individual interests, left to the spontaneous action of individuals and of associations; it is essential that there be a permanent organisation of collective interests."

In dealing with the question as to what form such an organisation would assume, Merlino says:—"In the first place, let us remark that the social relations of which we speak here, being necessary, the organisation which concerns them has always an obligatory character. Thus, for the prevention and suppression, objections are made against this power being confided to a Government, for it commits violences against the citizens. On the other hand, the exercise of this co-action could not be left to the individual, nor to voluntary organisations, as Mr. Tucker and his friends propose, for it is evident that such organisations would be still more powerful and

dangerous than our police. It is necessary, not to individualise, but to socialise, the social defence, to shelter it from the will of the strongest, richest, or most cunning of the population and their coalitions, and to take it out of the power of a governing minority, even though it governed in the name and by the will of the majority.

How is the problem to be solved? What will be the organisation of social defence in the Socialist society? What will be the organisation of justice? The organisation of collective property in the means of labour? How will the different public services be organised? Is it not necessary that there should be fixed rules, assuring to every individual the right to the means of working, guaranteeing the liberty and independence of the individual against the director of workshops or any other administrator, &c.? Who would fix these rules? The entire nation? An assembly of representatives? Individuals possessing special capacities? Let us confess that these questions, of which it is impossible to underrate the importance, have been somewhat neglected by certain Socialist groups, who, under the influence of the doctrines of Marx, have limited themselves overmuch to the study of economic relations. It will be seen in a catalogue of Socialist literature that the works treating of political organisation are very few indeed. There are books pretending to deal with Socialism in its *ensemble*, the Fabian Essays for example, in which Socialism is considered from its economic, moral, and religious sides, but its political side is completely forgotten. It is not, therefore, astonishing to find amongst Socialists all kinds of conflicting views in reference to the organisation of collective interests.

"Many Socialists are partisans to the system of representation, and believe that the inconveniences of this system would disappear in a society organised upon a basis of equality. Universal suffrage would express sincerely the preference accorded by the people to the most capable and worthy men; the representatives of the people would be the faithful interpreters of the will and interests of their electors. Their task would consist in bringing into accord the interests of the different sections of the people, in conformity to reason and justice, and in superintending the public administration."

After considering some suggested methods of political organisation, Merlino goes on to say: "The political organisation of Socialist society must consist in the recognition of the intangible rights and liberties of the individual (right to the use of collective instruments of labour, right of association, of instruction, liberty of thought, of speech, of press, of choice of labour, &c.), and in the organisation of the collective interests by delegation to capable administrators, revocable and responsible, acting under the direct syndicate of the people, submitting to them their most important acts (referendum), and living separated and independent one of another so as to avoid any coalition for the exercise of authority similar to the governmental authority of the present time.

"The essence of democracy exists in the absence of such a coalition, and in the exercise of the forms of administration (referendum, right of initiative, responsibility of administrators, administrative tribunals, &c.) leaving the least possible power in the hands of the administrators.

"In this sense there is no substantial difference between democracy and anarchy—government of the people by the people, no oligarchy—that is to say, in reality no government. The government of all in general (democracy) is equivalent to the government of none in particular (anarchy). We are thus bordering upon a new conciliation between the two great sections of contemporary Socialism—Socialism democratic and Socialism anarchistic.

The Anarchists aim at the most free, spontaneous, and decentralised organisation possible for necessary social relations. Social-Democrats desire the freedom that shall not be harmful to the unity and harmony of society; that collective interests be organised in a permanent manner; that the principles of justice and the fundamental compact be respected and observed. Socialism and Anarchy, solidarity and liberty, are two elements of the future society, and two agents of the dissolution of society of to-day."

In conclusion, Merlino says:—"A few words in terminating on the question of tactics. In this respect there is among Socialists quite a gamut of opinions, from those who believe that the State can be conquered and Socialism established simply by means of the vote, to those who hold that the revolution will be accomplished by suppressing, one after the other, all the bourgeois, and by expropriating in the same manner all the proprietors.

"These two opinions are untenable, absurd. The struggle for Socialism must be waged along the whole line of the organisation of present society. Insurrection is one means, elections are another, strikes, co-operation, &c., are others. Each of these means is important by itself to produce the dissolution of present society and the triumph of Socialism. Although all wound, none kill. Indeed, taken individually, they corrupt and degenerate their users (co-operation and parliamentarianism, for example). All the faults of the militant Socialist parties arise from the evil tendency that men have to change little by little into an end that which is at first, and ought always to remain, a simple means.

"It seems that at the present moment a *rapprochement* is operating between the different schools and parties which must hasten the realisation of Socialism. The problem is approaching a solution. Utopian Socialism is long since passed away; doctrinaire Socialism (sometimes called scientific) is at the point of death. Real Socialism needs to be practical, positive—not at all sectarian—humane."

"PROGRESSING BY GOING BACK."

R. S. LONG, in the current number of the *Westminster Review*, shows that nearly all the reforms of our own day are in reality a return to an older condition of things. The article is a most interesting one, and we regret that our space will only allow us to mention two of the most important points. "The reforming legislation of modern times has most remarkably returned to the principles of a long-forgotten past" in the matter of the "so-called" Crown lands. "It is possible that we might find very ancient precedent for the most advanced school of land reformers. . . . We are fully warranted in asserting that the idea expressed by 'nationalisation' of land is a very old thing indeed."

The second point is that of "the present industrial *régime* of capitalism and competition. . . . The workers have not as large a share of the national wealth as they had in the fifteenth century, and if we ask why, the answer will be that 400 years ago the labourer was in a position very largely to control the instruments of production, from which he has been almost entirely divorced." The author of the paper believes in the "principle of collective ownership" if the workers are not to "remain the wage-slaves of the capitalists."

"THE UNRECOGNISED ESSENCE OF DEMOCRACY."

W. H. MALLOCK contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* an article under the above title. He begins by complaining of what he is pleased to call "the extraordinary and almost childish vagueness of conception and of language which prevails amongst contemporary sociologists with regard to many of the most fundamental phenomena dealt with by them." He includes among these sociologists Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, but is chiefly concerned with Kidd's "Social Evolution." Sociologists "predicate with regard to *man* what is literally true of a very small number of men only. "Democracy" is used in an equally vague manner. "Democracy," says Mallock, "means two distinct, though not mutually exclusive, things. It means political democracy, and social or economic democracy," and when Mr. Kidd says that "democracy has arrived" he is incorrect, whether he insists on political or economic democracy; we have only to look at home, at America, at France, to see this. At the same time Mallock admits that "the power of the people is greater than it was 100 years ago. . . . It is one of the principal facts of our time which require scientific study." What *is* democracy? Mr. Mallock says that the "central objective reality which we all have in our minds when we use the word is the organised power of average men as logically and often practically opposed to the power of exceptional men." Can the organised average faculties of man ever govern society independently of the organised exceptional faculties of men? Even Mr. Kidd were the question put to him thus, would be obliged to answer "No." Mr. Mallock further states that the chief power of democracy consists in controlling actions "initiated and directed by the few." The democracy can demand measures, or reject measures; can make a war impossible, or can demand a war. "It could never conduct a war." The democracy may see that some remedy for agricultural distress is necessary, but it is "the few" who will discover the remedy. Politically and economically the democracy "does not possess at the present moment so much power as people think. . . . Its principal influence is to be sought in spheres where men have not been accustomed to seek it. . . . in the family life and the sphere of religion." State Socialism demands the breaking up of the family, and democracy, Mallock argues, has "stamped its impress on the outer aspects of our life, especially on the structure of the dwellings of all classes . . . on the detached cottage, or the row of cottages each with its separate door, or the modest tenement of three rooms, as well as on the large house or castle. They are all alike in one respect, that they are constructed in accordance with propensities which are the same in all men, which keep the members of the family group united." When he comes to the question of religion, he claims that the acceptance of the various doctrines was an act of true democracy.

Towards the end of the paper, he says: "*Economic demand* . . . is fundamentally democratic. On the other hand *economic supply* tends more and more as civilisation advances to depend on the action of the few. . . . And the same thing is true in the political sphere also." A million of very ordinary men may demand good beer, but an exceptional man is required to manage a brewery successfully. A million average men may demand protection, but only one man in a generation may have the ability to see if protection would produce salutary effects. Finally, Mallock argues, that as democracy means the *average many*, the "true formula for progress is not the supreme rule of the democracy, but the adjustment of its power to the complicated limitations imposed on its capacities for ruling."

SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.

THE *Fortnightly Review* contains an interesting article by Paul Lafargue on Socialism in France from 1876 to 1896. According to Lafargue, scientific Socialism in France dates from the war of 1870-71. The insurrection of March, 1871, says Lafargue, was far from being a Socialist movement. The manifesto of the Civil War, drawn up by Marx for the General Council of the International, "invested the Commune with a Socialist character that it had certainly not possessed during its ephemeral existence." The reawakening of the labour movement was fomented by the Republican bourgeoisie, fearful for the safety of the Republic; but in 1879, at the Marseilles Congress, a resolution in favour of the collectivist theory was carried. The year before that, at Lyons, the following resolution was defeated: "Seeing that the economic emancipation of the workers can only be brought about when the workers enjoy all that is produced by their labour, the workers, in order to gain this end, must themselves become owners of the elements of production—raw materials and the implements of labour. Therefore the Congress invites all workers' associations to study the methods of putting into practice the principle of collective ownership of the soil and the instruments of labour." The resolution carried at Marseilles differed in wording somewhat from this, but declared definitely in favour of collective ownership of all the means of production. "This," says Lafargue, "was the first time that the nationalisation of property had been inscribed on the flag of the French proletariat. When we remember that at the Congresses of the International the majority of the French delegates had always declared for individual ownership of the land, when we call to mind the timidity of the revolutionaries of the Commune in the matter of economic reforms, it is really surprising that, within eight years of their defeat in Paris and the massacres of the Bloody Week, there should have been a majority vote at the Congress of Marseilles for the nationalisation of the instruments of production."

"The Socialist movement," he continues, "had started with the Co-operators. These were soon joined by the Anarchists, for Co-operators and Anarchists, although they appear to be as far asunder as the poles, are really, as a matter of fact, only representatives of different capitalist ideas. The Co-operators represent the benevolent notions of the philanthropists who attempt to lull the awakening spirit of the working class by measures not of a very compromising nature. The Anarchists, when they are neither wittingly nor unwittingly police agents, represent the ideas of *laissez-faire* economists, and push these ideas to their ultimate logical conclusion. The Marseilles Congress declared itself openly opposed both to co-operation and anarchy." Of the propaganda among the peasants, Lafargue says that many of them understand that peasant proprietorship is doomed. "Thirty million acres are owned by 3,180,000 proprietors, whose holdings range from two and a-half to a hundred and twenty-two acres." "Their land is really in pawn to the banker and the usurer."

After relating the various vicissitudes and difficulties through which the party has passed, and the excellent administrative work carried out by the Socialist councillors of Roubaix and Lille, he concludes that "the confidence that the Socialist mayors and councillors have inspired in the men they direct will play a great part in the elections of May, 1898. . . . In my opinion, the elections of 1898 will be a victory for Socialism, and will prepare its final triumph."

FACTS AND FIGURES.

On the occasion of the Brussels International Exhibition, the German Government published a brochure with statistics referring to the assurance of employees in case of accidents and sickness and old age.

The number of persons who profitted by an indemnity during 1885-95 was 25,061,620, the amount of indemnity 1,243,763,965 marks, to which sum the employers contributed 969,742,016 and the employees 887,865,084.

For 1895 the figures are : Population, 52,000,000 ; number of employees, 13,000,000.

	Sickness.	Accidents.	Old Age.
Number of insured persons ...	8,005,000 ...	18,389,000 ...	11,585,000
Number of persons indemnified...	2,939,000 ...	388,200 ...	347,700
	Marks.	Marks.	Marks.
Income ...	156,746,000 ...	88,936,700 ...	132,140,000
Of which the employers contributed ...	39,229,000 ...	68,424,000 ...	51,400,000
" employees " ...	89,231,000 ...	—	51,400,000
Total of expenses ...	148,437,000 ...	68,424,000 ...	132,140,000
Of which for indemnity ...	115,629,000 ...	50,125,800 ...	42,920,000
Administration ...	6,937,000 ...	10,372,000 ...	5,990,000
Funds in cash ...	132,662,000 ...	143,400,000 ...	414,000,000
Indemnity in average for an indemnified person in marks ...	39 3 ...	129 0 ...	121.0
The average of insurance fee for every person ...	16.0 ...	3 7 ...	10 3

FRENCH TRADE UNIONS AND MASTERS' ASSOCIATIONS.—There were registered in France to July 1, 1896, 5,419 trade associations with 1,018,479 members, which is 273 associations and 33,280 members more than at the same date at 1895. They included :—

- (a) 2,243 trade unions ... with 422,777 members.
- (b) 1,731 masters' associations " 141,877 "
- (c) 170 mixed associations " 30 333 ,
- (d) 1,275 agricultural associations " 423,492 ,

On July 1, 1895, these numbers having been :—

- (a) 2,163 trade unions ... with 519,781 members.
- (b) 1,622 masters' associations " 131,031 "
- (c) 173 mixed associations " 31,126 "
- (d) 1,188 agricultural associations " 403,261 ,

Associations of trade unions and trusts increased for the same period from 143, in 1895, to 156 in 1896 ; they counted 2,719 in 1895, and 2,880 in 1896.

Of these numbers there were 79 associations of trade unions in 1895, and 86 in 1896 ; 1,191 associations of organisations in 1895, and 1,243 in 1896 ; with 334,824 members in 1895, and 336,491 in 1896.

TRUSTS OR ASSOCIATIONS OF MASTERS' ORGANISATIONS :—In 1895, 38, with 672 organisations and 80,261 members ; 1896, 43, with 730 organisations and 84,677 members.

The strongest and most numerous trade unions are at Paris (401, with 200,443 members), in Pas-de-Calais (34,090 members), in Nord (94, with 21,214 members), at Marseilles (116, with 17,250 members), and Lyons (124, with 14,499 members).

The trade unions and associations of trade unions possess funds for—travelling, 102 ; mutual help, 293 ; sickness, 45 ; unemployed and strike, 105 ; mutual loan offices, 8 ; old age pension funds, 31 ; philanthropic, 1 ; co-operatives : industrial, 23 ; for consumption only, 43 ; professional schools, 6 ; professional classes, 125 ; examination classes, 1 ; exhibition gallery, 1 ; school for apprentices, 1 ; orphan asylum, 1 ; workshops, 21 ; libraries, 410 ; labour offices of reference, 308 ; information offices, 4 : lawyers' offices, 3 ; arbitration counsel's offices, 4 ; medical help offices, 5 ; professional and trade periodicals, 47 ; workshop for clothing of children of unemployed, 1 ; and asylum for young girls, 1.

THE BUCK-JUMPING OF LABOUR.

IN the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. W. H. Mallock has an article under the above title, in which he claims that even if organised labour attained its highest conceivable point of development, and with all the power this could give, it could never exercise the functions of the "organisers" of productive labour. It is the old story with Mr. Mallock, the man of labour directed by the man of ability. Labour *qua* labour is a mere animal, saddled and bridled for "ability" to ride. When corporate labour strikes, it is like a buck-jumping horse ; and though "buck-jumping" labour may succeed in throwing its rider, it can no more exercise his functions than could a buck-jumping horse. "The more carefully," says Mr. Mallock, "we consider the utmost conceivable power which the labourers, as opposed to the employers, can achieve in the domain of industry, the more clearly shall we see that these powers are strictly analogous to those possessed by a horse or donkey of thwarting, of inconveniencing, of throwing, or of injuring its rider or its driver. They are purely obstructive powers ; they are essentially non-productive ; they are no more able to provide even a portion of that wealth, an increased share of which they are put in operation to secure, than a horse which indulges in buck-jumping when it is not conciliated with sugar is able to manufacture a sugar-loaf by the performance of this trick ; or than a costermonger's donkey which lies down in a ford, because it is not allowed to bite at the cabbages in the cart behind it, is able to fulfil by doing so the functions of a market gardener."

"The full exertion of its strength, therefore," he says further, "would defeat its own ends. The animal must make to the rider concessions equivalent to those which it demands for itself, and, whilst exacting considerate treatment in return for submission, it must make such submission in return for considerate treatment as will enable the rider to guide it and render the saddle tolerable for him. Within the limits thus indicated labour may do much to improve its own position. How much it can do will depend on its own common sense ; and the demands which, within these limits, it makes from time to time must each be judged on its own merits."

ISABEL'S INTENTION.

By MARIETTE.

THIS very evening was a favourable opportunity. So putting on her darkest and quietest walking things and a thick veil, she slipped out of the house. Her heart was beating violently, and her legs were trembling so much that she could scarcely walk. Several times she asked her way, her cheeks burning with hot crimson blushes. Two or three times she was on the point of turning back, and only called up her courage by a violent effort. In spite of herself her footsteps lagged and became slower and slower, until it seemed a physical impossibility to get on quickly.

What was it she was going to do? She knew, of course, what the world would say; but it did not signify. She had read somewhere that the majority was always wrong. Besides, pioneers were always misunderstood. People would say that she was "going to the bad," they would call her by a name she could not speak even to herself; they would say that she was "lost to all sense of modesty."

She laughed sarcastically, as she repeated this to herself. "Lost to all sense of modesty." She, a maiden, a pure-minded girl, whose whole frame was quivering with loathing of what she was going to submit herself to.

Then a sense of exaltation came over her. She was going to be a heroine. Though unable to *deliver*, she was going down into the pit to *share*; she would console these persecuted ones, no longer leave them scorned and neglected.

She seemed to have been walking for hours, but at last, after many inquiries, she arrived at the top of the street she was in search of. She stood quite still and gazed down it. It was a shabby looking street, with not very much traffic. To Isabel's heated imagination there was something shamefaced about it; the people who were passing through seemed to slink by furtively, and she fancied that even the vehicles stole along in a quiet stealthy way. A little, happy terrier dog, that bounded past her with a bark, seemed to be quite out of place.

She then took a good look at the houses; judging from the numbers, the house she wanted must be about half way down, she thought.

She had no idea how long she had been standing there when she suddenly made up her mind to go on, but found to her astonishment that both nerve and muscle power seemed to have deserted her, for she was absolutely incapable of moving a single step forwards. Just then a man, apparently a gentleman, passed her on his way down the street, and accidentally brushed against her. The slight touch very nearly made her scream in the nervous state she was in. He went quickly on, and entered the very house which Isabel had made up her mind was the terrible abode she was looking for.

It was too much. It made the horror too tangible, too concrete. Isabel turned quickly round, then staggered away as fast as she could manage to go, then hailed a passing cab, and soon reached her home.

All night she lay in an agony of remorse, despising herself for the cowardly selfishness which had caused her to shirk her self-imposed immolation at the last minute. Yes, she had run away when she had come within reach of the object she wished to attain. Shame, shame upon her for being a poor, weak contemptible thing, a broken reed, full of fine feelings

to be sure, but what is the use of feelings unless they bear fruit in actions? Oh! she hoped that the martyrs of old, who gladly died in burning flames at the stake, were not looking down on her now. She imagined their calm, surprised eyes gazing down on her from somewhere in illimitable space. Coward, disgraceful coward.

The next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Granger was horrified at her daughter's appearance. Her eyes were dull and heavy, her complexion ghastly white, and her features drawn and miserable looking. To have a daughter who was positively plain as well as unattractive and unsatisfactory, would be a great trial to the poor lady, so she said:

"Isabel, you are looking very ill. You want change of air. You must go down to the seaside for a week. I can easily manage to send you."

"Oh, no! mother, impossible. I have—something to do," faltered Isabel. Then answering her mother's expression, she said, "Not at Green Street—something different—quite the reverse in fact," getting the words out with the greatest difficulty.

Mrs. Granger looked surprised, but did not condescend to inquiry. She remarked, "I heard last night that dear Ethel Eversley is to marry Lord Fancourt, after all. Her people are so delighted about it."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Isabel, in a low, sad voice, for, Ethel being a friend of hers, she knew this to be a barefaced *marriage de convenance*, and she considered that the woman who was guilty of such a thing was only one degree above a "bad woman." She argued within herself that her intention was a nobler thing than that; besides, she did not intend to lead such a life always, but only for a time, by her own free will, to vindicate her principles, while Ethel was going to *sell* herself, and into a lifelong bondage.

She scarcely knew how to get through the day. Her mind was fully made up that that very night her sacrifice should be accomplished. No power on earth, she thought, could make her turn back. She could not touch a morsel of food, and wandered aimlessly about the house, unable to rest or to fix her attention upon anything but the one absorbing thought that filled her mind. At last the evening arrived, and as soon as it was dark she started forth. She felt that she must allow no time for thinking, but must "go with a rush," so she took a cab, and stopped it at a point not far from her destination. She was doing right, she repeated to herself; she was going to help her sisters in carrying on this shocking though necessary business of theirs, which the world could not do without; but she wished she were going to her death instead. Nevertheless, she tore down the street like a madwoman, while two youths called out some insolent badinage after her.

On reaching the house she trembled so violently that she was obliged to cling to the iron railings to prevent herself from falling. The windows were open, and she heard voices speaking in coarse tones, and shuddered in case she should hear what was said. Then a woman's hard hysterical laughter rang out. It was the kind she had occasionally heard in Green Street, and it struck a chill into her soul. Oh, God! why was she to be forced to plunge herself into this pit of mire?

Her nerves were strung up to their very highest pitch of tension, and she sank down helplessly on to the doorstep. At this instant a policeman suddenly turned his lantern upon her. "What, drunk?" he said, using a low, coarse epithet, and with an indescribable something in his manner that made her rise to her feet, draw herself up to her full height, and gaze at him with an expression of outraged dignity.

The constable looked puzzled, but seeing that whatever she might be, she was not what he had supposed, muttered something about "people not being

what they seem," and was just going to shut off his lantern and continue on his beat when Colonel Maitland, on his way to some entertainment, came dashing down the street in a hansom. The tableau that met his eye caused him, without a second's delay, to stop the cab and jump out.

He saw his niece standing at the door of a house, the character of which he knew, looking like some tragic statue, her white face illumined by the burly policeman's lantern, showing like a pale star in the gloom of the soft midsummer darkness.

"Good God! Isabel, what has happened? What are you doing here?" exclaimed Colonel Maitland.

Isabel stood in the same attitude, motionless, without replying, being indeed quite incapable of speaking. The policeman therefore considered it his duty to say something, and remarked, "I thought the lady was fainting, sir," and then walked on, casting many glances backwards.

"What are you doing here?" repeated Colonel Maitland, impatiently, then led his niece to the hansom, and got in with her as quickly as he could.

"Don't take me away uncle," she said, in a voice that was almost inaudible.

"Not take you away! Why, good Heavens, do you know the character of that house?"

"Yes," said Isabel, feeling as if her throat were paralysed.

"You, a lady, a young girl, there alone, and at night, it is scandalous, outrageous!" said the Colonel, excited and angry. Then a light suddenly breaking in upon him, he continued, "Ah! there is some *protégé* there; some girl you are trying to reclaim; that is it, isn't it?"

"No," was the whispered answer.

"Then perhaps you will explain this extraordinary and incomprehensible proceeding," he said.

"Oh! I should never make you understand, never," said Isabel, with a hopeless moan.

"At any rate, you can give me a plain answer, I suppose?" said the exasperated Colonel.

"I don't think I can. I expect we see things differently," said the girl, miserably.

"There can be but one way of looking at such a proceeding as this," said her uncle, sternly. "Have you no common sense? Don't you know what is right and proper!"

Isabel, perceiving that her uncle's annoyance was almost beyond the power of words to express, had an overwhelming sense of solitariness, realising the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of being sympathised with and understood.

Colonel Maitland felt the keenest curiosity about this night excursion of Isabel's, and exclaimed irritably:

"I insist upon your telling me what business you had at that house."

They were rattling through the streets and squares, and something in Isabel's face, when the passing gleams of light fell upon it, puzzled him beyond measure.

It was hard and set, with a mingled look of fear and defiance. He had never seen such an expression on any woman's face before, and it filled him with uneasiness.

Isabel was nerving herself for a desperate effort, and at last she said, in a frightened voice, "Uncle, you believe in fair play, don't you?"

"Naturally," said the Colonel, wondering with all his soul what was coming next.

"It isn't fair play, is it," said Isabel, speaking hurriedly and in jerks, "to allow other people to do—something dreadful and revolting for our sakes, and then to—to loathe and despise them for it—and not to help them with it?"

"Eh, what? What are you talking about?" said Colonel Maitland.

Isabel's heart was thumping so that the words were nearly stopped in her throat, but she managed to gasp out, "*I was going to that house to do as the inmates do.*"

Colonel Maitland was seized with a horrid fear that his niece was going out of her mind. He remained speechless for a minute, and then stammered out, "Good God, Isabel, are you mad?"

"No, I am not mad," she said in a broken voice, "I have thought it well over—I was going—to—to take the place of one of these poor girls—to give her a holiday—perhaps to restore her as she was before—while I——"

"But you——" ejaculated the thunderstruck Colonel, at last beginning to see what she was driving at, "my niece, a lady—you don't know what you are talking about. The wickedness—the degradation——"

"But mother says it is necessary, it *must be*, and—and if it is necessary, it cannot be really wrong—it cannot be degrading" cried the girl, in a kind of desperation, convulsively locking her hands together.

Colonel Maitland was a brave man, but he would rather have led the forlornest of forlorn hopes than have been suddenly presented with this nut to crack by his young niece.

She was watching the darkened houses that looked so peaceful, and wondering whether the inhabitants ever felt compelled to dive beneath the surface of things, or whether they were contented just to rest upon the outside, as it were.

After a few moments, Colonel Maitland said angrily, "You don't understand these matters, and ought not to know anything about them. They don't concern you."

"Oh, yes, they do," pleaded Isabel, "they affect thousands of poor women, and I am a woman myself, you know."

An idea presented itself to Colonel Maitland which he eagerly grasped at. He said, in a deep bass voice of portentous and awful solemnity, "It would break your mother's heart if she knew where her daughter, a well brought up girl, had been to-night."

Isabel burst into a passionate fit of crying. "Don't tell mother," she sobbed, "don't, oh, pray don't."

"I don't see how I can very well avoid telling her," said the Colonel, still in the appalling tones.

Isabel frantically seized his arm. "Uncle—I beseech you—I implore you not to tell mother. I could make *you* understand sooner than *her*. She never, never could," she almost shrieked, thinking that the best place for herself was at the bottom of the Serpentine.

Colonel Maitland saw that here was a powerful weapon, and seized upon it.

"Then, Isabel, if I do not tell her it will only be on condition of your giving me your most solemn assurance that on no consideration whatever will you again attempt anything approaching to what you intended to-night," said the Colonel, knowing that if the promise were given it would be well and truly kept.

"You ask me too much, uncle."

"Too much!" he shouted, exasperated to the last degree. "Is your mind so warped that you cannot see straight? Don't you know that you

must keep pure? Can't you understand how jealously we prize the honour of our women relations?"

Isabel had dried her eyes, and was pulling herself together to return to the fray, wondering that she was able to speak as calmly as she did.

"Yes, but why don't you feel so about other women?"

"Other women—" began the Colonel, without the faintest idea as to how he was going to finish the sentence, and devoutly wishing that his niece were a thousand miles away.

"Yes, uncle, other women," replied Isabel, feeling as though the words were borne in upon her in some incomprehensible manner from she knew not where. "It is not honourable to accept honour like that. *It is too dearly bought.*"

At this moment, to Colonel Maitland's intense relief, they arrived at Mrs. Granger's house. He sent the cab away, and the remainder of the conversation took place upon the pavement.

"Now, Isabel, decide. Give me the promise I ask for, or I shall go in with you, and at once tell your mother everything."

"Uncle——"

"Be quick," said the Colonel authoritatively, gripping his niece by the shoulder. "Come, choose."

Isabel stood for a minute quite still, without speaking. Colonel Maitland, restraining a violent impulse to shake her, ejaculated "Promise."

"I promise," said Isabel with an effort, not knowing whether she was glad or sorry. Then, miserable and utterly worn out, she went slowly into the house.

Colonel Maitland walked away rapidly, as if he wished to leave this repulsive episode far behind him. He had passed through one of the worst quarters of an hour he had ever experienced.

Hot, angry, and perplexed, he stalked on, feeling that any sleep that night would be impossible. The higher education be damned, thought he, if it leads girls to inquire into such questions as these, and to meddle with what did not concern them. Why did they want to pass the lines of convention which people of his own generation had considered suitable for them? What were these nineteenth century women coming to?

Isabel lived too much to herself, and entered into none of the pursuits and amusements of other girls of her age. He would exert his influence with his sister to get her married, and then she would forget all these wild, mad notions. Good God! what had he not saved the child from! The perspiration stood thickly on his forehead as he thought of it. Had any other girl in the wide world ever made such a monstrous and hideous plan before? It was too horrible to think of in connection with an innocent girl, one's own niece, he groaned to himself.

At last he reached his barrack room, threw himself into an arm chair, and tried to smoke. It was no use; he had been thoroughly startled; he could do nothing but pace restlessly up and down the room.

How could Isabel's own degradation of herself help others? It could not. But what was that idea of her's about "fair play?"

He was intolerably worried. Thoughts that he did not want, and memories that he would gladly have stifled, crowded in upon him. The old and the new were fighting together. Everything was in a tangle. Why had Isabel acted as she had done? He folded his arms and knit his brows.

Vice was necessary for the well-being of the world. This was the major premiss of the argument which had burnt itself into Isabel's soul, and decided her to sacrifice herself. The Colonel had a hard struggle with it.

But, with the dust of conventionality in his eyes, he marched boldly up to it and accepted it.

Whatever is inevitable. What always has been always must be; it were absurd to think otherwise. Isabel also had accepted this, but had coupled with it a stern principle of justice. Then he followed these ideas up, and was astonished to find that they landed him not so very far from where they had landed Isabel.

He was forced in justice to acknowledge that he could understand how a girl of her peculiar temperament had arrived at such a ghastly conclusion. She did not see straight, and her views were warped and distorted, but at least he had found out how she had arrived at them. This discovery threw a powerful search-light upon the whole question.

One other thing also had become clear. Women were looking the facts of life bravely in the face, and could no longer acquiesce in the systematic degradation of a large number of themselves. He began to feel a kind of admiration for his niece. Surely there was something noble about this hateful project of her's.

Colonel Maitland, being no bigot to preconceived opinions, allowed his clear and logical brain to consider a question all round, and not one side of it only.

He looked out of the window to where the early midsummer dawn was bringing the pearly light of a new day. The world was moving on, he thought, ethical advance was slowly clearing away the mistakes and sins of the ages, men's hearts were more earnestly striving upwards, and that major premiss of Isabel's must be abandoned for ever.



THE CHANCES OF THE GAME.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS AN EXILE IN SWITZERLAND.

(*Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.*)

No better chess-board than the world !
Though square by square I have to yield,
Though here and there my flag be furled,
Ye cannot drive me off the field.

So is it in the noble strife
Between the tyrants and the free,
Blow after blow for death or life,
And peace to neither side may be.

It seems that even here as well
I needs must try another bout,
That even from the home of Tell,
The chance of chess will drive me out.

So be it, Haunts to Freedom dear
By Norway's breakers yet remain ;
A sound from France assails my ear,
The clanking of her broken chain.

No exiled head has England e'er
Asylum on her shores denied ;
A far friend's message bids me share
His home on bright Ohio's side.

From town to town, from State to State,
From land to land, whate'er be fated,
No move of Fate can give me mate,
'Tis Kings alone can be check-mated.



ROBERT OWEN.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 10. OCTOBER, 1897.

ROBERT OWEN.

THERE is in the whole industrial history of this country no more remarkable figure than that of Robert Owen. It is a vulgar assumption that Socialists generally are the failures of life, the unfit in the struggle for existence. Although we may, perhaps, be afflicted with more than our proper share of eccentric persons, cranks, and faddists, who all seem to imagine that the Socialist movement is the proper dumping ground for their own peculiar fads, there is absolutely no ground for the assumption referred to. On the contrary, the rank and file of the Socialist movement will bear favourable comparison with the average of any other body of people, and it has included in its ranks men of the highest ability, and those who have been eminently successful in every department of life. Among these Robert Owen is a conspicuous example. For though his Socialist agitation may not have been a success, and although his public work did not bear much immediate fruit, Robert Owen, as a man of business, as a manufacturer and trader, was pre-eminently successful. Born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, on May 14, 1771, he was but eighteen years of age when he first went into business for himself, in partnership with a man named Jones, for the manufacture of the newly invented machines for cotton spinning. In this venture, as in all others of a business character, Owen achieved success, but, dissatisfied with his partner, he withdrew from the business, receiving as his share a number of the machines they had been engaged in manufacturing, with which he started in business as a cotton spinner.

Owen had been at first apprenticed to the drapery trade, and was engaged in this when he entered into partnership with Jones, but as a cotton spinner he was able, with his machinery and the labour of three men, to make about £300 a year profit. He soon, however, saw an opportunity of doing better for himself by entering the service of a Mr. Drinkwater, at a salary of £300 a year, as his manager. In this position he gave so much satisfaction that at the end of the first six months his employer sent for him and promised to raise his salary to four hundred pounds in the second year of his service, with a further increase to five hundred in the following year, and a partnership in the fourth year. Under his management the firm acquired a reputation for the fineness of its cotton yarns, and Owen himself became known as one of the best cotton spinners of the time. The marriage of Mr. Drinkwater's daughter with a neighbouring cotton spinner caused that gentleman to desire

to cancel the agreement between himself and Owen as to a partnership. To this the latter made no objection, but also refused to continue as manager for any salary Mr. Drinkwater might offer him. This terminated his engagement with that gentleman, and Owen was again thrown on his own resources.

The period when Owen may be said to have commenced as a manufacturer—the beginning of the last decade of the eighteenth century—was a period of enormous change in the industrial life of this country. New mechanical appliances were rapidly taking the place of human labour in the work of production; the old forms of production, of handicraft and of home industry were breaking down and giving place to new. The inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton had revolutionised the whole conditions of life, and were fast transforming the country from an agricultural one, producing mainly for use, and even exporting foodstuffs, into a manufacturing country, producing commodities for the market, and importing much of its food. It was a time when manufacturers were making profits of many hundreds per cent., when they were piling up fortunes by leaps and bounds, and when the great body of the working people, deprived, by the advent of the machine industry, of the means of livelihood which the home industries had afforded them, were plunged into terrible distress and misery. To show the enormous profits which it was possible to make at that time, it may be instanced that for a particular fine thread for muslin weaving, spun while Owen was with Mr. Drinkwater, he got £9 18s. 6d. per pound, the raw cotton for which cost but 5s. ! The difference at the present time between the price of raw cotton and that of spun yarn amounts to but a few pence per pound. Little wonder that in an industry in which such profits were to be made, capital should be embarked and factories should spring up almost everywhere where water-power was available. It was a profitable time for the manufacturer, it was the hey-day of England's industrial greatness and of her commercial supremacy; but it was a terrible time for the people, and especially for the children who were swept into the factory, nominally as apprentices, really as slaves, to be used up in the manufacture of cotton. With all the evils attendant upon the growth and development of the factory system, Owen's experience as a successful cotton spinner made him familiar, and as soon as he had the opportunity and the means he set himself to devise and apply schemes for the mitigation or entire removal of these evils.

After he gave up the management of Mr. Drinkwater's business, Owen entered into partnership with Messrs. Borrowdale and Atkinson, an old established Manchester firm. With them he purchased the cotton mills of Mr. David Dale (whose daughter he afterwards married) at New Lanark, on the banks of the Clyde. It was here, where Owen had sole management, that he put into operation his schemes for the improvement of the condition of the workpeople. The basis of his system was education. He believed the cultivation of intelligence and morality in the minds of the workmen was essential to counteract the evil effects of the factory system. And the

basis of his system of education was kindness. At New Lanark he had the children in the school at the early age of one year, and there they were trained and taught without punishment or reward, but with such marvellous results that the New Lanark school became an object of widespread interest, and was visited by people from all parts. But the well-being and happiness of the workpeople, the education and development of their children, were in no way the business which Robert Owen's partners had agreed to undertake, and so, although the New Lanark Mills were making a good profit, Owen's partners objected to any part of the profits being spent on giving better conditions to those who created them. They therefore sold out to him, and he had to look for other partners.

With his new partners Owen appears to have experienced more friction than with the old. He still went on with his work of building new schools and educating the children. But his partners protested and gave notice of a dissolution of partnership. Again, Owen formed a new partnership, and bought out his former partners for a sum of £114,100, the original price paid to Mr. Dale having been £60,000. During the four years of the second co-partnership, notwithstanding the educational work which he had carried on, Owen had made a net profit for the partnership of £160,000, or £40,000 a year, after allowing 5 per cent. on the capital employed. The new partnership included Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, and as everybody, including his new partners, knew what his projects were, Owen felt at liberty to act, and pushed on his work with all the vigour of which he was capable. Owen's educational efforts at New Lanark were intended to be the foundation of a "rational system of society," which he had formulated in his own mind, and which was based on certain fundamental facts, which he thus set forth:—

"1. Man is a compound being whose character is formed of his constitution or organisation at birth, and of the effects of external circumstances acting upon that organisation from birth to death, such original organisation and external influences continually acting and re-acting on each other.

"2. Man is compelled by his original constitution to receive his feelings and convictions independent of his will.

"3. His feelings or his convictions, or both of them united, create the motive to action called the will, which stimulates him to act and decides his actions.

"4. The organisation of no two human beings is ever precisely similar at birth, nor can art subsequently form any two individuals from infancy to maturity to be the same.

"5. Nevertheless, the constitution of every infant, except in case of organic disease, is capable of being formed or matured either into a very inferior or a very superior being, according to the qualities of the external circumstances allowed to influence that constitution."

It will be seen from the second statement that Owen had come to the common-sense position that the "feelings and convictions" of man are independent of his will, and therefore a man cannot be held responsible for his

beliefs. Consequently, Owen did not attempt to teach any creed in his schools. All creeds were tolerated, none were taught. There was no attempt to interfere with the religion of any child or of its parents. Robert Owen may be said to be the father of popular education in this country. Of his system of education at New Lanark, Mr. Lloyd Jones, to whose work we are indebted for this brief sketch of his life, says: "The children were to be taught the nature and uses of common things by familiar conversation, and the teachers were to utilise opportunities to impart such lessons when the children's curiosity caused them to ask questions in the playground or the schoolroom. There was also a large and pleasant play-room, used when the weather was unfavourable for out-door recreation. The schoolroom was well furnished with carefully painted transparencies of objects in natural history, framed so as to pass before the children on rollers. Large coloured maps of the best kind hung on the walls. On these maps, as Owen tells us, were delineated the usual national boundaries, but that there were no names of countries, cities, or towns, the position of these being indicated by smaller or larger circles. Around these maps the children, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, were grouped. A long wand was provided, by which the smallest child could reach to the highest point on the map. The lesson commenced by one of the children taking the wand, and, when asked to do so by another, pointing to any particular country, city, mountain, or lake. In this way, he says, children, when they arrived at six years of age, became such adepts in geographical knowledge, that one of our admirals, who had visited most parts of the world, declared that he could not answer many of the questions to which the New Lanark children readily replied in his presence. The degree of education and training attained by the children was matter of wonder and amazement to the visitors, who flocked to see the schools.

Excellent as all this was, however, it could be scarcely pleasing to religious bigots, and one of these, who was one of Owen's partners, was greatly concerned at what he regarded as Owen's unorthodox views with regard to religion, and never ceased in his efforts until he had succeeded in forcing Owen to leave New Lanark altogether.

From this time on Owen threw himself into active public work on behalf of the working classes, and especially the factory workers, whose position generally, he declares, was worse than that of the slaves he afterwards saw in the West Indies and the United States. In the early part of 1815 he called a meeting in Glasgow to "consider the policy of asking the Government to remit the heavy duty on raw cotton, and to consider measures for improving the condition of the children and other employed in connection with the various textile manufactures." The resolution asking for a remission of the tax was enthusiastically received by the meeting, but that asking for the relief of those employed did not even find a seconder. On this Owen declined to have anything further to do with the business of the meeting. The selfishness of the factory owners was too much for him. He sent a copy of the address he had read at the meeting to the Lord Provost of Glasgow, to the members of Parliament, and to the London and provincial newspapers. In that address

he says : " It is only since the introduction of the cotton trade that children, at an age before they had acquired strength or mental instruction, have been forced into cotton mills, those receptacles, in too many instances, of human skeletons, almost disrobed of intellect, where, as the business is often now conducted, they linger out a few years of miserable existence, acquiring every day a bad habit, which they disseminate through society. It is only since the introduction of this trade that children, and even grown people, were required to labour more than twelve hours in the day, not including the time allotted for meals. It is only since the introduction of this trade that the sole recreation of the labourer is to be found in the pothouse or ginshop. It is only since the introduction of this baneful trade that poverty, crime, and misery have made rapid and fearful strides throughout the community."

After publishing this address, he went to London to press forward a Bill "to prevent children from being employed in cotton or other mills of machinery until they are twelve years old"; to limit the hours of work in all such mills to twelve per day, including one and half hours for meals, and to prevent, after a certain date, the admission into a mill of any child who had not learned to read and write. The hours at that time, for children as well as adults, were fourteen per day. It took four years to get this Bill passed, and then only in a mutilated form, as the result of the most strenuous efforts on the part of Owen during the whole of that time. The measure was limited to cotton mills, and the hours were extended to twelve working hours for young persons of from nine to sixteen years of age. Owen says that this four years of Parliamentary struggle opened his eyes to the conduct of public men and to the vulgar self-interest, regardless of means to accomplish their object, of trading and mercantile men, even of high standing in the commercial world. In his fight on behalf of the factory children Owen derived no support from the working people. He never made any appeal to them, as he counted on getting the support of people of wealth and influence. In this he succeeded for a time, but later on, when his socialistic views became better known and he attempted to give practical effect to his schemes, they appear to have fallen away. Among the influential persons who at one time took a sympathetic interest in his work were the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, Bedford and Portland; Lord Brougham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many others.

After his experiences in factory legislation Owen visited South America and the West Indies with the idea of founding some colonies in that part of the world. But nothing much came of it. At the same time he had set on foot co-operative enterprises at home. These had every promise of success, but failed from lack of support. The two most important of these enterprises were the "Labour Exchange," by which he aimed at providing work for the unemployed on a co-operative basis; and the home colony at Queenwood, East Tytherley, in Hampshire. It is too much to suppose that either of these could have succeeded in accomplishing what their author intended, no matter how successful they might have been; but their immediate failure was assuredly due to a want of sufficient capital, and, starting under the circumstances they did, they were foredoomed to failure. ✓

Notwithstanding these failures, Robert Owen may be said to have been the father of the co-operative movement. Although he had a clear perception of the value of labour, and attempted to substitute co operative effort and association for competition, his Socialism was utopian, and he failed to recognise that certain conditions were essential to the end he had in view, and he appears to have had no conception of the part played by evolution in society. With all that, and notwithstanding the persecution of Christian bigots who failed to understand the broad and kindly liberality of the man they traduced, and the hostility of anti-Christian zealots who could not appreciate the advantage of the positive and constructive theories he held over the empty negations they were propounding, Robert Owen did a work whose results will endure while human society lasts, and his name will ever be remembered as one of the first, most devoted, and most single-hearted pioneers of the people's cause. Steadfast to the last, and undismayed by the failure of his efforts on behalf of the people, so different from the success of his business enterprises, Robert Owen died on November 17th, 1858, being in his eighty-eighth year. He lies in the old churchyard at Newtown, by a picturesque bend of the Severn, in the grave in which his parents are buried.

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ANARCHISM AND SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY.

THE article by Saverio Merlino in last month's SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT, as well as other writings of a similar character, suggesting the possibility of an all-inclusive Socialist party, embracing the most rigid Collectivist and the extremist Anarchist, seem to indicate the advisability of considering how far the differences between Social-Democracy and Anarchism are real or hypothetical. Merlino has practically given up the Anarchist position. He recognises that Anarchism, pure and simple, is incompatible with the existence of society. But he also claims that Social-Democracy, as he understands it, could not be the form of a true Socialist society. Here, however, Merlino appears, like so many others, to assume that the only difference between Social-Democrats and Anarchists is the difference of view as to how future society will be constituted. Now this, although it is undoubtedly the culminating point in which the difference manifests itself, although, as regarding the ultimate object in view, it may be said to be the basic difference between Social-Democracy and Anarchism, is scarcely the difference with which we have to deal now. It is not the essential difference to-day. Social-Democrats are all agreed as to the general object for which they are striving—the ownership of all the means of production by the community; that community to be organised on the most democratic basis possible. But, beyond this, Social-Democrats are not concerned with the political organisation of the new society; and it is possible that in the conception of what that organisation will be, there may be the widest divergence of view even among Social Democrats. The point of difference here between Social-Democrats and Anarchists is not one as to the mere form of organisation of the future society, or of the details of such organisation. It is not that Social-Democrats wish to impose on the future society a huge bureaucratic system, spreading its arms, octopus like, over all the arrangements of social life, crushing all individuality, and reducing every detail of existence to rule and plan. But they do stand for social ownership and social control, whereas the Anarchist, while still professing to be a Socialist and to believe in social ownership, denounces social control, although he never attempts to explain how individual sovereignty can be reconciled with social ownership.

No matter how wide a difference there may be, however, between the conception of future society of the Social-Democrat and that of the Anarchist, that is not the question here. The real point of difference here, the difference which places the Anarchist and the Social-Democrat at opposite poles, and makes it impossible for the former to be in any real sense of the word a Socialist, is that with the latter, society, and the good of society, are the paramount considerations; while with the former the individual is sovereign. To the Anarchist pure and simple society has, and can have, no

rights as against, or apart from, the individual. The Anarchist makes of individual liberty a fetish, and loses himself in the pursuit of the absolute. In any controversy between an Anarchist and a Social-Democrat the discussion will invariably be found to ultimately centre round that inconceivable and indefinable abstraction, "absolute individual liberty." The Anarchist will explain such liberty to be "the liberty of each individual to do just as he likes so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others." But the liberty which is bounded by restrictions imposed by the exercise of equal liberty by others is most certainly not "absolute" liberty. And how are the restrictions necessary to secure equal liberty for all to be imposed and enforced except by social arrangements which have all the force of laws? Under no conceivable set of circumstances would the interest of the individual and the interest of the community be always and absolutely identical. In the main, certainly so far as the economic conditions are concerned, it is not the coercion of society which we are in revolt against to-day, but its lack of coercion in permitting individuals, as landlords and capitalists, to prey upon the community. The very essence of Socialism, as the word connotes, is that society, the community at large, has interests superior to those of any individual and often antagonistic to the interests of every individual. Any individual may wish to steal a book from a public library, or a flower or plant from a public garden. By so doing he would enrich himself at the expense of the community. But if all the individual members of a community did either the one or the other, in the exercise of their equal individual liberty, they would utterly destroy the library or the garden, as the case may be, and in endeavouring to enrich themselves individually would despoil themselves collectively. Yet the fear that others might follow his evil example, and thus injure him as well as themselves may not in itself be sufficient to deter the stealer of a book, or plant, or flower. Therefore it is necessary for the community, as a whole, to protect itself from every one of its members, and thus it comes that society has rights and powers and duties superior to those of any individual. No individual, *qua* individual, has a right to prevent another individual from taking a book or plucking a flower, but society in its corporate capacity, or the appointed delegate of society, has such a right, in the interest of the whole of its members, including the individual whose designs may be thwarted by the intervention of the social authority.

All this is so elementary that it would be a waste of time to state it were it not that this is precisely the real point of difference between Social-Democrats and Anarchists, or Individualists of any type. To the latter society is a mere aggregation of self-regarding, self-contained, and self sufficient individuals. In their view, what is not right in the individual cannot be right in that aggregation of individuals called society, which, after all, they contend, is only the sum total of all the individuals it contains. But society is much more than this. Just as a bundle of sticks is stronger than the same number of sticks taken separately; just as a building is something more than a heap of bricks and timber and stone and mortar; just as a

painting is something more than mere colour and canvas, so every association of men has a corporate being greater than the sum total of its individual units, and possesses rights superior to the rights of any of its members, or to the aggregate of such individual rights. It is this elementary truth which the Anarchist ignores.

This is the vital basic difference between the Social-Democrat and the Anarchist. Yet it is not in its relation to future society that this difference is important. How far the antagonism between society and the individual will be eliminated or modified by changed conditions only the development of those conditions can decide. We are not called upon to make rules for future society; we can very well afford to let that society take care of itself in that respect, as, in any case, it will have to do, whatever we may say or decide. It is very interesting, no doubt, to speculate on the future arrangements of society, but it is out of our power, and would be impertinent, were it not impossible, to say that these arrangements shall be thus and so; and any discussion on this matter must necessarily be of an academic character. What is important, and what constitutes the essential difference between Social-Democrats and Anarchists in the present, is the opposite attitudes which their difference of view with regard to society and the individual leads them to adopt towards the practical pressing questions of to-day, towards those social problems of the present, in the proper solution of which lies the development of Socialism. With regard to every one of these the Anarchist is necessarily opposed to the Social-Democrat. In dealing with these problems the Social-Democrat is prepared to use any means that may be available and which promise any measure of success. He sees that here, to-day, political means are practically the only means available. But the Anarchist will have none of these. With regard to the hours of labour, dangerous trades, the employment of children, education, the unemployed, the Social-Democrat proposes to use all the legislative and administrative machinery which the classes in possession have found so efficacious. The Anarchists, on the other hand, in their fetish-worship of the individual, their hatred of collective control, and their misconception of society, necessarily and absolutely refuse to use any such means, but pin their faith to voluntary co-operation and strikes. The Social-Democrat points to the utter failure of voluntary co-operation to even touch the social problem, notwithstanding its magnificent success from the point of view of joint stock business; to the ghastly failure of strike after strike and the loss and suffering and ruin they involve; but the Anarchist, so long as he remains an Anarchist, can adopt no other means than those which long and bitter experience has shown to be obsolete.

The Anarchist principle, in its relation to the questions of to-day, represents the old ideas which are steadily being discarded, in spite of strong prejudices in their favour, by all organisations of working men. In spite of their natural Anarchistic prejudices all the great organised bodies of working men are steadily progressing in a Socialist direction, not because they wish to do so, but because circumstances are forcing them along that course. Every man is an egoist, and, generally speaking, every man who joins a trade

union does so, not for mutual protection, but for self-protection. Men associate for their own individual advantage, not, as a rule, for the general advantage. Thus there is, as we say, a *natural* prejudice against Socialism, and most men become Socialists in spite of themselves. This appears to be specially true of trade unionists. Year by year each succeeding Trade Union Congress becomes more Socialist in its views, and this, although for some years past every effort has been made to exclude the Socialist leaven. They are the principles of Social-Democracy, not the belated principles of Anarchism, which are making way in the trade unions. Yet, although an increasing number of trade unionists are becoming Socialists, and although the trade unions themselves are becoming more Social-Democratic in their views, it is doubtful if the latter, as a body, have less dislike to Social-Democrats, as Social-Democrats, than they ever had. After all, people do not, as a rule, greatly love those whom for a long time they have contemned, but whom they are forced, ultimately, to admit to have been in the right. For years Social-Democrats agitated for the legal restriction of the hours of labour to eight per day, against the opposition of the trade unions and their leaders. Slowly and steadily, having practically exhausted the possibilities of error, the trade unions have come round to the Social-Democratic view, and by yearly increasing majorities in their congress declare that we were right. But they, in all probability, detest us just as cordially now they are forced to that admission, as they did when they honestly opposed us—or it may be even more than they did then. Nor does this, as some of our friends seem to imagine, apply only to the Social-Democratic Federation. Whatever mistakes they may have made no two men have done more for the Eight Hours' movement in this country than Keir Hardie and Tom Mann, Hardie inside the Congress and Mann outside ; yet they are both ruled out of the Congress now, and no members of the S.D.F. could have been more bitterly opposed by leading trade unionists than were Hardie and Mann at East Bradford and Halifax respectively. This, however, by the way ; but it is interesting as illustrating the point that the trade unionists have been forced, in spite of themselves and not out of any love for any particular section or body of Socialists, in a Socialist direction.

Nothing, moreover, could more clearly illustrate the reactionary nature of Anarchism than this progress towards Social-Democracy of the trade union movement. Just as the trade unions are learning the utter hopelessness of strikes, just as they are shaking off the old *laissez faire* nonsense, and are showing a determination to exert their organised power along political lines, Anarchists like Kropotkin are holding the language of the old trade unionist of ten years ago, or of John Morley ; eulogising that ineffectual weapon, the strike, and declaring that Social-Democrats have in vain endeavoured to induce the organised workers to turn their attention to political action. We can see, on the contrary, that the very reverse of this is true, and, although at present the trade unions have not got much further than declaration in favour of our principles, we may be assured that they will ere long translate these declarations into deeds.

On the question of the education and protection of children, of housing, of sanitation, of want of employment, on all the pressing questions of the day, working class opinion is more and more tending in our direction. But what has Anarchism to say to these matters? That is the real question to be answered. Voluntaryism is played out; it has absolutely failed alike as regards the health and lives and education of the children, the housing of the people, and the conditions of employment. With regard to all these Social-Democrats have definite proposals, the effect of which would be, not only to mitigate existing evils, but to help on the social development. But what have the Anarchists to suggest? That is the real question at issue, and that is the essential difference between Social-Democracy and Anarchism. Speculations as to the future of society need not of necessity prevent any bodies of men working together for a common object, but when there is a complete divergence of view as to the immediate steps to be taken such co-operation is absolutely impossible, and thus it comes that there can be no place in a Socialist party for Anarchists only in so far as they abandon the distinctive and radical principles of Anarchism.

H. QUELCH.

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE AT THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE above is the title of a brief article contributed to the *National Review* by Evelyn Cecil, member of the London School Board. The sum and substance of the article is that the Board should take "the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed" as the basis of religious instruction under the "Compromise." The writer claims that these together form the basis of the common faith of all Christians. With such religious instruction, it is said, the co-operation of the Non-conformists should be secured. "Their help should be cordially accepted and welcomed should they be disposed to take part in what I sincerely believe would be a real service to the cause of religion. And an indication that the hope of their co-operation and support in this matter is not an idle fancy may be drawn from the fact that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes expressed his personal recommendation at the Grindelwald Conference in September, 1895, that the Apostles' Creed might be made the ground of a mutual understanding." Mr. Cecil further proposes that a "separate classroom should be granted under regulations, during school hours, for religious instruction to the children of parents of any persuasion who so desired it, by the clergyman or other religious teacher of that persuasion."

POPULAR TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE editor has been good enough to ask me to write a short account of that portion of technical education coming under the jurisdiction of the Education Department, and known as manual training.

Manual training, as taught in the elementary schools of the London School Board, consists of two kinds—woodwork and metal work. It is of the former I propose to give some account, as it has long passed the experimental stage, and taken its allotted place in the list of subjects taught in the schools. Metal work is still on its trial, so to speak, or at any rate very much in its infancy; moreover, it is very unlikely to be so generally adopted, so that at present it does not warrant our serious consideration.

The Public Elementary Education Act, amongst other things, provides that instruction in woodwork may be given, and that a Government grant may be earned under certain conditions, the most important of which are as follows:—That instruction must take place during the ordinary school hours; that the lesson be of not less than two hours duration; that the teacher be a qualified person, &c. The grant paid is, I believe, the same as for ordinary school work—so much per head per lesson, with an addition if the inspector's award be "Excellent," the only difference being that there is an annual *examination* in woodwork for each school, which is no longer the case in ordinary school subjects, *inspection* having been substituted.

The instruction consists of lessons in woodworking, the use and construction of the tools, and the simple mechanical law relating to them, lectures on timber, and lessons in geometrical and mechanical drawing.

To begin with the last of the above enumerated items. The drawing comprises simple plans, elevations, and sections, either full size or to a suitable scale; practically a working drawing is made, and the boys are taught to work from them, giving them thus a good example and method of putting their ideas on paper, and in a practical form. The woodwork is, of course, of a very elementary description and suited to the ability and strength of the scholars, consisting of well graduated exercises in grooving, trenching, sawing, planing and paring. These are taught, explained, and demonstrated, a prominent feature being that a large part of the work is done by means of "models," which, if well-made, are given to the boys. This additional inducement, I need scarcely say, has had the result of producing excellent work. The models are generally small objects of utility for the home—soap boxes, letter-racks, Oxford frames, brackets, &c. These, with the addition of the simpler form of woodwork joints—the lapped halving, angle bridle, mortice and tenon—make up a course of lessons at once instructive, useful, and interesting. "Models" and joints come in the later part of the work, and happy is the boy when he gets on "models," the more so when he completes his first to the satisfaction of the instructor, and receives it as he reward of his efforts. The construction and use of tools, and how to

sharpen and set them, when and how to use the grindstone, the proper method of holding tools, the saw and its angle of inclination, why nails hold when driven into wood, when to use screws in preference to nails, the properties and use of glue, and the different varieties of the same, are all subjects of simple object-lessons and demonstrations by which the pupils are accustomed to acquire knowledge for themselves. Timber is treated in a similar fashion, from the plant, through its various stages of growth to maturity, the proper time for felling, seasoning, and its conversion into boards for the finished product, and as to why and how shrinkage takes place.

The instruction thus made pleasant and interesting is very popular, and outside of its utility as an educational training in accuracy it affords a welcome change from the three R.'s, and must have the effect of making the future citizen abhor the shoddy products of every-day commercialism.

During last July some excellent specimens of boys' work was to be seen at the annual exhibition of work of the London School Board, which is held at the Hugh Myddleton Schools, Clerkenwell. Such work cannot fail to have a good effect on the moral character of the children. For further information and details I must refer the reader to the standard work on the subject.*

The present position of what I have termed, for the want of a better description, "popular technical education," is due mainly to the foreign competition scare of a few years ago, and though economics are outside the scope of this paper I shall be pardoned for mentioning the fact.

It is to the middle-class ratepayers, who want cheap technical skill, and the educationist, who saw in manual training a grand opportunity for education, both physical and mental, that the credit of its introduction to England is due. Continental nations, notably Germany, have for years had their schools devoted to technical instruction, where trades have been taught. The difference between these and our London Board schools is that here no attempt is made to teach trades—indeed, the children are much too young. The object is educational and for purposes of physical development. The Swedish "sloyd," the best known of the continental systems of manual instruction, may be said to be the parent of all those in vogue to-day, though it must be confessed that few of the progeny bear much resemblance to its parent, owing to the modification and adaptation to local needs. Sloyd means sleight, deftness, or, as we should say, handy. Sloyd, as taught in Sweden, was, and is, taught in some of the London woodwork centres, but it is rapidly giving way to its Anglicised form of manual training. The reasons are, mainly, that it is foreign, this of itself being sufficient to outweigh in the average mind any educational value it may have; that it is not suited to the needs of town life, which is quite true; that it is very poor training in a technical sense, especially as regards mechanical drawing. This latter is more true than anything else, and is sufficient to condemn it in the scientific mind. From my earlier remarks it will be seen that in the London

"Manual Training Woodwork." By S. Barter. (London: Whittaker and Co.)

schools a special point is made of this part of the subject—indeed, it is of the utmost importance.

The chief tool of the “sloyd” is the knife, which is not an implement well suited for the production of either good or accurate work, and if it were it may be taken for granted that a child at all skilful with a chisel will make a fair show with the knife.

In the earlier days of the essays in manual instruction of the London School Board, opposition from the skilled craftsmen was very much feared, but that has not yet made itself apparent, and now the instruction is spoken of, quite justly and logically, as the foundation of technical education.

In addition to the benefit to the individual scholar, the gain to the community will be great if, through the boys having seen something of woodworking, they are able to ascertain whether they have any aptitude for an occupation calling for mechanical skill; we shall have fewer square pegs in round holes, and not spoil good material for artists by making indifferent wood-spoilers. While no effort is being made to teach a trade or any trade, it is quite certain that such a widespread knowledge of woodcraft will tend towards the destruction of the aristocracy of the working class—the skilled mechanic.

There are now about one hundred “woodwork centres” in London, each capable of accommodating forty pupils at one time. All boys from the highest standard (VII.) to Standard V. receive one lesson per week, the “centre” being usually some school within easy access for all attending. Thus it will be seen that every boy who reaches Standard V. will have an opportunity of instruction.

Each workroom is well adapted for the purpose, light, airy, and commodious, well supplied with timber, tools, drawings, specimens, and diagrams, with two instructors, generally skilled workmen with scientific and technical knowledge, though a few trained elementary teachers are engaged at the work.

A great future might be prophesied for “Popular Technical Education,” but the time will not be just yet. Here, as in other places, the pinch of poverty is to be seen in many faces. Free maintenance is the only remedy for this.

A WOODWORK INSTRUCTOR.



MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

It is now time to prepare for the November elections, and as doubtless many S.D.F. branches, who have never contested municipal elections before, will do so this year, perhaps a few remarks on a few things useful will not come amiss.

I should like to appeal to branches to take this matter up in earnest because—

1. It is undoubtedly our policy to get out of the hands of private persons and companies all monopolies such as water, electric light, &c., and, although getting these things out of their hands does not get Socialism, still it is a move in the right direction, and we cannot expect to get a full-grown man before we have the child.

2. Fighting municipal elections is good propaganda work.

3. It presents great possibilities of success.

4. It is extremely cheap work; a constituency of 1,000 voters can be fought well on £4, and larger constituencies on a rather smaller sum per 1,000 voters.

5. All money spent goes directly towards propaganda work, and not to pay fees for officials, as in a parliamentary election.

In commencing a municipal fight great care should be taken in selecting a candidate, because, if elected, he will have great responsibility thrown on his shoulders, and often have it in his power to make or mar the branch.

Directly a branch decides to contest an election information should be sent to the local press, who almost invariably will insert it, giving the name of the candidate and the ward to be contested. Then announce it at *every* meeting the branch holds, and boom it every way you can. Elect a committee, consisting of not more than six and the candidate and secretary of the branch. The committee should go through the list of members, sort them out according to what they are most suitable for, and then tell them that the committee expects them to do such and such a thing. This works better than asking for volunteers. Get a register of voters. If you commence early, as you should do, you will have to put up with an old one; but that will be useful at first.

Now divide your district out as equally as possible among all your workers, letting two go together. Get out the election address and send it out in envelopes, one immediately after adopting a candidate, and one about two days before the election. Sending out the address early serves the purpose of announcing to every elector that you are in the field, because the press will be sure to throw out doubts as to whether you mean to go to the poll.

Now as to the address. As a guide to those who have not fought elections before, I will draw up roughly a model one. Several of the items

mentioned will not be required in some places, but branches can easily alter it to suit their own requirements. I shall number the items and give information and figures and facts as to these at the end. The first thing to consider is whether the address shall go from the committee or from the candidate. While I favour the former, the latter is usually done, so I will adopt that course :—

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1897.

TO THE ELECTORS OF ——— WARD.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Having been requested by my comrades of the Social-Democratic Federation to offer my services to you at the forthcoming election, I have much pleasure in doing so.

As a Social-Democrat, I take a great interest in all public matters, and would, if elected, endeavour to bring about a much needed improvement in the condition of our local affairs. To this end I am in favour of and should advocate :—

1. For all persons employed by the Council an eight hours' day, with one day's rest in seven, and sufficient annual holidays; payment of not less than trade union wages, with a minimum of 24s. per week; prohibition of overtime, except in unexpected emergencies; full liberty to combine.

2. Direct employment of labour by the Council wherever possible, but, when contracting is necessary, the employing only of firms that pay trade union wages and adopt trade union terms; the abolition of sub-contracting, with the insertion of a stringent clause in all contracts enforcing these conditions; the institution of municipal workshops for the manufacture of police and other uniforms.

3. The demolition of insanitary property, and the construction and maintenance of artisans' dwellings and lodging houses by the Corporation, the same to be let at the lowest possible rents.

4. The municipal ownership and control of public monopolies, such as the tramways, electric light, and gas supplies; telephones, water supply, and public houses; also the undertaking of the bread supply, maintenance of markets, hospitals, medical institutions, and chemical and drug stores.

5. The strict enforcement of all Public Health, Adulteration, Weights and Measures, Workshop, and Shop Hours Regulation Acts, &c., that come under the administration of the Council.

6. The reduction of all official salaries exceeding £300 per annum.

7. The abolition of Aldermen, and the formation of the Council exclusively by direct election. Evening meetings of the Council and committees.

If returned, I shall go to the Council not merely as your representative, but as your delegate, and shall be prepared to present an account of my work at the end of every three months.—Yours faithfully,

As facts and figures relating to the foregoing will be useful for canvassers and speakers, I will set them out briefly as far as I have information.

1. Eight hours' day. This needs no argument or figures and facts here, as it is a question upon which every Social-Democrat is well posted.—One day's rest in seven. This also does not call for any remark.—Trade union wages, minimum 24s. This amount may need revising in some towns, certainly ought not to be lower.—Prohibition of overtime. This question affects No. 1, and should be tacked on to it when speaking.—Liberty of combination. This is really a trade union question, as indeed, all the foregoing are, but should be pressed by all Social-Democrats.

2. Direct employment of labour by the council. There is hardly any corporation that has not more or less adopted this clause, but it has been in such a fragmentary fashion that statistics are hard to obtain. A great many towns now collect their refuse without the aid of contractors, others lay their own pipes, make up the roads, and lay the pavements, besides building artisans' dwellings, demolishing insanitary property, maintaining workshops, &c. A notable instance of works on a large scale is the Works Department of the London County Council, which, despite the desire of the Moderates to ruin it, and the fatuous conceit and folly of the Progressives, has not by any means been a failure. This Department carried out the large amount of over £27,000 worth of jobbing work in 1895, besides doing building work. Comrades would do well to ferret out instances in their own town and send them on to *Justice*, so that we could compile a useful list.—Institution of municipal workshops. This also has been done in piece-meal fashion in many towns, but it wants pushing. To start tailors' shops for the production of uniforms for police, sanitary inspectors, and other officials requires very little beyond the provision of a suitable room.

3. To obtain the demolition of insanitary dwellings, when coupled with the erection of artisans' dwellings, ought to be the special work of comrades, but care should always be taken that property once coming into the possession of the corporation should never slip out again. The tendency is to let out land cleared, on long leases. This should be opposed strongly.—The constructions of artisans' dwellings. Action on this matter takes place under the Housing of the Working Classes Act, and most towns are moving in the matter. London has spent £296,184 on erecting houses; Glasgow, £130,000; Birmingham, £18,000; Edinburgh, £76,675; Huddersfield, £28,945; and so on. The question as to whether they pay, while of no moment to Socialists, is of importance to most outsiders, so we ought to be prepared to meet it. I give a few instances:—Birmingham: Ryden Street. Rents, 5s. 6d.; profit, £73 7s. 11d. Lawrence Street. Rents, 5s. 6d.; profits, £293 18s. 8d. Liverpool: Victoria Square. Rents, three rooms, 5s. 6d. per week; two rooms, 4s. 3d.; top floors: three rooms, 5s.; two rooms, 3s. 6d. Profit, £2 11s. 6d. per cent. Juvenal Street. Rents from 2s. per week, with gas, up to 5s. 6d. for three rooms. Profits, £3 6s. 7d. per cent. Besides these places Croydon, Dublin, Greenock, Keighley, Leith, Manchester, Nottingham, Richmond, Salford, Swansea, West Ham, Wolverhampton, and others, either have already erected houses or are about to do so, and as the returns show that many towns have only just opened blocks of dwellings, I take it that it shows that there is now a general awakening over the matter. A good many places do not show a profit, but in most cases it can be traced to the short time that they have been opened.

4. Ownership and control of tramways. It is estimated that there are about a thousand miles of tramways in the country, one-third belonging to municipal bodies, the receipts of which showed a balance of £1,046 505 over the working expenses for the year ending June, 1896. Twenty-one tramways are run by electric traction. Amongst others, Glasgow, Sheffield,

Dover, and Hull have the power to work their tramways, and many more are applying for powers, which doubtless will be granted. Blackpool works its tramway, and for the year ending March, 1896, made profits to the amount of £593 5s. 2½d. Huddersfield in the same period made £1,377 profit. Glasgow carried over £16,259 to the general reserve fund, and paid £9,000 to the "common good." Leeds made £3,127 profit from February, 1894, to March, 1895; from March, 1895, to March, 1896, £4,665 2s. 4d. Twenty-two other towns own tramways, but lease them. In nearly all cases where tramways are owned and worked by the municipal authorities, the hours of the employees are less and wages higher than when in the hands of private companies.—Electric light: Aberdeen made £435 profit last year. They charge 6d. per Board of Trade unit for light, 4d. for power and heat. Blackburn: £281 1s. 1d. profit. Charges, lighting, 6d.; power, 4d. Bradford: profit last year, £1,705. Charges, lighting, 5d.; power, 3½d. Brighton: profit last year, £1,404. Charges, lighting, 7d. per unit first hour; 3d. per unit afterwards. Bristol: profit last year, £487. Charges, 6l. for light; 4d. for power. Burnley: profit last year, £344. Charges, light, 5d.; power, 3d. Dundee: profits last year, £1,126 15s. 1d. Charges, 5d. for all purposes. Edinburgh: profits last year, £1,064 18s. 4d. Charges light, 5d.; power, 3d. Glasgow: profits last year, £2,380. Charges, 6d. Huddersfield: profit last year, £434. Charges, lighting, 6d.; for cooking purposes, 2½d. Hull: profits last year, £1,970. Charges, lighting, 5½d.; power, 4d. Manchester: profits last year, £11,138. Charges, lighting, 6d. Oldham: profit last year, £847. Charges, 4d. In all cases charges mentioned are for Board of Trade unit. Several towns show a deficit, but this can be in all cases traced to the short time they have been at work. At the end of 1896 there were 112 works in operation, of which number sixty-four were under municipal management, while out of fifty five applications for new powers thirty-two are from corporations or other municipal bodies.—Gas supply: While personally I do not think it worth our while to agitate for the public possession of gasworks, because electricity is bound to supersede gas, still many may think otherwise, so I give a few facts regarding same. As many as 203 municipal authorities in the United Kingdom supply gas. There are 429 private companies. Accrington Corporation: profit last year, £12,334. Charges, 2s. 9d. and 3s. per 1,000 feet. Barrow-in-Furness: profit last year, £4,014. Charges, 2s. 9d. per 1,000 feet. Batley: profits last year, £3,676. Charges, 2s. 8d. per 1,000 feet. Birkenhead: profits last year, £11,137. Charges, from 2s. 8d. to 3s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Birmingham: profits last year, £25,000. Charges, 2s. 7d., 2s. 5d. and 2s. 3d., according to consumption. Blackpool: profits last year, £7,257. Charges, 2s. 4d. per 1,000 feet. Halifax: profits last year, £10,865. Charges, 2s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Leeds: profits last year, £26,493. Charges, 2s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Manchester: profits last year, £42,055. Charges, 2s. 6d. per 1,000 feet. Salford: profits last year, £9,000. Charges, 2s. 4d. per 1,000 feet. Stockport: profits last year, £12,014. Charges, 2s. 5d. per 1,000 feet. Walsall: profits last year,

£7,539. Charges, 2s. 6d. per 1,000 feet. And so on. While, of course, there is nothing in profit-making for Socialists to shout about, we have to bear in mind that if these concerns were not owned by the corporations these profits would go into the pockets of the capitalists instead of, as now, to relieve the rates, which otherwise would be always on the increase, because the amount spent yearly on sanitary and like work does and must increase.—Telephones : I have no information concerning these. Perhaps some other comrade can furnish some information.—Water supply : This is a very important matter, as there can be no question as to its being a public necessity, but in most towns it has already got into public hands. I cannot point out profits in regard to the supply of water, because many towns adopt the following course : They collect together all items of expenditure. Then they collect items of income, such as for use of water for factories, &c., then the balance they provide for by a rate according to amount required, at so much per £ rateable value. Aberdeen charges 7d. in the £ ; Andover, 1s. ; Brighton, 9d. ; Glasgow, 6d. ; Hastings, 8d. ; Liverpool, 7½d. ; Southampton, 10d. ; Worcester, 6d. ; Worthing, 10d. ; and so on.—Public houses : The advantages of public ownership of these are obvious. The public would have a direct control over drunkenness. They could see that pure drink was supplied, and could absorb the profits instead of private people doing so, as now ; but as some excellent tracts on this subject have been published, I will not deal fully with the question here. Aberdeen, I believe, petitioned to be allowed to deal with the question. Students of the question should look up details of the Gothenburg arrangements, which, with modifications, could be applied here.—Bread supply : I know of no place in England where the municipal authorities have a bakery, but it will be fresh in the minds of comrades that our comrades in Roubaix, France, got one established.—Markets : These are owned in most towns.—Slaughter-houses might also be included in address, where not already owned. The advantage is, of course, better supervision. Medical institutions and drug stores : Many comrades will doubtless think that it would be better to throw open more the workhouse infirmaries, but I think it would be best for municipal bodies, such as corporations, to take the matter up, and so be better able to destroy the pauper feeling that most people experience when they approach anything like the workhouse. It will be remembered that our comrades at Roubaix tried to start a drug store, but their "superior officer" interfered, which gave Jaures the opportunity of making the brilliant speech that he did on the matter.

5. There can be no doubt that there is springing up now a set of officials who would, if supported more by the Councils, put all these Acts into strict operation. Comrades should procure the different reports of these officials and see what they are doing, and then find out what requires to be done. A word direct to them will in most cases be sufficient to have action taken.

6. The reduction of officials' salaries. This is a knotty question, owing to the men required for the offices of town clerks, surveyors, accountants, medical officers of health, &c., being men who get big salaries outside, who also

have to pay heavily for the education necessary. I am inclined to think that £1,000 paid for a good surveyor is better spent than £300 on a duffer. However, there can be no doubt that many of these officials are greatly overpaid. Comrades should contrast the pay of these men with the pay of labourers and their like, who are quite as useful.

7. Abolition of Aldermen : Democrats are so few that few people understand this simple question. However, I think an awakening is at hand. Huddersfield has recently passed a resolution affirming this principle, and has sent round to other towns asking for their opinions. When the letter arrived at Southampton it was sent to a committee, who ultimately reported that they saw no reason to alter present arrangements. Comrade Exten moved an amendment to this, "that the Council approve of the abolition of aldermen unless elected by the direct vote of the people," and eventually got it carried by 19 to 14.

The election committee should keep their eyes open for date of nomination day, and procure nomination forms from the Clerk to the Board early, and get as many filled up as possible. Commence canvassing about three weeks before the election, and keep at it. Get out different kinds of literature, and give it to canvassers to deliver; it gives them a pretext to go often to the same houses. Some comrades object to canvassing—why, I could never find out. There is no occasion for you to sink your principles. Go to the door boldly, ask for Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So, as the case may be. When he or she comes to the door, say you have come on behalf of comrade ———, the Socialist candidate, to ask a vote for him. This generally is enough for a start. How the conversation goes on depends on the person interviewed. Sometimes it turns into a general discussion on Socialism—indeed, this should be the aim of canvassers. Above all, keep from personalities. Run as many meetings as you can, big or small. See that your nomination papers are lodged all right. Whether you win or lose, do not get "down in the dumps." Socialism does not depend on votes. Run a meeting on the Sunday after the election. If you win, you will get a good meeting; so you will if you do not. People generally admire pluck, and Socialists should always try and get the good opinion of people when it can be done without sacrificing principles. Whether the candidate wins or loses, he will have to present a return of details of his expenditure, after being sworn before a magistrate, so proper accounts should be kept.

C. W. WHITE.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A SYMPOSIUM of permanent value on the subject of municipal ownership of so-called "natural monopolies" (says the New York *Literary Digest*) recently appeared in the New York *Independent*. The contributors include Dr. Albert Shaw, Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin (of the Chicago University), Professor E. R. A. Seligman (of Columbia), Professor E. W. Bemis (of Chicago), the Hon. Lee Meriwether (Missouri Commissioner of Labour), James Paton (curator of the Glasgow art galleries), and William Epps (secretary of the Australian National League). Short testimonies from officials of a score of cities are also given. The *Independent* finds from the discussion that "municipal ownership is not a dangerous Socialistic attack on wealth, but a movement that is destined to grow correspondingly with the growth of cities and the value of city franchises." Although difficulties in the way of a change of this character at once suggest themselves, the *Independent* concludes that "municipal ownership, as compared with municipal control or individual ownership, is a question simply of the 'greatest good to the greatest number,' and as such becomes a matter of expediency in each particular case"—in a word, "the social advantages outweigh the economic disadvantages."

The success of Glasgow's municipal enterprises—waterworks, tramways, and lighting—is comparatively well known. The officials of cities in England, Germany, Switzerland, and various States of the Union, with scarcely an exception, report successful municipal control or ownership of water and lighting works and street railways. The interesting Australian experiments in State ownership of railways and irrigation works are said to be questionably successful from financial and political standpoints.

Commissioner Meriwether gives facts, proved in St. Louis, alone sufficient, he thinks, to call for a change from private ownership of street railways:—

"St. Louis street railways pay their stock and bondholders dividends upon 40,000,000 dols. ; to the public they pay taxes on only 4,246,190 dols.

"The rental upon their franchises, which are worth 29,571,640 dols., should be 1,478,582 dols. per year ; but the street railways are made to pay only 47,500 dols. a year, or scarcely one-thirtieth of what they should pay.

"The law levies a tax upon every mile of track ; but the street railway managers pay taxes on as few miles as they please, because the city's officials do not dare demand all of the taxes legally due ; the manager of one road paid taxes on only thirty-four miles of track, although his company owned and operated seventy-six miles. The managers of another road, so far from being made to pay any portion whatsoever of the 4,000 dols. taxes due the city each year, were powerful enough politically to place the president of their road upon the Board of Tax Equalisation ; and upon being placed there he promptly cut in two the already absurdly low assessments of every street railway in St. Louis.

"The law imposes a 25 dols. vehicle license on each and every street-car ; but the city collector of St. Louis, afraid of the political power of the railway companies, does not dare enforce the law. The utmost number of street-car licenses ever paid in any one year was 74, and in that same year the assessor found 1,480 cars in operation.

"No one even attempted to contradict these facts [made the issue of his campaign for mayor by Mr. Meriwether], which show at a glance how the political power of franchise-owning corporations is used to defraud the public of sums mounting up into the millions; yet not a newspaper in St. Louis, even of my own political faith, dared demand of faithless public officials an accounting for their illegal favouritism to a clique of powerful private corporations. The St. Louis papers had much to say as to the manner in which Chicago street railways used their political power to escape paying taxes; and the Chicago press, in order to win the favour of its readers opposed to franchise steals, dwelt upon the iniquity of the St. Louis street railways in overriding the law and paying only 47,500 dols. where more than thirty times that amount (1,478,582 dols.) was rightfully due. But the papers of both cities took care to see only the mote in their distant neighbour's eye, while remaining safely blind to the beam in the eye of the city around them. Franchise-owners can afford to smile complacently at the exposure of wrongs in distant places so long as any and every pretext is seized to discredit and defeat in their own city the candidate pledged to demand adequate yearly rentals for public franchises and to force street railways to pay their taxes. . . .

"So long as private ownership of public streets means the forming of such powerful and corrupting corporations that citizens are made to pay more taxes on a few yellow dogs than are paid by street railway corporations monopolising hundreds of miles of the people's streets, something more than the cry of 'Socialism!' is needed to quiet the suggestion that municipalisation of street railways might be a change for the better."

Professor Edward W. Bemis treats of municipal lighting, and gives figures concerning municipal gas-plants in twelve American cities. The greatest difficulties have been encountered in Philadelphia, owing to complications in politics and city administration. Professor Bemis's general conclusions are:

(1) That city ownership is so popular that offers to sell to private companies receive little attention. (2) This confidence is justified, for the price is usually lower than in cities of the same class where private ownership obtains, while the charges in most cases pay for the works, so that tax levies become unnecessary. (3) The undertaking is considered a practical question, not "Socialism." (4) A larger proportion of the population appear to patronise the gas works. (5) "Where there is public ownership of a lighting or water-plant it is easier to arouse the wealthy and powerful interests of society against the spoilsmen and the inefficient aldermen than it is under private ownership to arouse the same classes against the overcharges and the too often corrupt relations of these monopolies with regulating and legislative bodies, since in the latter case these same powerful social classes, as investors, are selfishly interested in perpetuating monopolistic rule."

Professor Seligman writes of the telegraph and telephone, and discovers, what seems to him, a definite law of evolution in all the media of transportation and communication:

"Everywhere at first they are in private hands, and used for purposes of extortion or of profit, like the highways in mediæval Europe, or the early bridges and canals. In the second stage they are 'affected with the public interest,' and are turned over to trustees, who are permitted to charge fixed tolls, but are required to keep the service up to a certain standard; this was the era of the canal and turnpike trusts or companies. In the third stage the Government takes over the service, but manages it for profits, as is still the case to-day in some countries with the post and the railway system. In

the fourth stage, the Government charges tolls or fees only to cover expenses, as, until recently, in the case of canals and bridges, and as is the theory of the postal system, and of the municipal water supply with us at the present time. In the fifth stage the Government reduces charges until finally there is no charges, and the expenses are defrayed by a general tax on the community. This is the stage now reached in the common roads and most of the canals and bridges, and which has been proposed by officials of several American cities for other services like the water supply. The rapidity with which the several stages are reached depends largely on the question of capital outlay and complexity of management. When this outlay is relatively small and the operation simple, as in the case of the highways, it is easy to reach the final state. Where the outlay is greater, as in the case of canals, of post, and of the water supply, the progress is slower. Where the outlay is still greater, as in the case of the telegraph, the telephone, and the gas supply, the progress is slower yet; and where the service calls for an immense expenditure, both of capital and of business ability, as in the case of the railway, the movement has only begun. In the case of the railway, it may confidently be affirmed that the arguments at present in the United States strongly point against Government management. But in the case of the telegraph and the telephone, the operations possess far more of a routine-like character, and the capital expenditure is so immeasurably less than in the case of the railway, that, as Jevons already pointed out years ago, each year's revenue and expense accounts represent with sufficient accuracy the real commercial conditions of the department. The democratic tendencies of the age have not only put the telegraph and telephone systems almost everywhere in the hands of Government, but they have put almost all countries into the fourth stage of the development, and have made many of them enter on the fifth. The United States and Canada still lag behind in the first, or primitive stage; but with the continual advance of democracy it may not be rash to predict that the arguments will continually become stronger for the assumption by Government first of the telegraph, and later of the telephone business."

Professor Laughlin takes the position that municipal ownership is essentially a question of expediency and local conditions:

"So far as I see, we must apply the test of obtaining greater moral, political, and economic gains for society as a whole than under private ownership, and a greater protection than now for the small dealer, the small property-owner, and the average plain citizen. The burden of proof certainly lies on him who advocates Government ownership to prove that all these results would ensue from the operation of a special measure. There can be no general rule for or against such propositions."

Dr. Albert Shaw, who is given first place in the symposium, argues for municipal ownership in this country [America], not from academic theories of government, but because public and municipal authority and prestige are weaker and lower here than anywhere else in the world:

"The practical situation in the United States is rapidly shifting the burden of proof. The relations existing notoriously between great corporations and our State legislatures and municipal governments, are forcing upon us the question, not whether in some directions the business functions of Government can be safely or wisely extended, but rather, the question how to avoid a very extensive increase of public functions as the only visible retreat from the intolerable state of demoralisation into which Government has fallen. The enormous sums of money contributed for purposes of political control by the corporations enjoying municipal supply privileges have given

us the boss system in its present form. And the boss system, which in fact knows no distinctions of political party, is fast destroying State and municipal government as the steadfast and loyal servitor, defender, and promotor of the public interest.

"With honest, independent, and truly representative government, such as our forefathers knew, and such as they hoped would be ours in perpetuity, it would seem to me a matter of comparatively little moment whether the public welfare were served by the municipal ownership and operation of gas-plants, or under fair terms, by a private company. On some accounts I should considerably prefer the latter alternative. But with weak and flabby government, lacking moral stamina, and lacking the intellectual force to make advantageous bargains with private corporations, I should be inclined to the opinion that direct ownership and operation, as offering less temptation, might well have better results for the community in some cases. At least it would tend to build up municipal government on the side of its dignity and prestige; so that, in the end, it might possess enough character, intelligence, and stability to be able to get a transit company or a lighting company on something like equal terms, and grant a franchise on terms which would not involve the betrayal of the rights of the community."



"GREAT BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY."

THE crisis in the cotton trade, as well as the universal and continued agricultural depression, appears to have revived the advocacy of bimetallism. The *National Review*, under the title of "Great Britain's Opportunity," publishes a series of five articles on the subject of bimetallism. Sir Edward Sassoon writes "An Appeal to the Government," in which he says: "We conclude with an earnest appeal to the British Government to make such concessions to the views being pressed upon it by the Government of the two great Republics as will ensure the success of an International Monetary Conference. Of unsuccessful conferences we have had enough, and no serious Englishman desires to see his country associated with another failure, and the legacy of bitterness it would entail. The work of such a conference would be subsequently submitted to the approval of the congress or parliaments whose assent was required, and the responsibility of accepting or rejecting its proposal would rest where it should rest—in modern communities. But the preliminaries, or bases of negotiation, should be drawn up prior to the holding of the conference, and the delegates thereto should not consist of 'wreckers,' but of men resolved to carry their labours to a successful issue. That our Government will decline to go thus far, seeing they have a direct mandate from the House of Commons, we should decline to believe until it had been officially announced; and even then we should find it hard to believe. Such refusal would be a crime, a blunder, and a breach of faith towards the British empire and the civilised world, of which it is an insult to suggest that the present Cabinet are capable." Mr. Charles Hoare writes on "Our Contributions," and, like most bimetallists, claims that the fall in prices is due to the appreciation of gold. This is the basic fallacy of the bimetallic theory. That the difference in exchange between silver using and gold using countries is a source of loss and injury to one and advantage to the other,

no one, we imagine, would deny, but to state that the general depression is due to the appreciation of gold is the most puerile explanation that was ever put forward. The truth is, of course, that it is the fall of prices due to over-production which causes the appreciation of gold. But were it not so, bimetallism would enhance prices, but would not therefore necessarily increase trade. It is not because prices are high that trade is good ; but prices are high because trade is good. Most people, too, will open their eyes at the assurance by Mr. Hoare that the two exceptions to the universal rule of agricultural depression are India and the Argentine Republic. Mr. Albert Simpson, in dealing with “Cotton v. Silver,” attributes the present depressed condition of the cotton trade to the demonetisation of silver. He says : “Under present conditions there is nothing to prevent the silver currency countries from taking from us every manufacturing industry into which labour largely enters. We have already practically lost our manufacture of coarse yarn and cloths for India, and that country is now making rapid strides in the manufacture of finer qualities. The new mills are also taking up the manufacture of what are known as fancies and mixed goods, and are not only selling them in their own markets, but are shipping them to China, where they are much liked. Samples of these goods may be seen in England, and it will not be long before our manufacturers of these articles find themselves in the same predicament as those who make plain goods. Machine-making will follow, and, as before stated, every one of our industries, the production of which are largely dependent upon labour.” Writing on the “Operatives’ View,” Mr. Mawdsley takes up the same parable. He states that since 1874, the year after silver was demonetised in Europe, “piece-work rates in the spinning department have suffered a reduction of 5 per cent., plus 7d. in the £1, or, in round figures, nearly 8 per cent. In the manufacturing department, the difference will probably show a reduction of 10 per cent. all round. It may, however, be observed that speeds have been considerably augmented in the interval, so that, taken all round, the probabilities are that the operatives will, in actual wages, earn pretty much the same as, or possibly a little more than, they did in the first named period.” Instancing other changes which have taken place in the period referred to, he says that in 1874 our total exports of cotton yarns and goods “amounted to 953,400,000 lbs., representing value £74,247,000. In 1884 the exports had increased to 1,163,000,000 lbs., whilst the value had fallen to £72,748,000. In 1894 a still further upward tendency was shown in the exports, the goods sent abroad amounting to 1,298,747,300 lbs., whilst the value is given as £69,519,334 only.” He shows, however, that in the meantime raw cotton has fallen from 8d. per lb. to 4d. He says, further : “Our producing capacity has increased compared with twenty years ago, but the number of workpeople employed is very little more than it was then, while in recent years it has actually been decreasing, especially in the spinning department. We have at the present time over 2,000 fewer pairs of mules than we had twenty years ago, which, with a corresponding reduction in the preparatory departments, represents fully from 12,000 to 13,000 fewer operatives employed. The article by H. R. Beeton is devoted to arguing the question, “Can France and the United States Maintain the Ratio of 15½ to 1 ?”



THE BREAKDOWN OF THE FORWARD FRONTIER POLICY IN INDIA.

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Breakdown of the Forward Policy" in India, Sir Lepel Griffin claims that to this forward policy are due the present troubles on the North-West frontier. He does not attach much importance to the suggestions of the proclamation of a *Jehad*, or religious war, nor to the idea of incitement from Constantinople. With regard to the latter, he says:—"That there exists an active Mohammedan propaganda is well known to those behind the scenes, and its results are evident in India, in Egypt, and even in England itself. The foolish and hysterical abuse of the Sultan, which has been part of the stock-in-trade of the Radical Party for some time past, has undoubtedly excited great and legitimate disgust and irritation among Indian Mohammedans, who regard him with respect as the ruler of Turkey and the chief representative of Islam. But it is a mistake to suppose that they regard him as their religious head. There is no Pope in Islam, and the *Khutbah*, or noonday address, in the mosques is, in Mohammedan countries, offered on behalf of the ruler by name; while in India the sovereign is mentioned anonymously as the *hakim-i-wagt*, or the ruler of the time, who is Her Majesty the Queen. If the fashion of introducing into the *Khutbah* the name of the Sultan is growing in India, it is an illegitimate innovation due to the propaganda above mentioned, which is undoubtedly strengthened by the Radical onslaught on the ruler who, next to the Empress of India, rules over the largest Mohammedan population. But beyond our border, among the independent tribes, I do not believe that the influences from Constantinople, which to some extent affect Indian Mohammedans, have any practical force. I have never seen any evidence of this on the frontier, and the late Akhud of Swat, a fine old gentleman, who gave us much trouble in his time, and also did us many a good turn, had twenty times more influence with the tribes than any Sultan at Constantinople."

The most noteworthy event in this rising the writer holds to be the conduct of the Afridi tribe. He says: "The Afridis are savages, but it does not follow that they are fools; and they see clearly that the policy of driving military roads through independent territory, even though this may lie beyond their immediate borders, must result in isolating them and seriously threatening their independence. Further, they have doubtless heard of a scheme to construct a railway from Michni to Lalpura, along the Northern banks of the Kabul river, which would do away with the Khyber as a trade route, and abolish the subsidies now paid to the tribes for its protection."

Sir Lepel declares in favour of the whole policy of the "Punjab Government, and that the forward policy which is now in favour is not a cheap one. It is, on the contrary, extremely costly; so costly, indeed, that unless it be speedily reversed, it will lead India to bankruptcy. And the question, like all the large questions concerning India, is mainly financial. To lighten taxation, to develop the industrial resources of the country, to render the people prosperous and content, to relieve them from the dread and danger of famine, to feed and clothe them better, to give them cheap and speedy justice—these are the aims which an enlightened Administration must endeavour to obtain. No spirited frontier policy which is pursued by the sacrifice of these beneficent objects can be called successful, and the Government and the English people will have to decide which of the two they will chose. They certainly cannot have both."

A CASE OF INTIMIDATION.

"No, as I have told you before, Joe, I don't want you to come to meet me any more."

"Why not, Lizzie?"

"Why, because I don't; there you are," replied the young woman, tossing her head defiantly, as she turned on her heel and walked away from her companion down a side street that turned out of the main thoroughfare along which they had passed.

Joe Scotter stood still, staring after her for a few minutes; then, with rapid strides, he followed, and soon overtook her.

"Here, what's all this, Lizzie?" he asked. "What do you mean by saying you don't want me to come and meet you any more?"

"Did I ever want you to come and meet me, Joe Scotter? I suppose you'll be wanting to make out that I ran after you, next."

"I don't say you ran after me, but you didn't tell me not to come until just lately."

"Well, I have told you, and I tell you again now, and that's an end of it."

"But you don't tell me why. I fancy I know, though; it's that fellow Camp."

"It's nothing to do with you who it is. I haven't got to ask your permission, at all events, thank goodness. After all, Bill Camp is every bit as good as you, anyway."

"Oh, yes, he's a nice beauty is Bill Camp. A lazy loafer, that's what I call *him*, coming out on strike and egging on a lot of other fellows to do the same. He's a nice fellow to be sticking up to, he is."

"Who's sticking up to him? At any rate, he's got the pluck to stick up for his rights; he's not a mean skulker to go blacklegging, as I hear you have been doing."

"Oh, that's one of his tales, is it? Because I have had the sense to stick to my work instead of being led by the nose by the likes of him—he's got pluck, has he? and his rights! What are his rights, I'd like to know? It'll be a poor look-out for any girl as takes on with him. Why, he won't be able to keep a roof over her head half his time. That's what his pluck'll mean."

"Well, good night, Joe, I don't want to stop here talking about what Bill can or cannot do. I dare say he'll be quite able to take his own part."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Joe, as he turned moodily away. "I think I can give him a tying-up. We'll see."

Scotter and Camp were fellow workmen at Branston's ironworks and when the strike broke out there, Camp, who had always taken a leading part in voicing the grievances of the men, necessarily came out with the others, and was active in organising the strike committee. Scott, however, elected to remain at work. Not that he was any more contented than the other men; indeed, he had been one of the chief grumblers, and, not being a member of the union to which the majority of the men belonged, he had never lost an opportunity of girding at them for not declaring a strike.

"What's the good of your union," he would ask, "if you can't strike? I am just as well off as you fellows who pay into the union, and I keep my

money in my pocket. If your union was any good, you'd precious soon have a strike against what goes on here."

Now, however, that a strike had taken place, Joe sang to another tune, and decided to work in order to curry favour with the employers.

On nearing the works on the morning after our first introduction to him, Scotter saw Bill Camp speaking to the pickets who were standing near the gateway. Stepping suddenly from the roadway on to the sidewalk where the pickets were standing, Scotter pushed against Camp with so much violence as almost to throw him to the ground.

"Who are you shoving about?" he demanded, angrily turning upon his assailant.

"You, you lazy, loafing agitator," retorted Scotter, "why don't you get out of the way of people who want to work for their living, not hang about sponging on the poor fools who is mugs enough to listen to you, as you do."

"Shut up, and go and do your dirty work, you dirty blackleg," the other replied. "I would punch you on the nose for two pins."

"Did you hear that, constable?" cried Scotter to a policeman, who, noticing some altercation going on, had approached the group, "this fellow is threatening me."

"Well, you shouldn't get pushing up against people. We've got as much right to stand here as anybody else," said Camp.

"Look here, you fellows must get further back from the gate," said the policeman, "or you will be getting into trouble. You must get further back, or go away altogether."

"But this man Camp threatened me," complained Scotter; "he called me a dirty blackleg, and said he would punch me on the nose."

"Yes, and so I would, too," shouted the other, defiantly.

"There, you hear what he says. I charge him with threatening and intimidation, and I ask you to take him in charge."

"Why don't you go about your work?" replied the policeman, "you are only likely to cause a bother. If anybody assaults you I'll take 'em down pretty quick, but nobody's assaulted you yet. If that man has threatened you, the best thing you can do is to summons him."

Inside the works Scotter complained to the foreman that he had been threatened by the pickets outside. One of the principals soon got to hear of it, and Scotter was sent for to the office. Without, of course, saying a word about being the aggressor, Scotter repeated the language and threats Camp had used towards him.

"Oh, Camp, was it!" said Mr. Branston, "I knew he was one of the ring-leaders. However, we will soon put a stop to this."

With that he put on his hat, and, bidding Scotter accompany him, he went to the police-court, where he lodged information against one William Camp—that he had been guilty of threats and intimidation—and procured a warrant for his arrest.

The same evening Camp was arrested, soon after reaching home from the strike committee. That night he spent in the police cell, and was brought before the magistrate the next morning.

The proceedings at the police court were very brief, and resulted in the magistrate, after having delivered a homily on the evil of strikes in general, and this one in particular, committing Camp for trial, admitting him to bail in two sureties of £50 each.

When Camp appeared to take his trial, the strike was at its height, and the court was crowded with workmen and their friends. The counsel for the prosecution, having stated the facts of the case, urged the serious nature of

the charge against the defendant, and was quite sure that when the jury had heard his witnesses they would have no doubt of the guilt of the defendant or of their duty.

"Men like the defendant," he went on, "are the pests of society. Too lazy to work themselves, they undertake the rôle of agitator, to create strife and to grow fat themselves on the poor silly dupes who listen to their counsel. This man, gentlemen, is an agitator, he has induced the men who were formerly employed by Messrs. Branston to leave their work. No one, indeed, will deny the right of these men to leave their work if they were so foolish and misguided as to do so; nor is it forbidden to them to endeavour to induce other men to abstain from taking the work they have left. But, gentlemen of the jury, the law, which is the great and only safeguard of personal liberty, provides that no kind of intimidation may be used to compel a man to do or to abstain from doing anything which he has a legal right to do or to abstain from doing. Whether greater latitude is not already allowed to malcontents and disturbers of the peace like the defendant in the privilege they possess of being permitted to picket a place where a strike is taking place, I will not now stay to inquire. Certain it is that in the exercise of that privilege many abuses may creep in, and even the presence of discontented strikers outside the gates of a factory is in itself a species of intimidation. In any case picketting is a practice which requires to be very carefully watched, and wherever any actual intimidation, either by threats, or watching, following, or besetting takes place, it should receive exemplary punishment. There have already been cases before the court in which men have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for intimidation in connection with this strike. But the man before the court now is the head and front of the offending. These other poor fellows who have been punished were only his dupes. Shall they suffer, and this man go free? I think not, gentlemen, and I think the court will agree with me. I shall call the man Scotter, who was threatened by the defendant. He will tell you, gentlemen, from his own lips the vile, brutal, and violent language used towards him. He will tell you that the defendant called him a blackleg, gentlemen. I do not know what is meant by a blackleg, but by the detestation in which the term is held by these people there is no doubt that it has a most vile and sinister meaning. The defendant, he will tell you, further threatened to "punch him on the nose"—on the nose, gentlemen! Surely no threats could be more objectionable, and I am quite sure that you will agree with me that such conduct calls for condign punishment, and that the law will not suffer at your hands."

The evidence of the witnesses was very simple, as there was no doubt that Camp had said the words complained of.

Camp, who was undefended by counsel, was asked if he had any defence to offer. He said that his defence was that the prosecutor was the aggressor. The latter had violently assaulted him, and had wilfully provoked the words he used. It was quite true he was an agitator, but every man who tried to influence his fellow men was an agitator. He had not attempted to intimidate anyone, nor had he provoked the strike. The language he used to Scotter was provoked by the assault the latter made upon him. He called two witnesses to prove this assault, but they could not deny that he used the language charged against him.

The judge very briefly summed up. He, too, even more strongly than the prosecuting counsel had done, fulminated against trade unions and strikes, and the pernicious influence of paid agitators.

The jury found the defendant guilty of intimidation and using threatening language, and the judge sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

union does so, not for mutual protection, but for self-protection. Men associate for their own individual advantage, not, as a rule, for the general advantage. Thus there is, as we say, a *natural* prejudice against Socialism, and most men become Socialists in spite of themselves. This appears to be specially true of trade unionists. Year by year each succeeding Trade Union Congress becomes more Socialist in its views, and this, although for some years past every effort has been made to exclude the Socialist leaven. They are the principles of Social-Democracy, not the belated principles of Anarchism, which are making way in the trade unions. Yet, although an increasing number of trade unionists are becoming Socialists, and although the trade unions themselves are becoming more Social-Democratic in their views, it is doubtful if the latter, as a body, have less dislike to Social-Democrats, as Social-Democrats, than they ever had. After all, people do not, as a rule, greatly love those whom for a long time they have contemned, but whom they are forced, ultimately, to admit to have been in the right. For years Social-Democrats agitated for the legal restriction of the hours of labour to eight per day, against the opposition of the trade unions and their leaders. Slowly and steadily, having practically exhausted the possibilities of error, the trade unions have come round to the Social-Democratic view, and by yearly increasing majorities in their congress declare that we were right. But they, in all probability, detest us just as cordially now they are forced to that admission, as they did when they honestly opposed us—or it may be even more than they did then. Nor does this, as some of our friends seem to imagine, apply only to the Social-Democratic Federation. Whatever mistakes they may have made no two men have done more for the Eight Hours' movement in this country than Keir Hardie and Tom Mann, Hardie inside the Congress and Mann outside ; yet they are both ruled out of the Congress now, and no members of the S.D.F. could have been more bitterly opposed by leading trade unionists than were Hardie and Mann at East Bradford and Halifax respectively. This, however, by the way ; but it is interesting as illustrating the point that the trade unionists have been forced, in spite of themselves and not out of any love for any particular section or body of Socialists, in a Socialist direction.

Nothing, moreover, could more clearly illustrate the reactionary nature of Anarchism than this progress towards Social-Democracy of the trade union movement. Just as the trade unions are learning the utter hopelessness of strikes, just as they are shaking off the old *laissez faire* nonsense, and are showing a determination to exert their organised power along political lines, Anarchists like Kropotkin are holding the language of the old trade unionist of ten years ago, or of John Morley ; eulogising that ineffectual weapon, the strike, and declaring that Social-Democrats have in vain endeavoured to induce the organised workers to turn their attention to political action. We can see, on the contrary, that the very reverse of this is true, and, although at present the trade unions have not got much further than declaration in favour of our principles, we may be assured that they will ere long translate these declarations into deeds.

On the question of the education and protection of children, of housing, of sanitation, of want of employment, on all the pressing questions of the day, working class opinion is more and more tending in our direction. But what has Anarchism to say to these matters? That is the real question to be answered. Voluntaryism is played out; it has absolutely failed alike as regards the health and lives and education of the children, the housing of the people, and the conditions of employment. With regard to all these Social-Democrats have definite proposals, the effect of which would be, not only to mitigate existing evils, but to help on the social development. But what have the Anarchists to suggest? That is the real question at issue, and that is the essential difference between Social-Democracy and Anarchism. Speculations as to the future of society need not of necessity prevent any bodies of men working together for a common object, but when there is a complete divergence of view as to the immediate steps to be taken such co-operation is absolutely impossible, and thus it comes that there can be no place in a Socialist party for Anarchists only in so far as they abandon the distinctive and radical principles of Anarchism.

H. QUELCH.

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE AT THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

THE above is the title of a brief article contributed to the *National Review* by Evelyn Cecil, member of the London School Board. The sum and substance of the article is that the Board should take "the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed" as the basis of religious instruction under the "Compromise." The writer claims that these together form the basis of the common faith of all Christians. With such religious instruction, it is said, the co operation of the Non-conformists should be secured. "Their help should be cordially accepted and welcomed should they be disposed to take part in what I sincerely believe would be a real service to the cause of religion. And an indication that the hope of their co-operation and support in this matter is not an idle fancy may be drawn from the fact that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes expressed his personal recommendation at the Grindelwald Conference in September, 1895, that the Apostles' Creed might be made the ground of a mutual understanding." Mr. Cecil further proposes that a "separate classroom should be granted under regulations, during school hours, for religious instruction to the children of parents of any persuasion who so desired it, by the clergyman or other religious teacher of that persuasion."

POPULAR TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

THE editor has been good enough to ask me to write a short account of that portion of technical education coming under the jurisdiction of the Education Department, and known as manual training.

Manual training, as taught in the elementary schools of the London School Board, consists of two kinds—woodwork and metal work. It is of the former I propose to give some account, as it has long passed the experimental stage, and taken its allotted place in the list of subjects taught in the schools. Metal work is still on its trial, so to speak, or at any rate very much in its infancy; moreover, it is very unlikely to be so generally adopted, so that at present it does not warrant our serious consideration.

The Public Elementary Education Act, amongst other things, provides that instruction in woodwork may be given, and that a Government grant may be earned under certain conditions, the most important of which are as follows:—That instruction must take place during the ordinary school hours; that the lesson be of not less than two hours duration; that the teacher be a qualified person, &c. The grant paid is, I believe, the same as for ordinary school work—so much per head per lesson, with an addition if the inspector's award be "Excellent," the only difference being that there is an annual *examination* in woodwork for each school, which is no longer the case in ordinary school subjects, *inspection* having been substituted.

The instruction consists of lessons in woodworking, the use and construction of the tools, and the simple mechanical law relating to them, lectures on timber, and lessons in geometrical and mechanical drawing.

To begin with the last of the above enumerated items. The drawing comprises simple plans, elevations, and sections, either full size or to a suitable scale; practically a working drawing is made, and the boys are taught to work from them, giving them thus a good example and method of putting their ideas on paper, and in a practical form. The woodwork is, of course, of a very elementary description and suited to the ability and strength of the scholars, consisting of well graduated exercises in grooving, trenching, sawing, planing and paring. These are taught, explained, and demonstrated, a prominent feature being that a large part of the work is done by means of "models," which, if well-made, are given to the boys. This additional inducement, I need scarcely say, has had the result of producing excellent work. The models are generally small objects of utility for the home—soap boxes, letter-racks, Oxford frames, brackets, &c. These, with the addition of the simpler form of woodwork joints—the lapped halving, angle bridle, mortice and tenon—make up a course of lessons at once instructive, useful, and interesting. "Models" and joints come in the later part of the work, and happy is the boy when he gets on "models," the more so when he completes his first to the satisfaction of the instructor, and receives it as he reward of his efforts. The construction and use of tools, and how to

sharpen and set them, when and how to use the grindstone, the proper method of holding tools, the saw and its angle of inclination, why nails hold when driven into wood, when to use screws in preference to nails, the properties and use of glue, and the different varieties of the same, are all subjects of simple object-lessons and demonstrations by which the pupils are accustomed to acquire knowledge for themselves. Timber is treated in a similar fashion, from the plant, through its various stages of growth to maturity, the proper time for felling, seasoning, and its conversion into boards for the finished product, and as to why and how shrinkage takes place.

The instruction thus made pleasant and interesting is very popular, and outside of its utility as an educational training in accuracy it affords a welcome change from the three R.'s, and must have the effect of making the future citizen abhor the shoddy products of every-day commercialism.

During last July some excellent specimens of boys' work was to be seen at the annual exhibition of work of the London School Board, which is held at the Hugh Myddleton Schools, Clerkenwell. Such work cannot fail to have a good effect on the moral character of the children. For further information and details I must refer the reader to the standard work on the subject.*

The present position of what I have termed, for the want of a better description, "popular technical education," is due mainly to the foreign competition scare of a few years ago, and though economics are outside the scope of this paper I shall be pardoned for mentioning the fact.

It is to the middle-class ratepayers, who want cheap technical skill, and the educationist, who saw in manual training a grand opportunity for education, both physical and mental, that the credit of its introduction to England is due. Continental nations, notably Germany, have for years had their schools devoted to technical instruction, where trades have been taught. The difference between these and our London Board schools is that here no attempt is made to teach trades—indeed, the children are much too young. The object is educational and for purposes of physical development. The Swedish "sloyd," the best known of the continental systems of manual instruction, may be said to be the parent of all those in vogue to-day, though it must be confessed that few of the progeny bear much resemblance to its parent, owing to the modification and adaptation to local needs. Sloyd means sleight, deftness, or, as we should say, handy. Sloyd, as taught in Sweden, was, and is, taught in some of the London woodwork centres, but it is rapidly giving way to its Anglicised form of manual training. The reasons are, mainly, that it is foreign, this of itself being sufficient to outweigh in the average mind any educational value it may have; that it is not suited to the needs of town life, which is quite true; that it is very poor training in a technical sense, especially as regards mechanical drawing. This latter is more true than anything else, and is sufficient to condemn it in the scientific mind. From my earlier remarks it will be seen that in the London

* "Manual Training Woodwork." By S. Barter. (London: Whittaker and Co.)

schools a special point is made of this part of the subject—indeed, it is of the utmost importance.

The chief tool of the “sloyd” is the knife, which is not an implement well suited for the production of either good or accurate work, and if it were it may be taken for granted that a child at all skilful with a chisel will make a fair show with the knife.

In the earlier days of the essays in manual instruction of the London School Board, opposition from the skilled craftsmen was very much feared, but that has not yet made itself apparent, and now the instruction is spoken of, quite justly and logically, as the foundation of technical education.

In addition to the benefit to the individual scholar, the gain to the community will be great if, through the boys having seen something of woodworking, they are able to ascertain whether they have any aptitude for an occupation calling for mechanical skill; we shall have fewer square pegs in round holes, and not spoil good material for artists by making indifferent wood-spoilers. While no effort is being made to teach a trade or any trade, it is quite certain that such a widespread knowledge of woodcraft will tend towards the destruction of the aristocracy of the working class—the skilled mechanic.

There are now about one hundred “woodwork centres” in London, each capable of accommodating forty pupils at one time. All boys from the highest standard (VII.) to Standard V. receive one lesson per week, the “centre” being usually some school within easy access for all attending. Thus it will be seen that every boy who reaches Standard V. will have an opportunity of instruction.

Each workroom is well adapted for the purpose, light, airy, and commodious, well supplied with timber, tools, drawings, specimens, and diagrams, with two instructors, generally skilled workmen with scientific and technical knowledge, though a few trained elementary teachers are engaged at the work.

A great future might be prophesied for “Popular Technical Education,” but the time will not be just yet. Here, as in other places, the pinch of poverty is to be seen in many faces. Free maintenance is the only remedy for this.

A WOODWORK INSTRUCTOR.



MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

It is now time to prepare for the November elections, and as doubtless many S.D.F. branches, who have never contested municipal elections before, will do so this year, perhaps a few remarks on a few things useful will not come amiss.

I should like to appeal to branches to take this matter up in earnest because—

1. It is undoubtedly our policy to get out of the hands of private persons and companies all monopolies such as water, electric light, &c., and, although getting these things out of their hands does not get Socialism, still it is a move in the right direction, and we cannot expect to get a full-grown man before we have the child.

2. Fighting municipal elections is good propaganda work.

3. It presents great possibilities of success.

4. It is extremely cheap work; a constituency of 1,000 voters can be fought well on £4, and larger constituencies on a rather smaller sum per 1,000 voters.

5. All money spent goes directly towards propaganda work, and not to pay fees for officials, as in a parliamentary election.

In commencing a municipal fight great care should be taken in selecting a candidate, because, if elected, he will have great responsibility thrown on his shoulders, and often have it in his power to make or mar the branch.

Directly a branch decides to contest an election information should be sent to the local press, who almost invariably will insert it, giving the name of the candidate and the ward to be contested. Then announce it at *every* meeting the branch holds, and boom it every way you can. Elect a committee, consisting of not more than six and the candidate and secretary of the branch. The committee should go through the list of members, sort them out according to what they are most suitable for, and then tell them that the committee expects them to do such and such a thing. This works better than asking for volunteers. Get a register of voters. If you commence early, as you should do, you will have to put up with an old one; but that will be useful at first.

Now divide your district out as equally as possible among all your workers, letting two go together. Get out the election address and send it out in envelopes, one immediately after adopting a candidate, and one about two days before the election. Sending out the address early serves the purpose of announcing to every elector that you are in the field, because the press will be sure to throw out doubts as to whether you mean to go to the poll.

Now as to the address. As a guide to those who have not fought elections before, I will draw up roughly a model one. Several of the items

Dover, and Hull have the power to work their tramways, and many more are applying for powers, which doubtless will be granted. Blackpool works its tramway, and for the year ending March, 1896, made profits to the amount of £593 5s. 2½d. Huddersfield in the same period made £1,377 profit. Glasgow carried over £16,259 to the general reserve fund, and paid £9,000 to the "common good." Leeds made £3,127 profit from February, 1894, to March, 1895; from March, 1895, to March, 1896, £4,665 2s. 4d. Twenty-two other towns own tramways, but lease them. In nearly all cases where tramways are owned and worked by the municipal authorities, the hours of the employees are less and wages higher than when in the hands of private companies.—Electric light: Aberdeen made £435 profit last year. They charge 6d. per Board of Trade unit for light, 4d. for power and heat. Blackburn: £281 1s. 1d. profit. Charges, lighting, 6d.; power, 4d. Bradford: profit last year, £1,705. Charges, lighting, 5d.; power, 3½d. Brighton: profit last year, £1,404. Charges, lighting, 7d. per unit first hour; 3d. per unit afterwards. Bristol: profit last year, £487. Charges, 6l. for light; 4d. for power. Burnley: profit last year, £344. Charges, light, 5d.; power, 3d. Dundee: profits last year, £1,126 15s. 1d. Charges, 5d. for all purposes. Edinburgh: profits last year, £1,064 18s. 4d. Charges light, 5d.; power, 3d. Glasgow: profits last year, £2,380. Charges, 6d. Huddersfield: profit last year, £434. Charges, lighting, 6d.; for cooking purposes, 2½d. Hull: profits last year, £1,970. Charges, lighting, 5½d.; power, 4d. Manchester: profits last year, £11,138. Charges, lighting, 6d. Oldham: profit last year, £847. Charges, 4d. In all cases charges mentioned are for Board of Trade unit. Several towns show a deficit, but this can be in all cases traced to the short time they have been at work. At the end of 1896 there were 112 works in operation, of which number sixty-four were under municipal management, while out of fifty-five applications for new powers thirty-two are from corporations or other municipal bodies.—Gas supply: While personally I do not think it worth our while to agitate for the public possession of gasworks, because electricity is bound to supersede gas, still many may think otherwise, so I give a few facts regarding same. As many as 203 municipal authorities in the United Kingdom supply gas. There are 429 private companies. Accrington Corporation: profit last year, £12,334. Charges, 2s. 9d. and 3s. per 1,000 feet. Barrow-in-Furness: profit last year, £4,014. Charges, 2s. 9d. per 1,000 feet. Batley: profits last year, £3,676. Charges, 2s. 8d. per 1,000 feet. Birkenhead: profits last year, £11,137. Charges, from 2s. 8d. to 3s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Birmingham: profits last year, £25,000. Charges, 2s. 7d., 2s. 5d. and 2s. 3d., according to consumption. Blackpool: profits last year, £7,257. Charges, 2s. 4d. per 1,000 feet. Halifax: profits last year, £10,865. Charges, 2s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Leeds: profits last year, £26,493. Charges, 2s. 2d. per 1,000 feet. Manchester: profits last year, £42,055. Charges, 2s. 6d. per 1,000 feet. Salford: profits last year, £9,000. Charges, 2s. 4d. per 1,000 feet. Stockport: profits last year, £12,014. Charges, 2s. 5d. per 1,000 feet. Walsall: profits last year,

£7,539. Charges, 2s. 6d. per 1,000 feet. And so on. While, of course, there is nothing in profit-making for Socialists to shout about, we have to bear in mind that if these concerns were not owned by the corporations these profits would go into the pockets of the capitalists instead of, as now, to relieve the rates, which otherwise would be always on the increase, because the amount spent yearly on sanitary and like work does and must increase.—Telephones: I have no information concerning these. Perhaps some other comrade can furnish some information.—Water supply: This is a very important matter, as there can be no question as to its being a public necessity, but in most towns it has already got into public hands. I cannot point out profits in regard to the supply of water, because many towns adopt the following course: They collect together all items of expenditure. Then they collect items of income, such as for use of water for factories, &c., then the balance they provide for by a rate according to amount required, at so much per £ rateable value. Aberdeen charges 7d. in the £; Andover, 1s.; Brighton, 9d.; Glasgow, 6d.; Hastings, 8d.; Liverpool, 7½d.; Southampton, 10d.; Worcester, 6d.; Worthing, 10d.; and so on.—Public houses: The advantages of public ownership of these are obvious. The public would have a direct control over drunkenness. They could see that pure drink was supplied, and could absorb the profits instead of private people doing so, as now; but as some excellent tracts on this subject have been published, I will not deal fully with the question here. Aberdeen, I believe, petitioned to be allowed to deal with the question. Students of the question should look up details of the Gothenburg arrangements, which, with modifications, could be applied here.—Bread supply: I know of no place in England where the municipal authorities have a bakery, but it will be fresh in the minds of comrades that our comrades in Roubaix, France, got one established.—Markets: These are owned in most towns.—Slaughter-houses might also be included in address, where not already owned. The advantage is, of course, better supervision. Medical institutions and drug stores: Many comrades will doubtless think that it would be better to throw open more the workhouse infirmaries, but I think it would be best for municipal bodies, such as corporations, to take the matter up, and so be better able to destroy the pauper feeling that most people experience when they approach anything like the workhouse. It will be remembered that our comrades at Roubaix tried to start a drug store, but their "superior officer" interfered, which gave Jaures the opportunity of making the brilliant speech that he did on the matter.

5. There can be no doubt that there is springing up now a set of officials who would, if supported more by the Councils, put all these Acts into strict operation. Comrades should procure the different reports of these officials and see what they are doing, and then find out what requires to be done. A word direct to them will in most cases be sufficient to have action taken.

6. The reduction of officials' salaries. This is a knotty question, owing to the men required for the offices of town clerks, surveyors, accountants, medical officers of health, &c., being men who get big salaries outside, who also

have to pay heavily for the education necessary. I am inclined to think that £1,000 paid for a good surveyor is better spent than £300 on a duffer. However, there can be no doubt that many of these officials are greatly overpaid. Comrades should contrast the pay of these men with the pay of labourers and their like, who are quite as useful.

7. Abolition of Aldermen : Democrats are so few that few people understand this simple question. However, I think an awakening is at hand. Huddersfield has recently passed a resolution affirming this principle, and has sent round to other towns asking for their opinions. When the letter arrived at Southampton it was sent to a committee, who ultimately reported that they saw no reason to alter present arrangements. Comrade Exten moved an amendment to this, "that the Council approve of the abolition of aldermen unless elected by the direct vote of the people," and eventually got it carried by 19 to 14.

The election committee should keep their eyes open for date of nomination day, and procure nomination forms from the Clerk to the Board early, and get as many filled up as possible. Commence canvassing about three weeks before the election, and keep at it. Get out different kinds of literature, and give it to canvassers to deliver; it gives them a pretext to go often to the same houses. Some comrades object to canvassing—why, I could never find out. There is no occasion for you to sink your principles. Go to the door boldly, ask for Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So, as the case may be. When he or she comes to the door, say you have come on behalf of comrade ———, the Socialist candidate, to ask a vote for him. This generally is enough for a start. How the conversation goes on depends on the person interviewed. Sometimes it turns into a general discussion on Socialism—indeed, this should be the aim of canvassers. Above all, keep from personalities. Run as many meetings as you can, big or small. See that your nomination papers are lodged all right. Whether you win or lose, do not get "down in the dumps." Socialism does not depend on votes. Run a meeting on the Sunday after the election. If you win, you will get a good meeting; so you will if you do not. People generally admire pluck, and Socialists should always try and get the good opinion of people when it can be done without sacrificing principles. Whether the candidate wins or loses, he will have to present a return of details of his expenditure, after being sworn before a magistrate, so proper accounts should be kept.

C. W. WHITE.



MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A SYMPOSIUM of permanent value on the subject of municipal ownership of so-called "natural monopolies" (says the *New York Literary Digest*) recently appeared in the *New York Independent*. The contributors include Dr. Albert Shaw, Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin (of the Chicago University), Professor E. R. A. Seligman (of Columbia), Professor E. W. Bemis (of Chicago), the Hon. Lee Meriwether (Missouri Commissioner of Labour), James Paton (curator of the Glasgow art galleries), and William Epps (secretary of the Australian National League). Short testimonies from officials of a score of cities are also given. The *Independent* finds from the discussion that "municipal ownership is not a dangerous Socialistic attack on wealth, but a movement that is destined to grow correspondingly with the growth of cities and the value of city franchises." Although difficulties in the way of a change of this character at once suggest themselves, the *Independent* concludes that "municipal ownership, as compared with municipal control or individual ownership, is a question simply of the 'greatest good to the greatest number,' and as such becomes a matter of expediency in each particular case"—in a word, "the social advantages outweigh the economic disadvantages."

The success of Glasgow's municipal enterprises—waterworks, tramways, and lighting—is comparatively well known. The officials of cities in England, Germany, Switzerland, and various States of the Union, with scarcely an exception, report successful municipal control or ownership of water and lighting works and street railways. The interesting Australian experiments in State ownership of railways and irrigation works are said to be questionably successful from financial and political standpoints.

Commissioner Meriwether gives facts, proved in St. Louis, alone sufficient, he thinks, to call for a change from private ownership of street railways:—

"St. Louis street railways pay their stock and bondholders dividends upon 40,000,000 dols.; to the public they pay taxes on only 4,246,190 dols.

"The rental upon their franchises, which are worth 29,571,640 dols., should be 1,478,582 dols. per year; but the street railways are made to pay only 47,500 dols. a year, or scarcely one-thirtieth of what they should pay.

"The law levies a tax upon every mile of track; but the street railway managers pay taxes on as few miles as they please, because the city's officials do not dare demand all of the taxes legally due; the manager of one road paid taxes on only thirty-four miles of track, although his company owned and operated seventy-six miles. The managers of another road, so far from being made to pay any portion whatsoever of the 4,000 dols. taxes due the city each year, were powerful enough politically to place the president of their road upon the Board of Tax Equalisation; and upon being placed there he promptly cut in two the already absurdly low assessments of every street railway in St. Louis.

"The law imposes a 25 dols. vehicle license on each and every street-car; but the city collector of St. Louis, afraid of the political power of the railway companies, does not dare enforce the law. The utmost number of street-car licenses ever paid in any one year was 74, and in that same year the assessor found 1,480 cars in operation.

"No one even attempted to contradict these facts [made the issue of his campaign for mayor by Mr. Meriwether], which show at a glance how the political power of franchise-owning corporations is used to defraud the public of sums mounting up into the millions; yet not a newspaper in St. Louis, even of my own political faith, dared demand of faithless public officials an accounting for their illegal favouritism to a clique of powerful private corporations. The St. Louis papers had much to say as to the manner in which Chicago street railways used their political power to escape paying taxes; and the Chicago press, in order to win the favour of its readers opposed to franchise steals, dwelt upon the iniquity of the St. Louis street railways in overriding the law and paying only 47,500 dols. where more than thirty times that amount (1,478,582 dols.) was rightfully due. But the papers of both cities took care to see only the mote in their distant neighbour's eye, while remaining safely blind to the beam in the eye of the city around them. Franchise-owners can afford to smile complacently at the exposure of wrongs in distant places so long as any and every pretext is seized to discredit and defeat in their own city the candidate pledged to demand adequate yearly rentals for public franchises and to force street railways to pay their taxes. . . .

"So long as private ownership of public streets means the forming of such powerful and corrupting corporations that citizens are made to pay more taxes on a few yellow dogs than are paid by street railway corporations monopolising hundreds of miles of the people's streets, something more than the cry of 'Socialism!' is needed to quiet the suggestion that municipalisation of street railways might be a change for the better."

Professor Edward W. Bemis treats of municipal lighting, and gives figures concerning municipal gas-plants in twelve American cities. The greatest difficulties have been encountered in Philadelphia, owing to complications in politics and city administration. Professor Bemis's general conclusions are:

(1) That city ownership is so popular that offers to sell to private companies receive little attention. (2) This confidence is justified, for the price is usually lower than in cities of the same class where private ownership obtains, while the charges in most cases pay for the works, so that tax levies become unnecessary. (3) The undertaking is considered a practical question, not "Socialism." (4) A larger proportion of the population appear to patronise the gas works. (5) "Where there is public ownership of a lighting or water-plant it is easier to arouse the wealthy and powerful interests of society against the spoilsmen and the inefficient aldermen than it is under private ownership to arouse the same classes against the overcharges and the too often corrupt relations of these monopolies with regulating and legislative bodies, since in the latter case these same powerful social classes, as investors, are selfishly interested in perpetuating monopolistic rule."

Professor Seligman writes of the telegraph and telephone, and discovers, what seems to him, a definite law of evolution in all the media of transportation and communication:

"Everywhere at first they are in private hands, and used for purposes of extortion or of profit, like the highways in mediæval Europe, or the early bridges and canals. In the second stage they are 'affected with the public interest,' and are turned over to trustees, who are permitted to charge fixed tolls, but are required to keep the service up to a certain standard; this was the era of the canal and turnpike trusts or companies. In the third stage the Government takes over the service, but manages it for profits, as is still the case to-day in some countries with the post and the railway system. In

the fourth stage, the Government charges tolls or fees only to cover expenses, as, until recently, in the case of canals and bridges, and as is the theory of the postal system, and of the municipal water supply with us at the present time. In the fifth stage the Government reduces charges until finally there is no charges, and the expenses are defrayed by a general tax on the community. This is the stage now reached in the common roads and most of the canals and bridges, and which has been proposed by officials of several American cities for other services like the water supply. The rapidity with which the several stages are reached depends largely on the question of capital outlay and complexity of management. When this outlay is relatively small and the operation simple, as in the case of the highways, it is easy to reach the final state. Where the outlay is greater, as in the case of canals, of post, and of the water supply, the progress is slower. Where the outlay is still greater, as in the case of the telegraph, the telephone, and the gas supply, the progress is slower yet; and where the service calls for an immense expenditure, both of capital and of business ability, as in the case of the railway, the movement has only begun. In the case of the railway, it may confidently be affirmed that the arguments at present in the United States strongly point against Government management. But in the case of the telegraph and the telephone, the operations possess far more of a routine-like character, and the capital expenditure is so immeasurably less than in the case of the railway, that, as Jevons already pointed out years ago, each year's revenue and expense accounts represent with sufficient accuracy the real commercial conditions of the department. The democratic tendencies of the age have not only put the telegraph and telephone systems almost everywhere in the hands of Government, but they have put almost all countries into the fourth stage of the development, and have made many of them enter on the fifth. The United States and Canada still lag behind in the first, or primitive stage; but with the continual advance of democracy it may not be rash to predict that the arguments will continually become stronger for the assumption by Government first of the telegraph, and later of the telephone business."

Professor Laughlin takes the position that municipal ownership is essentially a question of expediency and local conditions:

"So far as I see, we must apply the test of obtaining greater moral, political, and economic gains for society as a whole than under private ownership, and a greater protection than now for the small dealer, the small property-owner, and the average plain citizen. The burden of proof certainly lies on him who advocates Government ownership to prove that all these results would ensue from the operation of a special measure. There can be no general rule for or against such propositions."

Dr. Albert Shaw, who is given first place in the symposium, argues for municipal ownership in this country [America], not from academic theories of government, but because public and municipal authority and prestige are weaker and lower here than anywhere else in the world:

"The practical situation in the United States is rapidly shifting the burden of proof. The relations existing notoriously between great corporations and our State legislatures and municipal governments, are forcing upon us the question, not whether in some directions the business functions of Government can be safely or wisely extended, but rather, the question how to avoid a very extensive increase of public functions as the only visible retreat from the intolerable state of demoralisation into which Government has fallen. The enormous sums of money contributed for purposes of political control by the corporations enjoying municipal supply privileges have given

us the boss system in its present form. And the boss system, which in fact knows no distinctions of political party, is fast destroying State and municipal government as the steadfast and loyal servitor, defender, and promotor of the public interest.

"With honest, independent, and truly representative government, such as our forefathers knew, and such as they hoped would be ours in perpetuity, it would seem to me a matter of comparatively little moment whether the public welfare were served by the municipal ownership and operation of gas-plants, or under fair terms, by a private company. On some accounts I should considerably prefer the latter alternative. But with weak and flabby government, lacking moral stamina, and lacking the intellectual force to make advantageous bargains with private corporations, I should be inclined to the opinion that direct ownership and operation, as offering less temptation, might well have better results for the community in some cases. At least it would tend to build up municipal government on the side of its dignity and prestige; so that, in the end, it might possess enough character, intelligence, and stability to be able to get a transit company or a lighting company on something like equal terms, and grant a franchise on terms which would not involve the betrayal of the rights of the community."



"GREAT BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY."

THE crisis in the cotton trade, as well as the universal and continued agricultural depression, appears to have revived the advocacy of bimetallism. The *National Review*, under the title of "Great Britain's Opportunity," publishes a series of five articles on the subject of bimetallism. Sir Edward Sassoon writes "An Appeal to the Government," in which he says: "We conclude with an earnest appeal to the British Government to make such concessions to the views being pressed upon it by the Government of the two great Republics as will ensure the success of an International Monetary Conference. Of unsuccessful conferences we have had enough, and no serious Englishman desires to see his country associated with another failure, and the legacy of bitterness it would entail. The work of such a conference would be subsequently submitted to the approval of the congress or parliaments whose assent was required, and the responsibility of accepting or rejecting its proposal would rest where it should rest—in modern communities. But the preliminaries, or bases of negotiation, should be drawn up prior to the holding of the conference, and the delegates thereto should not consist of 'wreckers,' but of men resolved to carry their labours to a successful issue. That our Government will decline to go thus far, seeing they have a direct mandate from the House of Commons, we should decline to believe until it had been officially announced; and even then we should find it hard to believe. Such refusal would be a crime, a blunder, and a breach of faith towards the British empire and the civilised world, of which it is an insult to suggest that the present Cabinet are capable." Mr. Charles Hoare writes on "Our Contributions," and, like most bimetallists, claims that the fall in prices is due to the appreciation of gold. This is the basic fallacy of the bimetallic theory. That the difference in exchange between silver using and gold using countries is a source of loss and injury to one and advantage to the other,

no one, we imagine, would deny, but to state that the general depression is due to the appreciation of gold is the most puerile explanation that was ever put forward. The truth is, of course, that it is the fall of prices due to over-production which causes the appreciation of gold. But were it not so, bimetallism would enhance prices, but would not therefore necessarily increase trade. It is not because prices are high that trade is good; but prices are high because trade is good. Most people, too, will open their eyes at the assurance by Mr. Hoare that the two exceptions to the universal rule of agricultural depression are India and the Argentine Republic. Mr. Albert Simpson, in dealing with "Cotton v. Silver," attributes the present depressed condition of the cotton trade to the demonetisation of silver. He says: "Under present conditions there is nothing to prevent the silver currency countries from taking from us every manufacturing industry into which labour largely enters. We have already practically lost our manufacture of coarse yarn and cloths for India, and that country is now making rapid strides in the manufacture of finer qualities. The new mills are also taking up the manufacture of what are known as fancies and mixed goods, and are not only selling them in their own markets, but are shipping them to China, where they are much liked. Samples of these goods may be seen in England, and it will not be long before our manufacturers of these articles find themselves in the same predicament as those who make plain goods. Machine-making will follow, and, as before stated, every one of our industries, the production of which are largely dependent upon labour." Writing on the "Operatives' View," Mr. Mawdsley takes up the same parable. He states that since 1874, the year after silver was demonetised in Europe, "piece-work rates in the spinning department have suffered a reduction of 5 per cent., plus 7d. in the £1, or, in round figures, nearly 8 per cent. In the manufacturing department, the difference will probably show a reduction of 10 per cent. all round. It may, however, be observed that speeds have been considerably augmented in the interval, so that, taken all round, the probabilities are that the operatives will, in actual wages, earn pretty much the same as, or possibly a little more than, they did in the first named period." Instancing other changes which have taken place in the period referred to, he says that in 1874 our total exports of cotton yarns and goods "amounted to 953,400,000 lbs., representing value £74,247,000. In 1884 the exports had increased to 1,163,000,000 lbs., whilst the value had fallen to £72,748,000. In 1894 a still further upward tendency was shown in the exports, the goods sent abroad amounting to 1,298,747,300 lbs., whilst the value is given as £69,519,334 only." He shows, however, that in the meantime raw cotton has fallen from 8d. per lb. to 4d. He says, further: "Our producing capacity has increased compared with twenty years ago, but the number of workpeople employed is very little more than it was then, while in recent years it has actually been decreasing, especially in the spinning department. We have at the present time over 2,000 fewer pairs of mules than we had twenty years ago, which, with a corresponding reduction in the preparatory departments, represents fully from 12,000 to 13,000 fewer operatives employed. The article by H. R. Beeton is devoted to arguing the question, 'Can France and the United States Maintain the Ratio of 15½ to 1?'"



THE BREAKDOWN OF THE FORWARD FRONTIER POLICY IN INDIA.

Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the "Breakdown of the Forward Policy" in India, Sir Lepel Griffin claims that to this forward policy are due the present troubles on the North-West frontier. He does not attach much importance to the suggestions of the proclamation of a *Jehad*, or religious war, nor to the idea of incitement from Constantinople. With regard to the latter, he says:—"That there exists an active Mohammedan propaganda is well known to those behind the scenes, and its results are evident in India, in Egypt, and even in England itself. The foolish and hysterical abuse of the Sultan, which has been part of the stock-in-trade of the Radical Party for some time past, has undoubtedly excited great and legitimate disgust and irritation among Indian Mohammedans, who regard him with respect as the ruler of Turkey and the chief representative of Islam. But it is a mistake to suppose that they regard him as their religious head. There is no Pope in Islam, and the *Khutbah*, or noonday address, in the mosques is, in Mohammedan countries, offered on behalf of the ruler by name; while in India the sovereign is mentioned anonymously as the *hakim-i-wagt*, or the ruler of the time, who is Her Majesty the Queen. If the fashion of introducing into the *Khutbah* the name of the Sultan is growing in India, it is an illegitimate innovation due to the propaganda above mentioned, which is undoubtedly strengthened by the Radical onslaught on the ruler who, next to the Empress of India, rules over the largest Mohammedan population. But beyond our border, among the independent tribes, I do not believe that the influences from Constantinople, which to some extent affect Indian Mohammedans, have any practical force. I have never seen any evidence of this on the frontier, and the late Akhud of Swat, a fine old gentleman, who gave us much trouble in his time, and also did us many a good turn, had twenty times more influence with the tribes than any Sultan at Constantinople."

The most noteworthy event in this rising the writer holds to be the conduct of the Afridi tribe. He says: "The Afridis are savages, but it does not follow that they are fools; and they see clearly that the policy of driving military roads through independent territory, even though this may lie beyond their immediate borders, must result in isolating them and seriously threatening their independence. Further, they have doubtless heard of a scheme to construct a railway from Michni to Lalpura, along the Northern banks of the Kabul river, which would do away with the Khyber as a trade route, and abolish the subsidies now paid to the tribes for its protection."

Sir Lepel declares in favour of the whole policy of the "Punjab Government, and that the forward policy which is now in favour is not a cheap one. It is, on the contrary, extremely costly; so costly, indeed, that unless it be speedily reversed, it will lead India to bankruptcy. And the question, like all the large questions concerning India, is mainly financial. To lighten taxation, to develop the industrial resources of the country, to render the people prosperous and content, to relieve them from the dread and danger of famine, to feed and clothe them better, to give them cheap and speedy justice—these are the aims which an enlightened Administration must endeavour to obtain. No spirited frontier policy which is pursued by the sacrifice of these beneficent objects can be called successful, and the Government and the English people will have to decide which of the two they will chose. They certainly cannot have both."

A CASE OF INTIMIDATION.

"No, as I have told you before, Joe, I don't want you to come to meet me any more."

"Why not, Lizzie?"

"Why, because I don't; there you are," replied the young woman, tossing her head defiantly, as she turned on her heel and walked away from her companion down a side street that turned out of the main thoroughfare along which they had passed.

Joe Scotter stood still, staring after her for a few minutes; then, with rapid strides, he followed, and soon overtook her.

"Here, what's all this, Lizzie?" he asked. "What do you mean by saying you don't want me to come and meet you any more?"

"Did I ever want you to come and meet me, Joe Scotter? I suppose you'll be wanting to make out that I ran after you, next."

"I don't say you ran after me, but you didn't tell me not to come until just lately."

"Well, I have told you, and I tell you again now, and that's an end of it."

"But you don't tell me why. I fancy I know, though; it's that fellow Camp."

"It's nothing to do with you who it is. I haven't got to ask your permission, at all events, thank goodness. After all, Bill Camp is every bit as good as you, anyway."

"Oh, yes, he's a nice beauty is Bill Camp. A lazy loafer, that's what I call *him*, coming out on strike and egging on a lot of other fellows to do the same. He's a nice fellow to be sticking up to, he is."

"Who's sticking up to him? At any rate, he's got the pluck to stick up for his rights; he's not a mean skulker to go blacklegging, as I hear you have been doing."

"Oh, that's one of his tales, is it? Because I have had the sense to stick to my work instead of being led by the nose by the likes of him—he's got pluck, has he? and his rights! What are his rights, I'd like to know? It'll be a poor look-out for any girl as takes on with him. Why, he won't be able to keep a roof over her head half his time. That's what his pluck'll mean."

"Well, good night, Joe, I don't want to stop here talking about what Bill can or cannot do. I dare say he'll be quite able to take his own part."

"I'm not so sure of that," muttered Joe, as he turned moodily away.

"I think I can give him a tying-up. We'll see."

Scotter and Camp were fellow workmen at Branston's ironworks and when the strike broke out there, Camp, who had always taken a leading part in voicing the grievances of the men, necessarily came out with the others, and was active in organising the strike committee. Scott, however, elected to remain at work. Not that he was any more contented than the other men; indeed, he had been one of the chief grumblers, and, not being a member of the union to which the majority of the men belonged, he had never lost an opportunity of girding at them for not declaring a strike.

"What's the good of your union," he would ask, "if you can't strike? I am just as well off as you fellows who pay into the union, and I keep my

Six months is a long time to spend in the dreary monotony of a gaol; but in a gaol, as elsewhere, slow though its progress may seem, time passes. It was early summer when Bill Camp was sent to his six months' seclusion. It was a dull, cheerless day in December when he once more stood outside the prison walls. His first feeling was one of pleasure at being free once more; this was succeeded by a feeling of disappointment to find that no one was there to meet him. There were other prisoners whose time had expired with his; nearly everyone of them was met by one or more friends: here it was a wife awaiting her husband, there a sister, there a daughter, springing forward at the first glimpse of the long lost loved one, to welcome him back to the life of the outer world. Camp cast a hasty glance around. No, there was no familiar face to be seen among the waiting groups. He hurried away in the direction of his home. Arrived at the familiar old cottage, he knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman whom he had known as a neighbour. He asked for his mother.

"Who?" the woman queried.

"My mother, Mrs. Camp."

"Mrs. Camp? But you aint Bill Camp, as was put away just before last midsummer, are you? Ah, your poor mother did take on about it so; she never held up her head no more, and she died three months ago in the workhouse infirmary."

Bill felt as if struck with a blow, and caught hold of the door-post for support. He had never dreamt of anything like this. He had thought often of his mother, but she was frugal and thrifty. They had been alone together for some years, and he knew that she had sufficient, though she might be pinched somewhat, to keep her from actual want while he was away. That she might die in the meantime had never occurred to him. Life in prison was so monotonous that he never thought of the changes which take place in the busy world in six months.

The woman seemed impatient to close the door; she did not ask him in, so, with an effort, Camp recovered himself and turned away.

He had not walked far before he met one of the men who had been engaged in the strike with him. The man scarcely seemed to recognise him, and would have passed without speaking if Camp had not stopped him.

"Why, Jack," he said, "you don't give a fellow much of a cheer up after six month's absence."

"There's nothing to cheer up about. Everything went wrong after that blasted bother o' yourn. Branstons filled the places of every man jack of us, and most of the old hands have had to go further afield."

"And what about that bloomin' swine, Scotter?"

"Scotter! It's *Mr.* Scotter now, if you please. He played the black-leg to some purpose, he did, the crawler. He's got a foreman's job now. House to live in, firing and all the rest of it, my boy. Some of 'em do well out of other folk's misfortunes. He's got married, too, and all; about six weeks ago."

"Married?"

"Ay, married that girl of old Bob Slater's; Lizzie, I think they used to call her."

"Lizzie Slater?"

"Ay, that's her. Some people did say that there was something between you and her, but of course, that trial——"

But Bill Camp had turned away, and was retracing his steps along the road he had traversed with so much eager hope and anticipation on his release from gaol.

TO THE TAME-SPIRITED.

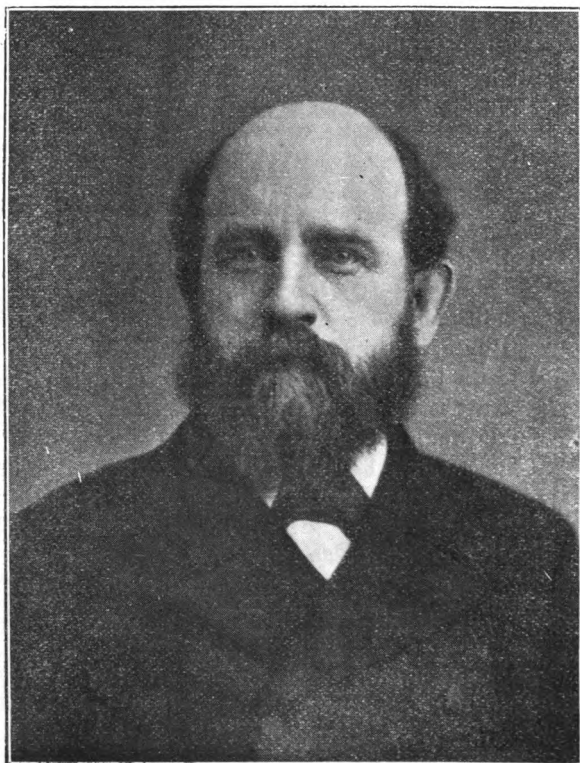
(Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Georg Herwegh.)

Ye who in winds that softly steal,
Your Master's footsteps trace ;
To whom old ocean's smiles reveal
The splendour of his face ;
Ye have the boon your hearts desire, .
Then give ye thanks, and let me go :
When wildest winds in storm respire,
Or, Moses-like, in flaming fire
Would I the Lord God know.

Let whosoe'er loves warmth and sun,
Lie down before his door ;
Loud thunder I prefer for one,
White lightning, wild uproar.
I feel it thrill me through and through,
The passion of the angry sky :
I fain would hurl a spear or two,
I fain would whet a sword, and do
A deed before I die.

I long no more on flowery banks
To dream away my life,
But in the foremost fighters' ranks,
To thunder through the strife ;
No more to wander 'neath the moon,
No more to sit at ease and write ;
Nay, rather in war's hottest noon
I fain would hear the trumpet's tune —
O give the word for fight !

O let your lyre's soft music be,
And only strike the drum ;
The singer surely should be free.
The slave should still be dumb.
Let Freedom's watchword far and near
From warrior on to warrior go ;
And thou that dost that watchword hear,
Draw, draw thy sword, and drive thy spear,
And lay thy foeman low.



HENRY GEORGE.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1897.

HENRY GEORGE.

PROBABLY no man, not a Socialist, ever did more for the Socialist movement in England than Henry George. His book, "Progress and Poverty," published in England in 1881, came just at the opportune moment. The Land League agitation in Ireland, then at its height, had forcibly directed public attention to the land question and the evils of landlordism. The policy of repression adopted by the Liberal Government towards the Irish roused a strong feeling of indignation in England among those earnest Radicals who had been most active in helping the Liberal Government into office, and an active anti-coercion agitation was set on foot in London. Just at that time, too, and to some extent as a result of the anti-coercion agitation, the S.D.F., then the Democratic Federation, was formed. The newly-formed Federation and other democratic bodies worked actively together with the Irish Land League in its struggle with its twin enemy, Irish landlordism and the English Government. Coming at such a time, George's book awakened a vast amount of interest. Many were charmed with the style and tone of the book, and the evident devotion and sincerity of the writer, even while clearly recognising the errors contained in his work. George's visit to this country, and his arrest in Ireland in 1882, gave the book an additional interest, and "Progress and Poverty" "caught on" in England. With the exception of Michael Davitt, however, scarcely any of the Irish leaders regarded George's theory with any degree of favour. They wanted peasant proprietary, but his proposal that the land should pay all the taxes was certainly not one to commend itself to people who felt that the taxes were being paid to an alien Government. The Single Tax meant, to them, making that alien Government their landlord. While however the book created quite a sensation in England, but few who read it agreed with its conclusions. George had taught better than he knew. Most of his readers saw, if he did not, that the mere taxation of land values would not solve the social problem, would not even touch the land monopoly. They saw that the owner of capital, the immediate exploiter, rents land, and, as the renter of land, becomes the monopolist, and that, whether he pays rent to a private individual or to the State, he is still the monopolist, the only difference being that in the latter case he would relieve himself of all other taxes. To many of those who read George's book it came as a revelation; they had never

Six months is a long time to spend in the dreary monotony of a gaol; but in a gaol, as elsewhere, slow though its progress may seem, time passes. It was early summer when Bill Camp was sent to his six months' seclusion. It was a dull, cheerless day in December when he once more stood outside the prison walls. His first feeling was one of pleasure at being free once more; this was succeeded by a feeling of disappointment to find that no one was there to meet him. There were other prisoners whose time had expired with his; nearly everyone of them was met by one or more friends: here it was a wife awaiting her husband, there a sister, there a daughter, springing forward at the first glimpse of the long lost loved one, to welcome him back to the life of the outer world. Camp cast a hasty glance around. No, there was no familiar face to be seen among the waiting groups. He hurried away in the direction of his home. Arrived at the familiar old cottage, he knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman whom he had known as a neighbour. He asked for his mother.

"Who?" the woman queried.

"My mother, Mrs. Camp."

"Mrs. Camp? But you aint Bill Camp, as was put away just before last midsummer, are you? Ah, your poor mother did take on about it so; she never held up her head no more, and she died three months ago in the workhouse infirmary."

Bill felt as if struck with a blow, and caught hold of the door-post for support. He had never dreamt of anything like this. He had thought often of his mother, but she was frugal and thrifty. They had been alone together for some years, and he knew that she had sufficient, though she might be pinched somewhat, to keep her from actual want while he was away. That she might die in the meantime had never occurred to him. Life in prison was so monotonous that he never thought of the changes which take place in the busy world in six months.

The woman seemed impatient to close the door; she did not ask him in, so, with an effort, Camp recovered himself and turned away.

He had not walked far before he met one of the men who had been engaged in the strike with him. The man scarcely seemed to recognise him, and would have passed without speaking if Camp had not stopped him.

"Why, Jack," he said, "you don't give a fellow much of a cheer up after six month's absence."

"There's nothing to cheer up about. Everything went wrong after that blasted bother o' yourn. Branstons filled the places of every man jack of us, and most of the old hands have had to go further afield."

"And what about that bloomin' swine, Scotter?"

"Scotter! It's Mr. Scotter now, if you please. He played the black-leg to some purpose, he did, the crawler. He's got a foreman's job now. House to live in, firing and all the rest of it, my boy. Some of 'em do well out of other folk's misfortunes. He's got married, too, and all; about six weeks ago."

"Married?"

"Ay, married that girl of old Bob Slater's; Lizzie, I think they used to call her."

"Lizzie Slater?"

"Ay, that's her. Some people did say that there was something between you and her, but of course, that trial——"

But Bill Camp had turned away, and was retracing his steps along the road he had traversed with so much eager hope and anticipation on his release from gaol.

TO THE TAME-SPIRITED.

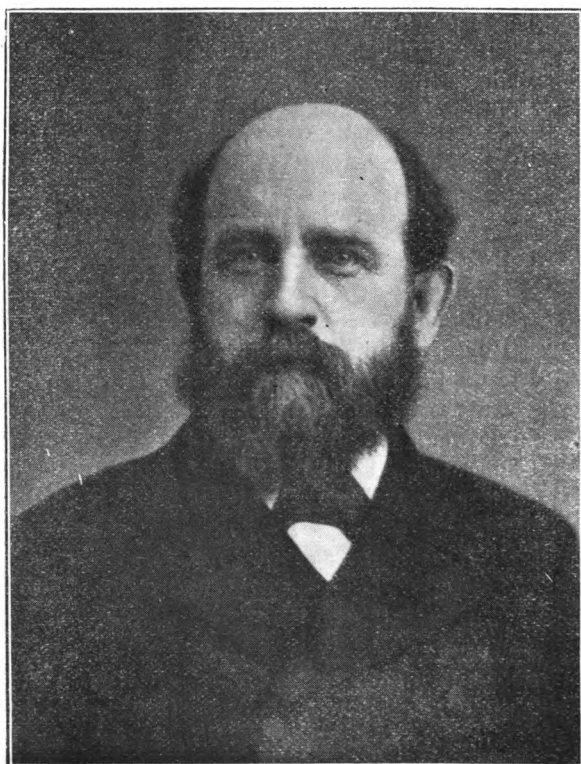
(Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Georg Herwegh.)

Ye who in winds that softly steal,
Your Master's footsteps trace ;
To whom old ocean's smiles reveal
The splendour of his face ;
Ye have the boon your hearts desire,
Then give ye thanks, and let me go :
When wildest winds in storm respire,
Or, Moses-like, in flaming fire
Would I the Lord God know.

Let whosoe'er loves warmth and sun,
Lie down before his door ;
Loud thunder I prefer for one,
White lightning, wild uproar.
I feel it thrill me through and through,
The passion of the angry sky :
I fain would hurl a spear or two,
I fain would whet a sword, and do
A deed before I die.

I long no more on flowery banks
To dream away my life,
But in the foremost fighters' ranks,
To thunder through the strife ;
No more to wander 'neath the moon,
No more to sit at ease and write ;
Nay, rather in war's hottest noon
I fain would hear the trumpet's tune —
O give the word for fight !

O let your lyre's soft music be,
And only strike the drum ;
The singer surely should be free,
The slave should still be dumb.
Let Freedom's watchword far and near
From warrior on to warrior go ;
And thou that dost that watchword hear,
Draw, draw thy sword, and drive thy spear,
And lay thy foeman low.



HENRY GEORGE.

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1897.

HENRY GEORGE.

PROBABLY no man, not a Socialist, ever did more for the Socialist movement in England than Henry George. His book, "Progress and Poverty," published in England in 1881, came just at the opportune moment. The Land League agitation in Ireland, then at its height, had forcibly directed public attention to the land question and the evils of landlordism. The policy of repression adopted by the Liberal Government towards the Irish roused a strong feeling of indignation in England among those earnest Radicals who had been most active in helping the Liberal Government into office, and an active anti-coercion agitation was set on foot in London. Just at that time, too, and to some extent as a result of the anti-coercion agitation, the S.D.F., then the Democratic Federation, was formed. The newly-formed Federation and other democratic bodies worked actively together with the Irish Land League in its struggle with its twin enemy, Irish landlordism and the English Government. Coming at such a time, George's book awakened a vast amount of interest. Many were charmed with the style and tone of the book, and the evident devotion and sincerity of the writer, even while clearly recognising the errors contained in his work. George's visit to this country, and his arrest in Ireland in 1882, gave the book an additional interest, and "Progress and Poverty" "caught on" in England. With the exception of Michael Davitt, however, scarcely any of the Irish leaders regarded George's theory with any degree of favour. They wanted peasant proprietary, but his proposal that the land should pay all the taxes was certainly not one to commend itself to people who felt that the taxes were being paid to an alien Government. The Single Tax meant, to them, making that alien Government their landlord. While however the book created quite a sensation in England, but few who read it agreed with its conclusions. George had taught better than he knew. Most of his readers saw, if he did not, that the mere taxation of land values would not solve the social problem, would not even touch the land monopoly. They saw that the owner of capital, the immediate exploiter, rents land; and, as the renter of land, becomes the monopolist, and that, whether he pays rent to a private individual or to the State, he is still the monopolist, the only difference being that in the latter case he would relieve himself of all other taxes. To many of those who read George's book it came as a revelation; they had never

read anything of the kind before. But once having their interest awakened, they could not logically stop at George's conclusion, but carried their inquiries further, and found these inquiries led them logically to Socialism. No work on political economy ever created so great a sensation in this country, and none ever did more for the Socialist propaganda. Henry George published other works, including "The Irish Land Question," "Social Problems," "Protection or Free Trade," and "The Condition of Labour: An Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.," but none produced the effect or had the sale of "Progress and Poverty."

Henry George was born in Philadelphia in 1839, and was consequently fifty-eight years of age when he died. He had a somewhat varied experience, having gone at an early age into a counting house, after which he went to sea. He then learned printing, and worked in San Francisco as a compositor. He afterwards became editor of various papers, including the *San Francisco Times and Post*.

Henry George paid several visits to this country, giving lectures in different places on the theory of land taxation. But the Single Tax never attracted any large body of adherents in this country, although a number of well-to-do Liberals rallied to it, and contributed considerable sums towards carrying on the agitation. The Socialist movement, with nothing like the assistance the Single Tax movement has had, has left the latter far in the rear. Henry George, however, was very successful as a lecturer, and addressed some very large meetings in this country in 1882 and later. By many he was at that time regarded as a Socialist, and among Socialists there was a very kindly feeling towards him, and a hope that he would come their way. As time went on, however, it became quite clear that George's position was one of antagonism to Socialism, and that his theories were really what Marx had described them, the capitalist's last ditch. It was necessary, therefore, to expose the fallacy of these theories, as others put forward by equally well-meaning people had been exposed, and a debate was arranged between H. M. Hyndman and Henry George, which took place at St. James's Hall on July 2, 1889. At that debate George boldly and strenuously defended competition and the competitive system. He described Socialism as "an attempt to establish tyranny in the interests of the people." "Capital," he said, "is wealth produced by labour from land, and not only will it not hurt labour to leave to capital its full reward, but we must leave to capital its full reward if we would have a progressive community." He never once attempted to meet the point that under the Single Tax, as under any other form of appropriation of land for individual use, there would be land monopoly, and the land would not be 'free to all,' as the Single Taxers vainly imagine.

That George was an earnest, disinterested, enthusiastic, and single-hearted reformer we have always believed, but that does not justify the claim made in some quarters that really and truly he was a Socialist. Our comrades of the American Socialist Labour Party, who have had the best opportunity of judging, would not concede as much as we have done here to George's credit,

but certainly his attitude of antagonism towards Socialism, which steadily became more marked as time went on, definitely settles the point that he was not, and never had been, a Socialist. It is all very well to suggest that it was not Socialism, but a misconception of Socialism, that he opposed. That might be said with equal truth of all the honest, well-meaning people among our opponents, whom we should never dream of calling Socialists. Absolute free trade was George's ideal. The Single Tax was to be a means, not only of freeing the land from the grip of the idle monopolists, but of freeing the active exploiters of land and labour from all other taxes, and giving them an absolutely free hand. That he was quite earnest in his advocacy of the Single Tax, that he sincerely believed it would be of immense benefit to the working classes, we do not in the least doubt; but this only serves to illustrate the truism that noble sentiments and good intentions do not necessarily make a man a Socialist. It seems almost inconceivable, and is certainly lamentable, that a man like George should have been unable to see that the Single Tax only means making the land accessible to those who are best able to use it, to the capitalist class, who, even while paying rent to the State in the shape of a land tax, would still be monopolists of the land; that he did fail to recognise this is quite sufficient to dispose of the claim that he was a Socialist.

From 1889 George may be said to have definitely joined hands with the plutocratic parties against Socialism, and gradually he lost caste with all American Socialists, whom he had greatly outraged in the fall of 1887 by expressing approval of the execution of the Chicago Anarchists, who were most unjustly put to death to gratify the rage and terror of the American plutocracy. He afterwards became an avowed supporter of the Cleveland-Democratic Party, and for this was expelled from the United Labour Party. According to the *People*, the organ of the American Socialist Labour Party, George in his recent campaign for the mayoralty of New York was but the tool of Tom Johnson, the railway capitalist. The *People* says that through his connection with the Single Tax movement, Johnson gained influence in some labour quarters, which influence he used for his own personal advancement. It appears that, like many other American capitalists, Johnson belonged to one party in one district and to another party in another, just as best suited his schemes. It would seem that George had gone very low indeed to be the nominee of such a man. We shall ever have a kindly recollection of George for the good which, consciously and unconsciously, he did in the past, but his best friends must regret that he should have lived to become the pet of the plutocrats, and to be repudiated by the class who at one time honoured him as a leader.

SCIENCE AND LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Discourse delivered by Enrico Ferri before the New University of Brussels
on October 11, 1897.

It is with great pleasure that I have accepted the honour, done me by my colleagues of the New University, in choosing me as one of the orators at this, the opening of its fourth session.

Returning again to never-to-be-forgotten Brussels—leaving, to-day, on one side my melancholy and severe studies on that form of human misery that is called crime—I am happy to be able to converse with you on the magnificent and suggestive spectacle that is offered to us in the development of science and life, in their most generous features, during the century which is now at the point of death.

The nineteenth century is barely a sixtieth part of the documentary history of the human race, which is, in turn, an almost infinitesimal period in the millions of years of the existence of the solar system, of the earth, and of humanity. But convinced, not by an egotistic mirage emanating from our existence in this century, but from the objective reality of facts, we can affirm that this nineteenth century will shine in the nebulous and tremendous heavens of history and human traditions as a point more sparkling than the most celebrated centuries of Pericles, of Cæsar, Augustus, or of the Italian Renaissance.

And the reason of this historic splendour is less, for me, in the marvellous and almost daily practical and theoretical discoveries, than in the progressively accelerated agreement between science and life. Scarcely existing in past centuries, and beginning with the present, this agreement marks already the fulfilment of a sign which gives to us the certainty of their intimate and complete union in the future century after so long, so injurious, and so irrational a divorce. After the scanty scientific researches and discoveries—after the partial stirring intuitions and the precocious flashes of synthesis, which were the pendant and the rebound of the feverish agitations of the social world in the first half of the present century—the powerful system of positive knowledge commenced by Auguste Comte brought the foaming torrents of sentiment and thought into the majestic current of evolutionary naturalism.

By adopting for ever the positive method—which is the only irresistible means in the struggle against the unknown—and which is also the unshakable standard of the New University—contemporary science democratizes itself more and more. “The porch of science is the temple of the democracy,” said Henry Buckle. In effect, for the preconceptions of a philosophy, mysterious and inaccessible to the intelligencies of ordinary honest every-day

men, replete with difficulties and bristling with Greek and barbarian words, positive science will substitute the simple and lucid exposition of facts and their relations, laboriously acquired, by observation and experiment in the kaleidoscope of eternal nature. To the difficulty of the work, sometimes secular and spasmodic, of scientific thought in discovering and tracing such or such a law of the moral or physical world, the positive method has substituted the great facility, thanks to which, through the medium of numerous works of "popular science" and of "university extension," everyone can acquire the knowledge of these laws and apply them to daily life; from electric lighting to defence against the microbes, from the poisons of body and mind to the anomalies of criminality and genius, from the telegraph to the phonograph, which with photography will revive even beyond death the correspondence between those far away—from the telephone to aeronautics and automobilism which will seal up our horses in the museums of natural history side by side with the iguanons of Bernissart.

At the same time another human stream, living and immeasurable, has raised itself more and more from the depths to the light of the sun, thrown out and channelled by the marvellous development of contemporary industry. A human stream, unknown to all past ages, the anonymous river of labour, expropriated of the means of labour and of production, enlisted in the mines and in the factories, separated into a distinct class, and becoming ever more numerous on an earth scattered more and more with the fallen leaves of the workless and submerged.

So that the tree of science, marvellously rejuvenated by the strength of the positive method, had, fifty years ago, hardly attained perfection with its highest and most human branch—sociology—when the international proletariat imposed upon it the observation of its conditions of existence, and the delineation of its genesis and of its destiny, which is the destiny of the most numerous, the most useful, and the most suffering portion of humanity. Herein we have the reason why sociology, under our very eyes, has, in order not to become quite useless, drifted more and more towards Socialism. Whilst at the same time this latter has evolved from its sentimental and utopian forms, inevitable whilst the proletariat was still in its infancy, and when, moreover, sorrow alone was seen in misery, into the revolutionary force for social transformation.

So that, parallel with the positive philosophy of Comte, the biological metamorphosis of Darwin, and with the universal metamorphosis of Spencer, scientific Socialism—the positive doctrine of economic and social metamorphosis—was constituted by Marx and Engels.

From that time, the two currents of evolutionary naturalism and scientific Socialism have run nearer and nearer together until in the future they will co-mingle and reanimate their energies in the eternal ocean of life and positive truth.

In effect, the general history of the sciences—of which we have so happily added to our New University a special institute—the history of the sciences

in the nineteenth century presents to us the magnificent spectacle of a more and more marvellous development. The fundamental and more simple sciences of astronomy, mathematics and mechanics had almost attained their perfection at the commencement of the present century by the millenary work of Pythagoras to Descartes, Newton, and Leibnitz, and from Archimedes to Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, D'Alembert, Euler, and Laplace. And notwithstanding this, we can already see that even the horizons of mathematics and mechanics are capable of considerable unexpected development, both in their theoretic discoveries and in their applications to the other sciences, and even to life.

But it is in the immediately superior sciences that discoveries are heaping themselves up in a rapid and stupifying manner. In physics, the pile of Volta and the electro-magnetism of Ampère and Faraday reached (in 1885) to the electro dynamic rotations of Terraris, after which the dynamo of Paccinotti gave us its innumerable applications, such as motive force, or light transported from the Alps, from Niagara, or from the Rhine to our industrial establishments, to the boulevards of the capitals, and to the village lanes, taking us with one stroke from smoky petroleum lamps to the magic lamps of Edison, in the same way that we shall pass from the old slow telegraphy to the wireless telegraphy of Marconi.

And, with the spectroscopy initiated by the discovery of Trannhofer, or with the optic laws traced by Huyghens, Young, Arago, Hirchoff, and Helmholtz, physics itself—in the very year in which the reactionary echo of a mystic voice was raised for the blasphemy of a pretended “bankruptcy of science”—attained to the marvellous Roentgen rays, which have confirmed that identity of light and electricity announced in 1889 by Henri Hertz, who predicted that our eyes would be not only optical instruments, but electrical organs also.

Side by side with physics, chemistry, under the genial impulsion of Lavoisier, attained to the law of atomic evolution, which enabled Mendelieff to announce by induction the existence of a new element in the series of irreducible bodies, gallium, discovered afterwards in 1875 by Lecoy de Boisbandrau, in the same way that Leverrier had by an analogous induction announced, in the planetary series of our solar system, the planet Neptune, which the telescope of Galle at Berlin discovered in 1846.

And the abyss between inorganic and organic chemistry is effaced before the miracles of synthetic chemistry, which has reached to the creation in the laboratory of organic products, and which, as Berthelot has foretold, will lead one day to unheard-of revolutions in the production of human nourishment, giving us our daily bread without a plough having to tear the surface of the earth.

The secret of these striking victories over the unknown is always in the positive method, of which one of its great founders, Galileo, said:—“Processes and litigation are entered into for the interpretation of a testament only when the testator is dead, for if he was living it would be absurd to refer to anyone but himself in order to determine the sense of what he had

written. In the same way it is stupid to seek the sense of the facts of Nature in the papers of this or that philosopher, instead of interrogating the work of Nature itself, who, ever living and active, is always before our eyes, immutable and veracious.

And it is through interrogating Nature that the physico-chemical sciences have arrived at the fundamental law of the conservation of matter (by Lavoisier), of force (by Robertson Mayer), and perhaps of life (by Preyer). It is through this law that we see matter passes from the radiant state (Crookes) to the gaseous liquid or solid state, in the same way that with the chain of Grove we see movement transform itself into heat, light, magnetism, and electricity. And it is thus that we are enabled to overcome and to direct this force—unique and eternal material of which the intuition and positive knowledge are at once the point of departure and arrival of—philosophy.

In effect, under the impulsion given by the criticism of Kant, we have passed in this century, through the materialist reaction of Tenerbach, Maleschott, Vogt, and Buchner, to the monist conception of the universe. This conception—which stops before the unknown of to-day because it will be the known of to-morrow, but which admits no unknowable reality—already foreseen by the philosophers of Greece twenty centuries ago, remained submerged under the spiritual stagnation of the long middle ages, in order to retake from the distant sparks of the pyre of Giordano Bruno at Rome, its definite empire in the second half of our century.

It is in thus interrogating the earth that—before arriving at the anthropogeography of Humboldt, Ratzel, and Elisée Reclus—the observations of Hüssou and Lyell established the doctrine of geological evolution, laying down thus the basis of evolutionary determinism in telluric transformation, which became a little later the directing spirit of biological and social transformation. Universal determinism, which had just commenced by the great hypotheses of Kant and Laplace on the progressive concentration of the primitive and immense nebulae into a central nucleus, the sun, from which the planets and their satellites were detached, thrown by centrifugal force into infinite space and retained by the force of attraction. Mars notably, with its curious parallel canals revealed by the telescope of Schiaparelli, which presents to us the problem of the probable inhabitation of the other parts of our solar system.

Is it necessary to recall to you now the immense progress of biology? Since Goethe, Lamarck and Geoffroy, Saint-Hilaire, the idea of animal transformation, with its laws of adaptation, natural selection, and organic hereditary, fought in academic debates by Cuvier in the name of creationist tradition, triumphed with Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, Haeckel and many others in appeasing the pride and egoism shocked by the conclusion that it is preferable for man to be a marvellously perfected monkey than an Adam miserably degenerated and degraded.

The light and fecundity carried by Darwinism into all the fields of biological and psychological anthropology have, however, the public

confidence, and it is known to all that embryology, since Spallanzani and Von Baer shows to us in miniature, by a sort of kinetoscope, the transformations of zoological species from the monad to man.

On the other hand cellular biology and microbiology from Virchow to Pasteur has given us admirable victories in the struggle against the most terrible and widespread maladies, from the cholera by Koch, to diphtheria by Behring, and yellow fever by Sanarelli, after which the antiseptic and now septic surgery of Lister, have already obtained admirable victories.

And in these days physiological experiment has given us new and powerful arms with the opothérápy of Vassale, Brown, Sequard, &c. With the physiology of the nervous system by Claude Bernard, Hitzigg, Ferrier, Schiff, Henzen, Luciani, Charcot, Golg, Ramony, Cajal, von Gehuchten, and Marinesco, we have reached a psychology and psychopathology truly scientific. At the same time the scientific discoveries in reference to hypnotism—which will strip off the incrustations of charlatanism and fraud from the nucleus of psychological truth foreseen in the most remote centuries—give us the means of making a true anatomical dissection of the human soul by decomposing it into its elements, which we can reunite and combine at will, after mathematical formulæ, as well as the atoms in the chemical laboratory. Again, Schlegel, Grimm, Max Muller, Ascoli, and Marzolo have traced the biopsychical laws of the evolution of language, formerly erroneously considered as the exclusive appanage and distinctive character of our species; at the same time that Grottenfeld and Champollion have laid bare the secrets of hieroglyphics and cuneiform characters, thus revealing to us several thousands of years of human history which, since Herder, Buckle, Ratzel, and Metchnikoff, we have been striving to explore scientifically.

Psychology and psychopathology, with the innumerable works of the great contemporary anatomists of the sensation, intelligence, and will of normal adult man, of the different social classes, as well as the insane and degenerated—of whom Morel first traced the physiognomy—have seen their applications become more and more numerous and fecund in the domain of pedagogy, of which, during the past year, William de Greeg has spoken to you with so much philosophic and humanitarian breadth.

And the same sciences of human understanding, after the marvellous impulsion received during the five years of 1855 to 1860—which saw the publication of the fundamental and revolutionary works of Darwin, Morel, Marx, and Spencer—have seen their scientific patrimony augmented, strengthened, and cleared by the data from the psychology of children and primitive races from Prujer, Perez, Galton, to Lubbock, Tylor, and Elisé Reclus.

It is, however, only in our days that we have commenced with James, Lange, Sergi, Ribot, to know the positive genesis of emotions and sentiments, which are the great motive forces of human activity, of more importance than ideas, for, in spite of common prejudice, source of so much misunderstanding and intolerance, man acts as he feels even more than as he thinks.

It is, finally, but a few years since that on the trunk of general anthropology, which from Blumenbach and Pritchard to Broca, De Mortillet, Quatrefages, Morselli, Houzeau, Schaaffhausen, Ranke, and Mantegazza, has accumulated so many documents on the human species, even to the *pithecanthropus erectus* found by Dubois at Java in 1891. Cesare Lombroso has created the branch of criminal anthropology, treating of the powerful union between psychology and penal justice, which tends to realise the ancient view of Cicero that it is from the nature of man that we must learn the nature of right.

Prepared by the discoveries of the physical and physio-psychological sciences in the intellectual medium of evolutionary naturalism, foreseen by the conceptions of the historic and ethnographic schools on the evolution of right, baptised by Auguste Comte; nourished by the works of Quetelet, Spencer, Schaffle, Bagehot, Ardigò, Espinas, Novicow, Tarde, Giddings, Jouillèe, De Roberby, Worms, Gumplowicz, Lilienfeld, Durckheim, Vaccaro, and many others, sociology is come full of promise and of future, to crown the superb scientific edifice of the nineteenth century.

(*To be Continued.*)

"THE CASE FOR THE BECHUANA REBELS."

MR. FOX-BOURNE, in the *Fortnightly*, has an article under the above title. He characterises "the crushing of the 'Bechuana Rebellion'" and the disposal since then of the "surrendered Bechuana rebels" as a significant and important chapter in South African history. He reviews the details from 1884, when this district was proclaimed a Crown colony, under the name of British Bechuanaland, to its annexation by Cape Colony. Against this annexation the Bechuanas petitioned, but in vain, and before a year was out many of them had proof that their fears were well grounded. "Blame for the so-called 'rebellion' that began last December" must not be laid entirely on the Cape Government. "The primary cause of the trouble was doubtless the cattle plague." In December some cattle belonging to Galishwe's people strayed into a white man's farm, and were shot by him. A scuffle ensued; Galishwe was proclaimed a rebel, police sent against him, Luka Jantje went to his help, and so war began. Galishwe and Luka Jantje were petty chiefs who had suffered eight years' penal servitude for murder, and it is difficult to understand why they were allowed to return to their tribes, unless it was to give them an opportunity for mischief. One thing is clear, "by the Cape Government's dealings with the Bechuanas entrusted to its care the honour of our country has been tarnished, and, more than that, the interests of these poor black fellow-subjects of ours have been wrecked and ruined."

"The *Cape Times* of June 1," says Mr. Fox-Bourne, "cynically remarked, 'We whites want the black man's land just as we did when we first came to Africa. But we have the decency, in these conscience-ridden days, not to take it without a fair excuse. A native rising, especially when there are inaccessible caves for the rebels to retire into, is a very tiresome and expensive affair; but it has its compensations, for it provides just the excuse wanted.'"

THE PUBLIC COMPANIES PROBLEM.

AN APPEAL TO THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

AMONG the many problems confronting serious students of the actual facts of our social system the enormous growth of the public company method of managing commercial enterprises is perhaps the most perplexing. On every hand we see the private employer dying out, and the board of directors taking his place; the personal element in business growing less and less, and the power and influence of soulless, semi-mysterious corporations on the increase. As Mr. Havelock Ellis pointed out in a book entitled "The New Spirit," this substitution of limited liability companies for individual proprietors or partners is a step towards Socialism; but, as he also points out, it constitutes the last stronghold of capitalism. To-day a group of directors of financial companies may, with or without the consent of the shareholders, wreck industries and ruin thousands without the general public being able to find anything illegal in their action. Directors may, within the limits of the law of joint stock companies, perpetrate frauds without being conscious of their own villainy, or aware that they were doing business in any other than a perfectly legitimate manner.

This language may appear strong to those whose lot is cast in country towns and villages, but to the *habitué* of Lombard Street or Throgmorton Avenue, in the City of London, I am but reiterating commonplaces and platitudes. These men, stockbrokers, outside brokers, company promoters, financial journalists, and advertisement canvassers know that I could, with but little research, give names and figures revealing directorial transactions such as would fully justify far greater force in the way of denunciation. They would point to me Mr. Blank (to give a fictitious instance), who bamboozled Chief ——— in South Africa into giving him a mining concession, over 15,000 acres, for £100, sold it to a company for £75,000 and 15,000 shares, sold the shares at £30,000 profit, and cleared out with his £120,000 booty just before the company went to smash. I do not use actual names or amounts, but the above is a sample of what was done by men during the time of the Kaffir boom. Again, these *habitués* could point me to ——— and ———, who became directors of such and such a mining concern, whose prospectus was issued on the strength of false maps and "faked" reports from alleged mining experts, and who bled the public of over a hundred thousand pounds in "operating" reconstructions, and then at last had to liquidate the company without a penny being returned to the subscribers. All these transactions are, as I have said, City commonplaces, and occur year by year in greater or less number.

"But what is the good of bothering us about the matter? If men are fools enough to subscribe money to be thrown away or coolly pocketed by unscrupulous men, what can we do?" I hear someone saying to me. My answer is as follows:—

Many of the financial magnates, whose operations I have described, are leaders in politics, society and philanthropy ; and, alas, some are speakers on religious platforms, and therefore voluntarily place themselves in a position to be judged, not by "City ethics," but by the New Testament. My questioner must remember that it is by the consent of such as he that directors are able to carry out their "jobs" and "deals." From whom is the capital drawn for great companies ; but from the so-called respectable middle class, and to a great extent from the clergy. Were the secrets of the ledgers of not a few London stockbrokers laid bare would they not reveal vast speculating and gambling transactions on the part of religious folk ? Further, is it not the insatiable demand for "dividends ! dividends !" that induces boards of directors, who would act honourably as private citizens, to listen to evil suggestions as to the means by which the demand may be met ? Week in and week out I am obliged to mix with men whose whole existence, so far as business is concerned, is wrapped up in company promotion and company direction ; and every one of them has the same excuse to make when anything approaching a scheme for Christianising commerce is brought before them. "Yes ! Quite true. But how about the half-yearly dividends," is the invariable answer. It is simply disgusting to attend shareholders' meetings and witness the perpetual craving after larger and larger returns. I have sat among these shareholders, some of whom are clergymen, and all of whom may be described by that blessed word "respectable," and not once have I seen any attempt made to discuss the wages of employees, their treatment by managers and foremen, their housing, hours of labour, or anything else connected with them. "What do they care," a friend bitterly remarked to me, "so long as they have a fat dividend !" Now and again a Fabian or member of a socialistic organisation endeavours to peer into the mysteries of company direction ; but how very isolated is such action, and how terribly abused are the inquiring ones for their pains.* Grave indeed is the position of those who take upon themselves the responsibility of being *particeps criminis* with avowedly unscrupulous "groups," and are content to accept unquestioning the increment the "sharks" are able to secure.

Bearing the facts, outlined above, in mind, I assert that a very pressing duty lies heavily on the National Church of England to arouse the "director and shareholder conscience." Men must be taught that in the sight of the All Just Father and Judge they are bound to carry Christ into the Board room ; that the shareholder as owner and receiver of profits has no right to blood-dividends ground out of the sweated energies of employees ; and that the shareholder has power to *compel* directors to govern his company according to just principles. Of all Christian denominations the Anglicans are the best fitted, by the pecuniary safety of their pastors, to undertake the systematic inculcation of these simple, elementary truths. A Nonconformist has to think of his deacons, the Churchman can defy the richest swindler in the country. If Churchmen of the Christian Social Union and the Guild of St. Matthew—two organisations competent to preach the doctrines of Christ

* See reports of the last A.B.C. meeting.

as applied to the Public Companies Problem—were to form an “Association of Christian Shareholders,” whose duty it should be to popularise the whole question of the ethics of company promotion and management, a step in the right direction would be made. Will they do it? Their ranks include men like the Bishops of Durham and Hereford, Canons Gore, Holland, and Moore Ede, Professor Shuttleworth, Father Adderley, the Rev. Cartmel Robinson, the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the Rev. J. Carter, the Rev. Percy Dearmer, Dean Stubbs, the Rev. Dr. Fry, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, and Mr. Harry Phillips, all of whom have in some measure caught the public ear and fired popular imagination. It means a hard fight and a long weary battle, which will not be won when each of the reverend gentlemen and their lay companions is laid out in his six foot of earth.

Yet, this hideous cancer on society, “City morality,” is worth the cutting out. The battle will show the Socialists of London—to take but one of its effects—that the Church *is* on the side of moral right, and *is the enemy* of the “shark,” the sweater, the swindler, the unscrupulous “operator,” no matter in what garb he appears. The Socialist, the Reformer, the orator at the mass meeting, and the ardent democrat, often curses the Church with a deep and bitter curse because, he says, She is afraid to tell the truth even about so palpable an evil as the growth of the power of capitalism. “How shall we show the man that he is wrong?” cry the clergy. The reply is found in this appeal to grapple with *one* of the anti-Christian forces of the world. I write as a Churchman, and not as an enemy of what is, perhaps, the greatest religious body in the country. I have not overburdened this little paper with weighty details as to the condition of affairs against which I urge the moral battering rams of the Church should be directed. Such details can be found in the evidence given during the series of libel cases in which Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, has gained such notable victories; in Mr. Labouchere’s “accepted creed,” and in similar documents.

The facts of my case are beyond cavil; the teaching of Christ on the subject is not difficult to ascertain; the apathy of the Church is as notorious as her duty is plain—what more remains to be demonstrated? The Archbishops of Canterbury were once called the “Tribunes of the People”—men are now asking William Frederick Temple to dare to justify the appellation, and by inaugurating a Holy War against the City, and to obey the command to “so let his light shine before men that they may see his good works, and glorify his Father which is in heaven.”

LEO NEWMAN.



SOCIALISM : A DEFENCE OF THE ZURICH DEFINITION.

I have been considerably interested by the translation of Dr. Merlino's article from the *Revue Socialiste*, wherein we have the spectacle of a diluted Anarchist telling Socialists what Socialism means. He kindly informs us that "doctrinaire Socialism (sometimes called scientific) is at the point of death." This is news to the scientific Socialist, who was under the impression that he was sufficiently alive to prevent Dr. Merlino's friends from entering either of the last Congresses as Socialists. He appeals from the Socialist doctrinaire to the "Socialist" who has no doctrines, but an excess of fraternity. To avail himself of this blind instinct for making friends, which can carry some people beyond the bounds of either prudence or principle, Dr. Merlino hastens to assure everybody that he does not approve of "an amorphous communist régime," and thinks it "necessary not to individualise but to socialise, the social defence." All the same, he is opposed to doctrinaire formulas and insupportable tyranny, which reminds one of the candidate who will not bind himself to vote for any "hard and fast proposal," but is anxious to express his "deep sympathy with the principle"—in order to "get inside."

People of the type of Dr. Merlino are anxious to thrust back the Socialist movement to the stage of criticism at which it had arrived at, say, 1869. Is it to take another thirty years before we boldly declare that the Socialist movement has absolutely emerged from the argumentative period? It seems to me that, to keep it back there, we only need to hand over to our critics the right to the name "Socialist," and retire to a little hell of our own called "Social-Democratic," or (as in France) "Collectivist." At the same time, to finish the thing off nicely, we ought to admit the soft impeachment that we are "unsentimental," "sectarian" and "doctrinaire".

I shall have at a later stage to refer to Mr. H. M. Hyndman's ably-written article in your August issue on "Social-Democrat or Socialist?" but I must first pay my tribute to the writer as an economist. With probably the sole exception of the Avelings, no one knows so much of the scientific Socialism which he has so firmly represented, and certainly no one knows more. Yet, on the subject which he chooses for his article, he must submit to the "thorough voluntary discipline" which he praises as a characteristic of the Social-Democratic movement. He must defer his opinion to that of the *Socialist* Congresses, which have, by their resolution regulating the admission of delegates, fixed the meaning of "Socialist" at exactly the point which he assigns exclusively to "Social-Democracy."

Mr. Hyndman has been influenced by the work of Benoît Malon, even in his nomenclature of the so-called Socialist groups. Poor Malon, for all his

brilliancy, had unfortunately a good deal of the clever bookworm about him, forcing analogies through non-essentials, grouping inconsequent facts into mechanically interchangeable rules and examples. His big history of Socialism was for these reasons very clever and very illusive, and his "Précis Historique" only less so in the sense that there was less of it. The various schools of Socialism which he and others try to prove to be parts of a wide philosophy are dead, now that the materialistic concept of history and Marx's theory of surplus-value have become understood, as the pre-Darwinian schools in biology. The masterly generalisations of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace are for all time,—biology has become an exact science by their aid. There may be divergencies admitted in the working-out of details, and not only in the application, but in the amplification of these great generalisations; but whoever now runs counter to them puts himself out of court as a biologist, whatever we may account him as a writer of entertaining fiction. It is the same with the generalisation known as the theory of surplus-value, it is the same with the materialistic conception of history. These are for all time: they have stamped Socialism with an indelible impress; and the squirmings and the objections to scientific Socialism as "doctrinaire" are only on a level with that public opinion which would prefer Professor Drummond to Charles Darwin. We ought to rise above the clamour of these penny-trumpet schools of so-called Socialism. Let us persistently sound the one blast of "Socialism"; reasserting that there is no Socialism but the Socialism of science, just as there is no longer any geology but the geology of science.

Speaking of Professor Drummond and his false separation of "altruism" from the "egoism" of the struggle for life, reminds me that even our dear comrade Andreas Scheu falls into a very similar error. In the course of a paper on Blanqui (where I regret he does not acknowledge the book, Geffroy's *L'Enfermé*, whence he has condensed his essay) Mr. Scheu differentiates the "sanguine and sentimental" Socialists from the "cool and scientific" Socialists. Now, in reality, no one who is not scientific can be a Socialist at all; while, on the other hand, the Socialist who is not impelled by "sentiment" to the recognition of the scientific truth is an imperfect and very unusual specimen. The sentiment to which I refer is that of indignation at avoidable misery. The very science of the Socialist makes him also "sanguine" of the advent of justice. It is true that scientific Socialists are not going to prove their claim to the poetic temperament by forcibly divorcing the seeming from the real, the desirable from the unavoidable, and dreaming from the former alone. But the poetic temper must surely be stimulated and sustained by a philosophy not built alone upon desire and hope, but casting back into the past for the proofs of our development and grappling on to the present to leap into the future. The poetic temperament of our dear dead comrade Morris led him at first into involuntary discord with the scientific position, yet in the end he accepted it. Mr. Scheu need only go to the "sanguine" and "sentimental" Blanqui to discover a union of poetry and science. In 1869 he could still say to Lafargue, "All these discussions about the probable form of future society

are so much revolutionary pedagogism"; but in 1879 he had so far accepted the scientific as against the cataclysmic method that he could say: "The social question can only pass to the stage of real debate and of practical action when the political question is energetically and irrevocably [*sic*] solved, and through that solution only." In the case of Blanqui the evolution from a cataclysmic to a scientific bias was effected through years of bitter disillusionment. In the case of the avowed Anarchists of yesterday, who pose as "independent Socialists" to-day, there is plenty of evidence that theirs is only an attempt to gain a foothold side by side with a position they do not accept, in order to attack it from within to greater advantage than they have over it while definitely outside. Young Landauer's tardy admission that he was an Anarchist, after emphatically stating that he was not, but only an "independent Socialist," lights up the position of his friends the anti-doctrinaires.

We turn to Mr. Hyndman's statement, that "the terms Socialist and Socialism embrace practically, now, all those who, being discontented with the present state of society, are anxious to re-organise it on a co-operative or communist basis." I would like to ask Mr. Hyndman why he voted for (and by his speech and influence largely contributed to) the exclusion, as Socialist delegates, of Anarchists, and of those who claimed to be "non-parliamentary Socialists" from the International Socialist and Trade Union Congress at London last year? He now admits the validity of the "wide" interpretation of Socialism, actually urged then and previously by the very people whose rejection he approved. Either his definition is now loose and incorrect, or his action at the London Congress was unjust, seeing that that Congress was not called "Social-Democratic" but "Socialist." I cast my decision for the former alternative, and consequently I declare that the Socialist Congress means the Social-Democratic Congress, because to-day Socialism means Social-Democracy. The society which sent me to the Congress instructed me to vote for the exclusion of Anarchists, and all opposed to the absolutely essential capture of the political institutions which now defend the existing order, believing that the word "Socialist" means what the Zurich resolution specifically states, and what Mr. Hyndman, with greater expansion and detail, describes Social-Democracy as meaning. What was Mr. Hyndman's reason for his vote?

Another question. Why does Mr. Hyndman speak of "so-called Socialist colonies" if he thinks "Socialist" an all-embracing designation? There is hope that he will yet return to the Congress interpretation if he still thinks that our magnificent word "Socialist" ought not to be dragged in the mud of these empirical notions, even though their originators may be "discontented with the present state of society," and "anxious to re-organise it on a co-operative or communist basis" (as the founders of the colonies say they are). The next step will be that Mr. Hyndman will refuse the title of "Socialism" to the Fabianism of "Tract 70," and will come round to his Congress attitude, that there is no Socialism in Anarchists, even though they may subscribe to some loose interpretation which does not contain the definitions fixed by the vast majority of Socialists the world over.

The majority of Socialists have undoubtedly the right to define the meaning of Socialism, and even if they had not the "right" they would have the effect of so defining it by their repeated expressions of opinion. It will be their falling away from their own definition, which alone can prevent its final acceptance. The Anarchists may call this majority-definition tyrannical. Those soft-hearted folk, who accept the scientific position, but wish to "hold out the hand to all who, though not quite," &c, may join them in calling us despotic. Let us examine this. Our firm resolve to translate Socialism as "Social Democracy" (or in France, "Collectivism," which is *pace* Mr. Hyndman, nowadays just simply Social-Democracy) is not at all equivalent to an attempted control of Christendom by the Roman Catholic Church. What it *is* equal to is the interpretation of Christianity by the majority of Christians so that it excludes Unitarians. If the Unitarians *want* to be called "Christians" we are sorry for them when the mass of Christians thrust them back, but the latter are certainly within their right. Why? Because to-day (whatever Jesus himself claimed or did not claim) Christianity has definitively come to mean a religion based on the divinity of Jesus the Anointed. Useless for Unitarians to urge as a wider ground of admission the acceptance of the Jesus ethic, useless to prove that he did not claim divine attributes, and that this claim represents Churchianity and not Christianity. Useless, because Christianity has a definite meaning in the year 1897; probably it is true that it *is* Churchianity, but that makes no difference.

In the same way, "Machiavellian" or "Epicurean" have as little association with the real Machiavelli or the real Epicurus as Christianity with the real Jesus. In this way cynicism, stoicism, individualism have a quite distorted but quite ineradicable modern meaning. To try to throw back to the meanings which words held thousands, hundreds, or even scores of years ago would only lead to confusion, if possible, and be unjust to thousands of modern writers and thinkers. To use the title "Socialism" to cover the descendants of all the literary monstrosities it once described would be to cover with confusion nearly all our modern social economists.

There is more than a suspicion of mere expediency about this desire to differentiate Socialism and Social-Democracy. First, we have Mr. Hyndman's declaration that *Socialists* are frequently accused of wishing to impose their arbitrary will on the whole populace, wherefore evidently the word "Socialist" does not carry with it the notion of "democracy." Now, if that is to be a reason for casting the name aside, we must next throw over the title "Social-Democracy," which has been the chief object among all the revolutionary philosophies of this particular kind of defamation. Any who have read the jeers of the German Anarchists and "Independents" at the officialism, professional politics, and bureaucracy which they allege as characteristics of the German Social-Democratic Party and its aim, will agree with me that education alone can convince the public that we are democratic in aim.

Secondly, it may appear expedient to some to seek to differentiate Social-Democracy from Socialism, at the cost of throwing over Socialism to the Anarchist wolf, and trust to erect the title Social-Democracy into a wall which shall exclude all palterers on the one hand and the Anarchists on the other hand. But can it be done? No, "Social-Democracy" can be as much misinterpreted as is "Socialism." The Fabians will still publish "English Progress towards Social-Democracy," while the old *Sociaal-Democratische Bond* of Holland will still be an Anarchist body, taking no part in elections or other Parliamentary action whatever, not even as a means of propaganda and agitation.

It may be that there really is some danger of a bureaucratic or Cæsarist burlesque of Socialism. The use of any formula of words whatever is futile to prevent the capture of the people, so long as they do not appreciate the meaning of our words. Would not the statecraft that could assume the garb of Socialism equally proceed, if necessary, to call its nostrum "Imperial Social-Democracy," or by any other absurd title, to gain its object? Would not a Cæsar add to his "Socialism" the declaration, "I am a democrat," as all the Cæars say nowadays? Is it not a fact that every despotism claims to be broad based upon the people's will? The wisest of the Cæars boldly throw themselves into a plebiscitum, or even appeal to universal suffrage, as Napoleon III.

Furthermore, on this very ground of expediency, I urge that expediency equally with logic, points to our retention of the hold we have got upon the title Socialist. Our work, making for the Social-Democratic form of society, is publicly branded with the name "Socialism." To concede the right to faddists to gnaw the title to pieces would certainly tell against the Social-Democratic movement with the public.

I hope it will be understood that I in no wise urge the retention of the word "Socialist" by Social-Democrats at the suggestion of any Independent Labour partisans, or Fabians, or what not. My desire is to more closely limit rather than to expand its application—to "narrow it," if you like—till we have organised a defined movement in England. I hold that Social-Democrats can defend the title "Socialist" against all comers, and in proof I point to the emphatic pronouncements of *Socialist* congress after Socialist congress.

ARTHUR FIELD.



THE ABOLITION OF CHILD LABOUR IN FACTORIES.

THE decision of the Trades Congress, with regard to the employment of young children in factories, will be welcomed by all who have the interest of the rising generation at heart. Not many people can now believe that the Congress is particularly anxious to see the resolutions of which it approves carried into effect, after the defiant manner in which the Parliamentary Committee have so often ignored the wishes of the main body by refusing to take any action with regard to its more important resolutions. But, as a declaration of opinion on the part of the trade unionists, the passing of a resolution calling for the abolition of the half-time system is significant and important as showing the steady growth of opinion in favour of defending the children from the very worst form of capitalist exploitation which has ever existed.

The opposition to the resolution came from the representatives of the textile workers, which it is perfectly natural to expect, when it is remembered that their conceptions of the purposes of trade unionism have not advanced from what they were a quarter of a century ago. One delegate, a representative of the cotton operatives, is reported in the Lancashire papers as having said that, if children were not allowed to enter the mill before they were 15 years of age, they would "not learn to deal with delicate fabrics," and could "never make a living for themselves." He also declared that the mental and physical condition of the children in Lancashire was in no way impaired or hindered in its growth by the half-time system, and that "children employed as half-timers in Lancashire had carried off some of the highest prizes in national technical competitions." In fact, from the general tone of this delegate's speech, it is quite fair to infer that, in his opinion, not only is the half-time system necessary in Lancashire, in order that England may retain her position as the paramount cotton manufacturing nation of the world, but even in the interests of the children themselves, it is necessary that they should be dragged from their beds at half-past five on a cold, raw winter morning, in order that they might the better learn how to equip themselves for the battle of life which the Lancashire cotton operative has to face.

Now, what are the real facts in regard to this question, and how far do they conform with the position taken up by the old school of Lancashire trade unionists? Those who attempted to furnish an answer at the Congress were immediately told by the textile delegates that they did not understand what they were talking about as they were absolutely ignorant of the particular conditions of labour which prevail in the cotton industry. This is the position which the leaders of textile workers invariably take up when discussing this important question. But the writer, in this instance, happens

to thoroughly understand the organisation and division of labour in the cotton industry; and, what is more, understands these conditions as they exist to-day, and not as they existed a quarter of a century ago, since which time the more prominent of the Lancashire leaders have not earned their livelihood in a cotton factory, and therefore know very little of the actual concrete conditions of factory life. And the arguments here adduced are offered as a direct negative to the position taken up by the textile delegates, who have abundant opportunities of proving them to be untrue, if they think such a task the easiest thing possible, and of doing so, not by general and vague statements, which to those who "understand what they are talking about" are practically meaningless and worthless, but by a little attention to the needful particulars which are so very vital and important in settling a dispute of this kind.

It is almost a shame to tell what the real facts are with regard to this question. There is probably no industry in which young children are so ruthlessly preyed on as they are in the cotton industry. Boys and girls go into the factory as half-timers at eleven years. But a short time back they began work at ten years. They are "learned to weave," as the people of Lancashire (the "most intellectual people in the country," said one Lancashire delegate at the Congress) phrase it. In most cases the processes are not new to them at that tender age, as they are taught the simplest operations long before they are eleven years of age, when they carry meals into the weaving sheds. After learning how to start and feed looms, connect broken threads to the cloth, fold up the cloth when woven, and clean the machinery—when running, be it not forgotten!—they are put to "tenting." This is one of the worst forms of exploitation of child labour possible, and is altogether unnecessary. It exists to-day because some weavers wish to get more looms than they can attend to, consequently they must employ boys and girls to assist them. One "tenter" attends the mill in the morning and goes to school in the afternoon. The other attends school in the morning and goes to the mill in the afternoon. This is done for a week, when the "tenters" change places—the one who went to school in the morning going to the mill in the morning the following week; the other going to school in the morning and mill in the afternoon during that week.

The weaver who employs a "tenter" has, if a weaver of plain goods, six looms. Other weavers have four looms. The "tenter" is not put to minding the additional two looms with a little assistance from the weaver; no, the boy or girl has to attend to all the operations of the whole six looms, which he or she can do without keeping the loom stopped for long. In addition they clean as much of the machinery, which is heavy, hard work for a child of eleven years, as they can be made to do; and in 99 cases out of every 100 this is always more than one-half of all the cleaning necessary. The work is much harder for the "tenter" than attending to two looms of their own with a little assistance occasionally from a grown-up person when there is more than an ordinary number of breakages of yarn together, caused by bad material or the machinery getting out of order. And for doing all

this work—work which is being done at a greater rush, and which is becoming more intense, every day—the child gets the magnificent wage of 3s. or 3s. 6d. weekly. There is no “standard list” for them; and no trade union leader ever tried to get them one. The truth is, they are shamefully exploited by the greedy six-loom weavers, and it would be more in accordance with humanitarian feeling—if not in accordance with the accepted principles of trade unionism—if the Lancashire trade unionists went to the Trade Congress to move the abolition of the selfish six-loom system instead of cruelly wronging the children of their country by declaring to the world that the present hateful system is a necessity, and, as a consequence, cannot be abolished.

Now, what changes in the weaving shed would be necessary if the age-limit were raised to 15 years? Naturally, a boy or girl of 15 years is sharper in action and quicker at apprehension than one at 11 years. They would consequently learn how to weave, and be ready for two looms sooner. This means the possibility of the six-loom and “tenting” system breaking down, owing to an inadequate supply of “tenters.” It is useless to argue that a child of 15 years could not be taught to weave as readily as one at 11 years. Such an assertion is absolutely repugnant to common experience. It certainly is not necessary for the children to attend the sheds, even at 15 years, in order “to learn how to deal with delicate fabrics”; or why is it that the weaving trade contains so many members who have left other trades, and have learned to weave often when past 30 years of age, and who turn out quantity and quality equal to the average, or they would not be allowed to keep their places. The truth is, weaving, of any kind, can be learned at any age by any average person with good sight; and it is presuming on the ignorance of those who do not understand the weaving trade, to declare that it is necessary to send children into the mills at eleven years of age in order to make weavers of them.

A separate article would be necessary to deal exhaustively with the relation of children to grown up people in the factories proper. The conditions are not specifically the same as those which prevail in the weaving sheds; but the general relations between the children and the men and women operatives are much the same. Again, an equally pernicious system of labour distribution takes place; and here, as in the weaving shed, all the disadvantages are on the side of the children, while the advantages are with their exploiters.

That the children of Lancashire are stunted in their physical development must be admitted by anyone who has lived among the cotton operatives. A greater proportion of people with bowed-legs, bent knees, and of general low stature is to be found among the cotton operatives than among any other class of Lancashire people. Especially is factory life, spinning, &c., most injurious in this respect. As to the statement that half timers carry off the prizes in “national technical competitions,” it is only necessary to remember, in order to get at the true value of such a statement, that “national technical competitions” means competitions in Lancashire and Yorkshire with other half-timers, the half-time system being all prevalent.

The few children who are kept at school full time are kept down to the level of the half-timers, as the lessons of the morning are repeated in the afternoon to the children who have been in the mills in the morning. This it is which has made the educational authorities favourable to the abolition of the half-time system. They cannot do justice to their full timers, as the amount of teaching and the general curriculum are based upon the utmost that can be imparted to the half-timers, not to the full-timers. In fact, as the *Lancashire Evening Post* admits, "some half-timers have done exceedingly well, thanks to their exceptional qualities," although, taken as a body, it cannot be said that they have any chance with the full-timers, if the latter were not kept down to their level.

The truth, therefore, is that the abolition of the half time system would not prevent children from being taught to attend to factory work. It would simply prevent an iniquitous form of exploitation of child labour which must sooner or later be abolished, despite the opposition of the Lancashire people themselves; while it would give the children more time in which to acquire a sounder and wider education, which should be of lasting benefit to them. And it is to be hoped that those who desire to see such a change will take full advantage of the importance now attaching to this question, by reason of the decision arrived at by the trade unionists in Congress assembled, until the victory has been won for the children, and we cease to maintain our boasted commercial supremacy by robbing them of what should be the brightest part of their existence and wrecking their future lives.

J. R. WIDDUP.



BIMETALLISM.

THE *National Review* has another series of articles on "Great Britain's Duty," that duty being, according to the *National Review*, the remonetisation of silver. The most important of these is one by Mr. A. S. Ghosh dealing with the question as it affects India. However little there may be to be said for bimetallism as a principle there can be no question that by closing the Indian mints to silver the British Government intensified the chronic poverty of the Indian people and made it still more difficult for them to cope with this last great famine. This action of the Government, while it has had the effect of raising the price of the rupee, and consequently reducing the price of other commodities, has prevented the people sending their savings in silver to the mints to be coined into money with which they could buy food, as they have done in other times of distress. On this point Mr. Ghosh says: "As silver is now a mere commodity in India, 100 tolas of silver (*i.e.*, the weight of Rs. 100) are worth no more than Rs. 60; even this price can only be obtained in the markets of the large towns. In the villages the *bunniahs* give no more than Rs. 50 for the 100 tolas of silver, to cover any possible loss in the present uncertain state of the market. Consequently, in converting into coined rupees their silver hoards—those hoards which constituted the only method of saving known to the masses—the people lose half their original value." In the opinion of the writer this is largely the cause of the famine. He says:—"Popularly it [the famine] has been attributed to the failure of the crops, and consequently to the scarcity of food. Yet the Viceroy sent us telegram after telegram to assure us that there was ample food in the country for the whole population; the only difficulty was that the prices were too high for the people's means. There was enough food in the country, but not enough money to buy it. It was consequently a *famine of money*, and not a *famine of food*. Is it, then, impossible to realise that the closing of the mints was an important factor in the famine?"

Mr. Ghosh declares that had he belonged to the "Indian National Congress," and had aimed at stirring up insurrection in India, he would have "taken full advantage of the wide organisation which that body has now established throughout India to teach the masses of the people—the country people, who are the great hoarders of silver, and are consequently the greatest sufferers—that the Government had, without their knowledge, confiscated half their savings." He believes that if any member of that congress took up this position it would constitute a grave danger for the British Government. He concludes:—"The people of India pray daily in their temples for Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen-Empress, and long may they continue to do so; but if these things do not come to pass [the reopening of the Indian mints to silver] they will also be taught to pray for one other far across the sea, and for his ultimate triumph in 1900."

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION IN LABOUR DISPUTES.

"In the sixties, seventies, and earlier eighties, writers and speakers on the Labour Question held high hopes of voluntary conciliation and arbitration" writes the Agent-General for New Zealand (the Hon. W. Pembar Reeves) in the current number of the *National Review*. "The voluntary but systematic arrangement of labour disputes by means of joint committees and other conciliation machinery was the ideal of a certain school of individualist thought then very much in vogue. . . . It was clear of that thrice-detested thing State interference." In spite, however, of the good work done by many of the Boards, we are really no better off than we were twenty years ago. Great Britain, the United States, the British colonies are all failures as regards the settlement of Labour disputes by private conciliation or arbitration. On the Continent there are State tribunals, which are, in great disputes, practically useless. Since 1889 (the dockers' year) it has been felt that "something must be done." "What? Politicians caught at 'conciliation.' It was a comfortable word. So in a dozen different countries . . . Bill after Bill was introduced, and Act after Act passed . . . nearly all destined to fail completely and be promptly forgotten. . . . Only one has effected what those who enacted it professed to want. . . . Orthodox economists and philanthropic writers on labour questions were against compulsion, and with them were ranged the business man and the victorious trade unionist." It is useless to legislate ahead of the times and against public opinion. "But," says Pembar Reeves, "when public opinion is ripe and determined to substitute fair arbitration for industrial war optional conciliatory laws are worse than none at all. . . . They lull a healthy discontent, they tinker a great business, and they leave a national evil very much where they found it." Strikes have done good and gained concessions for Labour, but can no better way be found? As an example of the mischief half-measures can do, the Agent-General points to New South Wales, where a Bill was passed enabling one party to a labour quarrel to bring it before the State Board, but there was no power to enforce the award. Naturally it has proved a failure. From this he turns to the New Zealand Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. Local Boards of Conciliation are established "composed of equal numbers of masters and men with an impartial chairman." Its awards, however, are not enforced by law. If either party objects there is an appeal to the Court of Arbitration. This Court "consists of a Judge of the Supreme Court and two Assessors, one selected by the Association of Employers, the other by the Federation of Trade Unions. . . . The trio are appointed for three years." Its awards can be enforced by law if it so decides. The penalty for non-compliance with the decision of the Court is not to exceed £500, and it does not take account of disputes between employers and bodies of men not legally associated.

"A noteworthy feature of the Statute is a provision for the filing in the Supreme Court of contracts embodying working conditions agreed on by employers and union." The Bill attracted very little public attention, and even in Parliament the debates excited no interest. The general idea was to accept the conciliation, but to reject compulsion; the trade union leaders alone decided to support the whole Bill.

"The explanation of the stubbornness with which its framer refused all compromise lay in the conviction that a half measure would be worse than none."

About seventy trade unions registered, but at first the employers held aloof, but non-registration does not limit the jurisdiction of the Boards and Courts. By not registering the right of voting for the election of Assessors and Conciliation Boards is lost. Since the Act has been in operation there has been only one strike, and that was soon settled by the Arbitration Court. Sixteen cases have been referred to the Court, and "so far the Act has sailed along smoothly . . . but it may be urged that until some one has refused to obey a compulsory award, and been forced to their knees by legal process, the strength of the Act will not have been thoroughly tested."

Of course, this is State interference. However, the South Australian Parliament is following the example set by New Zealand, and why should not other countries do the same? "Compulsory arbitration," concludes Mr. Reeves, "is likely to have to wait until trade unionists are reconciled to it."



"THE POSITION OF THE EDUCATION QUESTION."

MR. E. LYULPH STANLEY contributes to the *Contemporary* an able and exhaustive paper on this question. The Voluntary Schools Act of 1897 is, he considers, the most reactionary step that has hitherto been taken by the State in reference to education. With regard to denominational schools, he says: "It is one thing to tolerate them, it is another to give to a denomination the monopoly of teaching, and the right to exclude capable and honourable citizens from the career of teaching." Denominational schools are imposed on a population who do not, as a rule, belong to that denomination.

In the Parliamentary division of Brigg, in Lincolnshire, there are sixty-one parishes. In only eighteen are there schools other than those of the Church of England, and 3,948 Nonconformist children are compelled to attend Church of England schools.

The clergy have agreed that the law which excludes sectarian teaching is unjust, and should be evaded. "Mr. Diggle's appeal for Conservative support is childish in its simplicity. He actually describes his party as the 'Unionist' party." It certainly is difficult to see the connection, and "Mr. Diggle did not disdain the support of Father Buckley, a Home Ruler, when he was carrying his Circular."

"As regards economy," continues Mr. Stanley, "What evidence is there that Mr. Diggle and his friends would reduce the cost and maintain the efficiency of the Board School for London? Certainly they have done nothing to reduce the cost to the ratepayers, where they might have done much. They are desirous of giving the Voluntary schools of London aid from the rates to the same extent as the Board schools, which would add a charge to the rates of at least £350,000 a year. Mr. Diggle has persistently supported a scheme of superannuation so unsound financially that the ultimate cost to the ratepayers would have to be calculated by millions. . . . The denominational party are not an economical party, they are a wasteful party. . . . In a word, hostility to public management; sympathy with sectarian teaching, is the key to their policy, not a regard for the ratepayers or any study for economy or efficiency."

FACTS AND FIGURES.

CHILD LABOUR IN GERMANY.

According to the census of June 14, 1895, there were 130,285 boys and 84,669 girls (altogether 214,954 children) under fourteen years of age who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows in Germany. More than half of these children (135,125) were employed in agriculture; 30,000 in industrial work; over 5,000 in commerce; over 33,000 as servants; 99.53 per cent. of those little slaves were the children of the workers.

TRADE UNIONISM IN DENMARK.

The following table is interesting as showing the development of trade unionism in Denmark. There were in—

	1894.	1896.
Associations of unions	23	40
Local branches	426	802
Separate local unions	45	53
Members of the associations	25,576	54,757
Members of the separate unions	2,265	8,620
	<hr/> Crowns.	<hr/> Crowns.
Their income has amounted to	317,372	711,064
Their expenditure has amounted to	261,862	586,670

EDUCATION IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

It is of some interest, from the point of view of the well-being of the proletariat, to compare the level of education in different countries.

The number of illiterates in every 10,000 of conscripts is as follows:—Denmark, 36; Sweden, 44; Germany, 51; Switzerland, 230; France, 1,243; Holland, 1,272; Belgium, 1,748; Austria, 3,890; Italy, 4,204; Hungary, 5,080.

These figures must be taken with some reserve. In different countries the standard below which a man is illiterate differs. For instance, in Germany, one who cannot read and write his own name would be termed an illiterate, whilst in Switzerland the conscript passes a serious examination in different subjects. Consequently, in spite of the greater number of "illiterates" the education of the people in Switzerland is much higher than in Germany.

Among the States which form the German Empire, military Prussia occupies the lowest place, the number of illiterates being there 78, whilst in Bavaria it is but 5, in Baden 2, and in Saxony and Wurtemberg but 1 per mille.

Generally speaking, the countries of German race occupy the first rank with regard to popular education, those of Latin race the second, and those of Slav the last. With respect to religious creeds it is the Protestant countries which have the most advanced education, the Catholic take the second, and the orthodox the last place.

In the development of industry, commerce, and national wealth the same rule holds, of course. The Catholic and orthodox countries are far below the Protestant ones. The same could be said with regard to the movement

of the working classes. The German race, with the highest level of education, have also the most profound and widespread movement of the proletariat.

It is therefore easy to understand why the ruling classes turn now more and more to the Church, which was ever the most firm supporter of their domination, hindering by its fallacious promises and deceptive hopes the intellectual progress of the working classes.

The Austrian General Council at Moscow reports on the industrial development of Russia as follows:—"The growth of Russian industry, as manifested at the exhibition of Nijni Novgorod, has been accomplished under a steady protectionist system, which influence procured a powerful protection to the industrial trades in all phases of production, from the fabrication of raw materials to the manufacture of the finest machine-made products. This shows the great progress made by the industry owing to the protectionist system of the last twenty years, the Government declares, therefore, a firm decision to carry this protection still further, and only to weaken the system in those cases and branches of industry where and which are already strong enough to withstand foreign competition or where the other states will consent to a lowering of the tariffs on the products of Russian agriculture."

The fact that Russia finds itself in a state of rapid transition from being a purely agricultural country to an industrial one is proved clearly by the circumstance that the whole product of its agriculture represents but a value of one and a-half milliards of roubles, whilst that of its industry and metallurgy exceeds in value two milliards.

The following figures show the number of factories and the value of their yearly production (in thousands of roubles) in various branches. Cotton, 3,951 factories, 19,945 thousands of roubles; paper, 436 factories, 26,995 thousand roubles; wooden, 1,373 factories, 38,876 thousand roubles; chemical, 1,214 factories, 40,945 thousand roubles; animal material, 4,192 factories, 78,422 thousand roubles; metallurgy and mining concerns 3,301, 344,127 thousand roubles; ceramic, 2,389 factories, 34,472 thousand roubles; alimentation, 13,349 factories, 502,859 thousand roubles; various, 986 factories, 72,610 thousand roubles. Besides, there was in the same year, 1896, in Poland, 2,711 factories, with a yearly production of 229½ million roubles.

The industrial capital takes more and more the form of share company enterprises. Thus there were found new companies: In 1894, 67, with a capital of 95 millions; in 1895, 95, 110 millions; 1896, 122, 176 millions. The average capital of separate enterprises was, in 1893, 940,000 roubles; in 1894, 1,418,000; in 1895, 1,157,000; and in 1896, 1,443,000.

Unemployed "brains." Three hundred candidates have applied for a vacancy at the Communal Administration at Auderlecht, Belgium, with a salary of £56 a year. Among those candidates there were eight doctors of law and advocates, six doctors of art, and one of philosophy.



IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

"Go on away, we don't want none o' yer Socialist rubbish down here."

The speaker was one of a crowd standing round a small platform at a street corner, on which stood a man, who was vainly trying to make himself heard over the shouts and jeers of the crowd, and by the side of which another stood, holding a red flag.

"I am afraid, my friend, you don't quite know what Socialism means," said the man on the platform, turning to the last speaker.

"Oh, don't I though?" retorted the latter, "I know as much about it as I want to know, and more, perhaps, than you can tell me," whereat the crowd yelled approval.

"Well, if you know as much about it as you want to know, I wonder you stop here. If you don't wish to listen to what I have to say you needn't stay here."

"I shall stop here just as long as I like. I have got just as much right to be here as you have."

"I didn't say that you had not as much right, but as I was speaking, I think it was very ill-mannered of you to interrupt, and I have not the least objection to you standing there, only while you do you might keep quiet and listen."

"Who do you think wants to listen to your damned rot?" the other shouted, amid the approving laughter and cheers of the crowd.

The man on the platform endeavoured to ignore the interruptions, and began:

"I was about to say, when I was interrupted, that we are holding this meeting here on behalf of the candidature of our comrade Morgan."

"Where is Morgan?" shouted the man in the crowd. "Bring him here, and we'll Morgan him. He's a pretty beauty, he is, to be a candidate for anything."

"Well, here is Morgan," said the other, "and he'll be quite ready to answer for himself, I'm sure, so I will at once call upon him to speak," saying which he stepped down from the platform, and his place was taken by a young, fair, and rather slightly built man, whose appearance was greeted with jeers.

"I understand some of you were very kindly inquiring after me," he commenced. "That was very good of you, I am sure. I can only assure you that your kindly interest is reciprocated. I am here as the Social-Democratic candidate because I take an interest in the well-being of my fellow-men. I recognise that the interest of all the workers are identical, and that by serving the interest of my class I am serving my own, and that it is only by promoting the interest of the whole body that the interest of the individual member can be promoted."

"You take an interest!" yelled the man who had been interrupting before. "You would take anything that was within your reach, I know."

The crowd laughed at this, but Morgan went on:

"This, after all, is the basis of Socialism—intelligent self-interest, a recognition that the interests of each one of us can best be served through the good of all. If I live under bad conditions, and have to put up with low wages, it is because other workers live under bad conditions and are content with low wages. Now, with regard to this question of education,—"

"You'd better go and get some education yourself," shouted a bystander.

"No fear, it aint education he wants," cried the man who had been the principal interrupter. "He's artful enough, I tell you. He's more R. than F., you bet. Why don't you tell us what you done with the money belonging to the sick benefit society?" he went on, turning towards Morgan.

"What do you mean?" demanded the latter, hotly.

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean, you dirty, thieving dog," retorted the other.

"I do not know what you mean," said Morgan, "and you have no right to come here, Ted Sennett, and make such insinuations."

"Haven't I? I've got as much right to make insinuations as you have to be a candidate. A fine candidate you are, I don't think. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I have never yet done anything in connection with any body with which I have worked to be ashamed of; and if you mean to say that I have, I can only describe such an assertion as a foul and baseless lie."

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar, then?" demanded Sennett.

"Certainly you are, if you make any such assertion as that which I have characterised."

"That's nice language, isn't it, for a candidate?" cried Sennett, looking round on the crowd. "He comes out here to ask people for votes, and then turns round and insults them, and calls them liars. He ought to be a candidate, he did."

"Well, but you called him a thief, Ted," timidly remarked a bystander.

"So he is; a dirty, rotten thief," shouted Sennett, "and I'll let everybody know it, too."

Amid such interruptions Morgan briefly concluded his speech, and the crowd dispersed.

"What was that about the sick benefit society money?" asked the man who had slightly remonstrated with him of Sennett as they walked away together.

"Nothing that I know of," the latter replied.

"What, do you mean to say there was nothing at all in it?"

"Nothing at all in it! Certainly that's what I mean. Why, Bill Morgan is as straight as any man; but he is a damned fool of a Socialist, and he makes me savage."

"Well, but it wasn't a right thing to do, was it, to go and start it about that the man was a thief when you knew it wasn't true?"

"I never *said* he was a thief, did I?"

"Yes, to me you did."

"Ah, well, I didn't say that at first, and if the others are fools enough to go and carry it about, so much the better."

"Why?"

"Bill Morgan is running against the parson and our boss, ain't he? And we have got to keep him out."

"I don't quite see what we want to keep him out for, I must say; but I suppose you're right."

"Right! of course I'm right. We must stand by the parson and the boss. We don't want no bleedin' Socialists and Atheists on our School Board, do we? Runnin' out agin the bleedin' Church, and not believin' in nothing, and wanting to teach the children science and morality, and all sich rot as that. I never learned no science nor no morality, nor nothing o' the sort when I went to school. And I've done very well without it as a working man. All such things as that should be left to our better. They

understands them things better'n we do. That's what I can't stand wi' Bill Morgan, a conceited puppy I call he, always sticking his nose in where his backside ain't wanted. Why I actually heard him argufyin' with the parson one day, trying to make out he knew as much as parson did. What rot!"

"Yes, it is a bit of cheek when you come to think of it. Why Bill Morgan is only a working man, just the same as you and I, Ted. What business has he to know anything about such things?"

"That's just what I should like to know. Some of these chaps is getting too big, I tell you, and they want their combs cut. Well, good night," with which the two parted.

The election was over and almost forgotten. The good parsons had been once more successful, and all that Morgan had to remember the contest by were one or two scars on his body, and some slight damage to his reputation caused by the slanders Ted Sennett and his friends had industriously circulated. He had returned home from work, and just finished his evening meal, when there came a knock at the door. On opening it he saw, to his surprise, that his visitor was Sennett.

"Good evening, Mr. Morgan," said the latter, "I came to see you about a little matter of business in which I thought you could help me."

"What is it?" asked Morgan.

"Well, if we could sit down and talk it over it would be better."

"Oh, very well, come in," said Morgan, not feeling too hospitable towards his unexpected visitor.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Morgan, for coming to you," said Sennett, when they were seated, "but I knew you'd be ready to help us in our trouble. You mustn't think any more about that little bother at the election time. I was sorry to have to go against you, but, of course, I had to."

"I don't see that at all," replied Morgan, "but still, that's all past and done with now. What's the present trouble?"

"Why, we had a row with the boss, and we have all come out. It's a matter of wages. He wants to cut us down a couple o' bob a week, and so we have come out, and we want you to take the matter up for us. We know you are always willing to give a helping hand to fellow-workmen in cases like this."

"Well I am quite willing to do anything I can, of course; but I don't see what I can do in this case. This is your own affair. Surely you'll be able to settle it yourselves."

"Well, the boss won't come to any arrangement with us at all. He says we are out, and we can stop out until we come to his terms. We don't know what to do. We've never had a strike before. The men are having a meeting now, and they sent me to ask you to come down."

The upshot of it was that Morgan went to the meeting of the men. He assisted them in forming a committee, and lost half-a-day next day in order to go with a deputation of the men to see their employer. The latter refused to make any terms with them, and the result was that for several weeks the strike dragged on, Morgan devoting all his spare time to assisting the men in raising funds to keep them while they were out. Eventually the employer gave way, and the men delightedly celebrated their victory and were loud in their expressions of gratitude to Morgan for the manner in which he had stood by them and helped them in their struggle.

It was three years later, and again Morgan was the Socialist candidate, and again he found himself occasionally surrounded by the unreasoning crowd of furious partisans of clericalism and ignorance with which his previous experience had made him familiar. On this occasion, however, they were more abusive and more violent than ever. The cry of "atheist" had been raised against him, and the knowledge that, notwithstanding their ignorance, Socialism was a growing influence, and the feeling that their beloved Church was in danger, had raised to boiling point the fury of these pious zealots, whose every sentence was interlarded with oaths, and whose acquaintance with the inside of a church was limited to a visit on the occasion of a wedding, a funeral, or a christening. Men and women vied with each other in hurling the foulest epithets at the head of poor Morgan; presently there was a rush for the frail platform. Notwithstanding the efforts of the small band who surrounded it, the slight structure was hurled to the ground and smashed to pieces. That was not the worst, for Morgan was thrown down with it, and the man who threw him down, the ringleader of the crowd, who administered to Morgan the kick which made him a hospital patient for some weeks, and put an end to his candidature for that time, was Ted Sennett.

IN THE ALE HOUSE.

(Translated by J. L. Joynes from the German of Georg Weerth.)

MINE ancient host in Lancashire,
He turns a tap of tasteless beer.
He taps it daily ; but, be sure
He taps it only for the poor.

The wretched folk in Lancashire,
They come to taste his wretched beer,
They come in boots that split in two,
They come in coats that are not new.

The first that speaks of all the pack,
It is the pale-faced quiet Jack ;
He sadly says, " Whate'er I've tried,
The luck has ne'er been on my side."

Says Tom, " Full many a year since I
First learned to weave has now gone by.
My woollen cloth the rich folk share,
But I must rags and tatters wear."

And Bill goes on, " With weary hand
I drive the plough through English land,
And see the crops to harvest grow,
While I to bed must hungry go."

Says Sam, " From pits and stifling holes
Ben daily digs his load of coals—
His wife and new born babe beside
Of cold—God damn it all—have died."

And Jack and Tom and Bill and Sam
Cry all with one accord " God damn !"—
That night on bed of down, I deem,
A rich man dreamt an evil dream.



WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

"In a few minutes I have to go to prison. In four months I shall be free again, on March 18th—a date of good augury! Good-bye! My and my wife's love to you, and fraternal greetings to all friends.

"Berlin, November 18th.

"W. LIEBKNECHT."

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

No. 12. DECEMBER, 1897.

"BECHUANA REBELS."

OF the numberless crimes committed upon black communities by white usurpers in Africa, the most recent, on a large scale, and one of the meanest, is that of which several thousand Bechuana are the victims. Their case is one that deserves special attention from right-minded Englishmen at the present time ; for, though it is impossible to bring the dead to life, prompt and vigorous protest may do something to rescue those yet alive from the cruel treatment accorded to them by the Cape Government, with the sanction, if not the approval, of the authorities at home.

The people known to us as Bechuana are, or were, some 200,000 in number, occupying an area of about 200,000 square miles—much of it desert—in the central part of South Africa, between the Orange River and the Zambesi, bounded on the one side by the Transvaal and on the other by German South West Africa. Long before 1884 Boer and other adventurers had begun to encroach upon them, and they had repeatedly appealed to the British Government for the protection which was promised to them in that year. The promise has been, to some extent, kept as regards the tribes in the north, their most influential chief being Khama, who is not only a Christian backed up by the London Missionary Society, but also a shrewd statesman, able to take some care of his and his people's interests. The measure of favour hitherto shown to him and his neighbours in two-thirds or three-fourths of the country may not last, but is in welcome contrast to the betrayal of the other Bechuana in the south.

The district held by these latter was, ostensibly for their better "protection" and with their consent, organised in 1885 as the Crown Colony of British Bechuanaland. The intruders already settled in it—chiefly Boers—were allowed to retain the footing they had acquired and to be recruited by others ; but a number of reserves—ultimately thirty-eight—were marked off for exclusive use of the natives, and for the most part in the localities previously inhabited by the different tribes and families. Here they were to be free, to all intents and purposes, to live as they pleased, having an average of about half a square mile to each family, and holding their lands

in common under their own chiefs and sub-chiefs, whom the Government regarded as their trustees and as the intermediaries in all relations with them. Their native institutions were not to be interfered with, against their will, either by magistrates or missionaries, so long as they paid a hut-tax of ten shillings a year and caused no serious disturbance outside; and they were at liberty to go outside to trade with or work for white men, then only being subjected to the white men's laws, and special provisions being in that case made to guard them from injury by white men. It was, on the whole, a satisfactory arrangement, following the lines yet more satisfactorily adopted at the same time in Basutoland, and it worked fairly well for more than ten years. Those who chose found plenty of employment in the neighbouring diamond mines of Kimberley or gold mines of Johannesburg. Its main disadvantage was that many who sought to profit by it were contaminated by the "civilisation" introduced to them. "The ingress of white settlers, the gradual occupation of the best points in the country by aliens," reported Mr. J. S. Moffat—long a missionary, and then a magistrate—"made the better class of natives despair and the worst sort to gravitate to vagabondage and cattle-stealing, in which they found themselves strangely associated with the waifs and strays of civilisation."

The "protection" asked for and welcomed by the southern Bechuana proved to be by no means the blessing they anticipated. It did not, however, show itself to them as a curse till 1895, when Mr. Rhodes, to please his supporters in Cape Colony and also to further his projected seizing of the Transvaal—for which Bechuanaland offered the requisite "jumping-off ground" and also a police force ready for filibustering work under Dr. Jameson—induced Mr. Chamberlain to convert the Crown Colony into a province of Cape Colony. Against this scheme, as soon as they heard of it, the natives vigorously protested. "We know," they urged in May, 1895, "that, if this country is annexed to Cape Colony, instead of being prosperous, we shall become ruined; instead of being contented, we shall be discontented; instead of being justly and fairly treated, we shall be unfairly treated." Addressing their "Mother, the Great Queen" in August, they asked: "Why are you tired of ruling us? Why do you want to throw us away?" But their prayers and exhortations were only partially heeded. Mr. Chamberlain handed them over to the tender mercies of the Cape Government in November. He did, as he thought, do something for them. He stipulated and obtained from Mr. Rhodes a pledge that none of the rights then accorded to them should be taken from them, and especially that "all native reserves shall be and remain inalienable." Of course, the pledge, if there was ever any notion of keeping it, was soon broken. Thus the betrayal of the southern Bechuana was brought about.

The troubles they had dreaded began almost immediately after the transfer, and reached a crisis in December, 1896, when a wretched little squabble about some natives' cattle, which strayed to a white man's farm and were shot down by him, furnished an excuse for shooting down the natives by thousands. A policeman sent up to inquire into the matter reported that

the natives were "cheeky." Other policemen sent to back him up reported that they were "rebellious." An honest magistrate could have settled the business in half an hour. But that was exactly what the white men did not want. They wanted the black men's "inalienable reserves." So a cry of "Rebellion!" was raised. Some five hundred volunteers hurried up from Kimberley to help the local police and the local volunteers, all eager for sport; and, as they were not clever enough in butchering, about a thousand other volunteers were sent up from Cape Town two months later to finish the job. "One day's fighting will satisfy the rebels," wrote one of these fresh warriors to a Cape newspaper, "and then it will be a nigger-hunt for two or three days." He was too sanguine or too moderate. From first to last the nigger-hunt lasted for seven months. Thousands of armed natives—women and children, and unarmed "friendlies" who vainly asked for mercy, as well as men bold enough to use such weapons as they had in vain effort to save themselves from their ruthless assailants—were shot down with Maxim guns and Martini-Henry rifles, or dynamited in the caves in which they hid themselves, or starved to death through the stealing of their cattle, the burning of their grain, and other "resources of civilisation." The survivors were driven westward and southward into the desolate Langeberg district—a long stretch of rocks and hills—where, in dwindling numbers, they kept themselves alive on such food as they could scrape together until early last August, when, all their leaders having been killed or caught, some of them retired into the Kalahari Desert and elsewhere, and the rest, between three and four thousand in number, gave themselves up to their heartless tormentors.

It was not out of sheer wantonness that this "rebellion," in which the only rebels were poor persecuted wretches trying to save themselves from slaughter, was faked up, that this "nigger hunt" was ordered and carried through. There was a serious purpose in it, frankly and cynically stated by Mr. Garrett, the editor of the *Cape Times*, the chief apologist and champion of Rhodesian policy, in an article published on June 1. "We whites want the black man's land," he says, "just as we did when we first came to Africa. But we have the decency, in these conscience-ridden days, not to take it without a fair excuse. A native rising, especially when there are inaccessible caves for the rebels to retire into, is a very tiresome and expensive affair; but it has its compensations; for it provides just the excuse wanted." As early as last February Sir Gordon Sprigg, Mr. Cecil Rhodes's successor or *locum tenens* in the Cape Premiership, had announced that "land which had been occupied by these rebellious people, and from which they had been driven and were being driven, never should be occupied by them again," but should be given instead to "a European population who would be worthy of occupying the country and help forward its prosperity." As soon as we of the Aborigines Protection Society heard of this monstrous intention, we appealed to Mr. Chamberlain to thwart it and to insist on the observance of his own stipulation, made only a year and a-half before, as regards the "inalienability" of the native reserves. But that appeal,

dated March 3, received no reply, and to a second appeal, dated April 9, the only answer received, on May 3, was that "he has not felt himself able to object to a proposal of the Cape Government for the forfeiture of the lands of those chiefs who were in open rebellion." The lands had been given in 1886, and again in 1895, not to the chiefs, but to the people; and there neither had been nor was any "rebellion"—only a murderous "nigger-hunt" on a large scale. But what did that matter? Sir Gordon Sprigg passed through the Cape Parliament his Bill "to appropriate lands in certain native reserves, the previous occupants of which had gone into rebellion," and it obtained the Royal assent in time for him to keep the Diamond Jubilee in England while his henchmen were keeping it by further using British Bechuanaland as a human slaughter-house.

Nor was that all. Having, by a very cumbrous process, and with sanction of the Colonial Office, robbed several thousands of the Bechuana of their lands, and having killed off some of the thousands, the Cape Government found itself with the surviving thousands on its hands. These, reserving a few of the leaders for trial on a charge of high treason, it proceeded to punish without trial. It deported them to Cape Town where, on August 31, it opened what the generally Rhodesian *Cape Times* (which deserves our thanks for *not* being loyal to the Rhodesians in this matter) calls "our slave-mart." The "surrendered rebels" were brought down in weekly "batches" of some 200 at a time, and indentured for five years to farmers and others in want of cheap labour. The scale tariff for able-bodied men was ten shillings, for sturdy youths and capable women seven-and-sixpence, a month. The cripples and the babies were, apparently, thrown in for nothing; indeed, the Cape Government takes great credit for its humanity in not separating children from their parents, and in requiring the slave-takers—they cannot be called slave-buyers, for, instead of paying for the chattel handed over to them, they are provided with the labour they need at half price or less—to take their slaves by families.

This, though the Cape Government refuses to call it slavery, is slavery, and of the cruellest sort. The slave-owner whose slave is his property for life—as in the old days in America and the West Indies, and as now in "uncivilised" Africa—is a fool if he does not take such care of his property as to get most value out of it. The slave-owner for only five years is, from his own point of view, a fool if he does not thrash and bully his slave into doing all the work that can be got out of him within the five years, and cares only to keep him alive for that time. Already, though this new form of slavery was only started about three months ago, some cases of gross cruelty have been reported, and at least one has been severely punished by an honest magistrate; and there is reason to suspect that many other cases have been kept from the knowledge of outsiders.

But we may hope that this wickedness will not be allowed to continue for long. We, and the Buchuana, have some good friends in Cape Town, especially Mr. Moffat, who has raised a test case in the South African courts, which, if there is any regard for equity there, is likely to go against the

Cape Government, and this case, if need be, will be brought to England on appeal. Somehow or other the Cape Government must be forced—or shamed—into making such slight reparation as is now possible for the great wrong it has done to its Bechuana victims. The murdered thousands cannot be brought back to life; but the thousands yet alive can have at least some small measure of justice done to them. Let it be remembered, too, that there are hundreds of thousands, in Cape Colony alone a million and a-half, of other natives who are in more or less danger of like treatment to that accorded to the Bechuana, if the treatment of the Bechuana is allowed to become a precedent. Some good should result from our appeal to the law. But public opinion can do more than the law, and to it we also appeal.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

"THE Land of Misrule," says a writer in *Blackwood*, is the native name for the hill country on the north-west of our Indian Empire, and we now have the opportunity of rendering this name no longer applicable. In order to bring this about we must put "our relations with the semi-independent tribes on that frontier on a more satisfactory basis," and thereby increase the "security of our Indian frontier on the west." Hitherto "the independence of the tribes has been respected, greatly to our detriment . . . and if there is any interference with their independence hereafter, they have only themselves to blame."

"We are at peace with the world, and hope to remain so," continues the writer, and the condition of affairs in this district is a continual menace to such peace. "The hill tribes cannot love us, for we have debarred them from their traditional raiding of the lowlands. Our primitive expeditions . . . must have seemed to them simply spiteful." He deprecates "hasty annexations," if indeed any further annexation should be necessary. Then comes the inevitable inquiry, "How is it to be done?" We must be on amicable terms with these tribes, but we must show that we are the stronger, that we "can subdue them if we wish." They are necessary to us as guardians of the passes, "but they must hold them *for* us, not *against* us." Permanent stations on the hills should be established, and these tribes compelled to give up their modern weapons, for they are too well armed. The article, in conclusion, draws attention to the expense that the strengthening the position of our north-west frontier will entail.

Sir Auckland Colvin contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a paper on the same subject. "It would be absurd," he says, "to pretend that the populations of India are as resolved to remain at all costs under British rule as the people of these islands are determined at all hazards to retain them there. If, to keep India under British rule, it is resolved to extend the new bulwark province now formed beyond the frontier . . . it will become necessary for the people and the Government of the country very shortly to consider in what form the cost may be best defrayed. Far as we have gone beyond the frontier we are likely to be carried still further." The question of expense now arises, how the necessary money is to be found, who is to bear the additional burden. "The revenues of India cannot equitably be expected to continue to bear so great and indefinite and increasing a charge. . . . It is by no means only India, but in an equal if not greater degree this country, that is interested in the objects for which that charge is imposed."

SCIENCE AND LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Discourse delivered by Enrico Ferri before the New University of Brussels
on October 11, 1897.

(Conclusion.)

It must be admitted that, in spite of so many favourable conditions after a luxurious growth of descriptive analyses, by morphology, of various societies and their industrial and military types—which Saint-Simon had already sketched out—the new-born has presented in the last ten years an arrest of development, which appears to menace it with the destiny of those infant prodigies who are lost and suffocated in a chronic infantilism without ever attaining their full vigour, either of body or mind.

The reason of this is a sort of paralytic fear which has hindered sociology from making a union complete, and without mental reserve, with society and life, of which—in spite of the essay of Comte on the mean of the law of the intellectual and social passage from the theological state to the metaphysical state and to the positive state—it has not been able to indicate the motive principle and the directing guide.

The arrest of growth, ideo-emotional, is, following the analysis of Ferrero, the origin of all symbolism, which takes the sign for the thing itself, and the means for the end, like the miser, who, adoring his money, suffers at the same time the pangs of hunger. But it is also the cause of those illusions which always tend to make us the centre of all we see: for, as said Protagoras, expelled from Athens under the accusation of atheism, 2 400 years ago, “man is the measure of the universe.” The astronomic doctrines of Copernicus and Galileo, combined with the hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, have dispersed the geo-centric illusion which made the grain of dust we inhabit the centre and the pivot of the whole universe.

The doctrines of Lamarck and Darwin have dispelled the second great illusion—the illusion anthropocentric—which made man at once the centre and the end of all cosmic and telluric life.

Another great illusion, however, survived, and this time not only in the empiricism of the public, but also in social science itself, namely, the illusion which, without saying so, makes the society in which we live the centre and the final end of human history. It is due solely to this illusion that the political economy of the nineteenth century gives as eternal and invariable laws those sociological laws which are only relative to this period of social evolution, *i e.*—the bourgeois civilisation which in England is hardly two centuries old, and only one century in Western Europe and America. In the same way Aristotle, twenty-three centuries ago, symbolising Greek civilisation, said that nature itself created free men and slaves, and that no other form of

society would be possible. And this illusion is increased by the transportation into the regions of social science of that rule of cold and absolute objectivity called "science for the sake of science," admissible in physical research, but inapplicable to sociology.

For this the rule can only be "science for life," as in sociology man is at the same time the observer and the material of observation, the judge and the judged.

For of what use is it to study the societies of ants and bees, of the Fuegians and Kamtschatkans, of ancient Egypt and Peru, of Greece and Rome, of feudalism and capitalism, to stop short at the platonic proclamation of a liberty or a justice now declared immutably fixed on their pivots, but conceding the possibility of some palliative and unobjectionable reforms? Here we have a strange misunderstanding of social life, and its living and visible conditions, which consists not only of purblindness, but also of actual ingratitude.

For it is to life itself that science owes its most fruitful sources of propulsion in the struggle against the unknown. The whole kaleidoscope of scientific discoveries that I have just rapidly recalled to your memory are, in effect, but the continual documentation of that influence which the necessities of life have on scientific researches: from the agricultural vicissitudes and periodic inundations of Babylon and Egypt which have given rise to geometrical researches and the observation of astronomical phenomena to the exigences of international commerce in the nineteenth century. These exigences are the motive-power to which we owe the invention of the locomotive of Stephenson, the steamboat of Fulton—which delivered us from pirates more effectively than all the penal codes and death penalties—the Morse system of telegraphy, the piercing with compressed air of the tunnel of Mount Cenis, or the excavations of the Suez Canal. In the same way that the exigences of large industries have produced a marvellous development in steam machinery, chemical analysis and electric motors.

And everywhere the stupefying technological evolution of the instruments of labour in our century, from the spinning machine of Arkwright and the weaving machine of Cartwright and Jacquard to the machine for typographic composition which has just come to invade a branch of industry, intellectual and manual, which appeared inaccessible to machinery. What is this in reality except turn by turn the cause and effect of scientific evolution by the intimate bond which exists between theory and practice? For this vertiginous development of industrial technology from prehistoric and savage industry, through individual manufacture to the great contemporary machine production, has had two great and ineffacable results in life and in science.

In life, on the one hand, it has increased man's power over natural forces in undreamt-of proportion, from heat—the first conquest of humanity over the cosmic forces—to electricity. On the other hand, it has substituted, for the mediæval form of private property and the products of labour—i.e., ownership by the worker himself—the capitalist form of private property, which has accumulated the means of production and the products of labour in the

hands of an idle class, and has opposed to them an anonymous and ever-increasing mass of wage-workers.

On the 18th of Brumaire Napoleon set the seal of violence on the birth of the nineteenth century ; but he could not prevent the constitution of the definite domain of the bourgeoisie, which, after its revolutions of birth in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and after its revolutions of national growth in Greece, Belgium, Italy, Hungary, and Germany, surmounted all political frontiers, in order to arrive at the internationalism of commerce, industry, and the bourse.

Again, after its first political cry of infancy with the conspiracy of Babœuf, the modern proletariat — both with the Chartist movement in England, and the days of 1848 in nearly every country in Europe—sought in vain its historic course. It was not yet mature, neither in the life nor in the first theoretical essays of Owen, Saint-Simon, or Fourier, not even in 1870 with the Commune of Paris, after which it changed its tactics, and, inspired by the lessons of evolutionary naturalism formulated by scientific Socialism, it gave itself to the work of its proper political and social organisation. It is through this organisation that the proletariat prepared itself for the new social forms which will seal the incorporation of the whole of humanity without class antagonisms and which germinates under our own eyes from the bourgeois arrangement of society in the same way that the bourgeois arrangement germinated from the feudal system.

And in science the great technical, economical, and social movement of the nineteenth century, in putting before the eyes of sociologists the new phenomena of the proletariat, has imposed the clear and trenchant vision of two great social laws, social solidarity and economic determinism.

The periodicity of agricultural crises, which have been traced to the spots on the sun as well as to agricultural competition, and the periodicity of industrial crises by the excess of production, have awakened the keen conscience of that solidarity, which in the field limited by each society is already visible by the fact of a division of industrial labour carried to the last limits, by which each worker receives only an almost infinitesimal part of the final product produced by the collectivity. At the same time, the discoveries of Pasteur carries us to the idea of social solidarity against the scourge of epidemic maladies by forcing the dominant classes to care for the hygienic conditions of the working class with the object of eliminating the irradiation of death-dealing microbes.

From this conception of the solidarity between all the phenomena and all the forces of nature, as well as between all men and all societies, to the international conscience of humanity beyond all political frontiers, is but a step.

And for this international conception science is as favourable and more noble a domain than commerce or the bourse, as good as the fecund and unfortunate domain of labour. So that every European war has against it the Triple Alliance of the interest of international capitalism, the solidarity of the proletarians of all countries, and the conscience of all thinking men.

At the same time, the problem of the motive and directive force of social evolution which the purely descriptive sociology from Comte to Spencer had not been able to solve has been grasped by that socialistic sociology of Marx and Engels to Morgan, De Paepe, Malon, De Greef, Loria, Asturaro, Denis, Vandervelde, Kovalewsky, Plechanoff, Letourneau, Jacoby, Bebel, Labriola, Turati, Kautsky, Hyndman, Belfort Bax, Kropotkin, Webb, Lafargue, Hamon, Jaurès, Deville, Renard, Sorel and many others.

It is still again the positive method applied to the study of political economy, which has revealed the sociological law of economic determinism, by which the facts of social life attain their complete accord with the conclusions of social science and history.

The law formulated by Marx in saying that "the mode of production of material life dominates in general the development of social, political, and intellectual life" is quite in accord with the facts of evolutionary naturalism since the economic condition of all society in every epoch is the result of the energies of the race in the telluric medium.

And whilst Comte saw in intelligence the motive and directive force of social evolution, Spencer, coming nearer the truth, perceived it in the sentiments of man; Marx indicated it in the needs which compel man to transform force and matter by his work with the object of providing for his conditions of existence variable from epoch to epoch and from place to place. Here we have the principle known as "historic materialism" a not very happy formula because it allows it to be suspected that materialism is here meant in the empiric sense of the word, and that every social and humane question will become a mere question of the belly.

No! When we say that it is not the conscience of man which determines his method of living, but that it is his mode of living which determines his conscience, we do not forget that after and with the stomach—whose satisfaction is the primordial need of life, as the Catholic prayer also recognises which asks first the daily bread—man has also heart and brain, that is to say that after and with the needs of organic life there is also the needs of the psychic life.

That is why, with the law of economic determinism, we do not forget that all the political, juridical, moral, and scientific forces which, determined by the economic structure, have in their turn relatively autonomous development, by which they have an undeniable influence on individual and social life, and can even react on the economic structure without at the same time attaining a decisive force in opposition to it.

So that this sociological law which, according to me is the final word of science and life in the nineteenth century, is still again, as in all evolutionary naturalisms, but the renaissance of the true and human ideal, which no longer descends from heaven, glassy and cold with mysticism, but which springs living and vigorous from the realities of life.

Art itself since it is only the æsthetic expression of society, has followed in our century a parallel evolution to the development of life and science.

In effect, after the individualist effusion of joyous and impulsive romanticism, art has followed the route opened by the great Balzac. In spite of the contemporary errors of neo-mysticism, it tends more and more to appeal to real life, of which it formulates the actual spasms and the ideal aspirations. It is, in effect, our religion—this solid love for toiling humanity either in solitary fields or in the bowels of the earth, in the workshops of industry or of science. And this religion gives us this unshakeable faith that on the one hand natural evolution strides on with an ever-accelerated progression; for the millions of years necessary for the formation of a solar system become hundreds of thousands for geological periods and thousands for great historic epochs, in order to be only centuries and years when the economic and social transformations of life are urged on to great swiftness by scientific discoveries and applications more and more numerous and rapid.

On the other hand, we have the certainty that this union of science and life on the domain of Socialist sociology will have the same beneficial effects that it has had on the domain of human industry. Physical forces are as confused and mischievous when we do not understand them as they are subdued and beneficent when we have acquired scientific knowledge of them; the electricity which ravages and kills in the storm becomes a marvellous and fecund energy when once it is ruled by scientific thought.

In the same way the productive forces of social life abandoned now to empiric disorder—which appears order only to those who enjoy its privileges—are also mischievous with their periodic crises and their thunderbolts of the bourse, or with the warehouses overflowing side by side with starvation, and they will become fruitful for all humanity when once they shall have social functions regulated by scientific thought in accord with the experience of life.

With that faith in the common ideal of life and of science—which I am sure animates you, old masters and students, intellectual brothers in arms—I have the honour and the pleasure to take part anew in the work of our dear new university under this device:—

“With science for the better life of humanity.”

A. E. L.



SOCIALISM AND SOCIALISTIC DOCTRINE.

IN July of this year I published, through the Milan publishing company of Treves, a book entitled "For and Against Socialism." The quintessence of this book is as follows: Socialism is neither collectivism, communism, mutualism, nor any other system: it is rather the collection of various systems, dealing with the construction of a better order of society, the essence of which is—justice in all human relations, abolition of monopoly, usury, commercial speculation, and fraud; abolition of wage-labour as the perpetual working condition of a great part of the population; collective operations; the obtaining of equal economical conditions; the participation of all men in labour, as an enjoyment of life.

This Socialism, as also Socialism in its exact sense, is absolutely irrefutable, and must realise itself; the objections urged against the above-mentioned systems are powerless to touch it.

It is therefore the duty of Socialists not to lay too much weight upon any particular system, but rather to recognise that the greatest portion of these systems, perhaps the whole of them, offer room for serious objections.

As at present understood, Socialism is dogmatic and doctrinaire, and, consequently, subjective and utopian. Its form overweighs its content; the essential is subordinated to the secondary; and scientific hypothesis is built up on party programmes.

The bourgeois press has, in the main, received my book favourably—to the effect that it was opportune for me to point out that the refutations which the opponents of Socialism direct against it only really affect collectivism, communism, or some other similar system, so that if all these systems are shaken, the essence of Socialism still remains always constant, namely: the absolute necessity for economic relations of humanity to be more justly arranged, in order that the harsh inequalities of the conditions of life may be abolished. With that which concerned the opponents of Socialism, I was able to entirely reach the object for which I strove. With the Socialists themselves I was, however, not so fortunate, for they either would not or could not refute my arguments, and preferred to remain silent. Ferrero alone, independent Socialist, of no precise direction, and bound to no orthodoxy, agreed with me, and spoke out his conviction that my book was a "precursor of a change which sooner or later the Socialist party of Italy would have to effect."

And why only Italy?

Because, answered Ferrero, the Socialist movement in Italy owes its origin less to a really working class movement than to the dissatisfaction of the small bourgeoisie, who suffered from economical crises as well as from the political action of the governing classes, and therefore the Marxist form given by the promulgators of Socialism was not fit for it.

Marxism, as generally conceived, is a catastrophic theory rather than a theory of development, especially in the present connection, because it i

based upon the necessity for the destruction of the middle class as well as the separation of society into two irreconcilably distinct classes—in the possession by a mighty oligarchy of unbounded power over all, and in a majority of the miserable. Through the collision of these two classes the new society will arise; therefore, for this collision to ensue so violently the difference between the two classes must be as great as it is possible to imagine. . . .

If Italian Socialism would accept these principles, it must resolutely hasten the destruction of the small proprietors, rejoice in the growing misery of the proletariat, and quietly resign itself to the financial plundering of the middle-class moneyed men. It has not the courage to follow this stoical method, to urge the disturbance of the social equilibrium to its highest point; it rather wavers continually between the resolution to assist in the economical conflicts of our time or to give them their *coup de grace*.

"Now," says Guglielmo Ferrero, "Merlino appears in order to put clearly to the Italian Socialists the question as to what declared Marxism really is. He means Marxist collectivism, which exhibits only one form of Socialism, the conception of which word he widens, comprehending therein the collected endeavours of the modern world with the tendency towards justice.

"For him Socialism is everything which lessens the oppression of one class by another, everything which gives to the relations of men the impress of greater justice; therefore, to the programme and progress of Socialism would be added the law which will protect the small proprietor from the usurers, the law which protects the citizen from the arbitrariness of the courts, every attempt to protect the worker from the caprice of the factory owner and to raise his wages, and also every tax reform which tends to give to taxes their true character as an indemnification for real public service, and to secure them from the violent extortions for the profit of the few and to the detriment of the many. Merlino believes that through continual reforms the moral character of society may be altered, and in such a manner the Revolution will be accomplished, which the moral, and with it the political, economical, and family form of bourgeois society will transform.

"This method of conceiving the question will appear to many, and especially to the fanatical Marxist, metaphysical and abstract, whilst it is, on the contrary, in the greatest extent practical and positive, so soon as it is dissolved of its somewhat transcendent form. Merlino asks the Italian Socialists, What will you do? Draw society into a sudden, decisive, final conflict, in which you will increase the present disturbance in the equilibrium of economic conditions illimitably, or gradually diminish the mighty burden of injustice under which the world sighs? Ruin the middle classes and accelerate the supremacy of the plutocracy, or gradually equalise all classes, raise the poor, morally and materially, and humble the mighty? And to the whole of society give that equilibrium of well-being in which justice consists?"

I am thankful to Ferrero that he has thus stated the question in its true form. Not only in Italy, where Socialism diffused itself from the middle

classes to the working class, but also in other lands, where Socialism followed the inverse method, and, arising from the working class, spread itself through the middle class; it is gradually losing the catastrophic character with which the Marxist teachings have stamped it; it ceases to represent the seal of a single class, but embodies the seal of the whole of humanity, at least of the best portion of humanity. In short, congresses in which Socialists and non-Socialists have united for the discussion of important social questions have proven that Socialism can no longer be compressed into a party programme, but that a social transformation is developing which forces itself upon everyone, and to which everyone, consciously or unconsciously, contributes. If the Conservatives endeavour to moderate the violence of the power which will rejuvenate society, and by trifling concessions to suffocate the dissatisfaction of the working class, and if at other times the Socialists oppose concessions out of fear that these will deaden the minds, and kill the spirit of insurrection in the masses, and so throw back the new formation of society, for which they strive, both are deceived; for through these concessions that new formation will begin; through them Socialism will realise itself in its essence, through them it will penetrate into the customs and organism of modern society, undermine its existence, call out progressively revolutionary tendencies, until finally society is completely transformed.

If, however, collectivism, communism, or any other socialistic system is able to realise itself, it would still be necessary to regulate the relations of individuals and groups, the citizen from the arbitrariness of the public official, the worker from the leader of industry, and so forth; in short, it would be necessary to give the form a substance.

Socialism must cease to be dogmatic; it must descend from the lofty but barren heights of doctrine; it must abandon the prejudices of schools, and free itself from its academic fetters; it must become positive, in order that day by day it may know how to strike in the political, economical, and social struggles; it must battle for practical reform which the people demand and which the governing classes refuse.—SAVERIO MERLINO, in the *Sozialistische Monats-Hefte*.

THE "COLLECTIVE WILL" AND LAW.

THAT the will of the majority is necessarily worthy of all acceptance is a proposition much affected by democrats in general, and is often opposed to the incoherent dreams of Anarchists, who think that in an organised society the individual will can assert its supremacy. Now, while in the main accepting the doctrine as urged against the atomistic theory of Anarchism, I am bound to enter a caveat against the too drastic, or rather uncritical, application of the formula in question. In the first place, what is the will of society, or of the majority? Is it the expressed will or the implied will, and, if so, how much of expression or of implial goes to constitute the valid will as such? Is a *bare* majority sufficient? Is every act of a Parliament, lasting, say, for seven years, and passing measures anent questions upon which the constituencies have never been consulted, and many of which, in the hurry of modern life, are passed by unknown, unnoticed by the vast bulk of the population, to be regarded as representing the will of "society"? Then, again, is the will of the majority, even if it be really such—if, for example, it has expressed itself unmistakeably in an initiative or referendum which necessarily only reflects public opinion at a particular moment, possibly under the influence of panic—is such an expression, I ask, to be taken as a valid will, before which our deepest moral impulses as to justice and injustice must go under? I set aside such a monstrosity as decision, or judge-made law, such an important ingredient in the laws under which Englishmen live, as that is obviously a case in which society, or the "majority," is not consulted at all, though it is not so very different from the other case alluded to above of the measure passed by Parliament as to which the electors have had no voice. In either case the measure, or decision, is incorporated into the established order of things, and is allowed to remain there, not by the will expressed, or even necessarily implied, of the majority, but by the will-lessness, the apathy, of society as a whole. The majority might even disapprove, if questioned on the subject; but the law remains law, because the bulk of society is too indifferent or cannot afford time to getting it repealed. The only alternative remains, if we reject these definitions of the will of the majority, to fall back upon the arbitrary, but scarcely satisfactory, one by which everything which manages to get established is, by virtue of that circumstance, to rank as expressing the collective will.

Barring the last-mentioned solution, we are clearly confronted with more than one difficulty. We have to decide what degree of positive acceptance on the part of the majority constitutes a declaration of "will." This extends from a definite referendum or plébiscite, which, although it only expresses the will of the majority at a given moment, yet undoubtedly does so at that moment, down to a judicial decision, which probably expresses the

will of only "three persons" (judges), with not even one god thrown in by way of makeweight.

If we decline to accept as authoritative anything short of a referendum, it is plain we shall rule out the enormous bulk of the laws and customs under which all civilised people live. While, on the other hand, if we accept the judge's "decision" as authoritatively representing the will of the nation, we may as well accept the ukase of any despot who by fraud, force or favour has attained to power, as being equally so. But if, once more, we refuse either alternative, and try to strike a middle course, the line we draw must, I submit, as things are to-day, be purely arbitrary, not to speak of the difficulties in which we are still involved anent all laws or customs falling outside the line.

The result to which we must come would seem to be that the will or decision of the majority of the people cannot be effectively invoked in any but a few cases, that even under the most favourable circumstances it can only represent a passing phase of the will of the people, and therefore that this will, as expressed in any given manner, has no *absolute*, but only a very *relative* validity. But of what nature is this merely relative validity? It is clear that the *end* of all "just" political and social action is the welfare through progress of the whole—the commonweal. Now, to the Social-Democrat, in the vast majority of issues, the verdict of the majority, fairly given, clumsy though it may be, as an instrument, is the best and indeed only possible one. But its validity can in no case be so absolute as that the individual conscience may not conceivably override it. Its verdict should be final for all democrats where it does not conflict with a deeper conviction before which the individual has the right, if he can, to make even the public opinion of the hour, bow. For example, I suppose there are few Socialists who would not be prepared to communise the means of production by force, and establish a collectivist *régime* even against the will of the majority if that were possible. Again, there might easily be certain vindictive criminal laws in a moment of public panic receive the consent of the majority, and yet it might be the duty of the minority who disapproved of them to use every possible weapon at hand to render them inoperative. Strength of conviction in a matter seriously affecting the welfare of mankind and involving deep and decisive issues of right and wrong cannot under all circumstances bow even to the majority. For example, few would hold the judge guiltless who nowadays sentenced a witch or a heretic to be burned, notwithstanding that he might be merely carrying out the law in so doing. Yet it is held to be the correct thing to exonerate a judge on the ground of his office from blame in carrying out unjust laws, only when not so flagrant, and this is being done every day.

And here we come to an important point. Ought the "administrator and executor" of a law admitted to be against right and justice to be morally and materially exonerated on the ground of his being merely the agent for the carrying out of the collective will as supposed to be represented by that law? There is no doubt that a bad law can be rendered inoperative if there is no one willing to carry it into effect. "Your majority has many

faithful servants in this city of Bayonne, but not one executioner." The old theory of the English bench was that the judge was only bound to give effect to a statute if it were not against his conscience. This old theory has, of course, long lapsed in favour of the convenient doctrine that the judge can do no wrong, that his position, so far as responsibility is concerned, is that of an automaton. For those of us who decline to accept the assumption that any man can divest himself of moral responsibility for his personal actions, at will, this conventional doctrine is scarcely a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. The only logical alternative is to make the judge who puts in execution a bad law, notably where it seriously affects the life and liberty of citizens, liable, not merely morally, at the hands of public opinion, but civilly or criminally, for the act done in the performance of his so-called "duty." He is the principal agent in the wrong inflicted. "You can't indite a nation." You can seldom bring to book the makers of a law (except, of course, in the case of decision-law.) Hence it is the more urgent in the interests of true justice, that the proximate cause of the wrong, the judicial actualiser of the law, should suffer for it, where the law is subsequently recognised as unjust. If it be said that the judge himself may have honestly believed in the justice of the law and of his sentence I reply that that does not alter the criminality of his act. The Anarchist may conscientiously believe that all statesmen and police functionaries are scoundrels whose blood justice demands. Yet if he proceeds to mete out to them the just penalties of their crimes as he and his fellows conceive them, he is, nevertheless, in spite of his conscientious belief in the righteousness of what he has done, deemed fairly amenable to punishment. So with the judge. The recognition of the injustice of a criminal law ought to carry with it, in the minds of those who do so recognise it, the demand not merely for its abolition but for the punishment of those who from the secure position of the judicial bench have carried its provisions into effect. The middle-classes of France after the "terror" guillotined Fouquier Tinville and the jurors of the "Revolutionary tribunal" for having given effect in their official capacities to a law passed by the Convention, *i.e.*, established by the then Government of France, thereby recognising the principle here put forward. That they were justified in so doing is to me perfectly clear. The right of no man ought to be admitted to divest himself of the personal responsibility attaching to his personal acts. No man is compelled to be a judge or executioner against his will, or being such, to remain a judge or executioner. He personally elects to put a law into execution, and as such ought to be prepared to abide by the possible consequences to his own person of his own act. There is no special sanctity in "law" merely as law, which may indeed be the expression of a lasting public opinion, but also may not. The administrator of the law in refusing to execute a bad law involving injury to his fellow citizens is performing a great public service. It at least gives "pause." If the administrator has been mistaken in his refusal others will undoubtedly be found to execute it, but in any case he himself is exonerated. If time shows he is right he may well have been the means of rendering an unjust law nugatory.

In conclusion, we may ask ourselves, is there any case in which the expressed will of a majority, certainly a large proportional majority, if not a final arbiter of right, would at least approach to this condition in an infinitely greater degree than any majority that does, or is supposed to, impose its will on the world in the present day. I think there is, and that it is to be found, and found only in a democracy where certain well-defined general principles are universally recognised as lying at the basis of all social life as to the reciprocal rights and duties of individual and community. This condition, it is scarcely necessary to say, has never been realised as yet. It can only obtain in anything approaching a complete form under a Social-Democracy, in which a self-consistent theory of moral and social life has grown up, and in which any intrenchment on its principles in the old direction of personal coercion will be impossible. In these circumstances the will of the majority as expressed in a referendum or initiative in matters lying outside the moral and social "canon," as we may term it, would be (for practical purposes), *absolutely* binding on all citizens.

E. BELFORT BAX.

THE MINNESOTA STATE SCHOOL FOR DEPENDENT CHILDREN.

THE *Minneapolis Times*, in reference to the sixth biennial report of the State public school at Owatonna, says:—Twelve years ago the necessary legislation was secured, and two years later the school for the dependent and neglected children of the State was opened. It stands on a farm of 160 acres overlooking the city of Owatonna, and comprises ten fine buildings, costing in all about 190,000 dols. Any child in the State who is dependent upon the public for support, or whose life, health, or morality is endangered by the ill-treatment of parents or guardians, is eligible for admission to the school. In the words of the report: "It is for economic as well as for humane reasons that this work is done. The State in thus protecting the children from wrong and neglect, is also protecting itself from dangers to which it would be exposed in a very few years if these children were reared in the conditions which so injuriously affect them."

Although fine in its equipment, it is not in this alone that the school is pre-eminent. It is in its practical application of the most advanced philanthropic and educational thought of the day that it excels most institutions of its kind. Its system is based on Spencer's principle of making all punishment the obvious and necessary consequence of the wrong done. For example, if a child is belligerent he is kept from the playground. If he is indolent, idleness is enforced until he is glad to join in the work. The children are given a thorough education in the common branches, supplemented by industrial training. Permanent homes are found for the children as rapidly as is consistent with their best interests. After they are placed in homes they are regularly visited to secure their kind treatment, education, and the fulfilment of all the provisions of the indenture contract under which they are placed. During the ten years since the establishment of the school, 1,433 children have been received. Of these 993 have been placed in homes, 130 have become self-supporting, 62 have been returned to their counties, 44 have died, and there are remaining in the school 204. It is an investment which will bring rich return in the future.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE last English consular report on the economical development of Japan gives a surprising picture of the results of the last victorious Japanese war. As in Germany, after 1871, there manifested itself in the whole of Japan, under the influence of the Chinese war indemnity, a feverish industrial activity. During the last one and a half years there were established 3,200 societies with the object of exploiting the most varied industrial and commercial enterprises, whereby also the number of the industrial working men and women has had to be increased by many hundred thousands. But even now a third of those joint stock companies are either bankrupt or have not yet achieved success. The consular report concludes that through this mad activity, and the consequent over-production, there is developing at the present time in Japan the most colossal economical crisis. Still, this latter will scarcely lead to a restriction of production, but rather result in a general reduction of wages, as well as in an increase of the Japanese market in the other East Asiatic countries, whereby Japanese industry will become a still more powerful competitor to the European.

As to the lowering of wages, this is already clearly shown by the report of the consul of the United States on the situation of the industrial workers, which contains very interesting details. The industrial transformation which is now going on in Japan has exercised a great influence on the whole standard of life of the Japanese working population.

The Japanese worker has formerly had but very few needs; but the creation of large industrial establishments, although rendering the labour much more intense and of greater duration, has not yet properly increased wages, so that the workers have to support all the burden of the system of capitalistic production without any of its advantages.

In consequence of this it is often difficult for the capitalists to get as many workers as they want. It appears even that for some time the situation has become serious, and the employers are very often obliged to send agents into the provinces to recruit workers there, in which they do not always succeed, the parents preferring to keep their children at home rather than to see them imprisoned in factories where labour is badly paid.

The Japanese employers have formed trusts to keep wages at their present level, which easily explains why the parents are opposed to their children entering factories and workshops.

The highest wages are those of the tailors who make European clothing; on an average they earn 2s. a day, but the ordinary tailor does not get over 8½d. a day. The average wage of the compositors, dyers, smiths, &c., does not exceed 8d. a day. In the textile industry, so highly developed in Japan, the wages are still lower; the men do not get over 6d., the women 3½d. a day.

Under such conditions there is no wonder that enormous fortunes are rapidly made in Japan by capitalists, and that Japan is becoming a dangerous competitor to Europe in the international market. The day when the completion of the Siberian railways brings Japan close to Europe, the yellow danger will assume tremendous proportions.

THE MURDEROUS SYSTEM OF THE AMERICAN RAILWAYS.—In the railway accidents in the United States there were :—

Year.	Killed.	Injured.
1891	7,029	33,881
1892	7,147	36,652
1893	7,346	40,393
1894	6,447	31,891
1895	6,136	33,715
1896	6,487	38,845

The number of killed and wounded in one year is no less than that in any war of recent times. In the years 1894-96 the number is a little less than that of 1891-93. This fact is not accounted for by the greater care of the railway administrations—of such an unimportant matter profit-thirsty capitalism does not think much; on the contrary, it tries its best to make money out of human blood as well as out of human sweat—but simply by the lessening of railway communications on account of the economical crisis since 1894.

Bad as are these figures, the following are still more horrible.

The number of railway servants killed and injured by accidents is :—

Year.	Killed.	Injured.
1891	2,660	26,140
1892	2,554	28,254
1893	2,727	31,729
1894	1,823	23,422
1895	1,811	25,659
1896	1,900	30,000

The significance of these figures becomes formidable when it is considered that the number of all railway servants of the tremendous railway system of the United States does not exceed 200,795. Taking a period of six years we see that there are as many workers killed and injured as there are on an average employed. Naturally the killed and wounded are constantly renewed; if they were not, in six years the whole railway staff would be annihilated. The murderous climate of Cayenne, where the French statesmen are practising on their victims the “dry guillotine,” kills the European in ten years. *Fin de siècle* capitalism is still more murderous; it takes but six years to kill or to mutilate all its workers!

The Spanish Ministry ordered the provincial administrations to report on the amount of the salaries not paid and owing to the school teachers up to 1897. From the replies of the administrative bodies the Ministry calculated the amount for the whole country at 9 millions of pesetas. Other authorities give the amount as over 13 millions, and, including the year 1897, as over 15 millions. As the number of teachers is nearly 10,000, and the yearly salary, on the average, 500 pesetas (less than £20), it follows that every one of the teachers has not yet touched his salary for three years. How great must be the misery of those teachers, and how low the level of education of the Spanish people!

The Siberian exiles will in the future no more perform their "journey" *po etapou*—that is, as wild beasts coupled and put in irons—on foot, but will go into exile by railway. It is doubtless a considerable amelioration of the miseries of the exiled. One who has read the dreadful description by George Renan of the miseries of the exiled on their way to Siberia, who remembers the picture of the unfortunates tied together fighting with hungry wolves; who knows the horrible sufferings to which the body and mind of the exiled are subjected during the long stay in the infected halting prisons, would be surely glad to hear that all those sufferings will at least be shortened in the future.

Thus the development of technical progress in the Russian Empire—making the transportation of the exiled cheaper by railway than by the former *po etapou*—forces the Russian Government to break off with one of its most horrible institutions. The Russian proletariat will now take care to smash down the others.

In the last *Bulletin Municipal* of Paris we read the following:—"It is again noticeable that the flow of the inhabitants of the country into the towns is growing enormously, as well as the number of thefts, which cannot be explained except as caused by misery and hunger. Many philanthropic societies are trying to send back to the villages those who have had time enough to make a bitter acquaintance with town life, but often without success because the conditions there have so changed of late years, so that many less hands are wanted because of the introduction of agricultural machines and because of bad harvests, especially in the vine provinces. Hundreds of families in the Gironde, Herault, Ardeche, and other provinces have become unemployed and breadless, and are obliged to send their children into the towns because *their own ground does not give them any more nourishment.*"

The Labour Bureau of Paris gives the number of persons who have found a night refuge in the asylums of the city of Paris as having been in 1896, 144,237, of which number 125,874 were men, 15,557 women, and 2,806 children. Nearly 150,000 persons, in a population of 1,000,000, were thus without food and shelter! In this number there were 36,854 day labourers, 4,131 female servants, 246 teachers, 51 female teachers, 18 students, 5

literateurs, 5 journalists, 3 architects, 25 interpreters, 168 clerks, 120 theatrical artists (men and women), 35 musicians, 5 pianists, 16 professors of music (women)! All these latter are the outcasts of the intellectual proletarians; but the most striking figure is that of the 2,806 little children wandering in the streets of the gay capital of the world, not having anything to eat, anywhere to sleep!

There are 3,766,369 workers in Prussia employed in industry and trade, commerce and communications, besides those employed in agriculture. Of these, over 16 years old, 2,866,006 are men, 584,381 are women. Total, 3,450,387 (91.61 per cent.). Under 16 years of age, 254,334 males, 61,648 females. Total, 315,982 (8.39 per cent.). Thus in Prussian industries there is of every 11 workers one child under 16 years of age. Instead of going into schools as they would in a rational society they go to the factory hell.

Among the women there were 59,254 married women, that is 10.14 per cent. Under the capitalistic *régime* married women have to earn the bread of their families while the men are unemployed; family ties are broken up, family life destroyed, the children grow up in the streets to become criminals.

The sugar market has been for a long time dominated by powerful trusts which have monopolised the whole production. Germany, France, Austria, and Russia furnish the greatest quantity of sugar. Then come Belgium, Holland, and Sweden. In all these countries the production is in the hands of large trusts who regulate the market to their own profit. The insurrection in Cuba having there paralysed the culture of the sugar cane, has also favoured the interests of the big sugar men.

But now their favourable situation is threatened by Egypt, where the culture of the sugar-cane has for some time assumed very important proportions. The sugar industry is there moreover favoured by the extreme cheapness of labour, and there is every ground to hope that this industry has there, and especially in Upper Egypt, a brilliant future.

The competition of Egypt in the international sugar market will result not only in aggravating the European industry, but also in hindering the culture of the beet-root in Europe, consequently in making still worse the desperate situation of the small agriculturists, probably in compelling them to change altogether the base of their culture, which, in its turn, will lead to a larger expropriation of them. Thus capital, accumulated by the surplus-labour of the European proletariat, and invested in agricultural enterprises in Asia, Africa, and America, leads to the proletarianisation of the European peasantry.

The diseases which prevail among the workers are those which affect the organs of respiration and digestion. According to a report published in Germany the mortality is there most accentuated in the industry of metallurgy, in that of colours, and in the gas factories, where every worker reckons on eight days of illness in the middle of every year, while in the textile industry the number is considerably less.

The labour conditions in most factories in all countries are favourable to infectious diseases, especially because of bad ventilation. The organism of the children, young workers and women especially feel the fatal action of the *régime* of capitalist production. Deformation of the vertebra, pains in the backbone, swelling of the veins and articulation, tumours at the femur, deformation of the pelvis, disorder in the menses, anæmia, miscarried confinement—such are diseases very common among women and girls of the working classes. The disease which is proletarian *par excellence* is consumption. Insufficient nourishment, insufficiently spacious and badly ventilated lodgings, the dust which is always filling the workshops and factories weaken the organism of the worker and renders it more susceptible to consumption, which represents 40 per cent. of the cases of illness among the workers. In certain industries—for instance, in the looking-glass industry—there is not one of the workers who could resist the poisonous action of the quick-silver; in the paper factories the sorting of the rags does not leave anyone healthy and well.

It is the dust which mostly favours the development of mortality among the workers. The gas and vapours, the vitiated air, the exhalations of a mass of human bodies, the sudden changes in the temperature, the shocks of the floor occasioned by the movement of the machinery, and the noise which they constantly produce—those are all infallible causes of the development of proletarian diseases.

What wonder, then, that the “civilised” world represents but a degenerated, stunted race living from day to day joyless and hopeless.



SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

MAURICE LOW, in the *National Review*, draws attention to the opinion concerning Henry George eleven years ago and the estimation in which his memory is held to-day. Then he was treated by the Press and representatives of the better classes as little better than an outlaw; now he and his memory are deified almost.

“What is the deduction to be drawn? From my way of thinking it means simply that in eleven years the cause of Social-Democracy has advanced with enormous strides. Eleven years ago Democracy, in its broadest sense—compared to which silver and tariff are mere dross—were anathema to the respectable. Whatever the reason, the change in public opinion is remarkable enough to force one to ponder over it.”

WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENTS.

AN article in the current number of the *Contemporary* deals with the result of the inquiry instituted by the Women's Industrial Council into the condition of "Women's Home Industries." "These women are helpless, generally too poor and ignorant to organise, to struggle, even to remonstrate, mere slaves to the imperious necessity of starvation wages jammed between famine and the workhouse."

Of the women who earn money at home, those engaged in the umbrella trade are the best off. Their work consists in fixing covers on frames. The women are of a superior class; their earnings are from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day. The worst employment is that of the fur-pullers. "These women live in the utmost poverty and filth . . . work, eat, and sleep in an atmosphere thick with impalpable hairs, and tainted with the sickly smell of the skins, everything around them coated with fur . . . they themselves looking scarcely more human than the animals whose skins they pluck, owing to the thick deposit of fur which covers them from head to foot, and forces its way into their eyes, noses, and lungs. They earn about 1s. 1d. a day. . . . They suffer from chronic asthma . . . There would seem to be no remedy but to destroy the industry, at least as a home-trade; the rooms might at any rate be registered and inspected as workshops." Next in wretchedness to these miserable fur-pullers come the matchbox-makers. Five to eleven farthings a gross is paid for making the boxes; materials have to be paid for, and a fire is required to dry the boxes. One woman earned sixpence a day at this industry.

Cotton shirt-making, brush-drawing (drawing bristles through brushes and fastening them off at the back), bead and braid work, tie-making, card-board box-making, and other regular trades are carried on in the homes of the women. What these "homes" are like can easily be inferred from the wages earned. It must be borne in mind that in a great many cases some "materials" and tools have to be paid for (the brush-drawers' shears are 18s. a pair, and require constant sharpening). Bundles of work are heavy, and tram or omnibus fares must be defrayed. Time is lost going to and fro, and in waiting for work.

"Out of 384 cases in which earnings were ascertained 126 earn 1s. a day, 127 1s. to 1s. 6d., 66 from 1s. 6d. to 2s., 67 over 2s." One woman earned 16s. for three days' work in some process connected with goldbeater's skin, and the Government employees at Woolwich are in a better condition than the wretched creatures who work for private firms.

"The most striking fact is that the workers who are receiving the highest pay are often the wives of men in work;" it seems that the "prosperous and better fed married woman is a more effective worker, and can resist a reduction of wages." (They often earn more at the same work and same rate.) "If this be so then the common view that supplementary wage-earning reduces rate of pay can hardly be supported." The writer concludes by saying.—"How long this starvation is to go on is a matter for the public conscience."

Turning from this class of women workers to another, we find an article in the *Fortnightly* by Janet Hogarth dealing with employment for women of the middle classes. Her paper is entitled "The Monstrous Regiment of Women." "There are few aspects," she writes, "of the eternal feminine

more disheartening to contemplate than the alarming increase of that monstrous regiment of women that threatens, before very long, to spread throughout the length and breadth of this city of London." Into professions already overcrowded they are bent on forcing their way; from the Church and the Law they are excluded, but in Medicine some have achieved success. What has the University woman done? What chance has she of competing with men when her education is over? What are we going to do with all this learning? If a woman turns to journalism, unless "she can do night work, and regular night work, the prizes of Fleet Street are not for her. There is room in the world for a few more women doctors, there will probably be in the future a very considerable demand for women as factory inspectors, inspectors of schools, officers of health, matrons of cottage homes, &c., &c.," but unless a woman is content to make the wages of literature or journalism supplement other resources the London world has no place for her. For the woman of exceptional abilities the writer recommends the profession of teaching, and here she contributes some valuable remarks on the subject of education, and alludes to the growing dissatisfaction with high school methods. She then deals with the average girl. There are several courses open to her, clerkships, handicrafts, nursing, domestic service. The first of these is evidently the favourite, but, as the writer points out, whereas a boy goes on to receive a man's wages a girl never does. There is much to be said in favour of domestic service even for educated women. The article ends by advocating the establishment of a central bureau for the employment of women, similar to that started at Liverpool.



INDUSTRIAL ECONOMICS A PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE.

Public Opinion, of New York, quotes the following from the *Philadelphia Record*:—

"A noticeable feature of modern development in the arts and sciences is the gradual overthrow of many old theories which were formerly thought to be as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Malthus, for example, taught—and he had many followers—that the world was rapidly becoming over-populated; he advanced the theory that population increases according to the law of geometrical progression, while the supply of food and other necessities of life can only increase in arithmetical progression. This dictum, pursued to its logical conclusion, would mean that starvation would be the inevitable outlook for the human race. One of the older axioms of economists is that mechanical improvements in manufactures tend to increase the price of raw products, because progress in agriculture is slower than progress in manufacturing industries, and cannot keep pace therewith. This would, therefore, eventually cause a scarcity of raw material; and insufficient supply always means increased price. This theory seems to be plausible at first glance, and we believe it is still taught in schools and colleges as one of the tenets or 'fundamentals' of the economists' creed. It is difficult to discard venerable theories, but practical experience is safer than theory. It is, in fact, the only sure foundation upon which to build a substantial superstructure of economic science.

"Modern industrial conditions are radically different from those of a past generation, and it is natural that an occasional misfit between old theories and new facts should be apparent. Economic science, unlike religious doctrine, cannot rest on faith alone; it must be progressive in order to retain its virile force. Notwithstanding the fact that modern machinery has an insatiate appetite for raw products, and that the *per capita* consumption of all such products has greatly increased within the lifetime of a single generation, a study of the statistics of production and prices of the principal raw products will show an enormous progressive increase in quality and corresponding decrease in cost.

"The world's production of cotton—one of the greatest of staples—was estimated at 636,000,000 pounds in the year 1830; ten years later it was nearly double. In the United States census year of 1880 the world's production of cotton was estimated at 7,280,000,000 pounds, or eleven times greater than in 1830. The production of wool in 1850 was estimated at 806,000,000 pounds; in 1895 at 2,334,000,000 pounds. The present low price of wool is largely due to over-production. The estimated output of raw silk shows an equally large proportionate gain, and is likely to have a further impetus imparted to it when the hundreds of thousands of young mulberry trees recently planted in Japan shall have attained sufficient age and size to afford food for additional millions of silkworms. In food products—wheat, corn, and other cereals—a similar tale is told by the convincing logic of figures, and it is evident to the most superficial observer that the world has to-day fuller granaries as well as larger and more fertile fields for the support of its millions of inhabitants than it possessed when Adam Smith was delivering his profound words of wisdom to the students of Glasgow, or when Malthus was gloomily scanning the walls of the neighbouring poorhouse, overrun with starving peasants, and evolving his lugubrious theories.

"Mr. Edwin Atkinson has shown that sufficient food is wasted in the average household to support life for three families. The surplus of wages expended for luxuries in this country by the average wage-earner exceeds the total earnings of operatives in many foreign countries. Studying the economics of industry from whatever point of view, we believe that there is but one conclusion that can be properly and logically drawn therefrom—namely, that the civilised world is now passing through a period of evolution more far-reaching in its effects than appears upon the surface, and which is affecting the lowest stratum of society as well as the highest, causing temporary derangement of equilibrium of forces, creating some confusion, some hardship, and some immediate benefit in different trades and occupations. When we shall have passed through this zone of intellectual high pressure and shall have accommodated ourselves to our new conditions, we may, perhaps, believe that the new century will usher in an era of new prosperity in which the material advantages will inure largely to the sum of the comfort and enjoyment of life of the millions of workers rather than to the concentration of benefits upon a few favourites of fortune. This is, perhaps, an optimistic view to take of life at a time when much tribulation is the lot of many; but we believe that this forecast is not a fanciful conception. It is rather a logical deduction from a careful study of modern industrial economics."

THE CITY OF THE FUTURE.

IN *Cassier's Magazine* for November, E. H. Mullin says Lord Kelvin, while at Niagara Falls, during his recent visit to the United States, made a pregnant remark about what the Falls of Foyer in Scotland would do for the Highland peasantry when their energy, now going to waste, was converted into electricity and distributed to the surrounding cottages. "It will give life and prosperity to the Scottish highlands," said Lord Kelvin, "and give the people cottage industries instead of having them act as guides and porters for tourists." We, of this generation, in our self-sufficiency, are too apt to forget that all the concentration of cities and manufactories which has characterised the last half century, rests like an inverted pyramid upon a steam cylinder. Before the era of Watt and Arkwright every cottage in England worthy of the name had its hand loom and its spinning wheel. Nothing was to be gained by leaving the open country or small village for the great cities, as long as the market town with its weekly sales and purchases of homespun at supply and demand rate was within reach. Concentration for work meant concentration for living as well; the hardy, healthy childhood of the country was badly exchanged for the air, starvation, tenement-house squalour, and multiplied temptations of the cities, until it became, and still remains, a question with many sociologists whether the industrial concentration in the cities was not calculated to bring about its own downfall by completely absorbing the energy of the individual city units, at first reducing and ultimately destroying the fertility of the race. Just, however, as the evils that steam was likely to bring about were becoming distressingly apparent, a cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, appeared on the horizon, and has since been spreading until it promises to eclipse steam almost entirely as the prime mover in industrial enterprise.

Electricity, unlike steam, can be distributed over a wide area from the point of its production, with comparatively little loss; unlike steam, it can be stored up for an indefinite length of time, ready for instant use; unlike steam, it can be economically sub-divided into units small enough to run a sewing machine. Thus electricity, as a motive power, permits dispersion of the industrial population where the defects of steam made concentration an absolute economic necessity. Moreover, so far as the waterfalls of the world are to be utilised for the production of electricity, they will invite the establishment of industrial works under new conditions and with new surroundings. There are now under construction works to take 150,000 horse-power from the St. Lawrence river at the Long Sault rapids without perceptible diminution of the river's flow through the main channel. The city of Montreal is now getting light and power from the Lachine rapids, also on the St. Lawrence river, and it may be that the same particle of water will help first to turn the turbine at Niagara, then the turbine at Massena, near the Long Sault, then the turbine at Lachine, while a pound of coal burnt at Niagara is gone for ever. It has already been remarked that the modern industrial city has been dependent for its rapid expansion upon its superior advantages with respect to coal—that is, it must have either a navigable water front or be a natural railway receiving and distributing centre, or be the natural focus of a coal and iron region. All this will be changed in the great electrical waterfall cities of the future. The power, as a rule, will be produced in the mountains, while the cities will be scattered far and wide over the foothills. There will be better air, more room, better drainage, more civilised conditions of living than is the case with the present overcrowded industrial beehives, built, for the most part, on the swampy deltas or in the valleys of great rivers.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve, and getting late. We were sitting alone by the fire, my wife and I. Outside we could hear the muffled footfalls of the passers-by as they hurried home over the snow-covered pavement. The noise of shouting, and laughter, and singing came from the end of the street, where the late revellers were turning out of the public-house. Presently, my wife looked up at the clock :

"It is getting very late," she remarked. "I wonder Ned is not back before this."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No. He went out directly after tea. I think it was something in that letter. He seemed very fidgetty like, after I gave it to him. I wonder what it can be that's keeping him so late?"

"Oh, I daresay he has met some friends somewhere. Remember, it is Christmas Eve," I replied. "We must make some allowance for him to-night."

Ned Grover was our lodger. He had been with us nearly twelve months. He came to work, in the early part of the year, on the job where I was employed, and when he asked if I could recommend him to a respectable lodging, as he seemed a decent sort of a young fellow, and we had a spare room in our house, I suggested he might come and live with us. My wife didn't much like the idea at first, but when she came to know the lad she was quite pleased to have him. We were just two lonely old folks, with no children of our own, and I think the old lady came to look upon Ned Grover as her own son. Anyhow, he stopped with us, and seemed fairly comfortable. He was very quiet and reserved-like, however, but as he was a decent, steady, sober fellow, it was no part of our business to pry into his private affairs. He used to get a letter occasionally; always in the same handwriting—a woman's hand, and my wife used to chaff him about it, sometimes telling him that he had a sweetheart somewhere, and would be going off, and getting married one day. But Ned only shook his head, and smiled quietly. He was a very quiet lad; never seemed to have any friends, and never anywhere to go. His evenings were nearly always spent indoors over a book, and that is what made his being so late on this occasion seem so strange.

We had not long to wonder what was keeping him, however, for just as I finished speaking there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood Ned himself.

"Sorry to be so late," he said, as he shook the snow from his coat, and kicked it off his boots, "but I have hurried as fast as I could, I—dad—," he said, grasping my hand—he always called me dad—"congratulate me, I have found her."

He was almost out of breath, as if he had been running, but I noticed he was excited, too, and there was a look of happiness in his face I had never seen there before.

"Found her," I replied, "found whom? What do you mean?"

"Found my wife, dad," he replied joyfully, while the missus looked on, wondering what it all meant.

"Your wife!" we both cried together. "Why we didn't know you had a wife."

"No, of course, you didn't," said he; I didn't tell you anything, and shouldn't have told you, but now everything is all right, and so sit down," said he, drawing a chair near the fire, "and I will tell you all about it. It'll be a fine Christmas story for you."

We drew up our chairs, and Ned went on:

"It is just twelve months ago to-night. I was going home pretty late. I had been working up in the West End for some months, and I joined a goose club up there. After tea I went up to get my goose, and met some of the other fellows, and being Christmas Eve we had a few glasses together, and made it pretty late before we parted. It was rather a dark, muggy night, if you remember, last Christmas Eve, not much like it is to-night. Well, to cut a long story short, I was going over Waterloo Bridge; the clock had just chimed the quarter to one, when I noticed a young woman walking just in front of me. I was hurrying along, thinking what a fool I was to have stayed so late, and had nearly passed the girl in front of me when suddenly she sprang upon one of the seats of the bridge, and the next minute, if I hadn't caught hold of her dress, she would have been over the parapet into the water.

"I don't know in the least what made me clutch hold of her, for her movement was so sudden that I never thought of what she was after, nor what I was doing. But when I grabbed hold of her dress she turned on me like a wild thing. She tried to free her dress from my hand, and when I put my arm round her and pulled her down from the seat she clutched me fiercely by the shoulders and struggled to get away. 'What did you stop me for?' she asked. 'Why didn't you go on and leave me alone?' She tried to scream, but her voice was weak, and she burst into tears and cried hysterically. I half carried, half led her to the south side of the bridge. Then I started talking to her. It was a good while before I could get anything out of her for her sobbing. After a bit she told me her story. She had come to London to service; had drifted from one situation to another; those places promising the best turning out the worst. At last she found herself out of a place and without a character, her last employer refusing to give her a character because she had dared to leave. Without a character she tried in vain to get another situation, and then, with her money all gone, with no means of getting any employment, for which, she said, she had sought everywhere, there was nothing before her but the streets or suicide. Several nights she had spent on the embankment; that night, she said, she meant to have slept in the river."

"But what has all this to do with your wife?" I asked, for time was getting on and I was rather tired.

"Wait, and you will see," he went on. "After a good deal of persuasion I got her to promise to give up her mad idea. I told her if she didn't I would have her locked up, but if she did promise me, I would get her some work to do. Though what I was going to do with her then, or what I was going to find for her to do later, goodness only knew, for I didn't at the moment. At length I got a policeman to direct me to a place where I could get her a decent lodging for the night, and there I left her, promising to call and see her the next day.

"I had only been married a few months, and I had never been out so late any night before, so you can guess that my wife was in a rare taking when I got home, wondering where I had been to. I didn't care to tell her the truth. She was a good soul, and we had been as happy together as any young couple could possibly be; but women are hard to reason with, especially where any other woman is concerned, so I thought it best to say nothing about it. I

have been heartily sorry many a time since that I didn't tell her right out and have done with. However, I put her off with telling her what had kept me at the goose club, and with that she was satisfied.

"The next day, Christmas Day, I called up at the coffee-house to see the poor girl. She seemed more reasonable now she had had a night's rest and a good breakfast. She was only a girl, slim and pale; she didn't look more than seventeen. She told me her name was Agnes Dawson, but I didn't believe it was her real name, as she sort of hesitated in speaking it. I asked her why she didn't go home to her parents when she got out of a place. She said they had both died soon after she left her country home, and she had no other friends. Her only sister was somewhere in London, but she had lost her address, and anyway she couldn't go to her in service. I remembered that my wife was an orphan girl when I married her, and it sort of drew my heart towards this poor creature. I gave her a trifle of money, and promised I would see what I could do in the way of finding her work.

"As luck would have it, one of my mates had a widowed mother, who was running a laundry. She was doing pretty well at it, and I asked him if he thought the old lady would give this poor girl a trial. Of course he chaffed me a bit at first, but when I explained the whole thing to him he agreed to keep it quiet, and see if he could get his mother to give her a job. He was as good as his word, and Agnes went to work at the laundry, and got herself a decent lodging.

"After Christmas the weather set in very hard, and very soon the old lady had to give up altogether. Agnes had been getting on very well there, and it seemed a pity for her to lose the work, so I managed to get a bit of money advanced, and we bought the business, she undertaking to repay me what I had advanced. I didn't see anything of her after this, as I thought it was best not to be calling on her too often, although I can assure you there was nothing more between us than between brother and sister. But she used to write to me, and tell me how she was getting on. Her letters were always affectionate and full of gratitude, and were always signed Agnes. One evening early in the year I got home from work and found the place all in darkness. When I got a light I found lying on the table one of Agnes's letters and a note from my wife saying that after finding this letter, and discovering that I had been secretly carrying on with another woman, she couldn't stay in the house any longer. She had gone away for good, she said, and it was no use my looking for her, for I should never be able to find her, and she would never come back.

"Well, you can just guess I was fairly well upset over it. I went out and called at every police station I could get to, I asked every policeman I met, and I fancy some of them must have thought I was mad, and I think I was, too. I trudged about all night, and searched high and low, but I have never seen her from that time up till to-day."

"And to-day you found her?"

"Yes, or rather Agnes did. It's the most curious story you ever heard. This laundry of Agnes's is a good way from here, and a good distance from where we used to live. Well, she was in want of one or two hands and advertised for them. Yesterday a woman applied, and to her intense surprise Agnes recognised her as the elder sister she had lost sight of so long ago. You can fancy what a time they had telling each other all that had happened since they had been separated. Agnes learned that her sister had been married and had left her husband. She soon discovered that her sister was my wife. She told her of her own troubles, and was loud in

praise of the man who had been her benefactor, as she said, meaning your humble servant, but never let out that she had found out my relationship to her sister. My wife, innocently enough, said she would like to see this wonderful man, whereupon Agnes said she would write to me at once. It was from her those letters came which you have chaffed me about, and when in the letter I got from her to-day she said she had something important to see me about, you can guess I was rather curious to go and learn what it was. You can guess, too, what a pleasant surprise it was to both my wife and myself when we met together in such a way after such a long separation. And now I shall have to desert you, and on Christmas Day, too, for Agnes made me promise that I would be there to-morrow—no, by jingo ! it's to-day,"—he cried, looking at the clock, "so I have to go there to have my Christmas dinner with them."

"No, you won't, my boy," I said, "you'll just go and bring your wife and her sister here to dinner. I am almost as pleased with what you have told me as you are. You just bring them here, and we'll have one jolly day together, if we never have another."

Ned went to bed, but I don't think he slept much, for he was out again before breakfast, and he brought his wife and her sister—two of the bonniest lassies I have ever seen—home to dinner, and if ever a merry Christmas was enjoyed by anybody it was by our little party that day.



WE give as frontispiece to this number of the SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT a portrait of our veteran comrade Liebknecht, who has recently entered the prison at Charlottenburg to suffer the four months' imprisonment to which he was sentenced two years ago for an imaginary offence of *lèse majesté*. An excellent photographic copy of the portrait for framing can be obtained from the Twentieth Century Press, price one shilling.

